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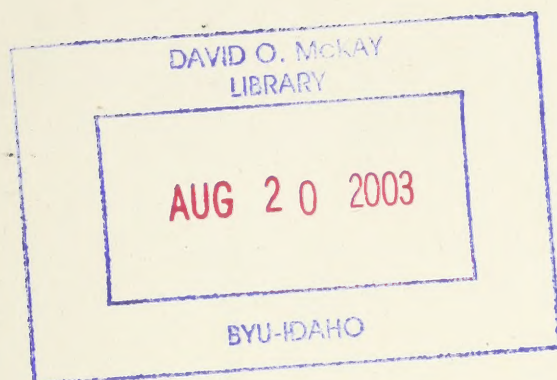
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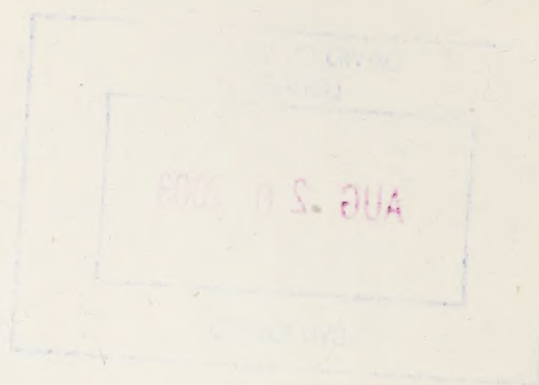






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HARPER'S  
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME L.

DECEMBER, 1874, TO MAY, 1875.

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NEW YORK:  
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,  
327 to 335 PEARL STREET,  
FRANKLIN SQUARE  
1875.



HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



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HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

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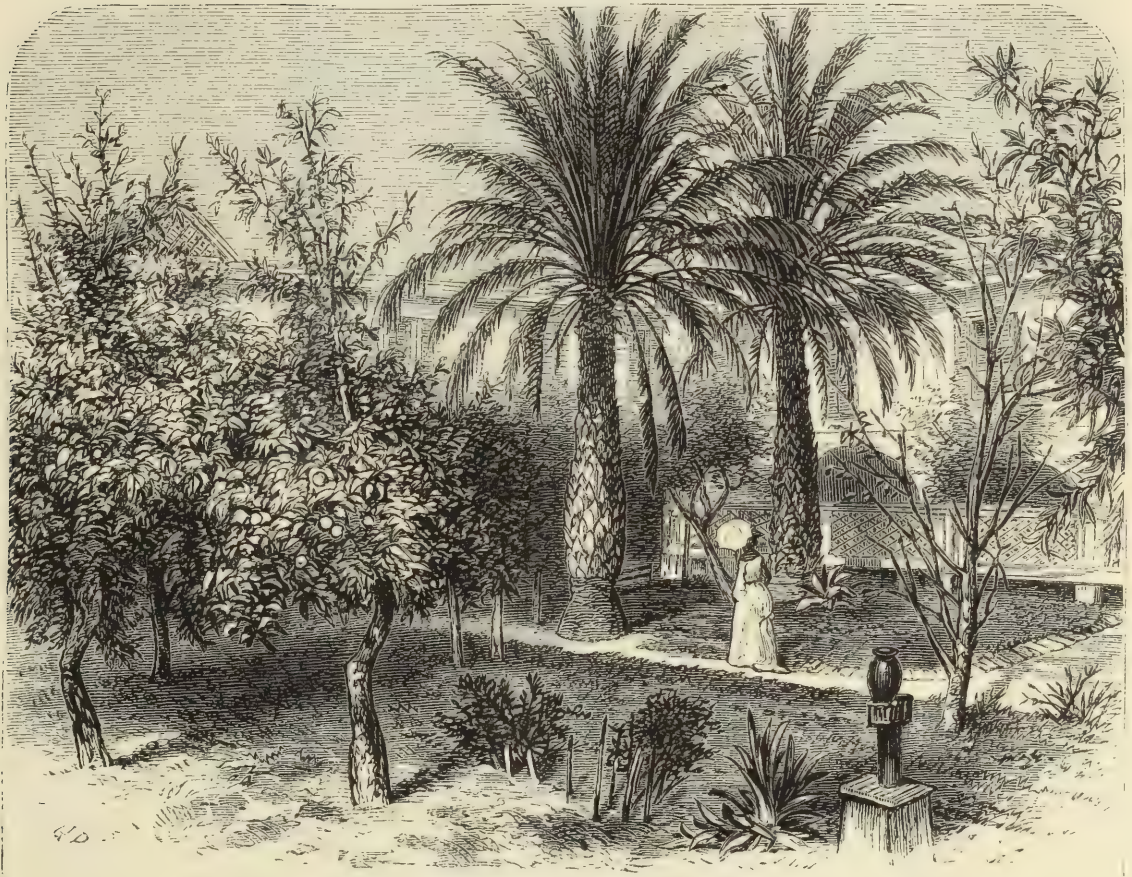
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# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCXCV.—DECEMBER, 1874.—VOL. L.

THE ANCIENT CITY.  
IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.



GARDEN IN ST. AUGUSTINE.

"The world is far away; the broad pine-barrens  
Like deserts roll between;  
Be then our mother—take us for thy children,  
O dear St. Augustine!"

IT was a party of eight, arranged by Aunt Diana. She is only my aunt by marriage, and she had with her a *bona fide* niece, Iris Carew, a gay school-girl of seventeen, while I, Niece Martha, as Aunt Diana always calls me, own to full forty years. Professor Macquoid went for two reasons—his lungs, and the pleasure of imparting information. It was generally understood that Professor Macquoid was engaged upon a Great Work. John Hoffman went for his own amusement; with us, because he happened to sail on the same steamer. He had spent several winters in Florida, hunting and fishing, and was

in his way something of a Thoreau, without Thoreau's love of isolation. Mr. Mokes went because Aunt Diana persuaded him, and Sara St. John because I made her. These, with Miss Sharp, Iris Carew's governess, composed our party.

We left New York in a driving January snow-storm, and sailed three days over the stormy Atlantic, seeing no land from the winter desolation of Long Branch until we entered the beautiful harbors of Charleston and Savannah, a thousand miles to the south. The New York steamer went no farther; built to defy Fear, Lookout, and the terrible Hatteras, she left the safe, monotonous coast of Georgia and Upper Florida to a younger sister, that carried us on to the south over a summer sea, and at sunrise one



balmy morning early in February entered the broad St. Johns, whose slow coffee-colored tropical tide, almost alone among rivers, flows due north for nearly its entire course of four hundred miles, a peculiarity expressed in its original name, given by the Indians, Il-la-ka—"It hath its own way, is alone, and contrary to every other."

"The question is," said Sara St. John, "is there any thing one ought to know about these banks?"

"Ye banks and bray-aas of bon-onny Doo-on," chanted Iris, who, fresh as a rose-bud with the dew on it, stood at the bow, with the wind blowing her dark wavy hair back from her lovely face; as for her hat, it had long ago found itself discarded and tied to the railing for safe-keeping.

"The fresh-water shell heaps of the St. Johns River, East Florida," began the Professor, "should be—should be somewhere about here." He peered around, but could see nothing with his near-sighted eyes.

"Iris," called Aunt Diana through the closed blinds of her state-room, "pray put on your hat. Miss Sharp! Where is Miss Sharp?"

"Here," answered the governess, emerging reluctantly from the cabin, muffled in a brown veil. Sunrise enthusiasm came hard to her; she knew that hers was not the beauty that shines at dawn, and she had a great longing for her matutinal coffee. Miss Sharp's eyes were faintly blue, she had the smallest quantity of the blondest

hair disposed in two ringlets on each side of her face, a shadowy little figure, indistinct features, and a complexion that turned aguish on the slightest provocation. Nevertheless, equal to the emergency, she immediately superintended the tying down of Iris's little round hat, and then, with her heelless prunella gaiters fully revealed by the strong wind, and her lisle-threaded hands struggling to repress the fluttering veil, she stood prepared to do her duty by the fresh-water shell heaps or any other geological formation. John Hoffman was walking up and down smoking a Bohemian-looking pipe. "There is only one item, Miss St. John, in all the twenty-five miles between the mouth of the river and Jacksonville," he said, pausing a moment near the bench where Sara and I sat as usual together. "That headland opposite is St. Johns Bluff, the site of old Fort Caroline, where, in 1564, a colony of French Huguenots established themselves, and one year later were massacred, men, women, and children, by the cut-throat Menendez, who took the trouble to justify his deed by an inscription hung up over the bodies of his victims, 'No por Franceses, sino por Luteranos'—'Not as Frenchmen, but as Lutherans.' It is a comfort to the unregenerate mind to know that three years later a Frenchman sailed over and took his turn at a massacre, politely putting up a second inscription, 'Not as Spaniards, but as traitors, thieves, and murderers.'"



SHOOTING ALLIGATORS ON THE ST. JOHNS.



"That was certainly poetic justice," I said. "Who would imagine that such a drama had been enacted on that innocent hillside? What terrible days they were!"

"Terrible, perhaps, but at least far more earnest as well as more picturesque than our commonplace era," said Sara, with her indifferent air. She was generally either indifferent or defiant, and Aunt Diana regarded her with disfavor as "a young person who wrote for the magazines." Sara was twenty-eight years old, a woman with pale cheeks, weary eyes, a slight frown on her forehead, clear-cut features,

and a quantity of pale golden hair drawn rigidly back and braided close around the head with small regard for fashion's changes. I had met her in a city boarding-house, and, liking her in spite of herself, we grew into friendship; and although her proud independence would accept nothing from me save liking, I was sometimes able to persuade her into a journey, which she always enjoyed notwithstanding the inevitable descriptive article which she declared lurked behind every bush and waved a banner of proof-sheets at her from every sunshiny hill.

At Jacksonville the St. Johns bends to the south on its long course through the chain of lakes and swamps that leads to the mysterious Okeechobee land, a *terra*, or rather *aqua incognita*, given over to alligators and unending lies. The last phrase was added by Miss Sharp, who laboriously wrote down the Okeechobee stories current on the St. Johns, about buried cities, ruins of temples on islands, rusty convent bells, and the like, only to have them all demolished by the stern researches of the Professor. The Professor was not romantic.

"A buried city on the brim  
Of Okeechobee was to him  
A lie, and nothing more!"

We found Jacksonville a thriving, uninteresting brick-and-mortar town, with two large hotels, from whence issued other tourists and invalids, with whom we sailed up the river as far as Enterprise, and then on a smaller steamer up the wild, beautiful Ock-



ENTRANCE TO ST. AUGUSTINE.

lawaha, coming back down the St. Johns again as far as Tocoí, where, with the clear consciences of tourists who have seen every thing on the river, we took the mule train across the fifteen miles to the sea, arriving toward sunset at the shed and bonfire which form the railroad *dépôt* of St. Augustine. This shed has never been seen open. What it contains no one knows; but it has a platform where passengers are allowed to stand before their turn comes to climb into the omnibus. The bonfire is lighted by the waiting darkies as a protection against the evening damps. But they builded better than they knew, those innocent contrabands; their blazing fire only mildly typifies the hilarious joy of the Ancient City over the coming of its annual victim, the gold-bearing Northern tourist.

"But where is the town?" demanded Aunt Diana.

"'Cross de ribber, mistis. De omnibuster waitin'," replied a colored official, armed with a bugle. John Hoffman, having given directions as to his trunks, started off on foot through the thicket, with an evening cigar for company. Aunt Diana, however, never allowed desertion from her camp, whether of regulars or volunteers. She had her eye upon Mokes; she knew he was safe; so she called after the retreating figure, "Mr. Hoffman! Mr. Hoffman! We shall not know where to go without you."

"St. Augustine Hotel," replied Hoffman, over his shoulder.



"But you?"

"Oh, I never ride in that omnibus;" and the tall figure disappeared among the trees. He was gone; but Mokes remained, eyes and all. Mokes had large eyes; in fact very large, and pale green; but his fortune was large also, and Aunt Diana had a prophetic soul. Was not Iris her dear sister's child? So she marshaled us into the omnibus, which started off across the thicket, through the ever-present and never-mended mud hole, and out into a straight road leading toward the town through the deep white sand, which, logged over with the red legs of the saw-palmetto, forms the cheerful soil of Eastern Florida. The road was built on a causeway over a river and its attendant salt marshes; on the east side we could see two flags and the two spires of the city rising above the green.

"What river is this?" asked Aunt Diana, as we rolled over a red bridge.

"The San Sebastian," replied Miss Sharp, reading slowly from her guide-book in the fading light. "After three hours and one-half of this torture the exhausted tourist finds himself at the San Sebastian River, where a miserable ferry conveys him, more dead than alive, to the city of St. Augustine."

"But here is no ferry," I said.

"The 'exhausted tourist,' however, is here," observed Sara, wearily.

"The guide-book is at least so far correct that we may reasonably conclude this to be the St. Sebastian—so called, I presume, from the mythical saint of that name," remarked the Professor, peering out over his spectacles.

"Allow me," said Miss Sharp, eagerly producing a second small volume from her basket. "This saint was, I believe, thrown into a well—no, that isn't it. He was cast into a dungeon, and rescued by—by flying dragons—"

"Oh no, Miss Sharp," said Iris, as the

baffled governess wrestled with the fine print. "Sebastian was the one noted for his arrows; don't you remember the picture in my hand-book?"

Leaving the causeway, the omnibus entered the town through a gate of foliage, great pride-of-India-trees mingling their branches over the street for some distance, forming a green arched way whose vista made beautiful the entrance to the Ancient City, like the shaded pathway that led to the lovely land of Beulah in the old pictures of *Pilgrim's Progress*. On each side we could see a residence back among the trees—one of stone, large and massive, with an orange grove behind, the golden fruit gleaming through the glossy foliage, and protected by a picturesque hedge of Spanish-bayonets; the other a wide house surrounded by piazzas overhung with ivy and honeysuckle, a garden filled with roses and every variety of flower, gray moss drooping from the trees at the gate, and a roof painted in broad stripes which conveyed a charming suggestion of coolness, as though it were no roof at all, but only a fresh linen awning over the whole, suited to the tropical climate. Sara said this, and added that she was sure there were hammocks there too, hanging somewhere in shady places.

"Really, very meritorious," remarked Aunt Diana, inspecting the houses through her glasses, and bestowing upon them, as it were, her metropolitan benediction.

In the mean while the colored official was gayly sounding his bugle, and our omnibus rolled into the heart of the city—a small square, adorned with a monument. We noticed the upturned faces of the people as we passed; they were all counting. "One, two, three—only seven in all," said a young girl, with the beautiful hopeless hectic on her cheek. "One, two—seven, only seven," said a gentleman leaning on the railing near the post-office, with the weary invalid attitude we knew so

well, having seen it all along the St. Johns. We learned afterward that one of the daily occupations of the invalids of St. Augustine is to watch this omnibus come in, and count the passengers, invariably announcing the number with a triumphant "only," as much as to say, "Aha! old town!" thus avenging themselves for their enforced stay. It makes no difference how many



PLAZA AND MONUMENT.





THE BASIN.

come; the number may be up in the hundreds, but still the invalids bring out their "only," as though they had confidently expected thousands.

"Oh, the water, the blue water!" cried Iris, as we turned down toward the harbor. "Shall I not sail upon you, water? Yea, many a time will I!"

"Are you fond of aquatic excursions, Mr. Mokes?" inquired Aunt Diana, taking out her vinaigrette. "What an overpowering marshy odor!"

"Oh, the dear salt, the delicious salt breath of the sea!" murmured Sara, leaning out with a tinge of color in her cheeks.

No, Mokes was not fond of aquatic excursions in the sort of craft they had about here: if he had his yacht, now!

"Voilà," exclaimed Iris, "an officer! 'Ah, ah, que j'aime un militaire, j'aime un militaire, j'aime un—'"

"Iris," interrupted Aunt Di, "pray do not sing here in the street."

"Oh, aunt, you stopped me right on the top note," said Iris, glancing down the street after the uniform.

Arrived at the hotel, Aunt Diana began inspecting rooms. Sara wished to go to one of the boarding-houses, and John Hoffman, who met us on the piazza, proposed his. "I have staid there several times," he said. "The Sabre-boy waits on the table, and a wild crane lives in the back-yard."

"The crane, by all means," said Sara, gathering together her possessions. I pre-

ferred to be with Sara; so the three of us left the hotel for Hospital Street, passing on our way Artillery Lane, both names belonging to the British occupancy of the venerable little city.

"This is the Plaza," said John, as we crossed the little square; "the monument was erected in 1812, in honor of the adoption of a Spanish constitution. The Spanish constitution, as might have been expected, died young; but St. Augustine, unwilling to lose its only ornament for any such small matter as a revolution away over in Spain, compromised by taking out the inscribed tablets and keeping the monument. They have since been restored as curiosities. Castelar ought to come over and see them."

The house on Hospital Street was a large white mansion, built of coquina, with a peaked roof and overhanging balcony. We knocked, and a tall colored youth opened the door.

"The 'Sabre,'" said John, gravely introducing him.

"Why 'Sabre?'" I said, as we waited for our hostess in the pleasant parlor, adorned with gray moss and tufted grasses; "to what language does the word belong?"

"Child language," replied John. "There was a little girl here last year, who, out of the inscrutable mysteries of a child's mind, evolved the fancy for calling him 'the Sabre-boy.' Why, nobody knew. His real name is Willfrid, but gradually we all fell into the child's fancy, until every body called





THE SABRE-BOY.

him the Sabre-boy, and he himself gravely accepted the title."

A tap at the window startled us. "The crane," said John, throwing open the blind. "He too has come to have a look at you."

An immense gray bird, standing nearly five feet high on his stilt-like legs, peered solemnly at us for some moments, and then stalked away with what seemed very like a sniff of disdain.

"He does not like our looks," said Sara.

"He takes his time; not for him any of the light friendships of an hour," replied John. "Cranie is a bird of unlimited aspirations, and both literary and æsthetic tastes; he has been discovered turning over with his bill the leaves of Tennyson's poems left lying on the window-sill; he invariably plucks the finest roses in the garden; and he has been seen walking on the sea-wall alone in the moonlight, meditating, no doubt, on the vanities of mankind, with whom he is compelled reluctantly to associate."

"Do you hear the sound of the breakers, Martha?" said

Sara, waking me up in the middle of the night. We had the balconied room up stairs, and the sound of the distant surf came in through the open window in the intense stillness of the night. "It makes me feel young again," murmured my companion; but I fell asleep and heard no more.

Before breakfast, which is always late in Florida, John Hoffman took us to see a wonderful rose-tree.

"You must have sprays of bloom by the side of your coffee-cups," he said, "and then you will realize that you are really 'away down upon the Swanee Ribber.'"

"Do you mean to tell me that the Suwannee is in ambush somewhere about here?" began Sara, in her lead-pencil voice. She always declared that her voice took a scratching tone when she asked a manuscript question.

"Not directly here, seeing that it flows into the Gulf of Mexico, but it is in Florida, and therefore will do for melodious comparisons. You will hear that song often enough, Miss St. John; it is the invariable resource of all the Northern sailing parties on the inlet by moonlight. What the Suwannee means by keeping itself hidden away over in the western part of the State I can not imagine. I am sure we Northerners for years have mentioned that 'dar's whar our hearts am turning ebber,' in every key known to music."

"The tune has a sweet melody of its own," I said. "Nilsson herself sang it as an encore last winter."



ST. GEORGE STREET.



We walked out St. George Street, the principal avenue of the Ancient City, with the proud width of fifteen feet; other streets turning off to the right and the left were not more than ten and twelve feet wide. The old Spaniards built their coquina houses close together, directly upon the narrow streets, so that from their overhanging balconies on opposite sides they could shake hands with each other if so disposed. I do not think they were so disposed; probably they were more disposed to stab each other, if all accounts are true; but the balconies were near enough for either purpose. They had gardens, too, those old Dons, gardens full of fig, orange, guava, and pomegranate trees, adorned with fountains and flowers; but the garden was behind the house, and any portion of it on the street was jealously guarded by a stone wall almost as high as the house. These walls remain even now the most marked feature of the St. Augustine streets.

"What singular ideas!" I said. "One would suppose that broad shaded streets and houses set far back among trees would be the natural resource of this tropical climate."

"On the contrary, Miss Martha, the Spaniards thought that their narrow walled-in streets would act like so many flues to suck in every current of air, while their overhanging balconies would cast a more reliable shade than any tree."

"There is something in that," said Sara. "What a beautiful garden!"

"Yes; that is the most picturesque garden in St. Augustine, in my opinion," said John. "Notice those two trees; they are date-palms. Later in the spring the star-jasmine covers the back of the house with such a profusion of flowers that it becomes necessary to close the windows to keep out the overpowering sweetness. That little street at the corner is Treasury Street, and part of the walls and arches of this house belonged to the old Spanish Treasury Buildings."

A few blocks beyond, and the houses grew smaller; little streets with odd names branched off—St. Hypolita, Cuna, Spanish, and Tolomato—all closely built up, and inhabited by a dark-eyed, olive-skinned people, who regarded us with calm superiority as we passed.

"All this quarter is Minorca Town," said John, "and these people are the descendants of the colonists brought from the Greek islands, from Corsica, and Minorca, in 1767, by a speculative Englishman, Dr. Turnbull. Originally there were fourteen hundred of them, and Turnbull settled them on a tract of land sixty miles south of here, near Mosquito Inlet, where, bound by indentures, they remained nine years cultivating indigo and sugar, and then rising against the tyranny of their governor, they mutinied and



TREASURY STREET.

came here in a body. Land was assigned to them, and they built up all this north quarter, where their descendants now live, as you see, in tranquil content, with no more idea of work, as a Northerner understands the word, than so many oysters in their own bay."

"The Greek islands, did you say?" asked Sara. "Is it possible that I see before me any of the relatives of Sappho, she of 'the Isles of Greece—the Isles of Greece?'"

"Maybe," said John. "You will see some dark almond-shaped eyes, now and then a classical nose, often a mass of Oriental black hair; but unfortunately, so far, I have never seen the attractions united in the same person. Sometimes, however, on Sunday afternoons, you will meet young girls walking together on the Shell Road, with roses in their glossy hair, and as their dark eyes meet yours, you are reminded of Italy."

"I have never been in Italy," said Sara, shortly.

The reflection of an inward smile crossed John Hoffman's face.





THE SEA-WALL, ST. AUGUSTINE.

"But where is the rose-tree?" I said.

"Here, madam. Do you see that little shop with the open window? Notice the old man sitting within at the forge. He is a fine old Spanish gentleman and lock-smith, and my very good friend. Señor Oliveros, may we see the rose-tree?"

The old man looked up from some delicate piece of mechanism, and, with a smile on his fine old face, waved us toward the little garden behind the shop. There it stood, the pride of St. Augustine, a rose-tree fifteen feet high, seventeen feet in circumference, with a trunk measuring fifteen inches around and five inches through, "La Sylphide," yielding annually more than four thousand beautiful creamy roses.

"What a wealth of bloom!" said Sara, bending toward a loaded branch.

"'La Sylphide,' like other sylphs, is at her best when only half opened," said John, selecting with careful deliberation a perfect rose just quivering between bud and blossom, and offering it to Sara.

"No; I prefer this one," she answered, turning aside to pluck a *passée* flower that fell to petals in her hand. An hour later I saw the perfect rose in Iris Carew's hair.

"Niece Martha," said Aunt Diana energetically, appearing in my room immediately after breakfast, "I do not approve of this division of our party; it is not what we planned."

"What can I do, aunt? Sara ought not to pay hotel prices—"

"I am not speaking of Miss St. John; she can stay here if she pleases, of course, but you must come to us."

"Sara might not like to be left alone, aunt. To be sure," I continued, not without a grain of malice, "Mr. Hoffman is here, so she need not be too lonely, but—"

"John Hoffman here?"

"Yes; we came here at his recommendation."

Aunt Di bit her lips in high vexation; next to Mokes she prized John, who, although a person of most refractory and fatiguing ways, was yet possessed of undoubted Knickerbocker antecedents. She meditated a moment.

"On the whole you are right, Niece Martha," she said, coming to surface again; "but we shall, of course, keep together as much as possible. For this morning I have planned a visit to the old Spanish fort; Captain Carlyle will accompany us."

"And who is Captain Carlyle?"

"A young officer stationed here; he introduced himself to the Professor last evening, and afterward mistook me for Mrs. Van Anden, of Thirty-fourth Street. It seems he knows her very well," continued Aunt Di, with a swallow of satisfaction. (Ah, wise young Captain! Mrs. Van Anden's handsome face was at least ten years younger than Aunt Diana's.)

"I saw Iris glancing after a uniform last night as we came around the Plaza," I said, smiling.

But Aunt Di was true to her colors, and never saw or heard any thing detrimental to her cause.

It was a lovely February morning; the telegraph reported zero weather in New York, but here the thermometer stood at seventy, with a fresh sea-breeze. We stepped up on to the sea-wall at the Basin, where the sail-boats were starting out with pleasure parties for the North Beach. Iris had her Captain; Aunt Diana followed closely arm in arm with Mokes; Miss Sharp, jubilant, had captured the Professor; Sara and I were together as usual, leaving John Hoffman to bring up the rear with his morning cigar.

"The material of this wall," began the Professor, rapping it with his cane, "is that singular conglomerate called *coquina*, which is quarried yonder on Anastasia Island; but



the coping is, as you will perceive, granite."

"How delightful to meet the dear old New England stone down here!" exclaimed Miss Sharp, tapping the granite with an enthusiastic gaiter.

"The wall was completed in 1842 at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars, having been built by the United States government," continued the Professor.

"And why, nobody knows," added John, from behind.

"To keep the town from washing away, I suppose," said Sara.

"Of course; but why should the United States government concern itself over the washing away of this ancient little village with its eighteen hundred inhabitants, when it leaves cities with their thousands unaided? The one dock has, as you see, fallen down; a coasting schooner once a month or so is all the commerce, and yet here is a wall nearly a mile in length, stretching across the whole eastern front of the town, as though vast wealth lay behind."

"The town may grow," I said.

"It will never be any thing more than a winter resort, Miss Martha."

"At any rate, the wall is charming to walk upon," said Iris, dancing along on her high-heeled boots; "it must be lovely here by moonlight."

"It is," replied the Captain, with a glance of his blue eyes. He was a marvel of beauty, this young soldier, with his tall, well-knit, graceful form, his wavy golden hair, and blonde mustache sweeping over a mouth of child-like sweetness. He had a cleft in his chin like the young Antinous that he was, while a bold profile and commanding air relieved the otherwise almost too great loveliness of a face which invariably attracted all eyes. Spoiled? Of course he was; what else could you expect? But he was kind-hearted by nature, and endowed

with a vast fund of gallantry that carried him along gayly on the topmost wave.

"There is a new moon this very night, I think," observed Aunt Diana, suggestively, to Mokes.

But Mokes "never could walk here after dark; dizzy, you know—might fall in."

"Oh, massive old ruin!" cried Iris, as we drew near the fort; "how grand and gray and dignified you look! Have you a name, venerable friend?"

"This interesting relic of Spanish domination was called San Juan de Pinos—" began the governess, hastily finding the place in her guide-book.

"Oh no, Miss Sharp," interrupted Aunt Diana, who had noticed with disapprobation the clinging of the lisle-thread glove to the Professor's lank but learned arm. "You are mistaken again; it is called Fort Marion."

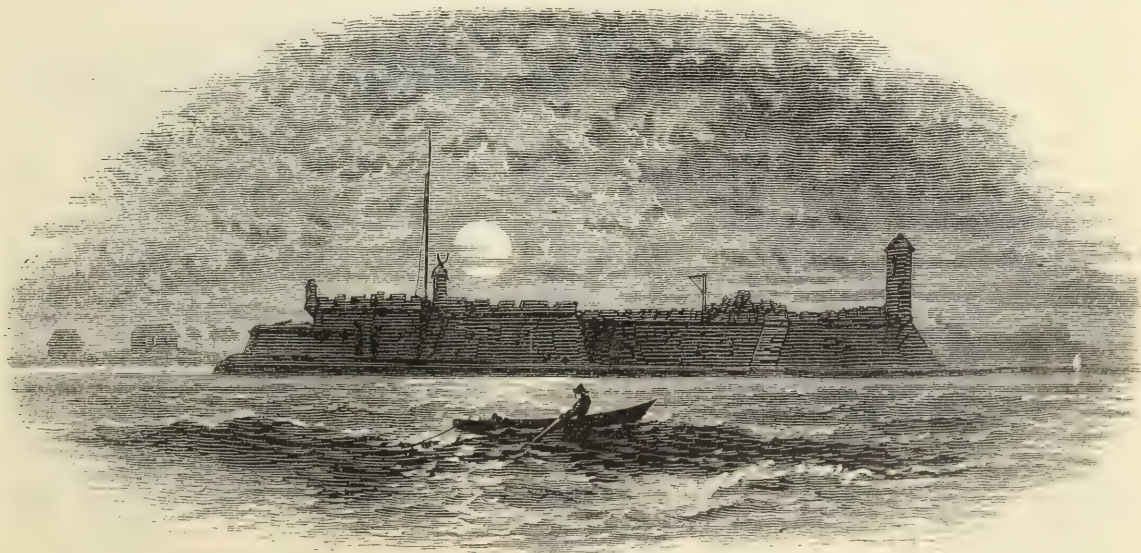
"It used to be San Marco," said John.

"I vote for San Marco; Marion is commonplace," decided Iris, sweeping away the other names with a wave of her dainty little glove.

"A magnificent specimen of the defensive art of two centuries ago," began the Professor, taking up a position on the water-battery, and beginning to point out with his cane. "It is built, you will observe, in a square or trapezium—"

"Let us go up and have a dance on the top," said Iris.

"This is very instructive," murmured Aunt Diana, moving nearer to her niece. "Miss Sharp, pray call your pupil's attention to this remarkable relic." For Mokes had seated himself sulkily on one of the veteran cannon which frowned over the harbor like toothless old watch-dogs. There was no objection to an army Antinous as a picturesque adjunct, Aunt Diana thought; but it was well known that there was very little gold in the service outside of the buttons, while here at hand was a Cæsus, a genuine



OLD FORT SAN MARCO.





THE DEMI-LUNE—EXTERIOR.

live Cræsus, sitting sulky and neglected on his cannon!

"Oh, certainly," said Miss Sharp, coming to the rescue. "Iris, my child, you observe that it is in the form of a trapezoid—"

"Trapezium," said the Professor—"trapezium, Miss Sharp, if you please."

"That daring young man on a—" chanted the Captain under his breath, as if in confidence to the southeast tower.

"In the salient angles of the bastions are four turrets or bartizans," continued the Professor.

"Oh yes; how interesting!" ejaculated the governess, clasping her lisle-threads together. "Partisans!"

"Bar-ti-zans," repeated the Professor, with cutting distinctness. "The moat, as you will notice, is fortified by an internal barrier, and there is an outer wall also which extends around the whole, following its various flexuses. By close observation we shall probably be able to trace the lines of the abatis, scarp, counterscarp, and fraise, all belonging to the period of mediæval fortification."

"The Great Work is evidently to the fore now," whispered Sara, as we sat together on a second cannon.

"The lunette, now, is considered quite a curiosity," said the Captain, briskly breaking in. "Miss Carew, allow me to show it to you."

"Lunette!" said the Professor, with lofty scorn.

"That is what we call it down here, Sir," replied Antinous, carelessly. "Miss Iris, there is an odd little stairway there—"

"Lunette!" repeated the Professor again. "But that is an example of the lamentable ignorance of the age. Why, that is a barbican, the only remaining specimen in the country, and, indeed, hard to be excelled in Europe itself."

"I have heard it described as a demi-

lune," I remarked, bringing forward my one item, the item I had been preserving for days. (I try to have ready a few little pellets of information; I find it is expected, now that I am forty years old.) The Professor took off his tall silk hat and wiped his forehead despairingly. "Demi-lune!" he repeated—"demi-lune! The man who said that must be a—"

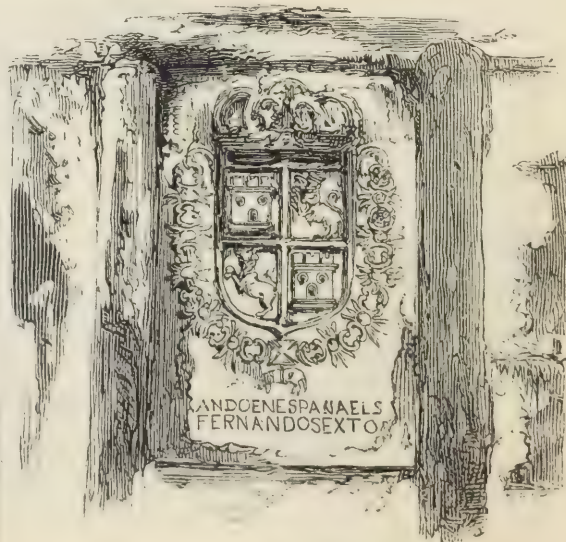
"Demi-lunatic,"

suggested John. "Forgive me, Miss Martha; it isn't mine, it's quoted."

We crossed a little draw-bridge, and passed through the ruined outwork, barbican, lune, or demi-lune, whichever it was. Iris and the Captain had disappeared. At the second draw-bridge we came face to face with the main entrance, surmounted by a tablet bearing an inscription and the Spanish coat of arms.

"It seems to be two dragons, two houses for the dragons, and a supply of mutton hung up below," said Sara, irreverently making game of the royal insignia of Spain. "Oh dear!" she sighed in an under-tone, "I ought to have all this written down."

"Here are the main facts, Miss St. John," said John Hoffman, taking out his notebook. "I collected them several years ago out of piles of authorities; they are authentic skeletons as far as they go, and you can fill them out with as many adjectives, fancies, and exclamation points as you please." He walked on, joining the others in the in-



COAT OF ARMS.



ner court-yard, where the Professor, the old sergeant in charge, the piles of cannon-balls, and all the ruined doorways were engaging in a wild mêlée of information. Left alone, Sara and I read as follows: "Fort here as far back as 1565. Enlarged several times, and finally finished much as it now stands in 1755. The Appalachian Indians worked on it sixty years; also Mexican convicts. The inscription over the entrance says that the fort was finished when Ferdinand Sixth was King of Spain, and Here-da Governor of Florida. It has been many times attacked, twice besieged, never taken. Occupied in 1862 by the Fourth New Hampshire regiment."

We had read so far when Aunt Diana came out through the sally-port. "Have you seen Iris?" she asked. "The sergeant is going to show us the window through which the Coochy escaped."

"The Coochy?"

"A cat, I believe; some kind of a wild-cat," said Aunt Diana, vaguely, as her anxious eyes scanned every inch of the moat and outworks in search of the vanished niece. At length she spied a floating blue ribbon. "There they are, back in that—in that illumined thing."

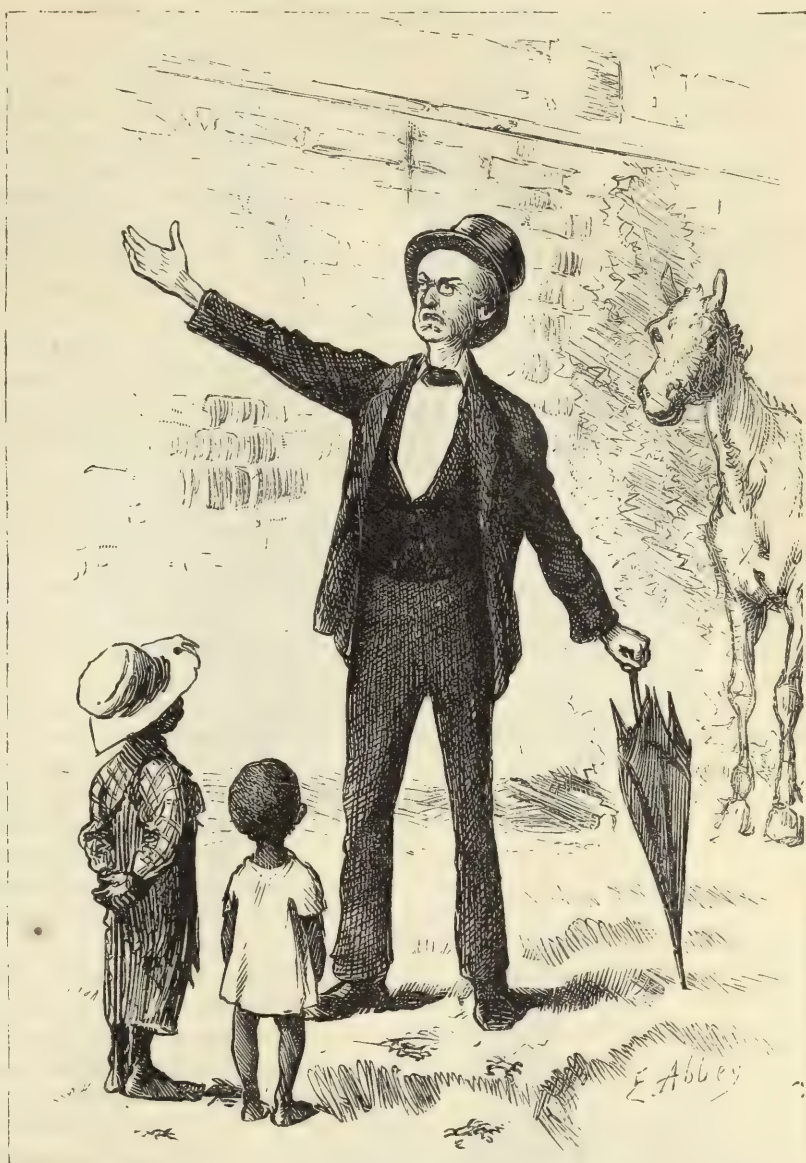
"Oh, Aunt Di! Why, that is the demi-lune."

"Well, whatever it is, do call Iris down directly."

I went after the delinquents, discovering after some search the little stone stairway, nicely masked by an innocent-looking wall, where was a second stone tablet containing the two dragons, their two houses, and the supply of mutton hung up below. There on the topmost grassy stair were the two young people, and had it not been for that floating blue ribbon, there they might have remained in ambush all the morning.

"Come down," I cried, looking up, laughingly, from the foot of the stair—"come down, Iris. Aunt Di wishes you to see the escaped cat."

"I don't care about cats," pouted Iris, slowly descending. "I am glad he es-



THE PROFESSOR.

aped. Let him go; I do not want to see him."

"Iris," began Aunt Di, "pray what has occupied you all this time?"

"The study of fortifications, aunt; you have no idea how interesting it is—that demi-lune."

"Many persons have found it so," observed John.

"We could not quite decide whether it was, after all, a demi-lune or a barbican," pursued Iris.

"Many persons have found the same difficulty; indeed, visit after visit has been necessary to decide the question, and even then it has been left unsettled," said John, gravely.

Following Aunt Diana, we all went into a vaulted chamber lighted by a small high-up window, or rather embrasure, in the heavy stone wall.

"Through that window the distinguished Seminole chieftain Coa-coo-chee, that is for to say, the Wild-cat, made his celebrated escape by starving himself to an atomy,



squirming up, and squeezing through," announced the sergeant, who stood in front as torch-bearer.

"Then it wasn't a cat, after all," said Iris.

"Only in a Pickwickian sense," said John.

"Now I thought all the while it was Osceola," said Sara, wearily.

"The Seminole war—" began the Professor.

"Captain, I am sure you know all about these things," said Iris; "pray tell me who was this Caloochy."

"Well," said Antinous, hesitating, "I believe he was the son of—son of King Philip, and he had something to do with the Dade massacre."

"King Philip? Oh yes, now I know," said Iris. "Chapter twenty-seven, verse five: 'Philip, while hiding at Mount Hope, was heard to exclaim, Alas, I am the last of the Wampanoags! Now indeed am I ready to die.'"

"Oh no, Iris dear," said Miss Sharp, hastily correcting; "that was the New England

chieftain. This Philip was a Seminole—Philip of the Withlacoochee."

"Osceola is in it somewhere, I feel convinced," persisted Sara; "he is always turning up when least expected, like the immortal Pontiac of the West. There is something about the Caloosahatchee too."

"Are you not thinking of the distinguished chieftains Holatoochee and Taholoochee, and the river Chattahoochee?" suggested John.

"For my part, I can't think of any thing but the chorus of that classical song, *The Ham-fat Man*, 'with a hoochee-koochee-koochee,' you know," whispered the Captain to Iris.

"Don't I!" she answered. "I have a small brother who adores that melody, and plays it continually on his banjo."

The next thing, of course, was the secret dungeon, and we crossed the court-yard, where the broad stone way led up to the ramparts, occupied during the late war by the tents of the United States soldiers, who preferred these breezy quarters to the dark chambers below. We passed the old chapel with its portico, inner altar, and niches for holy-water; the hall of justice. The furnace for heating shot was outside, and the southeast turret still held the frame-work for the bell which once rang out the hours over the water.

Standing in the gloomy subterranean dungeon, we listened to the old sergeant's story—the fissure, the discovery of the walled-up entrance, the iron cage, and the human bones.

"Oh, do come out," I said. "Your picturesque Spaniards, Sara, are too much for me."

"But who were the bones, I wonder?" mused Iris.

"Yes," said Aunt Diana, "who were they? Mr. Mokes, what do you think?"

Mokes thought "they were rascals of some kind, you know—thieves, perhaps."

"Huguenots," from John.

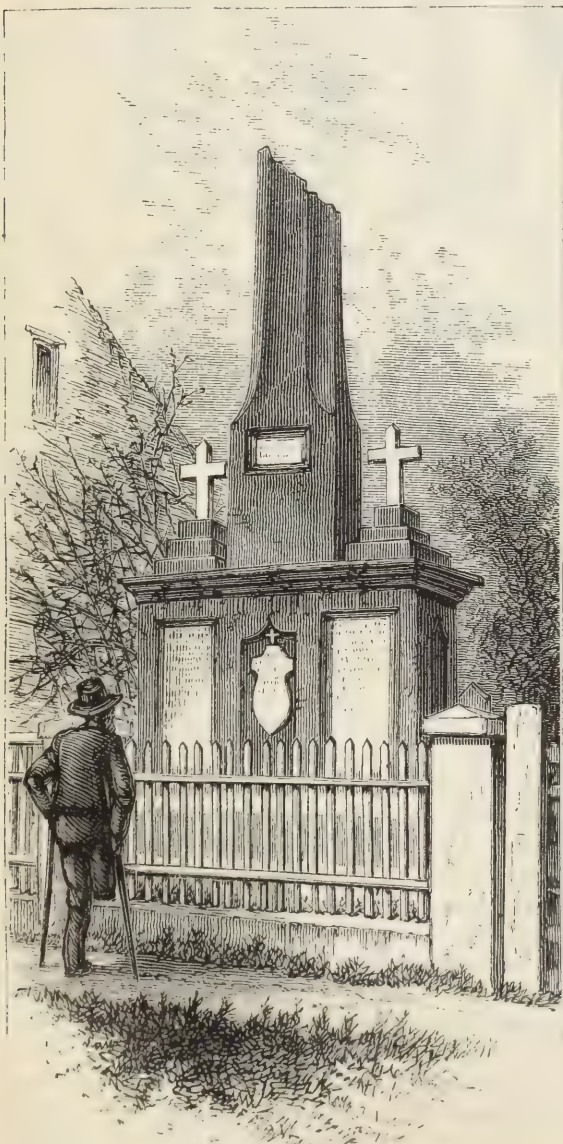
"Recreant priests," from myself.

"The architect of the fort, imprisoned that the secrets of its construction might die with him," suggested Miss Sharp.

"A prince of the blood royal, inconvenient to have around, and therefore sent over here to be out of the way," said Iris.

"For my part, I feel convinced that the bones were the mortal remains of 'Casper Hauser,' the 'Man with the Iron Mask,' and 'Have we a Bourbon among us,'" said Sara. Mokes looked at her. He never was quite sure whether she was simply strong-minded or a little out of her head. He did not know now, but decided to move a little farther away from her vicinity.

The Professor had left us some time before, and as we came out through the sally-port we saw him down in the moat in company



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.



with the fiddler-crabs, an ancient horse, and two small darkies.

"I have discovered the line of the counterscarp!" he cried, excitedly. "This is undoubtedly the talus of the covered way. If we walk slowly all around we may find other interesting evidences."

But there was mud in the moat, not to speak of the fiddlers, whose peculiarity is that you never can tell which way they are going—I don't believe they know themselves; and so our party declined the interesting evidences with thanks, and passing the demi-lune again, went down to the sea-wall. Miss Sharp looked back hesitatingly; but Aunt Diana had her eye upon her, and she gave it up.

In the afternoon all the party excepting myself went over to the North Beach in a sail-boat. I went down to the Basin to see them off. "*Osceola*" was painted on the stern of the boat. "Of course!" said Sara. She longed to look out over the broad ocean once more, otherwise she would hardly have consented to go without me. The boat glided out on the blue inlet, and Miss Sharp grasped the professor's arm as the mainsail swung round



AUNT VINY.



VICTORIA LINKUM.

and the graceful little craft tilted far over in the fresh breeze.

"If you are frightened, Miss Sharp, pray change seats with me," I heard Aunt Diana say. The Captain was not there, but Mokes was; and John Hoffman was lying at ease on the little deck at the stern, watching the flying clouds. The boat courtesied herself away over the blue, and, left alone, I wandered off down the sea-wall, finding at the south end the United States Barracks, a large building with broad piazzas overlooking the water, and a little green parade-ground in front, like an oasis in the omnipresent sand. At the north end of the wall floated the flag of old San Marco, here at the south end floated the flag of the barracks, and the two marked the limits of the Ancient City. The post is called St. Francis, as the foundations of the building formed part of the old Franciscan monastery which was erected here more than two centuries ago. Turning, I came to a narrow street where stood a monument to the Confederate dead—a broken shaft carved in coquina. Little St. Augustine had its forty-four names inscribed here, and while I was reading them over a shadow fell on the tablet, and, turning, I saw an old negro, who, leaning on a cane, had paused behind me. "Good afternoon, uncle," I said. "Did you know the soldiers whose names are here?"

"Yas, I knowed 'em; my ole woman took car' ob some ob dem when dey was babies."

"The war made great changes for your people, uncle."

"Yas, we's free now. I tank de Lord





AFRICA.

dat day de news come dat my chil'en's free."

"But you yourself, uncle? It did not make so much difference to you?" I said, noticing the age and infirmity of the old man. But straightening his bent body, and raising his whitened head with a proud happiness in his old eyes, he answered,

"I breave anoder breff ebber sense, mistis, dat I do."

Farther on I found a woman sitting at the door of a little shop with sweets to sell, and purchased some for the sake of making a mental sketch of her picturesque head with its white turban. "I have not the exact change, but will send it to you to-morrow," I said, intending to fee the Sabre to execute the errand. "Who shall I say it is?"

"Why, Viny, course. Every body knows Aunt Viny."

"I want to go over to Africa, Aunt Viny. Can you tell me the way?"

"Certain. You goes— You know St. Francis Street?"

"No."

"De Bravo's Lane, den?"

"No."

"Well, nebber mind. You goes 'long down Bridge Street—you knows dat?"

"No."

"I declar' for't, mistis, I don't jes know how to tell *you*, but whenebber *I* wants to go dar, I jes *goes*."

I laughed, and so did Aunt Viny. A colored girl came round the corner with a pail on her head. "Dar's Victoria; she'll show yar," said Aunt Viny.

"Your daughter?"

"Yas. Victoria Linkum is her name, mistis. You see, she was jes borned when Linkum died, and so I named her from him," said the woman, with simple earnestness.

The funny little Victoria showed me the way across a bridge over the Maria Sanchez Creek.

"Why is it called so—who was this Maria?" I asked. But Victoria Linkum did not know. Africa was a long straggling suburb, situated on a peninsula in shape not unlike the real Africa, between the Maria Sanchez Creek and the Sebastian River; it was dotted with cabins and an easy-going idle population of freedmen, who had their own little church there, and a minister whose large silver-rimmed spectacles gave dignity to his ebony countenance.

"They do not quite know how to take their freedom yet," said a lady, a fellow-boarder, that evening. "The colored people of St. Augustine were an isolated race; they had been family servants for generations, as there were few plantations about here, and, generally speaking, they were well cared for, and led easy lives. They held a great celebration over their freedom; but the truth is they don't know what to do with it yet, and their ideas take the oddest shapes. The Sabre, for instance, always insists upon going and coming through the front-door; he calmly brings in all his provisions that way—quarters of venison, butter, fish, whatever it may be, no matter who is present."

"Did you enjoy the afternoon, Sara?" I asked that evening.

"I can not tell you how much. If you could only have seen it—the blue inlet, the island, and the two light-houses, the surf breaking over the bar, and in front the broad ocean, thousands of miles of heaving water, with no land between us and Africa."

"You absurd child! as though that made any difference."

"But it does make a difference, Martha. If I thought there was so much as one Canary Island, the sense of vastness would be lost. I stood on that beach and drew in a long breath that came straight from the Nile."

"And Aunt Diana?"

"Oh, she was happy."

"Iris smiled upon Mokes, then?"

"Conspicuously."

"Naughty little flirt! And Miss Sharp?"

"One summer day—with pensive thought—she wandered on—the sea-girt shore," chanted Sara. "The madam-aunt had the Professor, and kept him!"

"And John Hoffman?"

"Mr. Hoffman said that we ought to be



very thankful for the simple, unalloyed enjoyment of the perfect day; how much better it was than the gaudy glare of cities, and so forth."

"I have noticed that no one ever says that who has not been well through the g. g. aforesaid, and especially the and-so-forth, Sara, my dear."

The sunny days passed; the delicious, indolent atmosphere affected us all; we wandered to and fro without plan or purpose in a lazy enjoyment impossible with Northern climate and Northern consciences.

"I feel as though I had taken hasheesh," said Sara.

Crowds of tourists came and went, and liked or liked not the Ancient City according to their tastes.

"You must let yourself glide into the lazy tropical life," I explained to a discontented city friend; "it is *dolce far niente* here, you know."

But the lady did not know. "Very uninteresting place," she said; "nothing to see—no shops."

"What! going, Mr. Brown?" I asked one morning.

"Yes, Miss Martha, I *am* going," replied the old gentleman, decidedly. "I have been very much disappointed in St. Augustine—nothing to do, no cemeteries to speak of."

"Stay longer? No, indeed," said a lady who had made three toilets a day, and found nobody to admire them. "What *you* find to like in this old place is beyond me!"

"She is not far wrong there," commented Sara, *sotto voce*; "it is beyond her; that is the very point of the thing."

But, on the other hand, all those in search of health, all endowed with romance and imagination, all who could appreciate the rare charming haze of antiquity which hangs over the ancient little city, grew into love for St. Augustine, and lingered there far beyond their appointed time. Crowds of old ladies and gentlemen sunned themselves on the south piazzas, and troops of young people sailed and walked every where, waking up the sleeping woods and the dreaming water with song and laughter. The enterprising tourists came and went with their accustomed energy; they bought palmetto hats and twined gray moss around

them; they carried orange-wood canes and cigar boxes containing young alligators. (Why young alligators must always travel North in cigar boxes in preference to any other kind of box is a mystery; but in cigar boxes they always go!) Once a hand-organ man appeared, and ground out the same tune for two whole days on the Plaza.

"And what may be the name of that melody, Miss Iris—the one he is playing now?" asked the Professor, endeavoring to assume a musical air.

"He can only play one tune, and he has been playing that steadily for two days," replied Iris. "As far as I can make out from the discords it is intended to be Strauss's *Tausend und Eine Nacht*."

But the Professor, an expert in Hebrew, Greek, and Sanskrit, had never condescended to a modern tongue.

"Pray translate it for me," he said, playfully, with the air of an affable Sphinx.

"It is a subject to which I have given profound thought, Sir," said Iris, gravely. "It is not 'A thousand and one nights,' because the last night only is intended, and therefore the best way to translate it is, I think, 'The thousand and oneth.' I will give you some verses on the melody, if you like."

The Professor liked, and Iris began:

"TAUSEND UND EINE NACHT.

"The birds within their dells  
Are silent; hushed the shining insect throng—  
Now human music swells,  
And all the land is echoing with song;  
The serenade, the glee,  
The symphony—and forth, mit Macht und Pracht,  
Orchestral harmony  
Is thrilling out *Tausend und Eine Nacht*.

"O thousand nights and one!  
The witching magic of thy opening bars,  
In little notes begun,  
Might move to swaying waltzes all the stars  
In all their shining spheres;  
Then, soft, a plaintive air the music sings—  
We dance, but half in tears—  
To dearest joy a sadness always clings.



HORSE RAILROAD, ST. AUGUSTINE.



"O thousand nights and one!  
 Could we but have a thousand nights of bliss!  
 The golden stories spun  
 By dark-eyed Arab girl ne'er equaled this.  
 Soon over? Yes, we see  
 The summer's fading; but, when all is done,  
 There lives the thought that we  
 Were happy—not a thousand nights, but one!"

"Dancing at a watering-place, you know—two young people waltzing—orchestra playing *Tausend und Eine Nacht*. You have danced to it a hundred times I dare say."

No, the Professor had neglected dancing in his youth, but still it might not be too late to learn if—

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Iris, waking up from her vision. "I forgot it was you, Sir; I thought you were—were somebody else."

So the days passed. Iris strolled about the town with Mokes, talked on the piazza with Hoffman, and wore his roses in her hair (Hoffman was always seen with a fresh rose every morning); she even listened occasionally to extracts from the Great Work. But the sea-wall by moonlight was reserved for Antinous. Thus we dallied with the pleasant weather until Aunt Diana, like a Spartan matron, roused herself to action. "This will never do," she said; "this very afternoon we will all go over to the island and see the tombs."

Aunt Di's temper had been sorely tried. Going out with Mokes the preceding evening to find Iris, who was ostensibly "strolling up and down the wall" in the moonlight with the Captain, she had found no trace of her niece from one end of the wall to the other—from the glacis of San Marco to the flag-staff at the Barracks. Heroically swallowing her wrath, she had returned to the hotel a perfect coruscation of stories, *bon-mots*, and compliments, to cover the delinquency of her niece, and amuse the deserted Mokes; and, to tell the truth, Mokes seemed very well amused. He was not an ardent lover.

"Where do you suppose they are?" I said, *sotto voce*, to John Hoffman.

"The demi-lune!" he answered.

A sail-boat took us first down to Fish Island, which is really a part of Anastasia, separated from it only by a small creek. The inlet, which is named Matanzas River south of the harbor, and the North River above it, was dotted with porpoises heaving up their unwieldy bulk; the shores were bristling with oysters; armies of fiddler-crabs darted to and fro on the sands; heavy old pelicans, sickle-bill curlews, ospreys, herons, and even bald-headed eagles flew around and about us. We ran down before the wind within sight of the mysterious old fortification that guards the Matanzas channel—mysterious from the total absence of any data as to its origin. "Three hundred and fifty Huguenots met their death down

there," said John Hoffman; "massacred under the personal supervision of Menendez himself. Their bones lie beneath this water, or under the shifting sands of the beach, but the river perpetuates the deed in its name, Matanzas, or slaughter."

"Is there any place about here where there were no massacres?" asked Sara. "Wherever I go, they arise from the past and glare at me. Between Spanish, Huguenot, and Indian slaughter, I am becoming quite gory."

The Professor, who was holding on his tall hat with much difficulty in the fresh breeze, here wished to know generally if we had read the remarkable narrative of Cabeça de Vaca, the true discoverer of the Mississippi, who landed in Florida in 1527.

"Alas! the G. W. again," murmured Sara in my ear. Miss Sharp, however, wanted "so much to hear about it" that the Professor began. But the hat kept interfering. Once Mokes rescued it, once John Hoffman, and the renowned De Vaca suffered in consequence. The governess wore a white scarf around her neck, one of those voluminous things called "clouds." She took it off, and leaned forward with a smile. "Perhaps if you were to tie this over your hat," she said, sweetly offering it.

But the Professor was glad to get it, and saw no occasion for sweetness at all. He wanted to go on with De Vaca; and so, setting the hat firmly on the back of his head, he threw the scarf over the top, and tied the long ends firmly under his chin. The effect was striking, especially in profile, and we were glad when the landing at Fish Island gave us an opportunity to let out our laughter over hastily improvised and idiotic jokes, while, all unconscious, the Professor went on behind us, and carried De Vaca into the thirteenth chapter.

The island began with a morass, and the boatmen went back for planks.

"'Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds,'" said Iris, balancing herself on an oyster shell, Mokes by her side (the Captain was absent—trust Aunt Diana for that!). "Those verses always haunt one so, don't they?"

Mokes, as usual in the rear, mentally speaking, wanted to know "what verses?"

"Moore's *Dismal Swamp*, of course. Sometimes I find myself saying it over fifty times a day:

'They have made her a grave too cold and damp  
 For a soul so warm and true;  
 She has gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,  
 Where all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,  
 She paddles her white canoe.'

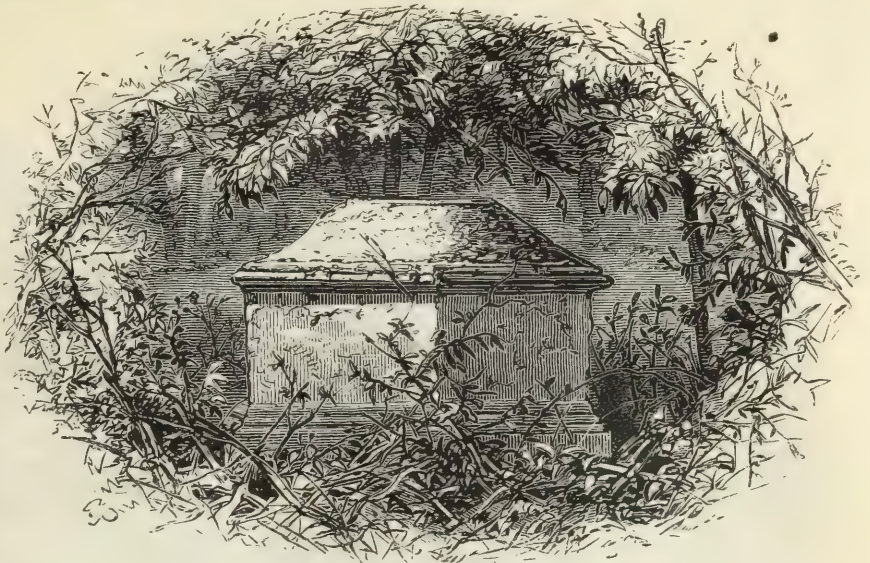
Be sure and pronounce 'swamp' to rhyme exactly with 'damp' and 'lamp,'" continued Iris; "the effect is more tragic."

"Certainly," said Mokes, "far more."

Passing the morass on planks, we walked down a path bordered with Spanish-bayo-



nets, crossed the creek on a small boat lying there, and entered the enchanted domain. It seemed to be a large plantation run to waste; symmetrical fields surrounded by high hedges of the sour orange, loaded with its fruit; old furrows still visible in the never-freezing ground; every where traces of careful labor and cultivation, which had made the sandy island blossom as



TOMB ON FISH ISLAND.

the rose. In the centre of a broad lawn were the ruins of a mansion, the white chimney alone standing, like a monument to the past. Beyond, a path led down to a circle of trees with even, dense foliage; there, in the centre, shut out from the glare of the sunshine, alone in the greenery, stood a solitary tomb, massive and dark, without date or inscription save what the little fingers of the lichen had written. We stood around in silence, and presently another pleasure party came down the path and joined us—gay young girls with sprays of orange blossoms in their hats, young men carrying trailing wreaths of the yellow jasmine. Together we filled the green tree circle; and one of the strangers, a fair young girl, moved by a sudden impulse, stepped forward and laid a spray of jasmine on the lonely tomb.

"Et in Arcadia ego," said John, who stood behind me. "Do you remember that picture of the gay flower-decked Arcadians coming through a forest with song and laughter, and finding there a solitary tomb with that inscription? This is Arcadia, and we too have found the tomb."

Strolling on down the island, we came to a long arched walk of orange-trees trained into a continuous arbor.

"What a lovely wild old place!" said Iris. "What is its history? Does anybody know?"

"It has not been occupied for nearly a century, I am told," said Aunt Diana.

"Who would have expected traces of such careful cultivation down on this remote island?" I said, as a new vista of symmetrical fields opened out on one side.

"There you make the common mistake of all Northerners, Miss Martha," said John Hoffman. "Because the country is desolate and thinly settled, you suppose it to be also wild and new, like the Western States and Territories. You forget how long this far peninsula has been known to the white man. These shores were settled more than

a century before Plymouth or Jamestown, and you can scarcely go out in any direction around St. Augustine without coming upon old groves of orange and fig trees, a ruined stone wall, or fallen chimney. Poor Florida! she is full of deserted plantations."

"But does any one know the story of the place?" repeated Iris, who preferred any diversion to Mokes's solo.

"Why insist upon digging it up?" said Sara. "Let it rest in the purple haze of the past. The place has not been occupied for a hundred years. We see this beautiful orange walk; yonder is a solitary tomb. Can we not fill out these shadowy borders without the aid of prosaic detail?"

The Professor, who had been digging up vicious-looking roots, now joined us. "When I was here some years ago," he began, in his loud, distinct tones, "I made a point of investigating—"

"Let us make a point of leaving," murmured Sara, taking me off down the walk. John Hoffman followed, so did Iris, and consequently Mokes, likewise Aunt Di. Miss Sharp longed to stay, but did not quite dare; so she compromised by walking on, as far as her feet were concerned, all the rest of her, however, looking back with rapt attention. "Yes? How interesting! Pray go on."

The Professor went on; we heard his voice in the rear. "It was called El Verjel (the garden), and its orange grove was the glory of St. Augustine—"

"Hurry!" whispered Sara, "or we shall hear the whole."

We hastened out into the sunny meadows, catching "killed by lightning"—"1790"—"he sent his oranges to London;" then the voice died away in the distance. John Hoffman kept with us, and we wandered on, looking off over the Matanzas, sweeping on to the south, dotted with sails, and the black dug-outs of the Minorcan fishermen anchor-





A DESERTED PLANTATION.

ed along shore. The tide was out, and the coast-line bare and desolate.

"Nothing that H. H. ever wrote excels her 'When the tide comes in,'" I said. "Do you remember it?"

"When the tide goes out,  
The shore looks dark and sad with doubt"—  
and that final question,

"Ah, darling, shall we ever learn  
Love's tidal hours and days?"

"You believe, then, that love has its high and low tides?" said John, lighting a fresh cigar.

"Low tide," said Sara, half to herself—"low tide always." She was looking at the bare shore with a sadness that had real roots down somewhere.

"Very low, I suppose," commented John; "every thing is always very high or very low with you ladies. You are like the man who had a steamer to sell. 'But is it a low-pressure engine?' asked a purchaser. 'Oh yes, *very* low,' replied the owner, earnestly."

Sara flushed, and turned away.

"Do you do it on purpose, I wonder?" I thought, with some indignation, as I glanced at John's imperturbable face. I was very tender always with Sara's sudden little sadnesses. I think there is no one who comprehends a girl passing through the shadow-land of doubt and vague questioning that lies beyond youth so well as the old maid who has made the journey herself, and knows of a surety that there is sunshine be-

yond. Obeying a sudden impulse, I asked the question aloud. Sara was in front of us, out of hearing.

"Do I do what on purpose, Miss Martha? Tell anecdotes?"

"You know what I mean very well, Mr. Hoffman. Her sadness was real for the moment; why wound her?"

"Wound her! Is a woman wounded by a trifling joke?"

"But her nature is peculiarly sensitive."

"You mistake her, I think, Miss Martha. Sara St. John is coated over with pride like an armor; she is invulnerable."

I could not quite deny this, so I veered a little. "She is so lonely, Mr. Hoffman?" I said, coming round on another tack.

"Because she so chooses."

"It may not be 'choose.' Mr. Hoffman, why should *you* not try to—" Here I looked up and caught the satirical smile on my companion's face, and, vexed with myself, I stopped abruptly.

"You are a good friend, Miss Martha."

"She has need of friends, poor girl!"

"Why poor?"

"In the first place she is poor, literally."

"Poverty is comparative. Who so poor as Mokes with his millions?"

"Then she is poor in the loss of her youth; she is no longer young, like Iris."

"Oh, saw ye not fair Iris going down into the west—a minute ago," said John, glancing after a vanishing blue ribbon. A sus-



picion, and not for the first time either, crossed my mind. "So it is little Iris, after all," I thought. "Oh, man, man, how can you be so foolish!" Then aloud, "I must go forward and join the others," I said, with a tinge of annoyance I could not conceal. John looked at me a moment, and then strode forward. I watched him; he joined Sara. I followed slowly. "There is a second tomb farther down the island," he was saying as I came up; "it is even more venerable than the first; a square inclosure of coquina, out of which grows an ancient cedar-tree which was probably planted, a mere slip, after the grave was closed. Will you walk that way with me, Miss St. John?" And with bared head he stood waiting for her answer.

"Thank you," said Sara, "I do not care to walk farther."

He bowed and left her.

Half an hour later, as Sara and I were strolling near the far point of the island, we caught through the trees a glimpse of Iris seated in the low, crooked bough of a live-oak, and at her feet John Hoffman, reclining on the white tufted moss that covered the ground. "Absurd!" I said, angrily.

"Why absurd? Is she not good and fair? To me there is something very bewitching about Iris Carew. She is the most graceful little creature; look at her attitude now, swinging in that bough! and when she walks there is a willowy suppleness about her that makes the rest of us look like grenadiers. Then what arch dark eyes she has, what a lovely brunette skin, the real brune! Pretty, graceful little Iris, she is always picturesque, whatever she does."

"But she is a child, Sara, while he—"

"Is John Hoffman," replied Sara, with a little curl of her lip. "Come, Martha, I want to show you some Arcadians."

"Arcadians?"

"Yes. Not the people who found the tomb in the forest, but some real practical Arcadians, who enjoy life as Nature intended."



ORANGE WALK.

"Who knows what she intended? I am sure I don't," I said, crossly.

Near the ruins of the mansion we found the Arcadians, a young man with his wife and child, living in a small out-building which might have been a cow-house. It was not more than ten feet square, the roof had fallen in, and was replaced by a rude thatch of palmetto leaves; there was no window of any kind, no floor save the sand, and for a door only an old coverlet hung up and tied back like a curtain. Within we could see a low settle-bed with some ragged coverings, a stool, powder, shot, and fishing tackle hung up on one side, and an old calico dress on the other; without was a table under a tree, a cupboard hung on the outside of the house, containing a few dishes, and the ashes of the family fire near at hand. Two thin dogs and a forlorn calf (oh, the cadaverous cattle of Florida!) completed the stock of this model farm.

"They eat and cook out-of-doors all the year round, I suppose. What a home! Did any one ever see such poverty," I said, "and such indolence? They do not even take the trouble to make a door."

"What do they want of a door? There is nothing to keep out but Nature. And as for poverty, they seem happy enough," replied Sara.

They did. The woman came to meet us with her brown baby, and the young husband took his gun and went out to find his supper—partridge from the wood, probably,



and oysters from the beach. They had lived there three years, the woman said. Her name was Anita, her husband's Gaspar, the baby was Rafaello. No, they did not work much. They had a few sweet-potatoes yonder, and sometimes she braided palmetto and took it down to the city to sell. Gaspar had a dug-out, and sometimes he sold fish, but not often. They had every thing they wanted. Did she know any thing about this old place? No, she did not. Couldn't she find out? Yes, she supposed she could; her people had lived along the Matanzas for years; but she never took the trouble to ask. Should she send that brown baby to school when it grew larger?

"To school?" And the young mother laughed merrily, showing even, white teeth, and tossing up the little Rafaello until he crowed with glee. "None of us-uns goes to school, my lady."

"But what will he do, then?"

"Do? Why, live here or somewhars, jes as we're doing," replied Anita. "That's all he wants."

"A great many people come over here in the season, do they not?" I asked, abandoning my educational efforts.

"Yes, pleasant days folks come."

"Do you think the ladies are pretty?"

"Sometimes," replied Anita, with a critical air.

"Wouldn't you like to look as they do?"

"Oh no," replied our "nut-brown mayde," with a broad, contented smile.

"And the gentlemen. What do you think of them?"

"Eh? the mens, did you say? Oh, they're so wimpsy!" And bursting into a peal of laughter, the mother tossed up the baby again until he too joined in the merriment over the "wimpsyness," whatever that was, of the tourists from the North.

"Do you know, I feel as though Calhoun himself was laughing at me from his grave," I said, as we walked away. "Your Arcadians, Sara, have made me more conscious of my bodily defects than a whole regiment of fine city people. What a shape that woman had! what eyes! what teeth! But what did she mean by wimpsy?"

"Very likely she meant Mokes. He is certainly limpsy; then why not wimpsy? There he is, by-the-way."

So he was, sitting with (of all persons in the world!) the governess. "In 1648 there were three hundred householders resident in St. Augustine, Mr. Mokes," we heard her say as we drew near.

"Must have wanted to—beast of a place," commented Mokes. He looked up doubtfully as we went by, but not having decided exactly how strong-minded Sara might be, he concluded not to venture; the governess at least never posed a fellow with startling questions.

"Poor Mokes!" I said.

"Oh yes, very poor!"

"I was thinking of his forlorn love affair, Sara."



JOHN AND IRIS.





NEW LIGHT-HOUSE, ANASTASIA ISLAND.

"Iris may still be Mrs. Mokes."

"Oh no!"

"Do not be too sure, Martha. In my opinion—nay, experience—a young girl is far more apt to be dazzled by wealth than an older woman. The older woman knows how little it has to do with happiness, after all; the young girl has not yet learned that."

The *Osceola* carried us northward again, and then around into a creek where was the landing-place of Anastasia Island.

"This Anastasia was a saint," I said, as we strolled up the path leading to the new light-house. "She belonged to the times of Diocletian, and we know where to find her, which is more than I can say of Maria Sanchez over in the village."

"And who is this Maria Sanchez?" inquired Aunt Diana, in her affable, conversational tone. Aunt Di always asked little questions of this kind, not because she cared to know, but because she esteemed it a duty to keep the conversation flowing.

"Ah! that is the question, aunt—who was she? There are persons of that name in the town now, but this creek bore the name centuries ago; wherefore, nobody knows. Maria is a watery mystery."

The new light-house, curiously striped in black and white like a barber's pole, rose from the chaparral some distance back from the beach, one hundred and sixty feet into the clear air; there was nothing to compare it with, not a hill or rise of land, not even a tall tree, and therefore it looked gigantic, a tower built by Titans rather than men.

"Let us go up to the top," said Iris, peeping within the open door. We hesitated: one hundred and sixty feet of winding stairway may be regarded as a crucial test between youth and age.

"Oh, Aunt Di, not you, of course! nor you either, Miss Sharp, nor the Professor, nor Cousin Martha," said Iris, heedlessly. "You can all sit here comfortably in the shade

while the rest of us run up; we shall not stay long."

Upon this instantly we all arose and began to climb up those stairs. Sit there comfortably in the shade, indeed! Not one of us!

The view from the summit seemed wonderfully extensive—inland over the level pine-barrens to the west; the level blue sea to the east; north, the silver sands of the Florida main-land; and south, the stretch of Anastasia Island, its backbone distinctly visible in the slope of the low green foliage.

"How soft and blue the ocean looks!" said Iris. "I should like to sail away to the far East and never come back."

"If I only had my yacht here now, Miss Iris!" said Mokes, gallantly. "But we should want to come back some time, you know. Egypt and the Nile—well, they are dirty places; although I—er—I always carry everything with me, it is almost impossible to live properly there."

We all knew what Mokes meant; he meant his portable bath. He aped English fashions, and was always bringing into conversation that blessed article of furniture, which accompanied him every where in charge of his valet. So often indeed did he allude to it that we all felt, like the happy-thought man, inclined to chant out in chorus, to the tune of the *Mistletoe Bough*,

"Oh, his portable ba-ath!

Oh, his por-ta-ble ba-ath!"

"You have, I am told, Mr. Mokes, the finest yacht in this country," said John Hoffman.

Well, it wasn't a bad one, Mokes allowed.

"I don't know which I would rather own," pursued John, "your yacht or your horses. Why, Sir, your horses are the pride of New York."

I glanced at John; he was as grave as a judge. Mokes glowed with satisfaction. Iris listened with downcast eyes, and Aunt Diana, who had at last reached the top stair, gathered her remaining strength to smile



upon the scene. Mokes came out of his shell entirely, and graciously offered his arm to Aunt Diana for the long descent.

But Aunt Di could—"excuse me, Mr. Mokes"—really hold on "better by the railing;" but "perhaps Iris—"

Yes, Iris could, and did.

John looked after the three as they wound down the long spiral with a smile of quiet amusement.

"All alike," he said to me, with the "old-comrade" freedom that had grown up between us. "*La richesse est toujours des femmes le grand amour*, Miss Martha."

"Don't quote your pagan French at me," I answered, retreating outside, where on the little platform I had left Sara gazing out to sea. She was looking down now, leaning over the railing as if measuring the dizzy height.

"If I should throw myself over," she said, as I came up, "my body would go down; but where would my soul go, I wonder?"

"Don't be morbid, Sara."

"Morbid? Nonsense! That is a duty word, a red flag which timid people always hang out the moment you near the dangerous ground of the great hereafter. We must all die some time, mustn't we? And if I should die now, what difference would it make? The madam-aunt would think me highly inconsiderate to break up the party in any such way; Iris would shed a pretty tear or two; Mokes would really feel relieved; the Professor would write an ac-

count of the accident for the *Pith-and-Ponder Journal*, with a description of the coquina quarry thrown in; Miss Sharp would read it and be 'so interested;' and even you, Martha, would scarcely have the heart to wish me back again." Tears stood in her eyes as she spoke, her face had softened with the sad fancies she had woven, and for the moment the child-look came back into her eyes, as it often comes with tears.

"And John Hoffman," I said, involuntarily. I knew he was still within hearing.

"Oh, he would decorously take his prayer-book and act as chief mourner, if there was no one else," replied Sara, with a mocking little laugh.

"Come down!" called Aunt Di's voice from below; "we are going to the coquina quarry."

I lingered a moment that John might have full time to make his escape, but when at length we went inside, there he was, leaning on the railing; he looked full at Sara as she passed, and bowed with cold hauteur.

"It is useless to try and make any body like her," I thought as I went down the long stairway. "Why is it that women who write generally manage to make themselves disagreeable to all mankind?"

We found Miss Sharp seated on a stair, half-way down, loaded with specimens, shells, and the vicious-looking roots of Fish Island.

"I am waiting for Professor Macquoid," she explained, graciously. "He came as far as this, and then remembering a rare plant he had forgotten to take up, he went back for it, leaving the other specimens with me. I have no doubt he will soon return; but pray do not wait."

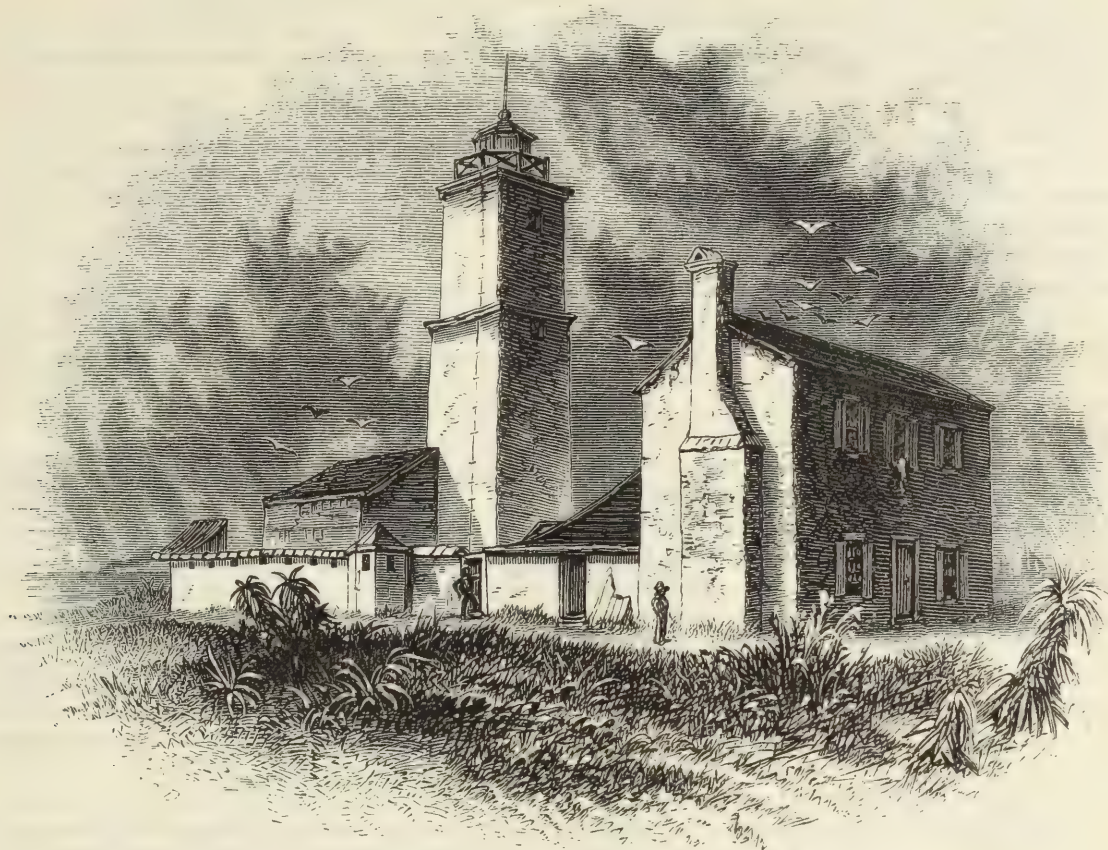
We did not; but left her on the stair.

Sara and I strolled over to the old lighthouse—a weather-beaten tower standing almost in the water, regularly fortified with walls, angles, and loopholes—a lonely little stronghold down by the sea. It was a picturesque old beacon, built by the Spaniards a long time ago as a look-out; when the English came into possession of Florida, in 1763, they raised the look-out sixty feet higher, and planted a cannon on the top, to



MISS SHARP WAITING FOR THE PROFESSOR.





OLD LIGHT-HOUSE, ANASTASIA ISLAND.

be fired as a signal when a vessel came in sight. The light that we had so often watched flashing and fading in the twilight as we walked on the sea-wall was put in still later by the United States government; in old times a bonfire was lighted on top every night.

"I like this gray old beacon better than yonder tall, spying, brand-new tower," I said. "This is a drowsy old fellow, who sleeps all day and only wakes at night, as a light-house should, whereas that wide-awake striped Yankee over there is evidently keeping watch of all that goes on in the little city. Iris must take care."

"Do you think he can spy into the demilune?" said Sara, smiling.

At the coquina quarry we found the Professor, scintillating all over with enthusiasm. "A most singular conglomerate of shells cemented by carbonate of lime," he said, putting on a stronger pair of glasses—"a recent formation, evidently, of the post-tertiary period. You are aware, I suppose, that it is found nowhere else in the world? It is soft, as you see, when first taken out, but becomes hard by exposure to the air." Knee-deep in coquina, radiating information at every pore, he stood—a happy man!

"And Miss Sharp?" I whispered.

"On the stair," replied Sara.

Not until we were on our way back to the sail-boat was the governess relieved from her vigil; then she heard us passing, and

came out of her own accord, loaded with the relics.

"Why, Miss Sharp, have you been in the light-house all this time?" asked Aunt Diana.

The governess murmured something about a "cool and shady place for meditation," but bravely she held on to her relics, and was ready to hear every thing about coquina and the post-tertiary, as well as a little raid into the glacial theory, with which the Professor entertained us on the way to the landing.

"Do you hear the drum-fish drumming down below?" said John, as the *Osceola* sailed merrily homeward. We listened, and caught distinctly the muffled tattoo—the marine band, as Iris said.

"I came across an old dilapidated book, written, I suppose, fifty years ago," said John. "Here is an extract about the old light-house and the drum-fish, which I copied from the coverless pages: 'We landed on Anastasia Island, and walked to the old light-house. Here a Spaniard lives with his family, the eldest, a beautiful dark-eyed little muchacha (young girl), just budding into her fourteenth year. Here, in this little fortified castle, Señor Andro defies alike the tempests and the Indians. Having spent an hour or two in the hospitable tower, and made a delicious repast on the dried fish which garnishes his hall from end to end, eked out with cheese and crackers and a



bottle or two of Frontignac, besides fruit and brandy, we bade farewell to the pretty Catalina and the old tower, for it was time to go drumming. Fair Anastasia, how delightful thy sunny beach and the blue sea that kisses buxomly thy lonely shore! Before me rolls the eternal ocean, mighty architect of the curious masonry on which I stand, the animal rock which supports the vegetable soil. How many millions upon millions of these shell-fish must have been destroyed to form a substratum for one rood of land! But it was time for drumming, the magic hour (between the fall of the ebb and the rise of the flood) for this delightful sport, whose superior enchantment over all others in the Walton line I had so often heard described with rapture—the noble nature of the fish, his size and strength, the slow approach which he makes at first to the hook, like a crab; then the sudden overwhelming transport that comes over you when you feel him dashing boldly off with the line is comparable to nothing save pulling along a buxom lass through a Virginia reel.' What do you say to that, Mokes? That part about the Virginia reel, now, is not to be despised."

But Mokes had never danced the Virginia reel—had seen it once at a servants' ball, he believed.

"What *are* you doing, Sara?" I said, sleepily, from the majestic old bed, with its high carved posts and net curtains. "It is after eleven; do put up that pencil, at least for to-night."

"I am amusing myself writing up the sail this afternoon. Do you want to hear it?"

"If it isn't historical."

"Historical! As though I could amuse myself historically!"

"It mustn't be tragedy either: harrowing up the emotions so late at night is as bad as mince-pie."

"It is light comedy, I think—possibly farce. Now listen: it begins with an 'Oh' on a high note, sliding down this way: 'Oh-o-o-o-h!'"

#### "MATANZAS RIVER.

"Oh! rocking on the little blue waves,  
While, flocking over Huguenot graves,  
Come the sickle-bill curlews, the wild laughing loons,  
The heavy old pelicans flying in platoons  
Low down on the water with their feet out behind,  
Looking for a sand-bar which is just to their mind,  
Eying us scornfully, for very great fools,  
In which view the porpoises, coming up in schools,  
Agree, and wonder why  
We neither swim nor fly.

"Oh! sailing on away to the south,  
There, hanging us at the river's mouth,  
Stands the old Spanish look-out, where ages ago  
A watch was kept, day and night, for the evil foe—  
Simple-minded Huguenots fleeing here from France,  
All carefully massacred by the Spaniard's lance  
For the glory of God; we look o'er the side,  
As if to see their white bones lying 'neath the tide  
Of the river whose name  
Is reddened with the shame.

"Oh! beating past Anastasia Isle,  
Where, greeting us, the light-houses smile,  
The old coquina beacon, with its wave-washed walls,  
Where the spray of the breakers 'gainst the low door falls,  
The new mighty watch-tower all striped in black and white,  
That looks out to sea every minute of the night,  
And by day, for a change, doth lazily stand  
With its eye on the green of the Florida land,  
And every thing doth spy—  
E'en us, as we sail by.

"Oh! scudding up before wind and tide,  
Where, studding all the coast alongside,  
Miles of oysters bristling stand, their edges like knives,  
Million million fiddler-crabs, walking with their wives,  
At the shadow of our sail climb helter-skelter down  
In their holes, which are houses of the fiddler-crab town;  
While the bald-headed eagle, coming in from the sea,  
Swoops down upon the fish-hawk, fishing patiently,  
And carries off his spoil,  
With kingly scorn of toil.

"Oh! floating on the sea-river's brine,  
Where, noting each ripple of the line,  
The old Minorcan fishermen, swarthy and slow,  
Sit watching for the drum-fish, drumming down below;  
Now and then along shore their dusky dug-outs pass,  
Coming home laden down with clams and marsh grass;  
One paddles, one rows, in their outlandish way,  
But they pause to salute us, and give us good-day  
In soft Minorcan speech,  
As they pass, near the beach.

"Oh! sweeping home, where dark, in the north,  
See, keeping watch, San Marco looms forth,  
With its gray ruined towers in the red sunset glow,  
Mounting guard o'er the tide as it ebbs to and fro;  
We hear the evening gun as we reach the sea-wall,  
But soft on our ears the water-murmurs fall,  
Voices of the river, calling 'Stay! stay! stay!  
Children of the Northland, why flee so soon away?'  
Though we go, dear river,  
Thou art ours forever."

After I had fallen asleep, haunted by the marching time of Sara's verse, I dreamed that there was a hand tapping at my chamber door, and, half roused, I said to myself that it was only dreams, and nothing more. But it kept on, and finally, wide awake, I recognized the touch of mortal fingers, and withdrew the bolt. Aunt Diana rushed in, pale and disheveled in the moonlight.

"What is the matter?" I exclaimed.

"Niece Martha," replied Aunt Di, sinking into a chair, "Iris has disappeared!"

Grand tableau, in which Sara took part from the majestic bed.

"She went to her room an hour ago," pursued Aunt Di; "it is next to mine, you know, and I went in there just now for some camphor, and found her gone!"

"Dear, dear! Where can the child have gone to?"

"An elopement," said Aunt Di, in a sepulchral tone.

"Not Mokes?"

"No. If it had been Mokes, I should not have—that is to say, it would have been highly reprehensible in Iris, but— However, it is *not* Mokes; he is sound asleep in his room; I sent there to see." And Aunt Diana betook herself to her handkerchief.



"Can it be John Hoffman?" I mused, half to myself.

"Mr. Hoffman went up to his room some time ago," said Sara.

"And pray how do *you* know, Miss St. John?" asked Aunt Di, coming out stiffly from behind her handkerchief. "Mr. Hoffman would have been very glad to—and, as it happens, he is *not* in his room at all."

"Then of course— Oh, irretrievable folly!" I exclaimed, in dismay.

"But it isn't John Hoffman, I tell you," said Aunt Diana, relapsing into dejection again. "He has gone out sailing with the Van Anders; I heard them asking him—a moonlight excursion."

Then the three of us united:

MYSELF (*doubtfully*). "Can it be—

SARA (*decidedly*). "It must be—

AUNT DI (*dejectedly*). "Yes, it is—

} the Captain!"

## THE COMING TRANSIT OF VENUS.

A LARGE portion of the astronomical world has for two years been busy with preparations to observe one of the rarest of celestial phenomena. When Venus last passed over the face of the sun the infants Napoleon and Wellington were sleeping in the arms of their nurses, all unconscious of the parts they were to play in the world's history; Washington, a loyal subject of King George, lived quietly on his Virginia plantation; and American independence was a dream of a few enthusiasts. Now, after the lapse of more than a century, the present generation is to witness two recurrences of the phenomenon, the one during the present year, and the other eight years later. Then the rest of the nineteenth century and the whole of the twentieth are to pass away without its again being seen. Finally, on June 8, 2004, our posterity will have an opportunity of again observing it.

We know from our astronomical tables that this phenomenon has recurred in its regular cycle four times every 243 years for many centuries past. But it has been only in times comparatively recent that it could be predicted and observed. In the years 1518 and 1526 the idea of looking for such a thing does not seem to have occurred to any one. The following century gave birth to Kepler, who so far improved the planetary tables as to predict that a transit would occur on December 6, 1631. But it did not commence until after sunset in Europe, and was over before sunrise next morning, so that it passed entirely unobserved. Unfortunately the tables were so far from accurate that they failed to indicate the transit which occurred eight years later, and led Kepler to announce that the phenomenon would not recur till 1761. The transit of 1639 would, therefore, like all former ones, have passed entirely unobserved had it not been for the talent and enthusiasm of a young Englishman. Jeremiah Horrox was then a young curate of eighteen, residing in the north of England, but who, even at that early age, was a master of the astronomy of his times. Comparing different tables with his own observations of Venus, he found that

a transit might be expected to occur on December 4, and prepared to observe it, after the fashion then in vogue, by letting the image of the sun passing through his telescope fall on a screen behind it. Unfortunately the day was Sunday, and his clerical duties prevented his seeing the ingress of the planet upon the solar disk—a circumstance which science has mourned for a century past, and will have reason to mourn for a century to come. When he returned from church he was overjoyed to see the planet upon the face of the sun, but after following it half an hour the approach of sunset compelled him to suspend observing.

During the interval between this and the next transit, which occurred in 1761, exact astronomy made enormous strides, through the discovery of the law of gravitation and the application of the telescope to celestial measurements. A great additional interest was lent to the phenomenon by Halley's discovery that observations of it made in distant portions of the earth could be used to determine the distance of the sun—an element of which scarcely any thing was then certainly known. From some ancient observations of eclipses it had been concluded by Ptolemy that the distance of the sun was about 1100 semi-diameters, and this value was adopted with a few modifications for more than a thousand years. When the telescope enabled more accurate observations to be made, it was found that this estimate must be far too small; and from observations on Mars in 1672 Cassini concluded that the solar parallax was between nine and ten seconds, and consequently that the sun must be distant more than 20,000 semi-diameters of the earth. But this result was necessarily very uncertain, and, with the means then known, the only feasible way of attaining certainty seemed to be to adopt Halley's plan of observing transits of Venus.

The principles by which the parallaxes, and therefore the distances, of Venus and the sun are determined by Halley's method are quite simple. When Venus is between the earth and sun she is only about one-fourth as far from us as the sun is; conse-



quently observers who look at her from different points of the earth's surface will see her in slightly different directions, and therefore she will not appear to them to be on the same point of the sun's disk at the same moment. Suppose, for example, that an observer at one point saw the sun overhead, with Venus exactly on the centre of his disk; then suppose he could in an instant make a jump toward the south of four or five thousand miles, and should again look at the sun, Venus would no longer be in the centre of the sun, but would seem a little north of it. Now let him travel to the north pole with equal rapidity; Venus will then seem to move toward the south, for the same reason that to a traveler on a steamer objects on shore seem to move in a direction the opposite of that in which he is going. Such being the case, two observers at distant points of the earth's surface, watching the course of Venus over the solar disk, will see her describe slightly different paths, as shown in Fig. 1. It is by the distance between these

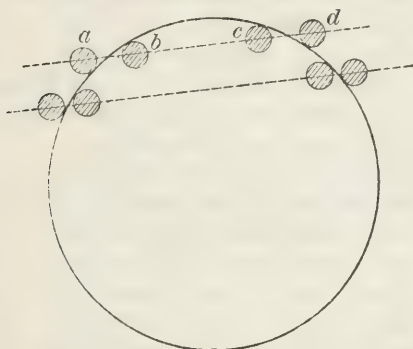


FIG. 1.—APPARENT PATHS OF VENUS ACROSS THE SUN, AS SEEN FROM DIFFERENT STATIONS.

The upper path is that seen from a southern station; the lower is that seen from a northern station.

paths that the parallax has hitherto been determined.

The essential principle of Halley's method consists in the mode of determining the distance between these apparent paths. An inspection of the figure will show that the path farthest from the sun's centre is much shorter than the other, so that Venus will pass over the sun quicker when watched from a northern station than when watched from a southern one. Halley therefore proposed that the different observers should with a telescope and a chronometer note the time it took Venus to pass over the disk, and the difference between these times, as seen from different stations, would give the means of determining the difference between the parallaxes of Venus and the sun. The ratio between the distances of the planet and the sun is known with great exactness by Kepler's third law, from which, knowing the differences of parallaxes, the distance of each body can be determined.

By this plan of Halley the observer must note with great exactness the times both of beginning and ending of the transit. There are two phases which may be observed at beginning and two at ending, making four in all.

The first is that when the planet first touches the edge of the solar disk, and begins to make a notch in it, as at *a*, Fig. 1. This is called *first external contact*.

The second is that when the planet has just entered entirely upon the sun, as at *b*. This is called *first internal contact*.

The third contact is that in which the planet, after crossing the sun, first reaches the edge of the disk, and begins to go off, as at *c*. This is called *second internal contact*.

The fourth contact is that in which the planet finally disappears from the face of the sun, as at *d*. This is called *second external contact*.

Now it was the opinion of Halley, and a very plausible one, too, that the internal contacts could be observed with far greater accuracy than the external ones. He founded this opinion on his own experience in observing a transit of the planet Mercury at St. Helena in 1677. It will be seen by inspecting Fig. 4, which represents the posi-



FIG. 2.

tion of the planet just before first internal contact, that as the planet moves forward on the solar disk the sharp horns of light on each side of it approach each other, and that the moment of internal contact is marked by these horns meeting each other and forming a thread of light all the way across the dark space. This thread of light is indeed simply the extreme edge of the sun's disk coming into view behind the planet. In observing the transit of Mercury, Halley felt sure that he could fix the moment in which the horns met and the edge of the sun's disk appeared unbroken within a single second, and he hence concluded that observers of the transit of Venus could observe the time required for Venus to pass across the sun within one or two seconds. These times would differ in differ-



ent parts of the earth by fifteen or twenty minutes, in consequence of parallax. Hence it followed, if Halley's estimate of the degree of accuracy attainable were correct, the parallax of Venus and the sun would be determined by the proposed system of observations within the six hundredth of its whole amount.

When the long-expected 5th of June, 1761, at length approached, which was a generation after Halley's death, expeditions were sent to distant parts of the world by the principal European nations to make the required observations. The French sent out from among their astronomers Le Gentil to Pondicherry, Pingré to Rodriguez Island, in the neighborhood of the Mauritius, and the Abbé Chappe to Tobolsk, in Siberia. The war with England unfortunately prevented the first two from reaching their stations in time, but Chappe was successful. From England Mason—he of the celebrated Mason and Dixon's Line—was sent to Sumatra, but he too was stopped by the war; Maskelyne, the Astronomer Royal, was sent to St. Helena. Denmark, Sweden, and Russia also sent out expeditions to various points in Europe and Asia.

With those observers who were favored by fine weather the entry of the dark body of Venus upon the limb of the sun was seen very well until the critical moment of internal contact approached. Then they were perplexed to find that the planet, instead of preserving its circular form, appeared to assume the shape of a pear or a balloon, the elongated portion being connected with the limb of the sun. We give two figures, 2 and 3, the last showing how the planet ought to have looked, the first how it really did look. Now we can readily see that the observer, looking at such an appearance as in Fig. 2, would be puzzled to say whether internal contact had or had not taken place. The round part of the planet is entirely within the sun, so that if he judged from this alone, he would say that internal contact is passed. But the horns are still separated by this dark elongation, or black



FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.

drop, as it is generally called, so that, judging from this, internal contact has not taken place. The result was an uncertainty of ten or even twenty or thirty seconds in observations which were expected to be correct within a single second.

When the parties returned home, and their observations were computed by various astronomers, the resulting values of the solar parallax were found to range from 8.5'' found by Short, of England, to 10.5'' found by Pingré, of France, so that there was nearly as much uncertainty as ever in the value of the element sought. Nothing daunted, however, preparations yet more extensive were made to observe the transit of 1769. Among the observers was one whose patience and whose fortune must excite our warmest sympathies. We have said that Le Gentil, sent out by the French Academy to observe the transit of 1761 in the East Indies, was prevented from reaching his station by the war with England. Finding the first port he attempted to reach in the possession of the English, his commander attempted to make another, and, meeting with unfavorable winds, was still at sea on the day of the transit. He thereupon formed the resolution of remaining, with his instruments, to observe the transit of 1769. He was enabled to support himself by some successful mercantile adventures, and he also industriously devoted himself to scientific observations and inquiries. The long-looked-for morning of June 4, 1769, found him thoroughly prepared to make the observations for which he had waited eight long years. The sun shone out in a cloudless sky, as it had shone for a number of days previously. But just as it was time for the transit to begin a sudden storm arose, and the sky became covered with clouds. When they cleared away, the transit was over. It was two weeks before the ill-fated astronomer could hold the pen which was to convey to his friends in Paris the story of his disappointment.

In this transit the ingress of Venus on the limb of the sun occurred just before the sun was setting in Western Europe, which allowed numbers of observations of the first



two phases to be made in England and France. What will especially interest us is that the commencement was also visible in this country—which was then these colonies—under very favorable circumstances, and that it was well observed by the few astronomers we then had. The leader among these was the talented and enthusiastic Rittenhouse, then in the thirty-eighth year of his age. The observations were organized under the auspices of the American Philosophical Society, then in the vigor of its youth, and parties of observers were stationed at Norristown, Philadelphia, and Cape Henlopen. These observations have every appearance of being among the most accurate made on the transit, but they have not received the consideration to which they are entitled, partly, we suppose, because the altitude of the sun was too great to admit of their being of much value for the determination of parallax, and partly because they were not very accordant with the European observations.

The phenomena of the distortion of the planet and the "black drop," already described, were noticed in this, as in the preceding transit. It is strongly indicative of the ill preparation of the observers that it seems to have taken them all by surprise, except the few who had observed the preceding transit. The cause of the appearance was first pointed out by Lalande, and is briefly this: when we look at a bright object on a dark ground it looks a little larger than it really is, owing to the encroachment of the light upon the dark border. This encroachment, or "irradiation," may arise from a number of causes—imperfections of the eye, imperfections of the lenses of the telescope when an instrument is used, and the softening effect of the atmosphere when we look at a celestial object near the horizon. To understand its effect we have only to imagine a false edge painted in white around the borders of the bright object, the edge becoming narrower and darker where the bright object is reduced to a very narrow line. Thus, by painting around the borders of the light portions of Fig. 3, we have formed Fig. 4, and produced an appearance quite similar to that described by the observers of the transit. The better the telescope and the steadier the atmosphere, the narrower this border will be, and the more the planet will seem to preserve its true form, as in Fig. 3. Observations of transits of Mercury by Herschel, Bessel, and great numbers of recent observers seem to indicate that under the most favorable circumstances the distortion is hardly perceptible.

The results of the observations of 1769 were much more accordant than those of 1761, and seemed to indicate a parallax of about 8.5". Curious as it may seem, more

than half a century elapsed after the transit before its results were completely worked up from all the observations. This was at length done by Encke, in 1824, for both transits, the result giving 8.5776" for the solar parallax. Some suspicion, however, attached to some of the observations, which he was not at that time able to remove. In 1835, having examined the original records of the observations in question, he corrected his work, and found the following separate results from the two transits:

Parallax from the observations of 1761..... 8.53"  
 Parallax from the observations of 1769..... 8.59"  
 Most probable result from both transits.... 8.571"

The probable error of the result was estimated at 0.037", which, though larger than was expected, was much less than the actual error has since proved to be. The corresponding distance of the sun is 95,370,000 miles, a classic number adopted by astronomers every where, and familiar to every one who has read any work on astronomy.

This result of Encke was received without question for more than thirty years. But in 1854 the celebrated Hansen, completing his investigations of the motions of the moon, found that her observed positions near her first and last quarters could not be accounted for except by supposing the parallax of the sun increased, and therefore his distance diminished, by more than a thirtieth of its entire amount. The existence of this error has since been amply confirmed in several ways. The fact is that although a century ago a transit of Venus afforded the most accurate way of obtaining the distance of the sun, yet the great advances made during the present generation in the art of observing, and the application of scientific methods, have led to other means of greater accuracy than these old observations. It is remarkable that while nearly every class of observations is now made with a precision which the astronomers of a century ago never dreamed of obtaining, yet this particular observation of the interior contact of a planet with the limb of the sun has never been made with any thing like the accuracy which Halley himself thought he attained in his observation of the transit of Mercury two centuries ago. We do, indeed, hope, by a more extended system of observations of the coming transit of Venus, to get a result more certain than any hitherto attained by any other one method, but it is none the less true that four methods have been applied in recent times which give results far more reliable than any that can be obtained by the old transits of Venus. These methods may be briefly indicated:

1. By the effect of the sun's attraction on the motion of the moon. We have already stated that the error in the old value of the solar parallax was first detected by this method. By the most recent examination



of this method the solar parallax comes out 8.83".

2. By measures of the planet Mars when nearest to the earth. About once in sixteen years Mars approaches almost as near the earth as Venus does at the time of transit. If we had any thing close to the planet to measure from, Mars would be as good as Venus for the determination of the sun's parallax. The art of measuring with circles and micrometers has so far improved that we can measure the distance of Mars from stars with a great deal of exactness. In the summer of 1862 this planet was in a very favorable position for the determination of parallax, and observations for this purpose were made at a number of observatories in both hemispheres. The resulting parallax of the sun was 8.85".

3. By measuring the velocity of light. It is known by two different methods, which we have not space to describe, that light passes from the sun to the earth in 498 seconds. Now if we can find by experiment how far light travels in one second, we have only to multiply it by 498 to have the distance of the sun. Recent experiments in France by Foucault and Cornu show this velocity to be very nearly 185,000 miles. This gives a distance of the sun of 92,315,000 miles, and a solar parallax of 8.86".

4. It has within a year or two been proposed by Leverrier to determine how many times the sun is heavier than the earth by means of the observed motions of the planets Venus and Mars, and thence to find how far the earth must be from the sun in order that the centrifugal force of the earth in its orbit may balance the attractive force of the sun. Leverrier's result was 8.86", but a small error crept into one of his numbers, and when this is corrected the parallax is reduced to 8.83".

Yet another very ingenious method has been applied by Leverrier, but it is more uncertain than those just mentioned. We know that it is not strictly correct to say that the moon revolves around the earth any more than the earth around the moon, the fact being that each of them describes a monthly orbit around their common centre of gravity. It is this centre of gravity which revolves around the sun in a regular orbit. When the moon is in her first quarter, the earth is ahead of the position of the centre of gravity, while in last quarter she is behind it. The distance which she swings back and forth can be determined by observations of the sun or planets, while the position of the centre of gravity can be calculated when the mass of the moon is known. A comparison of the two results will give the distance of the sun. The parallax thus found is 8.81".

From the general accordance of these various results it would appear that the so-

lar parallax must lie between pretty narrow limits, probably between 8.82" and 8.86", and that the distance of the sun in miles probably lies between the limits 92,200,000 and 92,700,000. Of the distance of the sun we may say with moral certainty that it is 92,000,000 and some fraction of another million, and if we should guess that fraction to be 400,000 we should probably be within 200,000 miles of the truth. This is all we can say of the sun's distance until the next transit of Venus is worked up, when we may hope to find the uncertainty brought between yet narrower limits.

In many recent works the distance in question will be found stated at 91,000,000 and some fraction. This arises from the circumstance that into several of the first determinations by the new methods small errors and imperfections crept, which, by a singular coincidence, all tended to make the parallax too great, and therefore the distance too small. For instance, taking the different methods in the order in which we have given them, Hansen's original computations from the motion of the moon led him to a parallax of 8.96". Revising his calculations, he reduced it to 8.917". When his lunar tables, published in 1857, came to be compared with observations, it was found that his parallactic inequality was undoubtedly too great by one second or more. When this is corrected, the parallax is reduced about a tenth of a second more.

The first discussions of the Mars observations led to a parallax of 8.92" to 8.94". But in these investigations only a small portion of the observations was used. When the great mass remaining was joined with them the result was 8.85".

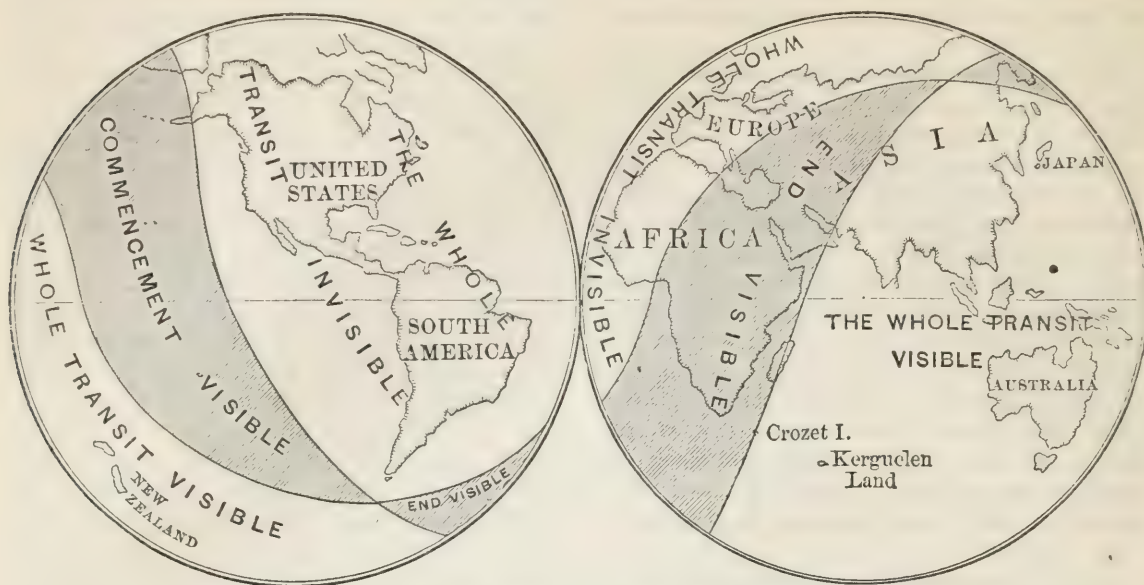
The early determinations of the time required for light to come from the sun were founded on the extremely uncertain observations of eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, and were five to six seconds too small. The time 492 seconds being used in some computations instead of 498 seconds, the distance of the sun from the velocity of light was made too small.\*

In both of Leverrier's methods some small errors of computation have been found, the effect of all of which is to make his parallax too great. Correcting these, and making no change in any of his data, the results are respectively 8.85" and 8.83".

Attention of astronomers every where has long been directed to the coming transit of Venus, as affording a good opportunity of settling nearly all questions respecting the value of the solar parallax to be hereafter

\* A recent determination of this time from the eclipses of Jupiter's first satellite has been made by Glasenapp, of Pulkowa, the result of which is 500 seconds. This agrees very well with the result given by the aberration of the fixed stars, and would increase the sun's distance to 92,500,000 miles.





MAP OF THE WORLD—SHOWING THE AREAS OF VISIBILITY OF THE TRANSIT.

accepted. As far back as 1857 Professor Airy sketched a general plan of operations for the observation of the transits, and indicated the regions of the globe in which he considered the observations should be made. In 1870, before any steps whatever were taken in this country, he had advanced so far in his preparations as to have his observing huts all ready and his instruments in progress of construction. In 1869 the Prussian government appointed six or eight of its most eminent astronomers a commission to devise a plan of operations, and report it to the government with an estimate of the expenses. About the same time the Russian government began making extensive preparations for observing the transit from a great number of stations in Siberia.

Up to the end of 1870 our own authorities had done nothing at all looking to the work of taking part in these observations. But in the Naval Appropriation Bill of 1871 a clause was added appointing the superintendent of the Naval Observatory, two professors from the same institution, the superintendent of the Coast Survey, and the president of the National Academy of Sciences a commission to make the necessary preparations. We propose now to give a general account of what these preparations have been, and what plan of observation has been adopted.

To know where a party can be sent, we must first know when and where the transit will be visible. We give a small map of the world showing this at a glance. If we could see the planet Venus from these Eastern States on the afternoon of December 8, 1874, we should see her approaching nearer and nearer the sun as the latter approached the horizon. In San Francisco, where sunset is three hours later than here, she would be so near the sun as almost to seem to touch it. About an hour later she will actually reach the solar disk. The sun will then be shin-

ing on the whole Pacific Ocean, except that portion nearest the American coast, and on Eastern Asia, Australia, and the Indian and Antarctic oceans to the south pole. Venus will be about four and a half hours passing over the face of the sun, and during this time the latter will have set across the entire northern portion of the Pacific Ocean, and will have risen as far west as Moscow and Vienna, from which cities the planet may be seen to leave the disk just as the sun rises.

For reasons which will be hereafter given it was determined only to occupy stations where the whole transit will be visible, that is, stations within the unshaded portion of the map. In the northern hemisphere suitable stations are easily found, as we have the whole of China, Japan, and Northern India. But in the southern hemisphere great difficulties are encountered, owing to the want of habitable stations in the regions which are astronomically the most favorable. Observations can not be made from the deck of a ship; astronomers must have solid ground for their instruments. The south pole would be the best station of all, if some antarctic Kane or Hall could take a party thither. The antarctic continent and the neighboring islands are not to be thought of, because a party can neither be landed nor subsisted there; and if they could, the weather would probably prevent any observations from being taken. The chance of having a clear sky on the eventful 8th of December is, indeed, one of the most important considerations on which the choice of a station must depend, and the commission has therefore made it its business to collect information respecting the meteorology of the various possible stations from every available source, official and private. Where there was any American consul or consular agent he was applied to



through the State Department to have meteorological observations made during the months of November and December, 1872 and 1873. A sealing ship belonging to the firm of Williams, Haven, and Co., of New London, made observations at Heard's Island, in the Southern Indian Ocean. From all these reports, as well as from the printed reports issued by various authorities, it was found that the chances of good weather were much better in the northern than in the southern hemisphere. In consequence, instead of sending an equal number of parties north and south, it was determined to send three to the northern and five to the southern hemisphere.

The northernmost of the selected stations is Wladiwostok, a settlement and military station in the extreme southeastern part of Siberia, on the Sea of Japan. The occupation of this station by an American party was first suggested by the Grand Duke Constantine. Professor Hall, of the Naval Observatory, was designated as the chief of this party.

Nagasaki was selected as the Japanese station for the double reason that it is one of the best points in Japan as regards weather, and is in cable communication with Wladiwostok and Shanghai. Professor George Davidson, of the Coast Survey, is in charge of the operations at Nagasaki.

The Chinese station was intended to be either Pekin or Shanghai. The latter station is preferable on account of being in the line of telegraphic cable, but it is not known whether the weather is so favorable there as at Pekin. At the latter place an entirely cloudy day hardly ever occurs in December. The chief of party in China will be Professor James C. Watson, of the University of Michigan.

In the southern hemisphere it was intended to establish two stations in the Southern Indian Ocean, one on the Crozet Islands, the other in Kerguelen Land. It is not certain that a party can be landed on the first-named group, as there is no good harbor, and the region has the reputation of being one of the stormiest on the globe. Both islands are entirely uninhabited, except by some employés of Williams, Haven, and Co., who have a station on the eastern end of Kerguelen, and who have thus been able to give information of great value to the expedition. These islands are all about the most desolate places ever trod by man, being composed almost entirely of volcanic rocks. They are quite destitute of animals, with the exception perhaps of sea birds, and the vegetation is of the most meagre kind. The parties who are occupying these lonely rocks are in charge of Captain C. W. Raymond, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., and Lieutenant-Commander George P. Ryan, U. S. N.

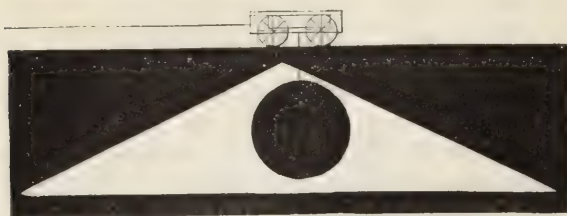
Going east, the third southern station is

Hobart-Town, Tasmania, which is in charge of Professor William Harkness, of the Naval Observatory, and the fourth will be at Bluff Harbor, or some other point near the southern end of New Zealand, and in charge of Professor C. H. F. Peters, director of the Hamilton College Observatory. The fifth and last station is on Chatham Island, some three hundred miles east of New Zealand, where the party is in charge of Mr. Edwin Smith, of the Coast Survey. This island has no permanent inhabitants, but settlements of natives from New Zealand have occasionally been formed there.

At each station the scientific corps consists of a chief of party, an assistant astronomer, and three photographers. The instruments at all the stations are precisely similar, and the operations and observations will be the same at all. This system has been adopted to secure two great advantages: first, to run the least risk of entire failure from bad weather; and second, to have all the observations strictly comparable. A great amount of pains and trouble has been devoted to these objects. To appreciate their importance we must remember that, in order to deduce the parallax from the observations at any two stations, it is essential that the difference between observations should be due only to parallax, and that in every other respect they should be exactly the same. Because, if there are other differences which we can not certainly allow for, our calculation of the parallax will be wrong. It is also necessary that we compare the same kind of observations in order to get the parallax. To show how the chances of failure are lessened, suppose we have two stations in each hemisphere, in one of which eye observations are made, while in the other photographs are taken. Then, if the photographs in one hemisphere and the eye observations in the other are lost by clouds, or any other cause, every thing will be lost, although one station in each hemisphere is successful, because the eye observations in the one hemisphere can not be compared with the photographs in the other. It being decided, for these reasons, to have the same system of observations at all the stations, it became necessary to confine the choice of stations to points where the entire transit would be visible.

Another feature of the preparations, introduced to secure the greatest possible uniformity among the observations, has been the preliminary practice of the observers in all the operations they will have to perform at their stations. The two principal operations are the optical operations of contact and the photographic operations on the day of the transit. To secure the former an artificial planet was constructed to move over an artificial representation of a portion of the solar disk by clock-work. The appara-





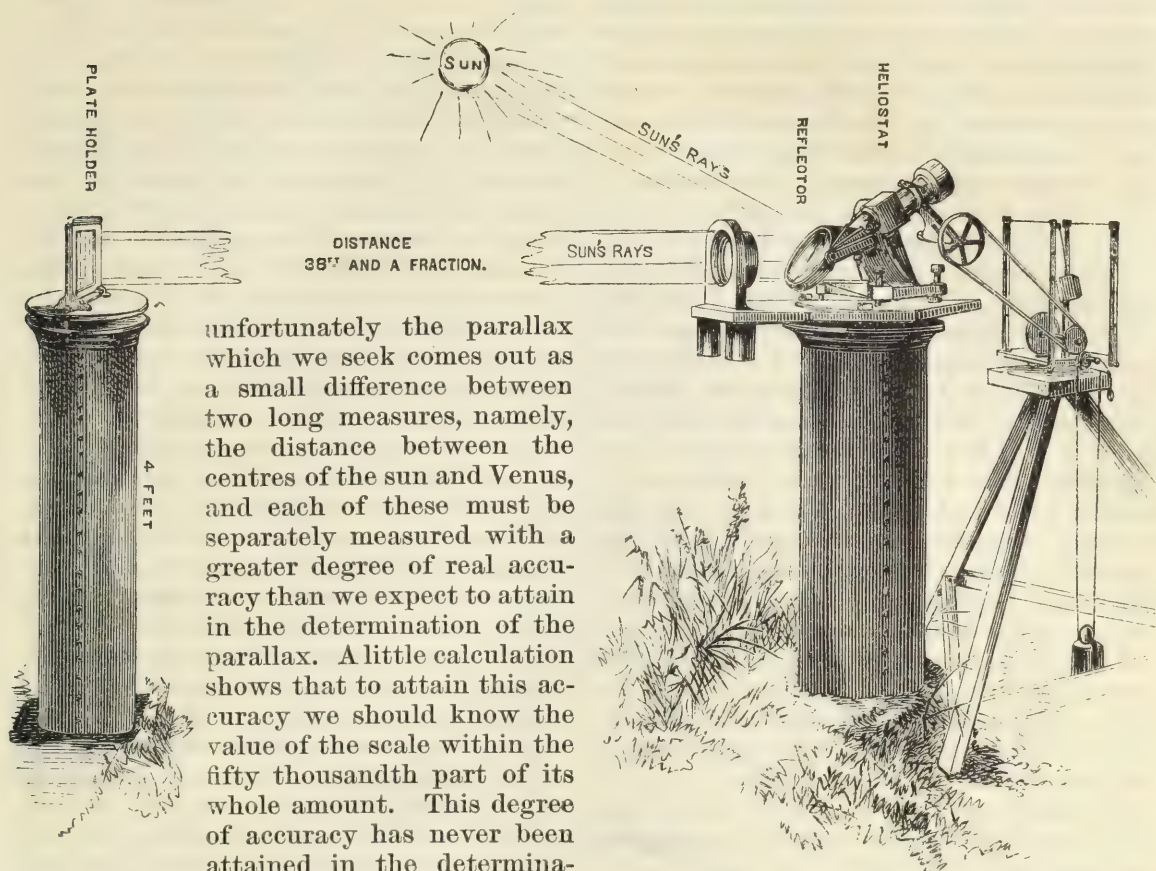
AN ARTIFICIAL REPRESENTATION OF THE TRANSIT.

tus was mounted on the top of a building about 3300 feet distant, in order to give the effect of atmospheric undulations and softening of the edges of the planet. The planet was represented by a black disk one foot in diameter, which made its apparent magnitude the same as that of Venus in transit. The sun was represented by a white screen behind the artificial Venus, the portions of the edge of the disk where Venus immersed and left being formed by the sloping edges of a black triangle, as shown in the figure. There was no need of a representation of the entire sun. The motion was so regulated that the time occupied by the disk in passing from external to internal contact, and the angle its motion made with the edges of the triangle, were the same as they would be in the actual transit as viewed from some point where it occurred near the zenith. The disk was put at such a height that it was only about three minutes from internal contact at ingress to internal contact at egress instead of four hours.

The observations of this instrument have thrown much light on the question of the black drop and the distortion of the planet seen in the old transits of Venus, which have been already described. What is perhaps yet better, it has enabled us to account for a number of puzzling and discordant appearances described by the observers. Father Hill's black drop, seen before the limbs were in contact; the formation of internal contact by a fine line of light, though the cusps were blunt, as seen at Hudson Bay; Captain Cook's "atmosphere" around Venus, and his curious black piece cut out of the edge of the sun, may all be said to have been identified nearly enough to judge what the appearances really were which were so variously described. In looking at the artificial planet near the moment of internal contact, when the air is not still, the first thing which the observer sees is that there is really no constant shape to those parts of Venus and the sun which are approaching each other; but that, owing to the undulations of the air, they assume all sorts of shapes in rapid succession, so that different observers may give different descriptions of the appearances presented, though looking at the very same object. In the varied forms which may be seen we recognize all the peculiar appearances described by the observers of the transit of 1769.

It is, however, to the photographic determinations of the position of Venus on the sun's face that the attention of the American commission has been principally devoted. The great desideratum is to measure the angular distance between the centres of the two bodies, as seen at the various stations, as often as possible during the whole course of the transit, and also the angle which the line joining these centres makes with the meridian, which is technically the "position angle." Unfortunately the practicable difficulties of making these measures on the spot with the requisite degree of accuracy are so great that no instrument has been invented to surmount them. The distances can, indeed, be measured with a heliometer, but this is an instrument difficult and complex both in construction and use, which is not to be had in this country at all, and it can not be used to measure position angles. But suppose we take an instantaneous photograph of the sun with Venus on its face. We then have something which we can bring home and measure at our leisure. This mode of astronomical measurement has been brought to great perfection in this country by Mr. L. M. Rutherford and others, and has been found to give results exceeding in accuracy any yet attained by ordinary eye observations. The advantages of the photographic method are so obvious that there could be no hesitation about employing it, and, so far as is known, it will be applied by every European nation which sends out parties of observation. But there is a great and essential difference between the methods of photographing adopted by the Americans and by most of the Europeans. The latter seem to have devoted all their attention to the problem of securing a good sharp photograph, taking it for granted that when this photograph was measured there would be no farther difficulty. But the measurement at home is necessarily made in inches and fractions, while the distance we must know is to be found in minutes and seconds of angular measure. If we have a map by measurements on which we desired to know the exact distance of two places, we must first know the exact scale on which the map is laid down, with a degree of accuracy corresponding to that of our measures. Just so with our photographs taken at various parts of the globe. We must know the scale on which the images are photographed before we can derive any conclusions from our measures. There is no difficulty in determining this scale with a degree of accuracy proportional to that which the practical astronomer usually seeks when he investigates his instruments. And if the parallax were determined by direct measures on the photograph, this degree of accuracy would be all that we should require. But





unfortunately the parallax which we seek comes out as a small difference between two long measures, namely, the distance between the centres of the sun and Venus, and each of these must be separately measured with a greater degree of real accuracy than we expect to attain in the determination of the parallax. A little calculation shows that to attain this accuracy we should know the value of the scale within the fifty thousandth part of its whole amount. This degree of accuracy has never been attained in the determina-

tion of any instrumental constant of the kind, and we might even say that it can not be attained, because, if it were found with that degree of accuracy to-day, there would be no certainty that it would not change before to-morrow under the influence of a different temperature, or a different position of the instrument.

In the mode of photographing adopted by our commission it is expected that this difficulty will be surmounted by using a telescope of great length—nearly forty feet. So long a telescope would be too unwieldy to point at the sun; it is therefore fixed in a horizontal position, and the rays of the sun are thrown into it by a mirror. The scale of the picture is determined by actually measuring the distance between the object-glass and the photograph plate. Each station is supplied with a special apparatus by which this measurement can be made within the hundredth of an inch. Then, knowing the position of the optical centre of the glass, it is easy to calculate exactly how many inches any given angle will subtend on the photograph plate. The following brief description of the apparatus will be readily understood by reference to the figures.

The object-glass and the support for the mirror are mounted on an iron pier extending four feet into the ground, and firmly imbedded in concrete. The mirror is in a frame at the end of an inclined cast iron axis, which is turned with a very slow motion by a simple and ingenious piece of

TELESCOPE AND PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS.

clock-work. The inclination of the axis and the rate of motion are so adjusted that notwithstanding the diurnal motion of the sun—or, to speak more accurately, of the earth—the sun's rays will always be reflected in the same direction. This result is not attained with entire exactness, but it is so near that it will only be necessary for an assistant to touch the screws of the mirror at intervals of fifteen or twenty minutes during the critical hours of the transit. The reflector is simply a piece of finely polished glass, without any silvering whatever. It only reflects about a twentieth of the sun's light; but so intense are his rays that his picture can be taken in less than the tenth of a second. The polishing of this mirror was the most delicate and difficult operation in the construction of the apparatus, as the slightest deviation from perfect flatness would be fatal. For instance, if a straight edge laid upon the glass should touch at the edges, but be the hundred thousandth of an inch above it at the centre, the reflector would be useless. It might have seemed hopeless to seek for such a degree of accuracy had it not been for the confidence of the commission in the mechanical genius of Alvan Clark and Sons, to whom the manufacture of the apparatus was intrusted. The mirrors were tested by observing objects through a telescope, first directly, and then by reflection from the mirror. If they were seen with equally good definition in



the two cases, it would show that there were no irregularities in the surface of the mirror; while if it were either concave or convex, the focus of the telescope would seem shortened or lengthened. The first test was sustained perfectly, while the circles of convexity or concavity indicated by the changes of focus of the photographic telescope were many miles in diameter.

Immediately in front of the mirror is the object-glass. The curves of the lenses of which it is formed are so arranged that it is not perfectly achromatic for the visual rays, but gives the best photographic image. Thirty-eight feet and a fraction from the glass is the focus, where an image of the sun about four and a quarter inches in diameter is formed. Here another iron pier is firmly imbedded in the ground for the support of the photographic plate holder. This consists of a brass frame seven inches square on the inside, revolving on a vertical rod, which passes through the iron plate on top of the pier. Into this frame is cemented a square of plate-glass, just as a pane of glass is puttied in a window. The glass is divided up into small squares by very fine lines about one five hundredth of an inch thick, which have been etched by a process invented and perfected by Mr. W. A. Rogers, of the Cambridge Observatory. The sensitive plate goes into the other side of the frame, and when in position for taking the photograph there is a space of about one-eighth of an inch between the ruled lines and the plate. The former are therefore photographed on every picture of the sun which is taken, and serve to detect any contraction of the collodion film on the glass plate.

The rod on which the plate-holder turns, and the frame itself, are perforated from top to bottom by a vertical opening one-sixth of an inch in diameter. Through the centre of this hole, and passing between the ruled plate and the photograph plate, hangs a plumb-line of very fine silver wire. In every picture of the sun this plumb-line is also photographed, and this marks a truly vertical line on the plate very near the middle vertical etched line. A spirit-level is fixed to the top of the frame, and serves to detect any changes in the inclination of the ruled lines to the horizon.

One of the most essential features of the arrangement is that the photographic object-glass and plate-holder are on the same level, and in the meridian of the transit instrument with which the time is determined. The central ruled line on the plate-holder is thus used as a meridian mark for the transit. The great advantage of this arrangement is that it permits the angle which the line joining the centres of the sun and Venus makes with the meridian to be determined with the greatest precision by means of the

image of the plumb-line which is photographed across the picture of the sun. If this angle is to be used at all to determine the parallax, it must be known with a degree of accuracy corresponding to that required in the scale of the photographic picture. With the moving telescope this degree of accuracy is about as difficult to attain in the case of the angle as in that of the scale. Mr. De la Rue, of England, the eminent astronomer who has devised the photographic apparatus to be used by the English parties, says that by his method the angle in question can be determined within a minute of arc. But a little calculation will show that an error of this amount between the eastern and western stations will cause in the parallax of the sun calculated from the photographs an error of about a hundredth of the entire amount of the parallax, which is greater than the uncertainty of the parallax as already known. Hence, if no greater accuracy than this could be attained, it would not be worth while to observe the transit of Venus at all.

One of the most important features of the preparations, which distinguishes them from the preparations to observe the former transits, has been the previous training of the observers. Our parties will compare with those which observed the transits of 1761 and 1769 as a disciplined army does with parties of raw recruits. It has already been remarked as essential to an accurate determination of the parallax that the various observations and photographs shall be strictly comparable; that is, that a photograph taken in New Zealand, for instance, shall be in every respect such a photograph as is taken in Japan. To secure this all the members of the observing parties were brought to Washington to practice together last spring. They took all their multitudinous instruments and apparatus out of their boxes, mounted them, and proceeded to practice with them in the same way they were to be used at the stations. Photographs of the sun were taken from day to day in the same way they are to be taken on the eventful 8th of December, and care was taken that each chief of party understood all the delicate operations necessary to secure the entire success of his operations.

One of the first steps taken by the commission after its organization was to secure the advice and co-operation of the leading astronomers of the country, and the suggestions of all were duly weighed before the plan of operations was finally decided upon. In consequence the utmost harmony and good feeling have prevailed among all interested in the observations, and no opposition to the measures finally adopted has been met with from any quarter. One instance of generous devotion to the work is worthy of special note. The most delicate and dif-



fiicult of all the tasks before the commission was that of bringing the photographic apparatus into successful operation, putting every part together, making sure that every thing worked properly, and drilling the photographers in the necessary manipulations. To do this in the best way required talent and skill in delicate physical manipulation which it was very hard to command. At length the position of superintendent of photographic operations was tendered to Professor Henry Draper, of New York, who had proved his skill as a physicist by his photographs of the diffraction spectrum, as well as by a great reflecting telescope, which was the work of his own hands. The position was accepted, and the services rendered gratuitously, Dr. Draper not even asking for the refunding of his personal expenses incurred by his numerous journeys to Washington.

Every thing was got ready in Washington before the end of May, and on Monday, June 8, the United States ship *Swatara*, Captain Ralph Chandler, U. S. N., sailed with the five parties for the southern stations already described, hoping to reach the last one by the 1st of November. The northern parties were sent out to the stations in China, Japan, and Siberia by the Pacific Mail Steam-ship line, Professor Hall and party being conveyed from the terminus at Nagasaki to Wladiwostok by the United States ship *Lackawanna*. It was intended that these parties should reach their stations three months before the transit.

The question may be asked why so much

pains should be taken to measure the distance of the sun, and whether it makes any difference to mankind what orbit Venus describes. Scientific investigators never inquire of what use knowledge is; they leave its practical application to others. But a very little consideration will show that astronomy has, in a merely utilitarian way, paid the world manifold for all the labor spent in learning it. Did it never occur to the reader that it is to Kepler, Newton, and their successors that we owe the means of navigating the ocean in safety? When a ship is out of sight of land there is no way of determining her position except by observations of the heavenly bodies. But observations could not be used for this purpose unless the laws of motion of those bodies had been discovered and taught by mathematicians and astronomers. A striking example of this is fresh in the memory of all. A year and a half ago the splendid steamer *City of Washington* sailed on her usual voyage across the ocean, but constant cloudy weather prevented observations to determine her position. In consequence, she was wrecked on the coast of Nova Scotia, and the loss of more property than would pay for all the expenses of observing the transit of Venus paid the forfeit for failure to make the necessary observations. A large portion of the labors of astronomers is devoted to fixing the positions and motions of the stars and planets with continually increasing accuracy, and the observations we have been describing are one step in this work.

## DECORATIVE ART AND ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND.

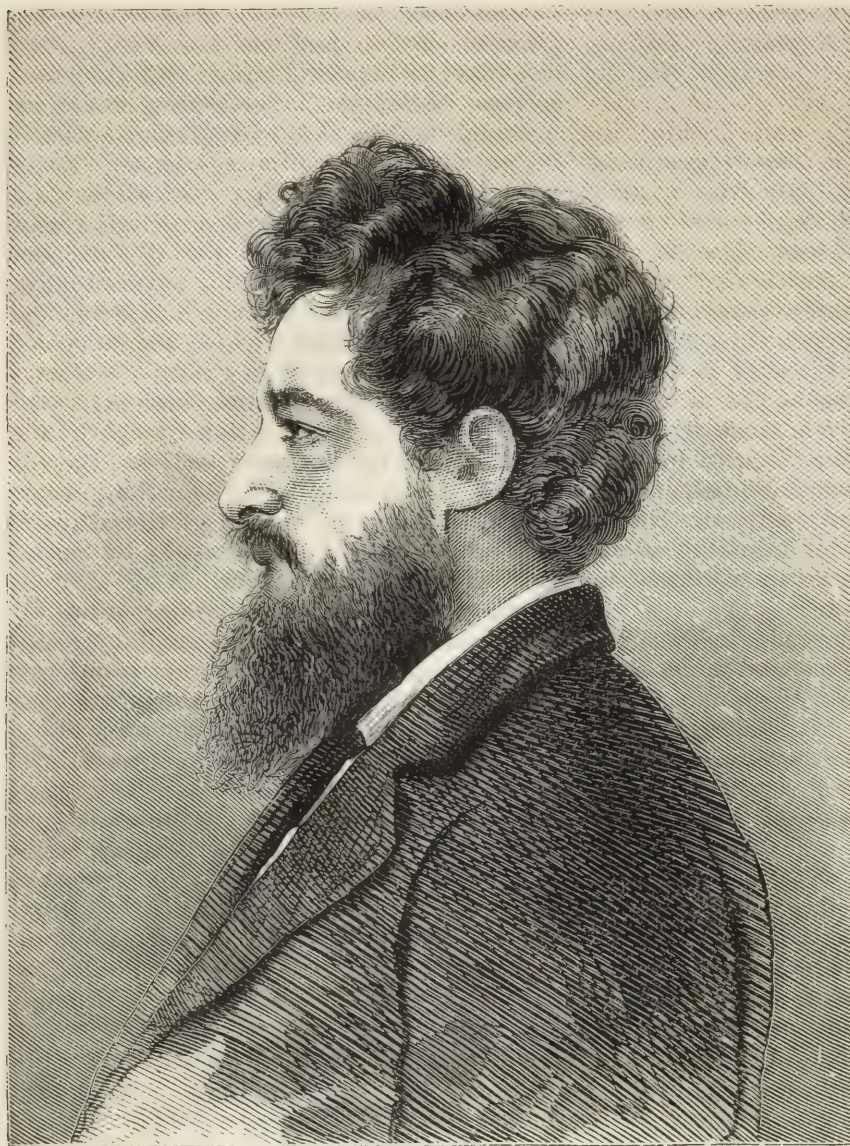
BY M. D. CONWAY.

[Third Paper.]

ANOTHER American artist, and one of whom his country has no less reason to be proud, has adorned his London residence in a way quite notable. The ancient mansion of the Lindsays (300 years old) on the northern bank of the Thames, at Chelsea, has been divided up into six houses, and one of these has for many years been occupied by Mr. Whistler. This gentleman's enthusiasm for Japanese and Chinese art is well known; but that large number of people who are in the habit of holding up their china plates at dinner as texts from which to descant on the strange ignorance of drawing, perspective, etc., under which the Chinese and Japanese suffer would find good

reason to check their laughter if they should ever be fortunate enough to see Mr. Whistler's drawing-room. The Chinese and Japanese have known for a good many centuries certain principles of art which Europeans are only now beginning to recognize; one of these is that a plate or pot is by no means the proper place for a realistic picture, but, on the contrary, that the only use of art on such an object is to give it spots of color. The chief object is not the picture, but the pot. No people know the laws of perspective better than the Chinese and the Japanese, or have greater realistic power. Mr. Whistler has dotted the walls and even the ceiling of his dining-room with the brilliant





WILLIAM MORRIS.

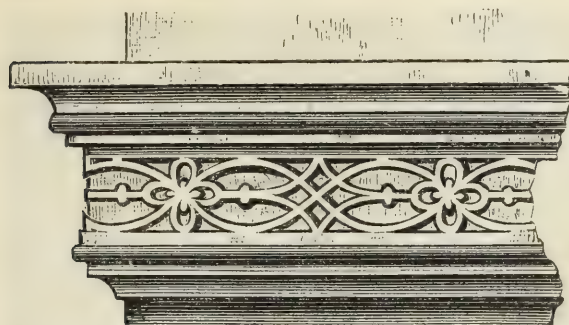
Japanese fans which now constitute so large an element in the decoration of many beautiful rooms; but in his drawing-room there are fifteen large panels made of Japanese pictures, each about five feet by two. These pictures represent flowers of every hue, and birds of many varieties and of the richest plumage. The very lustre of nature is on every petal and on every feather; the eyes of the birds are as gems that emit light, and their tortuous necks are painted with a boldness which no European art can rival. There are also in the room an ancient Chinese cabinet with a small pagoda designed on the top, an old Japanese cabinet of quaint construction, and several screens, etc., from the same region, altogether making one of the most beautiful rooms imaginable. Mr. Whistler has done much to light up and beautify a somewhat dark staircase in his house by giving the walls a lemon tint above a dado of gold, on which he has painted butterflies such as adorn the frames of his pictures, and constitute the signature of his work. I have become convinced,

however, by a visit to the beautiful house which one of our best architects and decorators, Chambrey Townshend, has arranged at Wimbledon, that there can be nothing so suitable for somewhat dark corridors and staircases as a faint rose tint. In Mr. Townshend's house, however cold and cheerless the day may be, there is always a glow of morning light. This gentleman has shown that a sage-gray paper with simple small squares (such as Messrs. Marshall and Morris make) furnishes the best dado to support the light tints upon walls which are not papered. Where the walls are papered several gentlemen of taste have substituted for the usual dado, made of somewhat darker paper, one of matting. If the matting has a dark red stripe, the effect is good, but checker marks are

not pleasant. Mr. Ionides, a Greek gentleman of London, arranged a remarkably beautiful hall and stairway in his house at Notting Hill by using a plain straw-colored matting for the continuous dado, uniting it by an ebonized chair boarding with a light-colored Morris wall-paper. Of course tiles are sometimes used to make the dado, but either because of their common use in hotels and public buildings, or for some other reason, they appear with increasing rarity in private houses in any other capacity than that of adorning the fire-place. This remark does not include the use of tiles as plaques, to be hung as works of fine art, a use of them which is now frequent, and is the means of producing a great deal of beautiful work.

It is easy to understand that the house in which one resides must have a large share in determining the decorations which shall be placed in or upon it. A historic or semi-palatial mansion of the olden time will require to have its great halls and stairways and deep rooms illuminated with col-





MOULDING OVER DADO.

ors, and its large spaces intersected with pictorial screens. Mr. William B. Scott, of whose mural paintings I have already spoken, and whose occupation it is to study effects of ornamentation, has a happy field for his taste and task in his residence, Bellevue House, at Chelsea. This mansion merits particular attention, both on its own account architecturally, and for its decorations, added recently. These have been chiefly devised by the artist himself in carrying out the original plan, and add a suggestive and, properly speaking, imaginative character to the interiors. The house was built, it is said, by the Adamsons, the architects of the Adelphi, in the Strand, where the Society of Arts holds its meetings (the approach to which is still called Adams Street). At that time, about a century ago, decorations in the way of carved mouldings running around doorways, and passing all round the rooms on the surbase and dado, were in use. Previously to that time the entire walls were generally paneled, but then began the system of paneling or boarding flatly to the height of three feet only, at which height began the lath and plaster wall. Along the top edge of this dado—which being just over the height of a chair or table gives a very well-furnished and comfortable air to a room, and ought on that account to be again adopted—ran a more or less ornamental moulding. That mostly used in Bellevue House is carved in wood and very good, closely resembling, indeed, those on the best specimens of Chippendale furniture, which belongs to the same date—about 1770. I may add here that the demand among artistic designers for a recurrence to the dado is shown by the increasing frequency with which a darker paper than that above, with paper cornice, is made to do duty for it.

A hundred years ago the hall of a mansion was a more important part of the plan, and more decoratively treated, than now. The entrance is here divided by folding-doors from the hall proper, which is ample enough in area to place the stair a good way back, and to give a correspondingly wide space above on the drawing-room landing, filled in the olden time by a table, cabinet,

eight-day standing clock, and other objects. The ends of the steps were carved, sometimes very elegantly. But the most ornamental feature then in use was the moulded ceiling, which was planned in ovals and spandrels, according to the shape of the room, sometimes with medallions of Cupids, and occasionally with a picture, representing an emblematic personage or some such matter, in the centre. A few of these are still to be seen in London; there is one in Knight-Rider Street, painted by Cipriani. In Bellevue House the two drawing-rooms possess very pretty arrangements of fan-shaped ornaments and delicate foliage. These are now “picked out” in colors, blue and white for the most part, producing an effect resembling that of Wedgwood-ware.

The plan on which the rooms of large London houses were originally arranged was *en suite*, entering one through another, connected by double doors if the walls were thick enough, so that on great occasions they could be opened throughout. On either side of the drawing-rooms at Bellevue House are smaller rooms connected in this way, one of which is at present used as a library and evening sitting-room, and, I must also add, as a room on the walls of which the ever-bourgeoning studies of the idealist take shape and color. The woodwork, that is to say, the dado, doors, etc., are painted Indian red, with black or light yellow edgings; above this the wall is covered by a green pattern, but the upper part of this surface is divided by painting into panels two feet deep by a foot and a half wide, the *stile* or division between being half a foot. The ceiling is, in the centre, a very faint blue, with a darker blue meeting the cornice (two feet wide); this darker blue—the blue of the sky—also fills the painted panels, which thus resemble the openings for ventilation in some Oriental

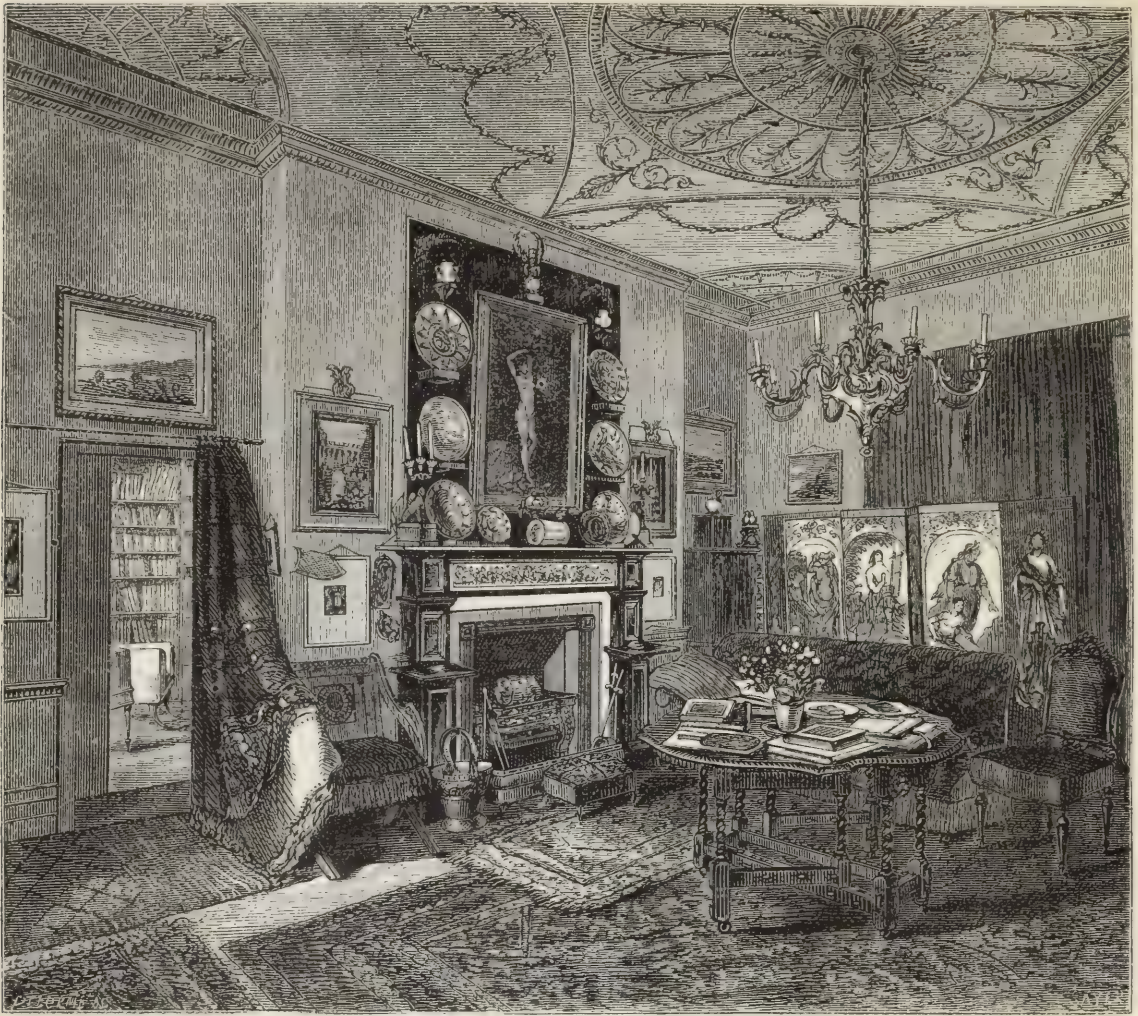


CHIPPENDALE MAHOGANY MOULDING, BELLEVUE HOUSE.

countries. Across these openings a flight of vermilion birds—Virginian nightingales, plumed and winged by imagination, red being evidently chosen for bright effect against the blue—is represented. The birds re-appear above the cornice, and stream in pretty migration round the ceiling, decreasing in size till they nearly disappear.

The chimney-piece of this little room is exquisite, and is much like one designed by Sir E. Landseer which I saw among his sketches, except that the jambs were caryatides. The white marble jambs and archi-





DRAWING-ROOM OF BELLEVUE HOUSE.

traves in Mr. Scott's design are diapered with leaves—laurel and ivy—of Indian red color, and above the chimney-shelf is a second chimney-piece and shelf, giving thus double accommodation for objects of ornament or use. The artist's collection of old china, majolica, and other objects of similar kind serves to render his chimney-pieces particularly beautiful. I have not seen a more attractive work of this kind than the chimney-piece in his principal drawing-room. The jambs here are paneled, the panels being filled with mirrors, and divided half-way, two feet nine from the floor, by a shelf large enough to accommodate a lamp or candle, with a tea-cup or other object. The arrangement is admirable both for utility and beauty. A supplementary chimney-shelf is added here also to the marble one; and rising nearly to the ceiling is a surface of black wood, with brackets, for the exhibition of some very fine old Hispano-Moresque ware, the golden, metallic lustre of which is favorably seen against the black. The centre is filled by Mr. Scott's own most beautiful picture of Eve, which, with a large screen covered with classical figures, sheds a glory of color through this unique room, which has, be-

sides, the good fortune to command from its windows the finest views of the Thames.

Entirely different from either of these residences is that of Mr. George W. Smalley, the distinguished correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, in Chester Place. Birkett Foster, George Boughton, W. B. Scott, and Mr. Whistler have naturally decorated their houses with an eye to picturesque effect; theirs are the homes of men whose daily life is consecrated to art, and a use of colors seems appropriate to their environment which might not so well accord with persons differently occupied. Those who have experienced some of the wear and tear of this busy London existence can hardly enter the door of the American gentleman to whom I have alluded without finding around him a sufficient justification for the growing desire of families to surround themselves with household beauty, against all the charges of the puritanical. "Thus I tread on the pride of Plato," said Socrates, as he stepped on the carpet of his famous friend. "With a pride of thy own," answered Plato, who is supposed to have got the better in this little encounter. Nature is not nowadays in such discredit as formerly for having blended beauties with utilities, making even



her pease and potatoes bear graceful blossoms. And there would appear to be some reason in the tendency of her yet higher product, a home, to wear a fitting bloom as the sign of its reality. Such a suggestion is made by the subdued and delicate tints and tones which here meet the eye. One may have stepped from other houses of this fashionable neighborhood to find here a sweet surprise. There is, then, no absolute and eternal law making it compulsory to select ugly things instead of pretty things. Tinsel is not intrenched in the decalogue. Here is a hall in which gray and brown shades prevail in dado and paper, where a soft light prevails, and the garish light and the noise of the street can hardly be remembered. One may enter the nursery and find the children at play or study amidst walls that bring no shams around their simplicity, no finery, but sage-gray and straw-color, setting off well their bright faces and those panels in the book-case which tell the story of Cinderella.

To the suit of drawing-rooms every ex-

cellence must be ascribed. They consist of two large rooms and a large recess, all continuous, whose decorations adapt them to any domestic or social purpose whatever. It is an apartment in which the finest company that could be gathered in London would feel itself in an atmosphere of refinement and taste, and it is a place to lose one's self in a good book; it is a place where the mind can equally well find invitation to society or solitude. Perhaps it is the rich Persian carpet that gives such grace. It is after a pattern two thousand years old, but which in all that time has never repeated itself, each carpet coming forth with its own tints and shades, and in which every color is surrounded by a line which mediates between it and the next. It is not stretched up to the walls and nailed, as if its business were to conceal something, or as if it were too flimsy to lie still except by force of iron. It is as a large rug laid for comfort on the waxed parquet, which is ready to display more of its own beauty when the proper season arrives. Beginning with this



LIBRARY IN BELLEVUE HOUSE.



rich carpet, with its sober tints, the eye ascends to the dado, to the walls, to frieze, cornice, and ceiling, and finds variation at every stage, but no break in the harmony of all. The golden tints in the carpet are more fully represented in the dado, which is of an olive-golden color, with a small turquoise line on its cornice leading to the main papering. This paper is of a French tapestry pattern, in which the golden thread, which is its basis, weaves in colors that are rich but always subdued, and of every shade. There is no pattern to rivet the eye; it has no certain relation to the vegetal or floral or animal kingdom. This paper rises to a moresque frieze of about one foot in depth, which holds hexagonal medallions containing the ghosts of plants. There is next a cornice of three mouldings, arabesque, Egyptian, and floral, leading to the ceiling, which is covered with paper of a rich creamy color, with very light cross bands passing between figures in which a fertile fancy may trace the decorative symbols of earth, air, and water in an orb, a butterfly, and certain waving lines. It may be remarked here that it is only on a ceiling that any forms, even in such abstract shapes as these, are admissible. Here they are noticeable only if one is lying flat on one's back and gazing upward, in which case, especially if invalidism be the cause, some outlines of a dreamy kind are not without their value. Moreover, any designs when raised to the ceiling require to be larger than similar ones on the floor or line of the eye, in order that they may be at all similar in effect. The plan of covering or coloring the ceiling has a good foundation in the fact that a mere white wall overhead conveys the sorry impression that the house is left naked in every corner and spot not likely to be gazed at. The ceiling in Mr. Smalley's drawing-room exemplifies, however, one important fact: although a mere color placed on a ceiling depresses it, a good pattern has just the contrary effect. By good pattern I mean one that shows a double ground—the lower one being open work, through which a farther ground is seen. Mrs. Smalley, whose taste has been the life of the ornamentation of her house, tells me that when this ceiling was being painted the decorated part appeared to rise more than a foot higher than the blank part.

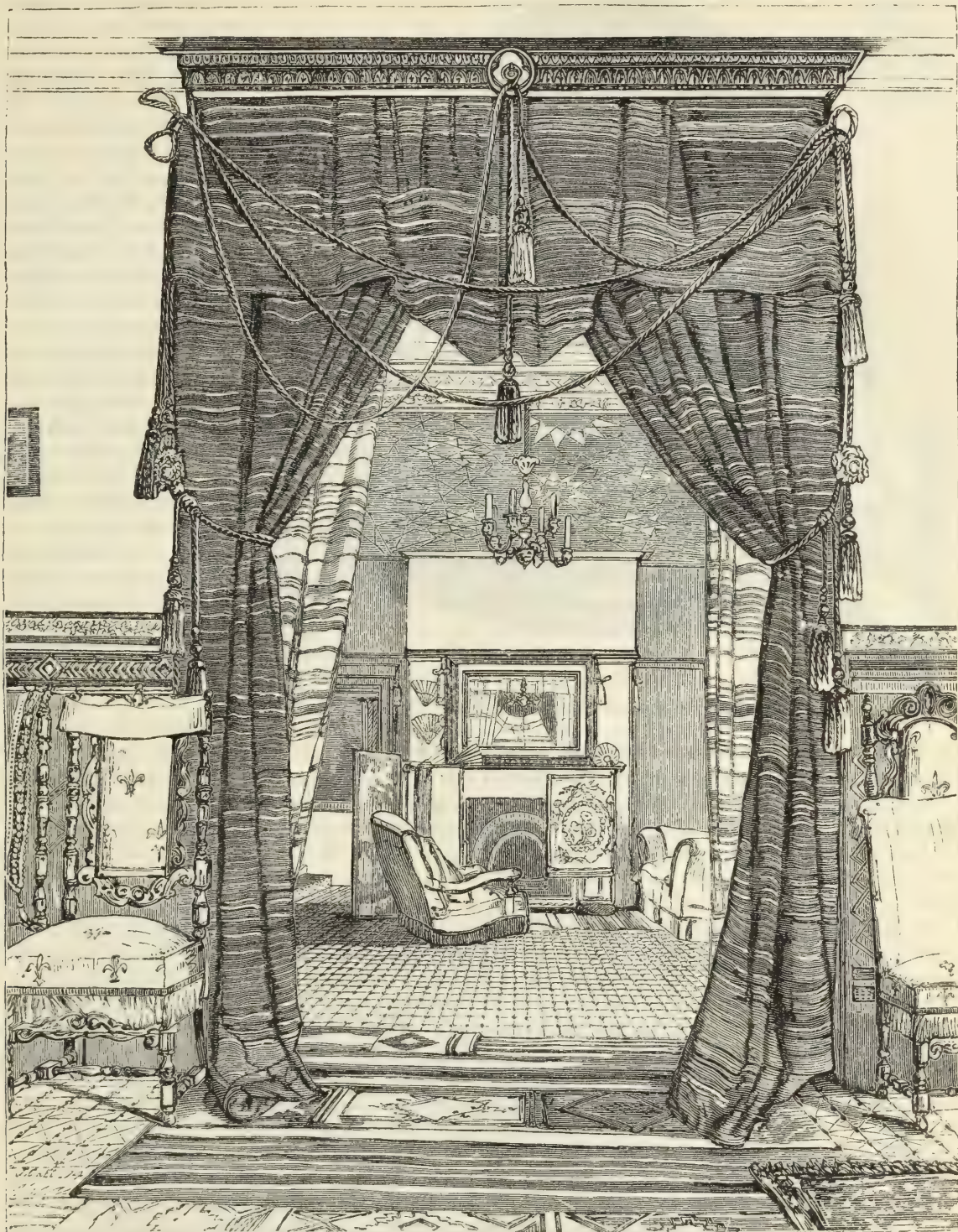
The wood used in Mr. Smalley's drawing-room is ebonized, and of it are several cabinets—one displaying some fine specimens of china—bracket-shelves, and two remarkably beautiful chimney-pieces supporting beveled mirrors, framed with shelves which display porcelain and other ornaments. The recess which has been mentioned is what might be better understood, perhaps, if described as a bay-window. Its chief object is to hold a large window, in five contiguous

sections, which admit a toned light, and have each a cluster of sunflowers at the centre. This little room has a broad divan covered with stamped green (Utrecht) velvet running around, and its wall is decorated with gold-tinted leather, on which are two bright tile ornaments. The large opening into this recess is adorned by two antique bronze reliefs of great beauty, and the whole is related to the drawing-rooms by an open drapery of greenish-golden curtains—a velvet of changeable lustre—uniform with the other hangings of these beautiful rooms.

It is remarkable, indeed, how much may be accomplished with rooms inferior in size to those we have been visiting by the skillful use of curtains. If a gentleman in London enters a house with the intention of decorating it in accordance with principles of art, his first work, probably, will be to tear away folding-doors, or single doors, which divide the drawing-room. For these he will substitute a draping, which, having in itself an artistic effect, shall make what was a barrier into beauty. Nothing is better understood than that no square angles should divide a drawing-room, and the curtain is more graceful than any arch or architraves for that purpose. The accompanying sketch may convey some idea of an effect which has been secured in Townsend House, Titchfield Terrace, residence of the distinguished artist Mr. Alma Tadema, though the impression can be but feeble on account of the exquisite use he has made of the colors, which must be left to the reader's imagination, with a warning that they are as quiet as they are rich.

The question as to the best color for a wall one of whose chief objects is to show off framed pictures is a vexed one. Messrs. Christie and Co., the famous art auctioneers, have their rooms hung with dark green baize from floor to sky-light, and certainly the result justifies their experience; but I think any one who enters the hall of Mr. F. Leighton, R.A., will see that there may be a more effective wall color to set off pictures than green, not to speak of certain other effects of the latter which really put it out of the question. It is difficult to say just what the color in Mr. Leighton's hall is. It is a sombre red, which at one moment seems to be toned in the direction of maroon, and at another in the direction of brown. It has been made by a very fine mingling of pigments; but the general result has been to convince me that there can be no better wall for showing off pictures, especially in a hall with a good deal of light, than this unobtrusive reddish-brown. I remember that when the Boston Theatre was first opened a wall of somewhat similar color added greatly to the brilliancy of the scenery. But there are many eyes to which this would not be a pleasing color or shade





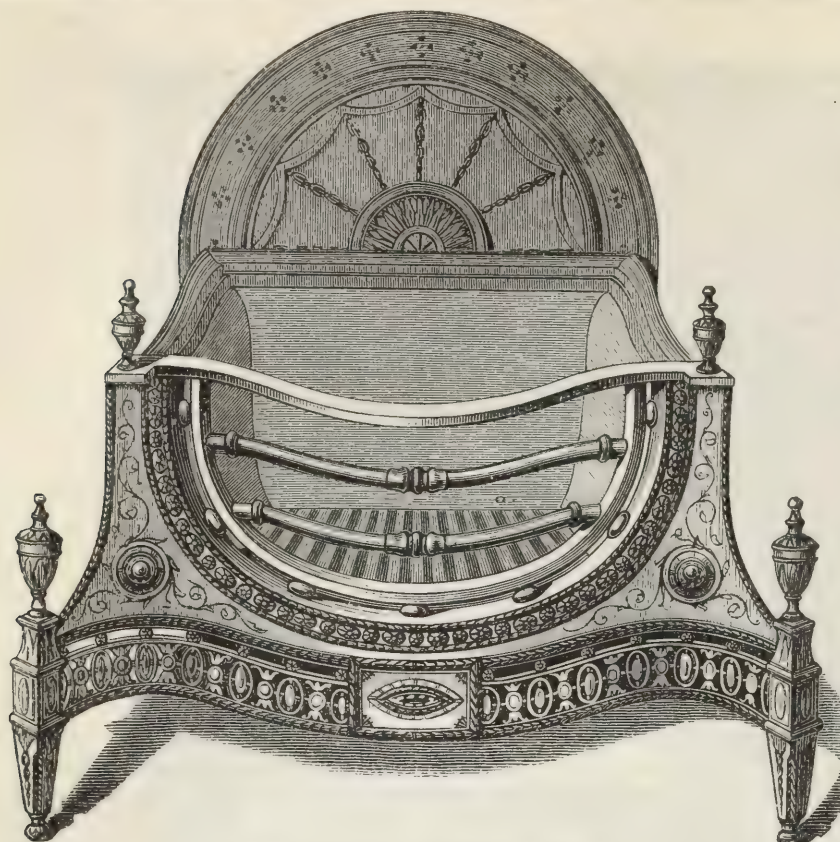
DRAWING-ROOM IN TOWNSEND HOUSE.

even for a hall—it would hardly be beautiful in a purely domestic room—and such will do well to try some of the many beautiful shades of olive or sage-gray. Mr. W. J. Hennessy, the eminent American artist, has made his house in Douro Place remarkably charming by a careful use of such shades throughout. His quiet rooms are restful as they are pervaded by refinement, and each frame on the walls has a perfect relief, each picture a full glow.

The house of Mr. Leighton, in Holland Park Road, is, in the first place, a remarkably interesting house architecturally, and

shows plainly that Mr. George Aitchison has not only been in classic regions, but imbibed their spirit. In this house, which he has built for the artist who beyond all academicians displays the most sensitive sympathies with various styles, there is nothing foreign, and yet the whole feeling about it is classic. The little balcony would have done for the sweet lady of Verona, and yet there is as much of Shakspeare's England in the substantial arches at the base of the wall. It is rare, indeed, that any house built in England in recent times has about it as much elegance and simplicity as





A GRATE OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

this! Entering the house, the impression conveyed at once is that it is the residence of an artist. He has employed decorators, indeed, but he has watched over them, and he has secured thereby this—that there is nothing ugly in his house. A great merit! Many rooms upon which large sums have been lavished have something lugged in that makes all the rest appear vulgar or pretentious. It is a large part of the art of decoration to know what not to have in a house. In this house is also realized the truth of the old French saying, *Peu de moyens, beaucoup d'effet*. For example, the doors are of deal, painted with a rich black paint; on each jamb there is at the bottom a spreading golden root, from which runs a stem with leaves; half-way up the stem ends in the profile of a sunflower in gold; another stem then passes up, ending in the full face of the sunflower, which at once crowns the foliage of the jambs, and makes a noble ornament for the capping of the door, which also has a central golden ornament. This black door, with its black jambs and its golden flowers, varied on other doors to other conventional forms, has an exceedingly rich effect. The hall also bears witness, notwithstanding its mosaic floors, marquet chairs, and the grand old stairway that runs with it to the top of the house, that the wealth of knowledge and experience has done more for it than riches of a more prosaic kind, though there has been no stint of the latter. One thing in the hall struck me as especially ingenious, and at the same

time beautiful. Just opposite to the entrance from the vestibule into the hall the stair begins to ascend beyond large white pillars. Now between the first and second of these pillars there is a little balcony, about as high above the floor as one's head. On examination it is found that this balcony is made out of an inlaid cabinet chest, the top and farther side of which have been removed to make way for cushions. These cushions have been finely embroidered with various delicate tints upon a lustrous olive satin by Miss Jekyl, and the little balcony, with pretty ornaments on it here and there, be-

comes a main feature of the hall. There are several other pieces of Miss Jekyl's work in the house, one of the most beautiful being a red table-cloth in the dining-room, upon which she has worked four figures of pots, whose flowers converge toward the centre. This cover is appropriate to the red color which prevails in the dining-room—a color which I do not much like in a dining-room, though here it well sets off the large ebonized and inlaid sideboard, which is adorned with a great deal of the finest Rhodian porcelain. Mr. Leighton on returning from his recent visit to the East brought back a whole treasury of china and tiles, and he has also brought from Egypt a large number of beautiful arabesque mouldings, with which he is making an Egyptian room. Mr. Dillon, an artist, has for some time had a studio in which every article came from Egypt, even to the inscription from the Koran (Sura 91) which makes its frieze—

“By the brightness of the sun when he shineth,  
By the moon when she followeth him,” etc.

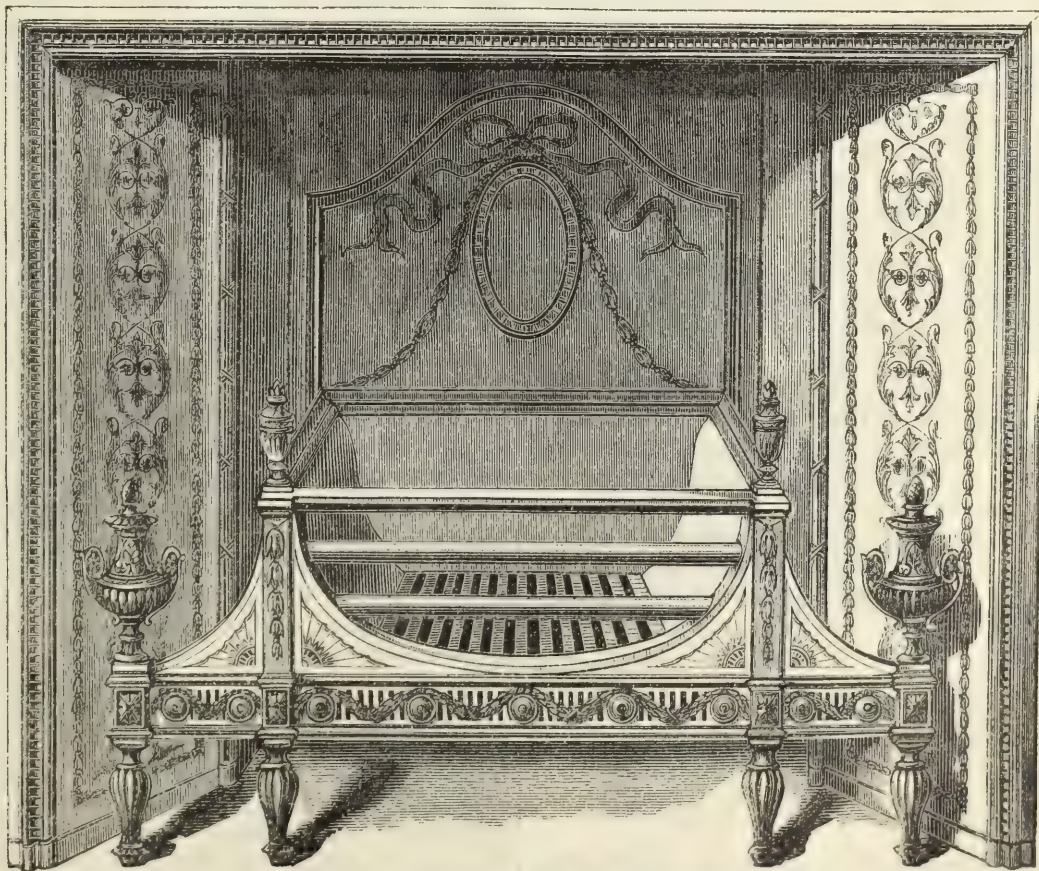
Mr. Leighton's chief room is his studio; it covers more than half of the whole area of the top floor of the house. The walls are hung with stuffs from many countries—tapestries, rugs, ancient Japanese silks—which fall from the cornice to the floor. There are some fine ebonized book-cases and cabinets, designed by Mr. Aitchison and Mr. Leighton together. The roof is arranged with sky-lights and sliding curtains of various descriptions, so that there is no kind of



light or shade whatever that the artist is not able to bring upon his work. The drawing-room has a white coffered ceiling, which no doubt will some day be tinted; at present it has some neat mouldings, which above the bay-window gather round a fine oil-picture, by Eugene Delacroix, fixed in the ceiling. It is beautiful, but I could not help feeling that some mural painting by another artist might well be substituted, and the Delacroix placed "on the line." There is suspended a very rich central candelabrum of Venetian glass in many colors. The walls are hung with cigar-tinted cloth, with modified *fleur-de-lis* spots, beneath which a floor of ash-blue is disclosed for the width of a yard between the wall and the bright Persian carpet.

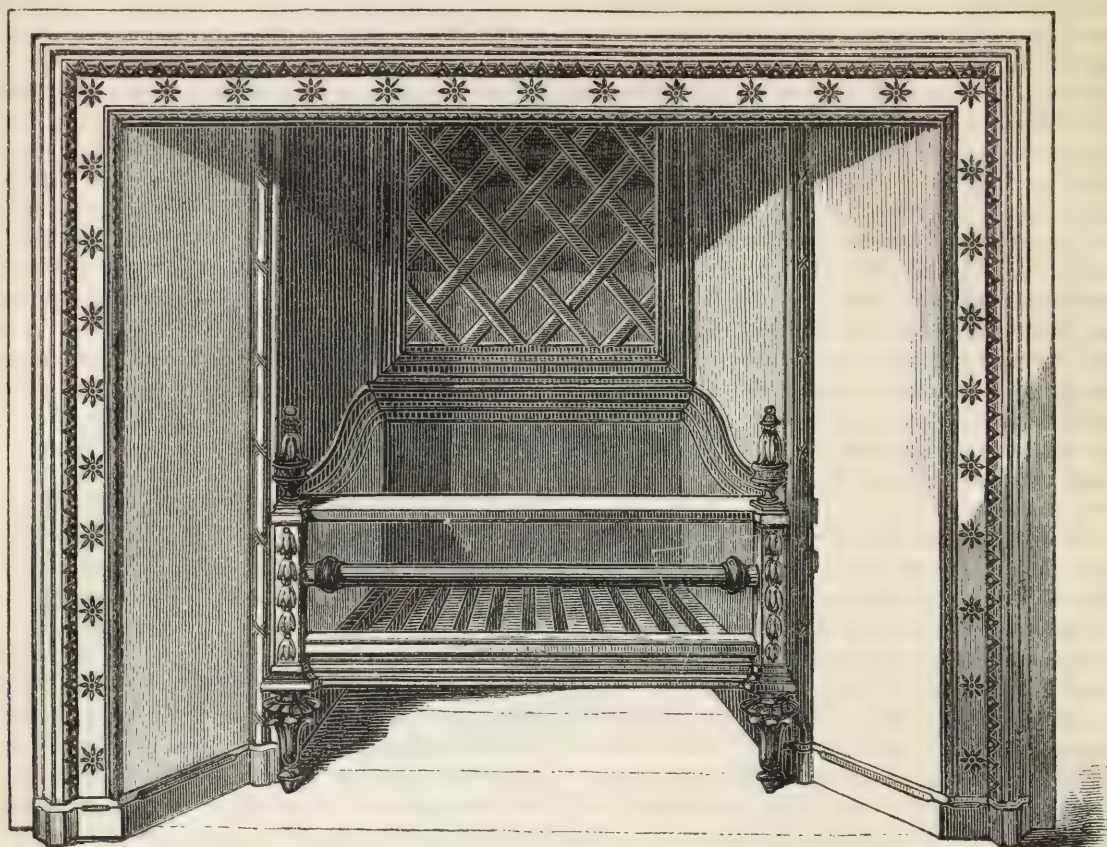
In all the houses which are carefully decorated in London great use is made of tiles. The tiles which are unrivaled in the esteem of artists are the old Dutch, which consequently have been nearly all bought up. A single old Dutch tile, which when made hardly cost more than a sixpence, now finds eager purchasers at a pound. It is a singular fact that our manufacturers can imitate Persian and Egyptian tiles, but have still to send to Holland to get any thing resembling the old Dutch, and even there they can obtain but an approach to the rich coloring and quaint designs of old times. Mr. Stevenson obtained a large number of these old tiles, which when put together formed large pictures; but several of them were

wanting, and he had to make designs of what those he possessed appeared to imply were on the others. He had tiles made which, at any rate, completed the pictures, and though the new ones were carefully made, they may be easily picked out from the old. These tile pictures have been placed by Mr. Stevenson on the side of a sheltered entrance that leads from the street across the front-yard to his beautiful residence in Bayswater. Inside of this house there are many beautiful things, but it is chiefly remarkable for the admirable mantel-pieces on the ground-floor and that above it—in the hall common to both—which show rich old carvings set with tiles, chiefly Persian and Dutch, which are built from floor to ceiling. In the children's school-room there is a chimney-piece covered with Dutch tiles representing most quaintly all the most notable scenes in the Bible, which must be a source of endless amusement to the little ones. The finest designs for tiles which I have seen in London are those of Messrs. Morris and Co., whose pictures, however, are often so beautiful that one dislikes to see them ornamenting fire-places. Nevertheless, the grate and its arrangements are becoming matters of serious importance in every room, and a walk through the establishment of Messrs. Boyd, in Oxford Street, will show that the "warming engineers" have not been behind-hand in providing stoves, tiles, and grates that may be adapted to any variety of dec-



GRATE MADE FOR BARON ROTHSCHILD.





BOYD'S GRATE.

oration. These gentlemen tell me that they are continually on the watch to get hold of old grates, fenders, fire-dogs, and so forth, that were made a hundred years ago, on account of the great demand for them, and that they reproduce them continually; nevertheless they believe that they can produce a prettier grate now than could have been made in the last century. The engraving on page 42 represents a grate found in an English mansion about one hundred years ago. The one on page 43 represents a grate recently made for Baron Rothschild. The one on this page represents a grate and fire-place designed and made by Messrs. Boyd, which appears to me one of the most beautiful I have yet seen.

In the houses thus far described I have mentioned several which have been decorated in whole or in part by Messrs. Morris and Co., but have reserved until now a special treatment of their style. Their decorations, apart from their undeniable beauty, derive importance from the fact that they can be adapted to the requirements of persons with moderate incomes, or to the needs of those who are prepared to pay large sums. The firm in question—as befits a company whose head is one of the most graceful of living poets—has mastered the Wordsworthian secret of

“the eye made quiet by the power  
Of harmony.”

Of the many different papers with which they hang rooms, only one has appeared to

me unsuited for the purposes of a refined decoration of almost any room, that being an imitation of square trellis-work, with a bird sitting in each opening; that I have only once seen on the walls of a bedroom (which, I suspected, might have been originally intended for a nursery; in which case I am not prepared to say that it might not have appeared in place), where it was not pleasing, and it has appeared to my eye frivolous in sitting-rooms. Nor do I altogether like their lemon-yellows, which are so well placed in corridors, to find their way (as they sometimes do) into drawing-rooms, as that color, however adapted for daylight, suffers bleaching by candle or gas light. But generally their wall-papers are of beautiful grays—pearl, sage, or even darker—and, while full of repose and dignity by day, light up well under any artificial light. This firm also does the finest wall mouldings in relief that I have met with. A remarkable instance of this may be found in the Grill Room at the South Kensington Museum, to which reference has already been made. And a somewhat similar moulding is still more effectively used in the drawing-room of the Hon. Mr. Howard, in his house at Palace Gardens—a willow pattern, with buds, on a cream-colored background, which rises to a deep frieze of green. In two rooms of the same mansion the light pomegranate paper, with shut and open flowers, is used with good effect. In the dining-room the general hue is faint pink, and this is also



pleasing. In the nursery there is an exceedingly beautiful paper of wild daisies on a mottled ground. Mr. Howard is not only an artist himself, but a collector of pictures and other objects of art. His walls have in a great measure been decorated with the idea of adapting them to the purpose of displaying to the best advantage the quaint old cabinets which he possesses, and the many fine pictures of pre-Raphaelist art which adorn his walls. On one of the landings of the stairway there is a fine organ, on which Mr. Burn Jones has painted a charming picture of St. Cecilia playing on her keys. This picture sheds light and beauty around, and shows how much may be done in a house by having such objects brought into the general system of ornamentation adopted in the house. It is hardly enough to bring into the house furniture of a color which is vaguely harmonious with the wall-paper; by a little decoration even the piano, the cabinet, the book-case, may be made to repeat the theme to which the walls have risen.

Although the hangings of Morris and Co. do not imply a lavish, but only a liberal, expenditure, they do not readily adapt themselves to a commonplace house inhabited by commonplace people. There must be thousands of these square-block houses with square boxes for rooms which would only be shamed by the individualities of their work. The majority of houses attain the final cause of their existence when the placard inscribed "To Let" may be taken down from their windows. No doubt the decorative artist might do a great deal toward breathing a soul even into such a house if it were inhabited by a family willing to pay the price. But there are houses built with other objects than "to let," built by or for persons of taste and culture, and to such the decorations of Messrs. Morris and Co. come as a natural drapery. Mr. Ionides, who has just entered a new house in Holland Park Villas, has shown, by adopting in it decorations similar to those of the smaller house he has left, that, after many years, the hangings of Morris and Co. still appear to him the most beautiful; and it is significant of the spirit in which he has carried out his own feeling in both cases that he has steadily refused to let the house his family had outgrown to all applicants who proposed to pull down its papers and dados, and convert the house into the normal commonplace suit of interiors. He prefers to retain for the present, at a loss, that which he and his artistic friends built up with so much pains, rather than have it pass into inappreciative hands. In the new residence of Mr. Ionides he has found a beautiful hanging for his drawing-room in a Morris paper of willow pattern, with two kinds of star-shaped blossoms, white and yellow, which harmonizes well with the outlook of the room into a

conservatory. The curtains of the bay-window in the spring season are of Oriental cream-colored linen, with flowers embroidered in outline (light gold), and at wide intervals, upon them. The paper in the large dining-room is the small floral square (sage-gray) pattern of Messrs. Morris and Co., which harmonizes well with the red carpet, the pictures, and the green-golden lustres of the velvet curtains. Mr. E. Danrenther, in whose brilliant successes as interpreter of the "Music of the Future" America as well as Germany has reason for pride, has his pretty residence in Orme Square decorated mainly with the gray Morris patterns; and the pleasing effect in this as in many other examples convinces me that it is safer for those who are not themselves pictorial artists, and able to give all the original touches which are demanded by the bolder designs and brighter colors of certain patterns made by the same firm, to adhere to those quiet ones which have gained such wide and deserved favor. As for stained glass and tiles, certainly no firm in England may be more safely trusted.

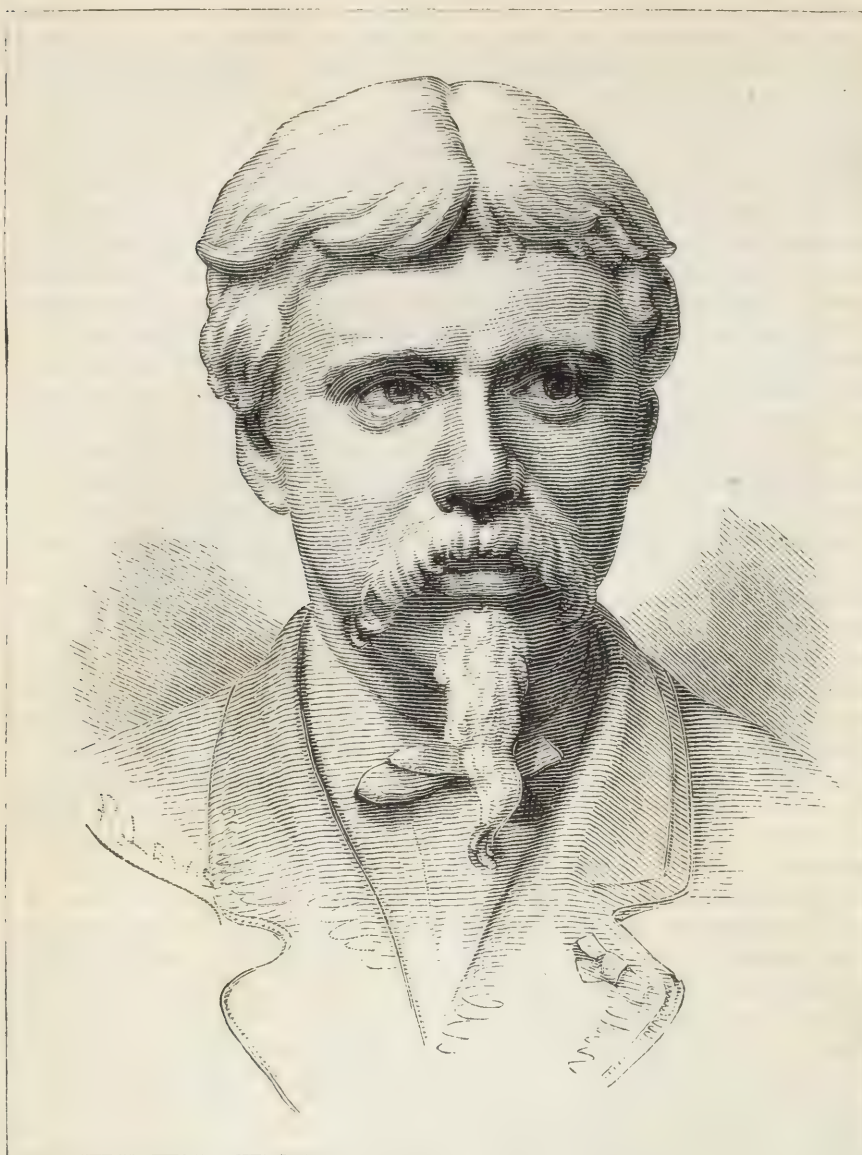
Some remarkably beautiful effects have been secured in the villa residence of Mr. Edward Sterling, son of the poet John Sterling, himself an artist, who has used his own excellent taste as well as the papers of Morris and Co. in adorning his house at Kensington. An especially fine appearance has been given to a high wall which stretches through two stories beside the stairway by changing the style and color of the paper midway, and thus breaking the monotony. The hangings of the lower hall are dark, and the light shed down from the higher wall is thus heightened. In this, as in the majority of beautiful houses, the first effect at the entrance is that of shade. The visitor who has come from the blaze of daylight is at once invited to a kindly seclusion. Beyond the vestibule the light is reached again, but now blended with tints and forms of artistic beauty. He is no longer in the hands of brute Nature, but is being ministered to by humane thought and feeling, and gently won into that mood

"In which the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world  
Is lightened."

That mood, my reader will easily understand, can not be secured by the papers of Morris and Co.; but where a true artist is able to find such artistic materials as theirs to work with, he is able, as in the case of Mr. Sterling, to weave them on the warp of his own mind and sentiment into a home which shall not fail to distribute its refining and happy influences to all who enter or depart.

Perhaps the most complete rendering of the effects at which William Morris and Burn Jones have aimed in their efforts at





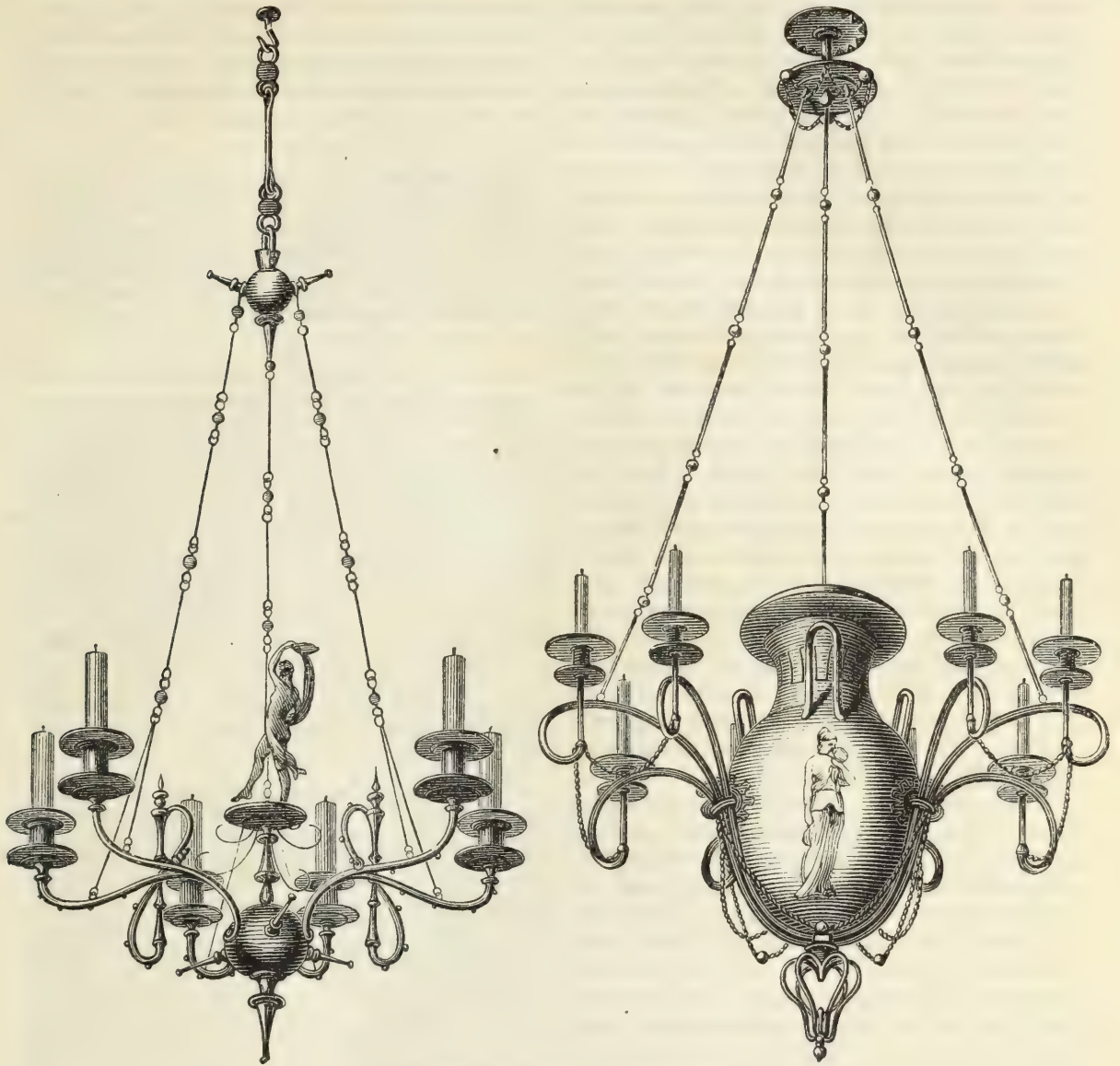
L. ALMA TADEMA.—[FROM A BUST BY J. DALON.]

per with but slight frieze (most of the rooms being comparatively small, a deep frieze would be out of place). I confess that I have some misgivings about this continuance upon the ceiling of the wall paper. It would certainly answer very well in rooms that were of very high pitch, for the heavier the color on a ceiling the more it is depressed to the eye. But here the sense of comfort and snugness secured — important as they are in this moist, chill climate, which often makes one willing to be folded up in a warmly lined box — is paid for by a sense of confinement. A ceiling ought not to be white nor blue, which, not to speak of the quickness with which they become black from the chandeliers, convey the feeling of exposure to the

beautifying London households is to be found at Townsend House, to which I have before alluded. Mr. L. Alma Tadema, the finest colorist, has of course been as one of the partners of the firm so far as his own home is concerned, and the touches of his art are met with at every step in it. Passing beneath the cheery "Salve" written over the front-door, we at once meet with a significant piece of art. On each side of the rather narrow hall is a door; one leads into a parlor, the other into a library, and as they are just opposite each other, the doors are made to open outward, and, when open, meet. Now, when it is desirable, the two doors when open make a wall across the hall; this extemporized wall has its panels painted, and thus a pretty passage is made to connect the separate rooms. One thing in Townsend House is very peculiar: the ceilings are generally covered with the same paper as the walls. There is a dado of matting with touches of color in it, or else painted in some color related to the paper, but of deeper shade, and above this a uniform pa-

open air, but there should be above one a lighter tint and shade, lest the effect should be that of being in a cellar. The underground effect nowhere occurs in Townsend House, because therein true artists have been at work, but one might not be so secure if the papering had been left to less judicious decorators. The corridors have the creamy pomegranate paper, which carries a cool light through them. A small back-room on the first floor has been Orientalized into a charming place by a skillful use of rugs, skins, etc., on the floor, and on the Persian divans fixed against the wall, which is covered with a silvery and pinkish paper. The chief bedroom in the house presents the novelty of walls entirely hung with a rich dark and reddish chintz, with wide stripes flowing from ceiling to floor, the effect being a grave Persian. The bed is hung and covered with the same stuff, and the lower part of each window is made into a cushioned seat of the same. The ceiling in this case is of a pearl-white, and there is plenty of light. This room appeared to me,





CANDELABRA—TOWNSEND HOUSE.

though at first a surprise, one that was suggestive of every kind of warmth and comfort; it was, indeed, an entire room made into the appropriate environment of a bed. In another bedroom I observed how beautifully the light may be regulated by the use of double curtains, one of dark green when darkness is desired, the other of a fine tracing cloth, which is more snowy than the glass of an astral lamp, while it similarly softens and diffuses light.

Mr. L. Alma Tadema, a fine bust of whom by J. Dalon appears in the Royal Academy this year, has contributed as his picture of the season an admirable representation of his own studio with a number of his friends looking upon a work on his easel, the back of which is turned to the spectator. But one can readily imagine those friends of his dividing their attention between the picture and the rich ornamentation of the room they are in. An artist's studio is apt to be, and ought to be, as much a picture as any work of art born in it, but it hardly comes within the scope of this article to describe

rooms that are expressions of individual genius and purpose; yet in every house where cultivated persons are found, individual aims are found also, and there will be the effort to give to each of these its fit environment. The first point to be secured in the study, or studio, or workshop, is that every thing in it shall be related to the work which is its end and *raison d'être*. When Carlyle was engaged in writing his Life of Frederick he had prepared a special study apart from his library, whose walls were covered with books and pictures of which each one, without exception, was in some way connected with the man of whom he was writing. They who are not, even for a time, specialists may nevertheless follow his example so far as to take care not to surround themselves with distracting objects. That which is beautiful in a studio may be ugly in a study. The studio of Alma Tadema sympathizes in its minutest object with the artist, who is so much at home in all the ages of art. Touches of Egypt, of Pompeii, of Greece, of Rome, blend in the decorations of his studio, as



their influences are felt in his powerful works. And, indeed, throughout Townsend House there is a beauty derived from the fact that every ornament is subordinate to the purpose of the room which contains it. The dining-room, for instance, opens into a beautiful garden; it is therefore not simply an eating-room, but must in some weathers do duty as the *salon* for a garden party. The rich dado of matting is especially well placed in such a room as this, which is large and luminous. It is capped by a chair board, which is ingeniously adorned with cockle-shells, and still more at one point with the first name of the mistress of the house painted in antique golden letters. Above this there is a cream-colored paper of squares, with roses and birds, a hanging which I have already spoken of as unpleasant in bedrooms or sitting-rooms; but in this large dining-room, which opens into a garden, the effect of it is remarkably fine. The cornice is Easter-eggs (variously and carefully colored) beneath a higher member of grape and leaf, also colored. The whole of one end of this room is covered by a rich drapery of fine Indian dyes, elegantly striped. The servants' entrance is behind a large screen of gold leather.

Throughout this beautiful house there are little arrangements for convenience, always attended by beauty, which are altogether indescribable—a head or a sprig of ivy painted in some panel, or a little gauze curtain draping a casual opening. But I must particularly note in the drawing-room a beautiful capping to the dado. It is a white moulding of the Elgin marble reliefs, and most beautifully fringes the dark-colored stuff of the dado. I have already described the fine drapery of this room. I need only now say that Mr. Alma Tadema has designed some candelabra which appear to me most beautiful. The reader will, I fear, be but little able to obtain from one of the drawings an idea of the rich minglings of the bronze with the rose porcelain egg-shaped centre-piece, and the figures painted upon it. Both of the candelabra which I have selected as specimens are for rose-colored candles. In the houses of many artists ancient oratory (suspended) candelabra are used for the centres of rooms, and also brass repoussé sconces bracketed with beveled mirrors. The English upper classes have never been reconciled to the use of gasaliers in their drawing-rooms, and the artists have pretty generally opposed the use of gas, which is believed to be damaging to oil-pictures.

In concluding this account of the most interesting examples of decorative art with which I am acquainted in England, I add, in preference to any general observations of my own, a few extracts from very high authorities, affirming principles whose truth

seems to me to be illustrated by every exterior and interior to which I have referred. The first of these quotations is the placarded principles of decorative art hung up in the school at South Kensington:

## I.

1. The decorative arts arise from, and should properly be attendant upon, architecture. 2. Architecture should be the material expression of the wants, the faculties, and the sentiments of the age in which it is created. 3. Style in architecture is the peculiar form that expression takes under the influence of climate and the materials at command.

## II.

METAL-WORKS, POTTERY, AND PLASTIC FORMS GENERALLY.—1. The form should be most carefully adapted to use, being studied for elegance and beauty of line as well as for capacity, strength, mobility, etc. 2. In ornamenting the construction care should be taken to preserve the general form, and to keep the decoration subservient to it by the low relief or otherwise; the ornament should be so arranged as to enhance by its lines the symmetry of the original form, and assist its constructive strength. 3. If arabesques or figures in the round are used, they should arise out of the ornamental and constructive forms, and not be merely applied. 4. All projecting parts should have careful consideration to render them as little liable to injury as is consistent with their purpose. 5. It must ever be remembered that repose is required to give value to ornament, which in itself is secondary and not principal.

## III.

CARPETS.—1. The surface of a carpet, serving as a ground to support all objects, should be quiet and negative, without strong contrast of either forms or colors. 2. The leading forms should be so disposed as to distribute the pattern over the whole floor, not pronounced either in the direction of breadth or length, all "up and down" treatments being erroneous. 3. The decorative forms should be flat, without shadow or relief, whether derived from ornament or direct from flowers or foliage. 4. In color the general ground should be negative, low in tone, and inclining to the tertiary hues, the leading forms of the pattern being expressed by the darker secondaries; and the primary colors, or white, if used at all, should be only in small quantity, to enhance the tertiary hues and to express the geometrical basis that rules the distribution of the forms.

## IV.

PRINTED GARMENT FABRICS, MUSLINS, CALICOES, ETC.—1. The ornament should be flat, without shadow and relief. 2. If flowers, foliage, or other natural objects are the *motive*, they should not be direct imitations of nature, but conventionalized in obedience to the above rule. 3. The ornament should cover the surface either by a diaper based on some regular geometrical figure, or growing out of itself by graceful flowing curves; any arrangement that carries lines or pronounces figures in the direction of breadth is to be avoided, and the effect produced by the folding of the stuff should be carefully studied. 4. The size of the pattern should be regulated by the material for which it is intended: *small* for close, thick fabrics, such as ginghams, etc.; *larger* for fabrics of more open textures, such as muslins, baréges, etc.; largely covering the ground on delaines, and more dispersed on cotton linens.

In all the beautiful effects which I have observed, the ornamentation has been in more or less accordance with the fundamental principle of these rules, namely, the subordination of decoration to use. Many persons of taste and culture have had to wage a sometimes unequal conflict with architecture whose object was a low one—



to sell; but they have been rewarded just in the proportion that they have regarded the principles just quoted. It will be especially observed that realism, in the sense of exact imitations of nature, is entirely repudiated. Conventionalism, precisely because it is a degradation in human character, is a first necessity in ornamentation. The *rationale* of this is admirably given in a little book on the Oxford Museum, by Dr. Acland and Mr. Ruskin, not likely to have been seen by many American readers. The following remarks by Mr. Ruskin, taken from it, constitute my second extract:

"The highest art in all kinds is that which conveys the most truth, and the best ornamentation possible would be the painting of interior walls with frescoes by Titian, representing perfect humanity in color, and the sculpture of exterior walls by Phidias, representing perfect humanity in form. Titian and Phidias are precisely alike in their conception and treatment of nature—everlasting standards of the right. Beneath ornamentation such as men like these could bestow falls in various rank, according to its subordination to vulgar uses or inferior places, what is commonly conceived as ornamental art. The lower its office and the less tractable its material, the less of nature it should contain, until a zigzag becomes the best ornament for the hem of a robe, and a mosaic of colored glass the best design for a colored window. But all these forms of lower art are to be conventional only because they are subordinate; not because conventionalism is in itself a good or desirable thing. All right conventionalism is a wise acceptance of, and compliance with, conditions of restraint or inferiority. It may be inferiority of our knowledge or power, as in the art of a semi-savage nation, or restraint by reason of material, as in the way the glass-painter should restrict himself to transparent hue, and a sculptor deny himself the eyelash and the film of flowing hair which he can not cut in marble. But in all cases whatever right conventionalism is either a wise acceptance of an inferior place, or a noble display of power under accepted limitation; it is not an improvement of natural form into something better or purer than nature herself.

"Now this great and most precious principle may be compromised in two quite opposite ways. It is compromised on one side when men suppose that the degradation of the natural form, which fits it for some subordinate place, is an improvement of it, and that a black profile on a red ground, because it is proper for a water-jug, is therefore an idealization of humanity, and nobler art than a picture by Titian. And it is compromised equally gravely on the opposite side when men refuse to submit to the limitation of material and the fitnesses of office, when they try to produce finished pictures in colored glass, or substitute the inconsiderate imitation of natural objects for the perfectness of adapted and disciplined design."

I was much struck on a recent occasion with an illustration of how little the principles thus explained by Mr. Ruskin are understood even among the learned. It was at the Anthropological Society, where archaeologists, antiquarians, metallurgists, and experts of various kinds were examining a collection of specimens of the gold-work of the Ashantees. One of the leading authorities present gave it as his opinion that the specimens, though of a fineness which English workmanship could not rival, nevertheless represented a degradation of art and of civilization among the Ashantees; and

the reason assigned was that the ornamentation indicated that an original imitation of forms—some natural, others of European design—had been departed from till the significance of the forms had been lost. Of course the argument really proved a progress in art among the Ashantees, and a fine perception of the laws that must govern all work upon gold. But it is of great importance that no one should confuse conventionalism in the decorative flower or other form with conventionalism in the use of them in any house or on any object. The houses of the millions are indeed conventionally decorated now, and they are ugly; the individual taste will convert the commonplace forms and colors into individual expression, as his soul has previously transmuted the commonplace clay into a physiognomy like and unlike all others.

But it were a serious error to suppose that the words "conventional," "heraldic," "decorative," etc., employed to express those ornamental forms which are derived without being copied from nature, really express the significance of those forms. They do represent the spirit of nature. In the extract with which I conclude the growth of such flowers and forms in a fairer field is most subtly described. It is from the best existing work on the genesis and evolution of the decorative arts, Mr. Scott's *History and Practice of the Fine and Ornamental Arts*, now used as a manual and official prize-book at the South Kensington School of Design:

"Taste is that faculty by which we distinguish whatever is graceful, noble, just, and lovable in the infinitely varied appearances about us, and in the works of the decorative and imitative arts. The immediate impulse in the presence of beauty is to feel and admire. When the emotion and the sentiment are strong we are compelled to imitate. We can not make ourselves more beautiful physically than Providence has decreed, but we wish to see again, to feel again, what caused in us so vivid a pleasure; and we attempt to revive the image that charmed us, to re-create those parts or qualities in the image that we found admirable, with or without those other parts or qualities which did not touch us, but which were necessary to its existence in a conditional and transitory life. Hence a work original and peculiar to man—a work of art."





## THE BALLAD OF BREAKNECK.



"NEKAMA WILL WAIT AS THOU HAST SAID: THE SON OF THE PALE-FACE CAN NOT LIE."

THE sun shines out on the mountain crest;  
 Far down the valley the shadows fall;  
 All crimson and gold is the glowing west;  
 And wheeling and soaring the eagles call.  
 The good ship rides with a filling sail;  
 The sailors are calling, "Away! away!  
 We must stem the tide ere the north wind fail;  
 The night and the breeze brook no delay."

The young mate lingers upon the strand  
 Near a dusky maiden with flushing cheek;  
 In his broad brown palm he holds her hand,  
 And eager and low are the words they speak.  
 "Weep not, Nekama; I shall return;  
 Wait for me here on the mountain-side;  
 When the woods in their autumn glory burn,  
 I shall come again to claim my bride."

Slowly the Indian lifts her head;  
 Dry is her cheek and clear her eye.  
 "Nekama will wait as thou hast said:  
 The son of the pale-face can not lie."



Seeking thy sails on the stream below,  
Under the shade of the tall pine-tree,  
When the beeches are gold and the sumachs glow,  
From the mountain-top I shall watch for thee."

The sailors are calling; the broad sails flap;  
From his neck Dirck loosens his great gold chain,  
Flings the gleaming links in Nekama's lap,  
Then springs to the shallop's stern again.  
The stout ash bends to the rowers' will  
Till the small boat reaches the vessel's side,  
When he turns to Nekama, waiting still,  
Sad, but calm in her savage pride.

Sails the ship under high Cro' Nest,  
Wearing and tacking in Martyrs' Reach,  
While Dirck looks back with a man's unrest,  
And Nekama lingers upon the beach.  
Fade the sails to a vague white speck;  
Loom the mountains hazy and tall;  
Dirck watches still from the vessel's deck,  
And the girl moves not, though the night-dews fall.

A year has passed, and upon the hills  
Scarlet and russet have faded to brown;  
No sound is heard but the flowing rills;  
The summer's voices are hushed and gone.  
A late sad crow on a bare beech top  
Caws and swings in an autumn wind;  
The dead leaves fall, and the acorn's drop  
Breaks the stillness and scares the hind.

Wrapped in her blanket Nekama stands,  
Scans the horizon with eager eye.  
Late he lingers. She clasps her hands,  
And a sadness dims her wide dark eye.  
Is it a mist o'er the distant shore?  
Look how the maiden's dusky face  
Glow and brightens! A moment more,  
And the white speck changes, and grows apace.

"He comes! he comes!" From the wigwams near  
Gather the braves and squaws again;  
The men are decked with arrow and spear,  
And the women of wampum and feathers vain.  
Flecked is the river with light canoes,  
Laden with gifts for the welcome guest;  
The spoils of the chase let him freely choose;  
Close to the ship are the frail barks pressed.

Brown and still as a bronze relief,  
Shyly Nekama keeps her place  
Behind her father, the Mohawk chief,  
Who, plumed and tall, with a painted face,  
Grasping a spear in his nervous hand,  
Looking in vain one face to see,  
Turns and utters his proud demand:  
"Dirck Brandsen comes not: where lingers he?"

"Dirck stays in Holland," the sailors say;  
"He has wedded a dame of wealth and state;  
He sails no more for many a day—  
God send us all like happy fate!"  
Dark grows the brow of the angered sire:  
Can the white man lie like a Huron knave?  
The eyes of the maiden burn like fire,  
But her mien is steady, her words are brave.





"TAKE BACK TO THE TRAITOR HIS GIFT AGAIN."

From her bosom she drags the great gold chain;  
 Dashed at the captain's feet it lies:  
 "Take back to the traitor his gift again;  
 Nekama has learned how a pale-face lies!"  
 Proudly she steps to her light canoe;  
 Bends her paddle at every stroke;  
 The graceful bark o'er the waters flew,  
 Nor wist they a woman's heart had broke.

Up the mountain Nekama hies;  
 Stands in the pine-tree's shade again;  
 Scans the scene with her wide wild eyes;  
 Moans like a creature in mortal pain.  
 The dark clouds crowd round the mountain peak;  
 Caws the crow on the bough o'erhead;  
 The great limbs bend, and the branches creak—  
 "Ah, why do I live? He is false!" she said.

A shriek is heard through the gathering storm;  
 A rushing figure darkens the air;  
 Out from the cliff springs a slender form,  
 And the maiden's grief lies buried there.  
 Towers the gray crag grim and high;  
 Drips the blood from its rugged side;  
 Loud and shrill is the eagle's call  
 O'er the muttering wash of the angry tide!



But Storm King nods to old Cro' Nest,  
 Where the pine-trees wave and the hoarse crows call,  
 Though the Mohawk sleeps 'neath that rocky crest,  
 While the leaves on his ruined castles fall.  
 To-day on the Hudson sailing by,  
 Under the shadow of Breakneck Hill,  
 We tell the legend, and heave a sigh,  
 Where Nekama's memory lingers still.

## RAPE OF THE GAMP.

## CHAPTER XII.

## SPARRING.

THE eventful Tuesday evening having arrived, and dinner discussed by the select fourteen, the company now assembled in the drawing-room was the *elite* of Pedlington, as Frank had predicted in his note of invitation to Mr. Lane. Among the gentlemen were the Clerk of the Peace, a very tall, portentous man, who seemed to carry his figurative skeleton about with him in the same suit of clothes with his gaunt person, instead of leaving it in the traditional closet at home. Colloquially, this gentleman was spoken of in genteel society as "The Peace," but the unvarying perturbation of his aspect had induced the wags of Pedlington to call him "Peace where there is no peace." Indeed, our elegant acquaintance, Frank Browne, was accused of having invented this sarcasm, in his wrath at the best appointment in the county having gone to the Delavines instead of coming into his own firm. This angular and unattractive gentleman, besides being comfortably padded with five daughters, all more or less attractive, was admirably set off this evening in contrast with Captain Fuller, a knight of Balaklava, and a person of genial, inexhaustible simplicity. The clerical profession was in force, being represented by Mr. Ormsby, an honorary canon, and a Churchman of the old school; the Rev. Cyprian Key, the new rector of the mother parish, who belonged to the advanced school of Catholic Anglicans; and a curate of Evangelical views, attached to the "dry-dock" church, in which Mr. Browne performed his exemplary devotions. A potentate darkly connected with a great brewing firm, but splendidly enriched by the said connection, also exhibited his proportions on Mrs. Browne's carpet. A physician in practice, a barrister out of practice, a political refugee, and our young friend Martin of Plumstead Manor completed the list of male guests. Some of these gentlemen had wives and daughters, some the former only, one the latter only, others neither.

Mrs. Browne's parties, though unassuming, were always more or less successful, partly owing to some abstruse skill of hers in sorting her guests, partly to her own inherent qualities as a hostess. Wherever this

good lady went, envy and malice slunk away, and charity broke like a sunbeam on the heart. Not that she was enabled by her presence in one spot to exorcise those demons and shed that radiance throughout the room; but that by circulating among the company the enemy had to keep up a running fight, and do mischief only with his stern-chasers.

The party had fallen easily into groups. Three intellectual daughters of "The Peace" engaged the two younger divines and the ex-barrister. A fourth occupied the brewer, or rather the gentleman obscurely connected with malt, who was evidently plotting an escape, and directing piteous glances toward Nelly, who sat in a corner studiously contemplating the carpet. Frank flirted elegantly with the canon's musical daughter, a pale little woman with light hair and a white camellia nestling in it. Young Martin of Plumstead Manor was being talked to by his host, an honor seldom accorded to young or old, and in this instance feebly appreciated; for Martin fidgeted from foot to foot, eying Janet askance as she sat on the sofa with Mrs. Ormsby. In front of these ladies stood Captain Fuller, talking very loud in his artless way, enjoying Martin's predicament, thinking he had got the course clear of that inevitable "Mr. Lane" for once, and resolved to make the most of his opportunity. The refugee, a small, sallow, dapper personage, with a disproportionately large and purple mustache, was conversing fluently in French with Miss Lyte, a charming elderly lady, with much vivacity of countenance, and beautiful hands folded in her lap.

In the mean time Albert, bald, bland, "white-breasted, like the pard," but without the ferocity of that feline performer, hovered about serenely, dropping a facetious pleasantry here, a neatly turned compliment there.

"You're as full of little civilities as a sausage is of meat," said Frank, sneering at him when they chanced to encounter. "A pity no one seems to appreciate you."

"Ah, well," sighed Albert, with comic resignation—"well, virtue is its own reward."

"Virtue, and two hundred a year for doing nothing," retorted Frank, with acrimony.

"Excuse me, Frank," pleaded the gentle Albert—"a hundred only while enjoying



the amenities of home." And so speaking, without a touch of perceptible irony in voice or manner, he turned away from his unfraternal relative, and nursed his own increasing uneasiness. For Albert's misgivings had lately settled into a conviction that Janet cared rather too much for Mr. Lane. "Too much, if as yet only a little," he murmured to himself; "for when Janet begins she will go on, for good or evil. No power in heaven or earth will stop her. And who is Mr. Lane?"

A hundred times lately, by night and day, Albert had pondered on this question. He was conscious of, and had at first rebuked himself for, a secret and mysterious antagonism to the gentleman in question, whom almost every other member of his family conspired to honor. His perception of a mystery enshrouding Mr. Lane sprang out of this repulsion, which lately had grown upon Albert in despite of his own will, and now partook of the nature of horror. He had watched his father and Frank keenly, in his covert way, whenever Mr. Lane was present, or when his name was mentioned, to see whether any doubt or suspicion about him haunted their minds. Latterly he had more than once taken advantage of Janet's absence from a room to throw out a hint or feeler, but it had met with no response from either of these two vigilant and astute men. Neither did Mrs. Browne disclose the smallest uneasiness, although she undoubtedly noticed Janet's growing preference for the stranger. Joan was willing enough now to disparage Mr. Lane, to characterize his opinions as heterodox and dangerous, and himself as a person too reserved about his own experiences and antecedents for her taste. But Albert was not overwilling to accept Joan's alliance in this quest, for she was constantly subject to bitter innuendoes on the part of Frank, who declared she had practiced her mature arts of conquest on Mr. Lane, and had been foiled. Moreover, there was so much generosity in Albert's nature that he hesitated to take an angry woman into an offensive alliance against a man who had done him no wrong, and might prove to be wholly undeserving of his suspicions. It was strange that on this very evening, when Albert thought that Mr. Lane was not to be present, he should have wished for his presence. In the first place, he was possessed with an ardent desire to witness the meeting between Miss Lyte and Mr. Lane; and in the second place, he was apprehensive that no such meeting would take place at all, and that Mr. Lane would contrive to avoid Miss Lyte altogether.

"Whatever the man's secret is," Albert reflected—"whatever Lane's secret is, Dr. Phelps and Captain Fuller are both in it. They know his whole history, and are both attached strongly to him. That is the stran-

gest part of it. And certainly they were both at Harrow with that scamp! Assuredly Phelps and *he* were both friends and rivals in study. Nor does my memory deceive me in thinking that Fuller and *he* were rivals at foot-ball or some athletic pastime. We used to hear so much about him and his affairs before the rupture with Captain Lyte. But our new parson, the Reverend Cyprian Key, was at school with all that set, and Key certainly has not recognized Mr. Lane. I have observed him narrowly, and he is a man of transparent integrity. He would certainly cut that fellow's acquaintance. I heard him say that he accounted a duelist a deliberate murderer; and no man of his principle could possibly take up with a fellow who had violated the code of hospitality and betrayed an innocent girl. To Key undoubtedly Mr. Lane is Mr. Lane. Oh, what would I give to see him encounter Miss Lyte? She was too fond of her precious nephew, and too much cut up at all that happened, not to recognize him. Besides, she has an eagle eye. She always looks right into a person, and reads one's thoughts and feelings. She knows as well as possible that I am uneasy about Janet, and that I am brooding now. I saw her glance of inquiry when I passed her. As to Mr. Lane, he might even brave it out to her face. He is so deep, so impenetrable. I would give the world to see him brought face to face with her. If he were to look preternaturally calm and grave, my suspicions would be confirmed. And she would betray emotion—surprise first, then indignation. But would she keep his secret? Can she possibly forgive him? After all, we have only heard one side of the story. We may be all wrong. George Baily entertained such a deadly hatred of that young man that he would not have hesitated to lay the paint on thick and heavy.

"But in any case," Albert continued, "it is too horrible to be true. I am getting morbid on the subject. I shudder to think of such a mischance. It can not be. Dr. Phelps would never have lent himself to such a hideous plot."

Thus poor Albert walked about among his mother's guests, seeming well at ease and lazily contented with every thing, mentally racked with apprehension, wringing his hands and gnashing his teeth with anguish.

At this point in his reflections he turned and found Mr. Lane standing at his elbow, greeting the Rev. Cyprian Key, who appeared rejoiced at the encounter. Albert's heart sank within him. Captain Fuller visibly started and stared, first at Mr. Lane, then at Miss Lyte. The rose deepened on Janet's cheek, and Mr. Lane saw this little signal, but was not pleased, and turned his eyes somewhat sadly away from the young lady.

Miss Lyte, whom a strange presentiment



had warned of danger or of some great surprise, and who, penetrating Albert's calm exterior, had vaguely connected him and his terrors with the coming mystery, now found herself gazing with unusual intensity at a gentleman who had lately entered the room without being announced, and who appeared so much at home, or so desirous to attract no attention, that he did not seek the hostesses to make his bow of ceremony.

With the exception of Mr. Delavine, "The Peace," this new-comer was the tallest man in the room; but, unlike that perturbed-looking functionary, his height appeared to be merely incidental to the natural power and dignity of his presence. Perhaps real dignity of aspect is only attained by those who are free from self-consciousness; and it was probably this entire absence of vanity or egotism, rather than any positive quality of heart, mind, or manner, which gave this grandeur to Mr. Lane's bearing. Standing beside Mr. Key he looked gigantic, but that was only from the force of contrast. His appearance would be more appropriately compared with that of his friend Captain Fuller. If you had met the latter walking alone in a country bridle-path, you would have been impelled to think, "What a fine, tall, military-looking man!" Had you met Mr. Lane under the same conditions, no indication of strength, stature, or of the calling of the man would have arrested your observation, yet you would instinctively have turned to look after him, and a sense of having encountered a noble and upright man would arise in you.

What tumultuous rout of ideas, emotions, and sentiments chased each other through the lady's brain as she gazed at this person it is impossible to conjecture. After a few moments of surprised hesitation, a flash of certainty thrilled through her whole nature; and in its tremulous wake that indescribable confusion or rout took place, and so completely occupied her faculties that she continued to gaze and gaze (Albert watching her meanwhile), until Mrs. Browne, espying her favorite cavalier, rushed forward to greet him, and then turned, bringing the bronzed Barbarossa to be introduced to the lady who had already honored him with so much notice.

She was quite herself again by the time the ceremony was performed. But then, probably with a secret purpose, she trespassed the limits of strict propriety by repeating the name, and looking with keen scrutiny at the gentleman.

"Lane? Lane?" she reiterated; and again, "Lane? Lane? Lane? Let me see. Earl of Sandilands's family name. Devonshire family, is it not, *Mr. Lane?*"

"My ancestors on the father's side," replied he, "have been *men of Kent* as far back as I can trace them."

He seemed about to lapse into silence, at least to allow the lady to pursue her inquiry if she so pleased; but suddenly, with a hasty impulse, he added, "It happens, however, that my mother, though the daughter of a cadet branch, did belong to the Devonshire family;" which was strictly the case, as perhaps the lady already knew. But it appeared otherwise from her words.

"Indeed!" she rejoined. "That is very unusual. Quite a singular occurrence. Perhaps by that alliance two branches of the same original stock were reunited."

"I think not," said the gentleman, calmly, but politely.

"Well, perhaps not," Miss Lyte replied. And she looked at him very significantly, as who should say, "You are courageous and true, as of old."

His face, during this brief dialogue, was as the face of a flint—calm, cold, hard, and immovable. Yet his eyes, which were dark and luminous, were looking into the lady's very soul, and reading every shade of emotion which crossed it.

Albert was completely mystified now. When first her glance lighted upon Mr. Lane, Miss Lyte's agitation had confirmed Albert's most terrible apprehensions. So perfect had been her subsequent self-control that he thought a closer inspection of Mr. Lane had dissipated her previous impression. He was profoundly puzzled, but infinitely relieved, and unburdened his gentle soul with a sigh.

Now Hubert comes up, and greets his tutor with looks easy to be read.

"Is the tea all gone?" the latter asks.

"The tepid water is," replied Hubert; "but I will go at once and have some real tea brewed for you. And you come into the morning-room presently and have it in peace. How tired you look!" And the boy lingered for a few moments, putting his hand affectionately on Mr. Lane's arm, as he had acquired the habit of doing. "You know, Miss Lyte," he added, "Mr. Lane is not contented with working all day in school, but *will* go and teach those soldiers and mechanics up at the night-school of an evening, instead of going out to dinner and enjoying himself." Then he took himself off to look after the "real tea" for his weary friend.

"Mr. Lane is of so little use in the world," said Mrs. Browne, with her sweet smile, "that he is trying to kill himself with work."

"Most men would die very hard if work killed them," he argued.

"We should spend and be spent in a good cause," said Miss Lyte; "but young people fancy their strength inexhaustible, and are tempted to overtask it."

"That is what I tell Albert," said Frank, stopping in front of the lady; "he should think of us and spare our feelings, and not wear himself out prematurely, as Lane is doing, who has no one to lament him."



"Frank ought to have been a soldier," sister Joan here chimed in. "A gentleman who lives in a glass house, and yet has the courage to throw stones, might lead a forlorn hope."

Frank, languidly turning his eye for a moment from Joan to Mr. Lane, repeated the last two words with aggravating calmness.

"Forlorn—hope," he sighed, and passed on, with a derisive smile.

Joan *would* provoke these passages of arms, and always suffered in consequence. There was such a malignant significance in Frank's action that she even feared Mr. Lane himself would see her secret wound.

"But you don't call me a fanciful young person," that gentleman quietly resumed, answering Miss Lyte's last observation. "I am really twenty-nine years old, and having parted with youth and fancy when I was nineteen, feel now at least forty-nine."

"You certainly look older than you are," added Miss Lyte, speaking abstractedly and somewhat nervously; for though his face remained rigid, she could feel his steady, penetrating gaze, which not only seemed to her to read her perplexity, but to pity it.

Then he went to his tea, and she sat quite still, half awed by him, and wholly interested in him; and hearing as in a dream Joan's querulous voice, saying, "*We* have never heard Mr. Lane speak so much of himself in all the two years or more of our acquaintance with him."

"Perhaps, my dear," replied Mrs. Browne, "he is more communicative with gentlemen than with ladies. I have never heard Frank or Hubert notice any reserve on his part. But we must remember that a person who thinks and does so much for others is less likely to talk about himself than a selfish person is."

The Reverend Cyprian found the object of these remarks regaling himself with "real tea" in a small room, apart.

"You have not come up to the Rectory to spend a friendly evening with me yet," he said.

"You have not called upon me, I think," Mr. Lane replied, with a quaint smile.

"But you are not waiting for that, I know. How could I have the face to go and leave cards at the Abbey when I know you are at the school? I would have dropped in often after even-song, though, only I have seen you walk out of church as if you wished to be alone."

The reader should understand that matters were undergoing rapid changes in the mother parish of Pedlington. A surpliced choir and choral services had been organized by the new rector; and Mr. Lane now generally availed himself of the daily evening service to spend twenty-five minutes in devotion after his day's work. Mr. Key was waiting till a friend of his own should be at

liberty to join him, and as yet had no permanent assistance in his parish work, which was very severe; so that both had the same excuse of fatigue to plead.

"The fact is," Mr. Lane continued, "I am generally so weary of an evening that I am fit society for no one but myself. I revive a little after midnight, and my best hours are the small hours of the morning, which I must spend alone, as all the world is asleep then."

"Would it not rest your mind of an evening," Key asked, "to have some one to talk to? I quite long sometimes to hurry out of church after you and come over to your rooms for an hour."

"Then pray do so in future, or rather I will wait in the nave for you when I am going to be alone and at leisure. You know I have the English composition class twice a week at my den of an evening."

"When one is alone," urged Key, returning to that subject, "one thinks. There is so much to think about! And nothing fatigues the mind so much as solitary thinking."

"I seldom *think*," Mr. Lane rejoined. "I *muse*. Except in the face of a difficulty; and then thinking seldom helps me out of it."

Now Mr. Key's deep-set gray eyes glistened with delight, and he showed all his splendid white teeth triumphantly. "Ah!" he exclaimed. "This is what *Protestantism*, and your so-called *liberalism*, have brought you to."

"How so?" Mr. Lane asked, quite pleased with the other's enthusiasm, and smiling at his warmth.

"You liberals," explained the Catholic, "expect to think your own way out of a difficulty, like a solitary swimmer trying to save himself. But you have no land in view—*no land*, my friend." And again he showed his teeth in triumph.

"I beg your pardon," the other replied, thoughtfully. "When I am in a practical difficulty, the land which I have in view is the right thing to be done—right, in short. If the difficulty is an intellectual one, I have the truth in view. But being able to do right, or to find truth, is another thing. You may have land in view, and not be able to reach it."

"But what land is there without boundaries?" urged the divine. "And how can there be any rule of Right or any Truth, except within the limits of Sound Doctrine?"

"What is sound doctrine?" the layman asked, quite sincerely.

"What is truth?" quoth Pontius Pilate," replied the parson. "But to answer you as the time serves, Sound Doctrine is the coastline of Right and Truth. All beyond it is deep sea, and full of dangers."

"I shall be sincerely glad to make a land-



fall in your company, at a more convenient season," said the shipwrecked mariner, smiling gravely. And at that moment a deputation of ladies came to carry the reverend pilot off to the piano, while the other remained alone, helping himself to another cup of tea, and musing upon what had been said, wondering at the boldness and assurance of the youthful divine.

Although for argument's sake he had admitted the terms "Protestant" and "liberal," really his own mind was moving slowly but surely in the direction indicated by Key. Liberty of thought was assuming in his eyes the guise of license. The moral limits to this liberty seemed to recede farther and farther into space. It might and did lead men to infidelity and despair. He yearned for some repose from its fluctuations, some authority for Truth, some absolute Right.

That such are to be found by every man for himself in the sacred records Mr. Lane no longer believed. Upon that assertion arose an indiscriminate conflict of creeds. Catholic, Calvinist, and Unitarian each finds his truth there. All three can not be *the truth*, as all differ. How is an inquirer to choose, unless one can show his *authority*, the others none?

To a man's mind traveling over the disputed ground in this way evidence is not wanting of a commission given to a certain Body, and a promise that *it* should be guided into all spiritual truth, and that the truth should abide with *it* forever. He also finds on record warnings against usurpation of the authority vested in this Body or Church. Such was the case at the present time with Mr. Lane. That truth should be manifold or elastic was an idea wholly incompatible with the temper of his mind.

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The rustle of a silken dress broke his reverie. Lifting up his fiery dark eyes, they encountered eyes of heavenly blue. A beatific vision indeed! Light, life, love. Light to the darkened heart. Life, warm, palpitating, generous life, to that living death, that hopeless brooding on "the days that are no more." Love, young, fresh, fair, and sweet, at whose very approach the heart's ice breaks up and melts, and living fountains gush forth to fertilize the arid soil. Love knocking at the door of a weary, solitary heart; standing humbly without, a suppliant, waiting for admittance. And love in what form, what guise? The ideal of a lifetime become real. Every element of beauty, grace, and sweetness fused into one masterpiece. The absolute climax of nature's handiwork. The lily and rose wedded in human form, with sapphire windows to the longing soul within, and crowned as Queen of Beauty with a diadem of fleecy gold.

Shall the heart of a man bar its adamantine doors, and stop its ears with wax, that it hear not the beating of those gentle fingers without, and suffuse itself with its own darkness, and burrow deep down into the cold arid earth, and there grovel for death, dark death, the final pang, the parting throe, to end its loveless agony?

We must leave Mr. Lane's course of action in this trying emergence "to develop itself," as the newspaper writers say, in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### LOOKING NICE.

WE left Mr. Lane disturbed as to his reverie by the rustle of a silken dress. His mind had been occupied with one of those great vexed questions which have agitated the intellectual world at least from the days of Wycliffe till now. Who shall say how much of this mental fermentation is not a mere anodyne instinctively sought and eagerly drunk to allay the craving of empty hearts? Such a proposition is far too profound to be more than delicately hinted at in the progress of our narrative. Suffice it to say that, meeting the gentle, hesitating gaze of a pair of deep blue eyes, Mr. Lane's dark splendid eyes were suffused with a light which is not that of the intellect, and in his heart arose a gentle murmur which stilled the thunders of polemic controversy.

The young lady was blushing, not unnaturally, at finding herself quite unsupported, and apparently intruding upon the solitude of a grave gentleman, who sought the seclusion of this deserted room, and solaced his weary soul with tea. A slight tremor passed over her lips, as though she would fain have excused herself for being there. Yet such an excuse, if spoken, would have been the mere shadow of a conventionalism; for she felt, and trembled all over at that sense, that her very presence was a joy to this man.

Janet's dress was of black gauze over some thin black silk. Her only ornaments were a rude necklacé and crucifix of Irish bogwood, and two hair-pins or skewers of the same fabric. "*Simplex munditiis*." This simplicity was not devoid of art. And if my fair reader will recall the image of some surpassingly fair and lovely girl (perchance herself) attired in such a robe of subdued black, her memory will supply my lack of descriptive power. The cumbrous dull black beads, too, aided in setting off her small round neck and white bosom. The large black knobs of the pins also appeared to nestle furtively amidst the clusters of glistening hair, which, densely massed behind, and growing low on her forehead, sat like a crown of fretted gold and amber upon her dainty head.

As her eyelids fell before his glance he



noticed for the first time how her dark, delicate eyebrows contrasted with the fair skin and golden hair, and how the lids of those eloquent eyes were fringed with long dark lashes.

It was a silent *tête-à-tête*. Neither he nor she uttered a syllable. Nor did he attempt to rise and offer her a seat. Nor did she expect him to do so. Nor was she conscious of any embarrassment in this silence. Following or urged by some blind impulse, she had sought him thus. During all those hours which had intervened since her conversation with Frank at his toilet one idea had possessed her mind: it was that Mr. Lane's heart was void and sad, and that she would command his admiration, and so win the right to fill and solace it.

I challenge any fair criticism to denounce this idea, to asperse this resolution of hers. The idea was founded in purest charity. The resolution was entirely noble and self-sacrificing. This man before whom she stood trembling, waiting for his heart to pronounce her sentence, had nothing which the world covets to bestow upon her—neither fame nor position, rank nor wealth. Only she thought him one of nature's true nobility, sad because of manifold bitter experiences, and because of the sadness which will sink into all noble souls as they study and strive with the evil which prevails around them. Moreover, she thought, and wisely thought, that such strong natures, capable of so great devotion to the interests of others, are also profoundly tender, and desire (even though they know it not) both to give and to receive an amplitude of love which feebler souls can not fathom. To supply this great want to the man before her—this man whom she already esteemed great in all but the world's recognition—to help him with her love, with her whole soul, and even with her little fortune, if such petty aid would be accepted, to march triumphant over all obstacles, to attain the summit of human success, and, far above all this, to be happy, was her desire. And with her to desire strongly was to resolve.

So there she stood, a sweet, silent suppliant, with downcast lids and palpitating breast, waiting to know whether her beauty and devotion were enough, to hear from his lips or see in his eyes a token of approval, of acceptance.

But he remained silent, toying with his tea-spoon, and looking up at her, half dazzled by her beauty, half saddened by his own seclusion, his own doom of living or dying unblest with such a bride, unable to receive so bounteous a gift.

Then Nelly came fluttering in, a little fleecy cloud of white tulle and sky-blue ribbons, seeking Janet, she said, and surprised to find Mr. Lane there. But as she had found him, she would tell him how Frank

had been disparaging her. And, after all, she was Janet's favorite sister, and knew that Mr. Lane did not quite detest or despise her. Thus the sly damsel implied a superior regard on his part for Janet, and believed in her heart that the grave man loved her peculiar sister, though she thought him too proud and solemn to acknowledge himself a captive in Love's triumph. Pretending not to understand her brother's French, she asked Mr. Lane to explain "*bien vue*," and he, supposing that she must understand it, replied, evasively, that it was something men cared a great deal too much about. He couldn't answer for the fair sex, but fancied vaguely that Mrs. Grundy was even more terrible to them.

"I don't think *I* care much about her," said Janet.

Looking at her again, Mr. Lane saw in her eye a flash of defiance, and recognizing that she had indeed the very courage in which he thought most of her sex to be deficient, admired this doubtful quality in her who already seemed so admirable. But again he refrained from addressing her, and asked why Frank was so severe upon Nelly, who replied, penitently, that she was denounced as a flirt.

"You never flirt with me," said Mr. Lane, simply.

"And am I *bien vue* with you?" she asked.

"It seems to me that you are so with every one," he answered, vaguely.

"And not *me*?" asked Janet, piqued into attracting some little attention to herself, and wholly regardless of grammatical proprieties.

"But *you* are indifferent on the subject," he answered, renewing that glance of approval with which he had greeted her defiance of Dame Grundy.

It was evident to him, though Janet had many admirers, and was, indeed, destined to have more devotees among the ruder sex than Nelly, that the latter young lady was already the favorite among ladies. And he knew that those who are careless of pleasing seldom become popular.

But this thought, isolating Janet, as it were, from the rest of the world, or rather from her natural allies, seemed to set her apart for him. Again he regarded her, unconsciously recognizing in his expression her singular beauty. A portion of his satisfaction escaped in this unguarded moment, and penetrated to Janet's heart, which thrilled with delight. Her face kindled anew with conscious victory. The little pearly teeth glistened between the opening lips. Under the long dark lashes again the blue lights flashed, and through those windows Mr. Lane saw clearly the joy within her.

"I don't care whether *they* like me or not," she said.

They looked at each other silently again; and it must be admitted, though he paid her



no spoken compliment, nor even uttered a word of approval, that his eyes expressed the admiration which welled up from all the secret and suppressed sources of his nature. Nelly watched them curiously meanwhile; and Mr. Lane, recovering himself as if from some ecstasy, and rising from his chair, asked if they should return to the drawing-room, which they at once proceeded to do.

The Reverend Cyprian was singing a wild song, fraught with melancholy. It was Schubert's *Wanderer*. Janet felt rather than saw that the shadow of sadness had again fallen upon Mr. Lane. She thought of a mysterious phrase which Albert had recently used when speaking to her about Mr. Lane. It was something about experiences unlike those of other men having in all likelihood been the cause of his peculiarity. She had been indignant at the time, not thinking Albert worthy to discuss one so greatly his superior. But her own generous sympathy for him told her own heart that she did really hold Mr. Lane more needful of sympathy than other men, and did consider his experience both past and present as setting him apart, in a measure, from his fellows.

Being now called upon to take her turn at the piano, which Janet sincerely dreaded, though knowing it inevitable, she passed over all those classical sonatas, fugues, and symphonies which alone were deemed worthy of Mr. Key's attention, and selected *Home, sweet Home*. Simple Janet! She knew this air to be a favorite with Mr. Lane, and little thought how terrible to his severe taste her Thalbergian version of it might be. She thought to charm away his melancholy; and he stood by her, like a warrior under fire. As she descended toward the end of the second page, a swarthy, sinewy hand, scarred with two old cuts, passed from her left side above the music, and turned the leaf. She knew the "old hand," as she called it to herself. Well she knew the two ancient scars, which looked as if they might have been inflicted while it was still uncertain whether her spirit was to be accommodated with its present fair tabernacle or with some lump of hoydenish clay. He was at her side, listening to, admiring, perhaps loving her. There is something quaint and almost sad in her romantic worship of this grave man who was neither rich, noble, famous, handsome, nor young. At least two other men, at this very moment in the room, would give their right hands for one such look as she had just lavished on Mr. Lane. As Frank truly said, there was no alliance to which she might not aspire. Rich, young, coy as a March snow-flake, accomplished, not ill-bred, and surpassingly beautiful, she seemed as if cunningly contrived by art and nature only to be seen and loved. Yet she aspired to nothing but that brown, sinewy

"old hand," and the heart which she knew would be given unreservedly before it ever would clasp a woman to his breast.

She played on, as in a dream. But the music, such as it was, required not only all her skill but close attention, for a wizard's pen had transformed the homely ballad into bewildering mazes and tortuous zigzag staircases, in the rapid descent of one of which the fair pianiste stumbled and—broke down.

"Bravo!" cried Captain Fuller, coming gallantly to the rescue. "Capit'ly executed, 'pon my word! Awfully difficult thing! Every body who plays it goes a cropper there. Arabella Goddard did once at St. James's Hall. It's inevitable."

Mr. Key also urged her pleasantly to renewed efforts; and Mr. Lane said, quietly, "Come, *you* don't care what they think about you." So the young lady again plunged into the vortex, and came out at the grand *finale* with considerable *éclat*.

"Really," said Miss Lyte to her hostess, "an ill-natured person might think Janet had failed intentionally. It attracts so much sympathy from the gentlemen."

And Mrs. Browne replied, smiling, but with a little sigh, "She cares too little what most people think about her; but I *am* surprised at her not taking more pains when Mr. Lane was listening."

"Is he a severe critic, then?" the guest inquired.

"No; but we *all* like to be *au mieux* before Mr. Lane." And Mrs. Browne emphasized the word "all," as if she would imply that what was true of them all was especially true of Janet in this instance.

Shortly afterward Miss Lyte was conversing with her old acquaintance, Captain Fuller, and asking him about Watermead and the various members of his family, when she turned upon him suddenly, and said, "Does not Mr. Lane remind you a little of one who used to be a friend of yours in old days?"

"Yes," he replied, speaking in a lower tone than usual, but with much warmth; "very much, and very often, of one of the truest friends and best fellows I ever knew."

"Still?" she inquired, in a scarcely audible murmur, but looking at him more intently.

"Still and always," he replied, returning her look steadily. "But I see much less of Lane than I could wish, for I was not here in his vacation; and he lives so far from the dépôt, and is always so heavily engaged, that one can seldom get hold of him."

"Is he very gay, then?" the lady asked. She seemed to take a peculiar interest in Mr. Lane.

"Oh no," said Fuller; "he seldom goes out to parties, even to houses where he is quite at home. I mean heavily engaged with his various kinds of work and the serv-



ices he is always rendering to some one or other. He has only dined once at the barracks; and two or three times, when I have looked him up of an evening, I have found him so tired and preoccupied that the only friendly thing to be done was to go away and leave him to his solitary pipe."

"Does he smoke much?" the lady asked.

"Never has a pipe out of his mouth when he is alone."

Again turning suddenly upon the captain, and using the name by which she had been wont to call him in boyhood, Miss Lyte said, "Robert, which of those two pretty girls do *you* admire?" And so saying, she indicated Janet and Nelly with a glance.

The gentleman only turned his eyes for a moment toward Janet, lowered them to Miss Lyte's face, and then to the ground.

"I thought so," she murmured. "And Janet?"

Again the gallant soldier raised his eyes; but this time turned them in the direction of Mr. Lane, who appeared to have fallen an unwilling captive into the snares of an intellectual young lady.

"These *are* revelations!" said Miss Lyte, although Captain Fuller had uttered not a word in answer to her last two questions. Then she asked, abruptly, "When are you going to join your new regiment in India?"

And he answered, "I might as well go to-morrow as to stay here for twenty years."

When Mr. Lane came to bid his hostess good-night, he started imperceptibly at the sight of this benevolent lady who had shown so much interest in him. He had entirely forgotten her presence, but managed to conceal his emotion, and to make her a stately bow, again regarding her with that calm scrutiny which caused her to feel that he could read her thoughts without betraying his own.

Nelly and Janet each gave him a hand at the drawing-room door. What harm could there be in gazing at flowers? And if one blossom be divinely beautiful and of subtlest fragrance, is danger lurking among its rosy petals? Must the beholder shun that which is so fair, so sweet—reject that which offers to satisfy all the occult yearnings of a hungry soul? Strangely near to happiness a man is perhaps drawn when it is about to pass forever out of his reach. A verdant glen, watered with crystal fountains; the air filled with the cooing of doves and soft whispering of trembling leaves; the ground a very couch of yielding moss: such an oasis hovers for a few brief moments in the mirage of the mind, and swiftly disappears, when before, behind, and all around the wayfarer, parched and weary, extend the arid sands of life, the homeless, trackless desert.

As Mr. Lane took this fair girl's hand in his, strong Love overbore him. In his heart he yielded. He desired her with unuttera-

ble longing. He told himself that it was so. And this admission was their doom of separation.

\* \* \* \* \*

Janet went up to her room and locked the door. Out came the big black hair-pins, and down came the golden canopy of tresses. Again the gentle girl sat alone before her mirror, seeing herself only, and herself as she now trusted she seemed in the eyes of one other. "He does admire me," she murmured softly to herself; "he does care for me." And again, as all the various objections to these two propositions rose and were disposed of by recent evidence, she insisted to herself, "He *does* admire me; he *does* care for me."

That which had been to her formerly a source of grief and humiliation now began to give her exquisite delight: that he had often been to the house, but seldom spoken to her singly, or appeared to take much notice of *her*, though to others he could talk without reserve. Even to-night he had paid her no compliment. "And yet—and yet," she thought, "I could see in his eyes what he would not say. It came there in his own despite; I know it did. And he was standing close by my side, and felt for me, and understood what a dreadful thing it was to break down like that when *he* was looking on."

Over the shame, despair, and struggle of that terrible moment her mind ran back with dramatic vividness, and over the victory, the joy which had succeeded to the anguish. Looking defiantly at her own pretty reflection in the glass, she said, "I don't care. I *shall* break down 'f I like." And she nodded defiance at her double.

Then her thought ran on in the former groove. "Why is he always so strangely reserved in his manner to me? And why *won't* he ask me for his poor dear old gamp? Frank says he is too proud to marry a girl with money, because he is poor. And I say he is too brave to flirt, or even to encourage poor little me, if he does not intend to marry. But he might take just a little more notice, and be a little kind, especially when I look particularly nice, without exactly flirting. Perhaps—perhaps—" And the maiden peered through the fleecy tresses which veiled her face, and smiled at her semblance in the glass; for Hope told a flattering tale. "Perhaps he thinks me very pretty indeed, and if he were to take much notice he might begin to grow fond of me. Perhaps already he finds that he cares for me a little, or more than a little. Perhaps he is afraid that he should find out he *loves* me some fine day."

With jealousy of any living rival Janet was not troubled. She felt quite sure that he had looked with favor on no other girl in Pedlington. "He is not a man of many fan-



cies," she thought. "When *he* loves, it will be once and forever."

From childhood her whim had been to love some maiden knight—to win a lover who should love for the first time in loving her. For wealth or station she cared little. A man of innate nobility was her ideal. The more mature in years he might be, the greater her triumph would be, as resistance to love would have grown part of such a man's nature. To her apprehension Mr. Lane had embodied this visionary hero at their first meeting on the river. All subsequent acquaintance and report had confirmed the truth of her divination.

Now for a moment a cruel pang shot across the joy which filled her heart. She remembered the profound sadness of Mr. Lane's face, clouding all too soon the look of admiration which he could not control. Could the interpretation to this lie in that strange phrase which he made use of when refusing to dine here to-day, "An old engagement holds me?" No, no; he meant no more than he said. He was unable to come to dinner, because he had promised to go and teach those poor dirty creatures at the Ragged School.

"Could he *have loved* once and forever?" Her wish was father to the thought which answered this question. "No; he had never loved. That heart was too lofty. No woman had conquered it. But I, poor little *me*, whom he *does* admire, whom he *does* care for already, I will climb up into it, and dwell there, and be at rest."

At length Janet took Mr. Lane's large green gingham *umbra* out of her cupboard, laid it gently on the floor, and stepped over it into bed. This was her little allegory. She called it the threshold of his heart.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### POPERY.

ON the day after Mrs. Browne's party Mr. Lane left two cards at the house, one for the hostess and one for Miss Lyte, after which for the remainder of the school half year he avoided that part of the town; and Martin vainly endeavored to divert his tutor's attention from the classics to social æsthetics. Mr. Browne's house, too, was situated in a pleasant quarter, or rather suburb, of the town, lying in wait with its three pretty green doors (one for the office, one for the house, and one for the kitchen), and their bright little brass knockers representing Cupids, to catch bucolical clients, or rustic hearts, or country vegetables and dairy produce, as the case might be. The front of the house, which gave immediately on to the foot-path, was closely curtained from profane eyes, like the ladies' apartments in a Turkish palace. Even in summer, when it might

be conjectured that the windows were open, so that a glimpse of the interior would have been possible from without, this was jealously obstructed by projecting sun-shade blinds, reinforced with Venetian shutters, which in their turn were supported by diaphanous drapery of virgin white. At the back of this enchanted castle, commanded by the bay-windows of the little morning-room and of sundry bowers sacred to maiden occupancy, was a charming little garden, like a pre-Raphaelite picture, or, the quadrangle of a Moorish house. It was long, narrow, exquisitely kept, with a lawn like green Genoa velvet, a path like majolica porcelain, flower beds like the pattern on a new Brussels carpet (only brighter), an acacia-tree like one in the foreground of a Watteau picture, a fernery in the corner, a pear-tree at the end, and all inclosed with a high red brick wall geometrically decorated with cherry, greengage, apricot, and peach trees. But neither Watteau, Millais, nor Mulready could have done justice to the group which formed the life of this charming picture when Mr. Browne and his quiver of arrows were dotted about the lawn on a still summer evening, or when the tea-table was laid under the acacia, and only a favored guest or two were admitted to the simple festivity.

Also at this approach to Pedlington a skillful nursery-man and florist exhibited his seductive wares. Thither Mr. Lane had been wont to resort for the purchase and exchange of roots, bulbs, and what not, for he was cunning in the cultivation of early tulips, hyacinths, and the rarer orchids; and though pursuing the art of floriculture himself only on the smallest scale, found many occasions for visiting Mr. Burgeon's greenhouses and forcing sheds. It happened also that Janet Browne had a whimsical fancy for the florist, whose acquaintance she cultivated with more skill than her flowers, which were perpetually suffering from blight, mildew, or other infirmity, and exhibited a general tendency to leave off blossoming as soon as she had arranged them nicely on her window-sill and begun to enjoy their luxuriance.

Even now, when cruel winter chilled with its icy breath the produce of field and garden, Janet would pervade the domain of Mr. Burgeon, half sad, half sanguine. She *would* have a crimson camellia. She liked to wear a bud of that plant in her black crape bonnet. Janet detested your French make-believe flowers. We might just as well have painted wooden pears and peaches for dessert, and blown egg-shells for breakfast, she said, as sham flowers for ornament. But then *her* camellia chronically displayed that infirmity about blossoming, and had to be changed, and Mr. Burgeon was "a dear old thing," and so good-natured! So she went again and again, each time getting a





"THIS NOBLE FERN WAS PROCURED AT NO SLIGHT COST."

plant full of bud and promise in exchange for her denuded one. But only Nelly knew that the little green sprig which Janet wore in bosom or bonnet with her crimson flower was daintily cut from her own *Osmunda Regalia*, and that this noble fern was procured at no slight cost of wheedling and entreaty from the obdurate Burgeon, who had taken it from a gentleman in exchange for a valuable Brazilian orchis, the *Osmunda Regalia* being almost as rare in Kent as the Black Swan.

Yet no trace of the gentleman in question could she discern at Burgeon's, though many

a time she would look wistfully back as she left that resort, or in vain hasten her steps as she went thither. She abstracted that mute card which he had left for Mrs. Browne from the *papier-maché* tray. It bore in a corner a legend (in manuscript), "The Abbey." Not that there was any occasion to tell Janet where he lived. But she liked the scrap of his handwriting, and somehow with it in her hand felt nearer to him in his solitude. And she too was alone. When you have set your heart upon one person, and given its treasure to him, you are alone without him, though all the world is around you.



Alone without him even when he *can* not come: how much more so when he *will* not; when day succeeds to day, and each day of hope deferred is followed by a night of heart-sickness! Albert had given his three days' notice to Janet, and abandoned the early walk now. He would go with her no longer. Some suspicion was preying upon Albert's cloudy, mystical spirit. At first she pitied him, and tried to comfort him. But soon an instinct whispered to her that he suspected and dreaded the man whom she loved. So poor Albert became odious to her. Comfort *him*? *He* was tormenting *her* with his timorous, ominous face. She became so nervously affected by Albert's silent doubts that his presence grew almost insupportable to her. She shuddered if by chance he touched her. And yet poor Albert loved her honestly and tenderly, and would have borne some slight suffering willingly to do her service. But this mental torture was horrible, and did her no service. Albert would have gone to Mr. Lane and spoken his mind frankly if he had only dared. Once he tried to resolve. But it was beyond his strength. He dreaded Mr. Lane too much to confront him with a declared suspicion. Not that he thought the man would actually set upon him and do him a bodily harm. He could not define his fears, but acknowledged to himself that he dared not do this thing.

One morning Janet desperately set out for her walk alone. A keen wind was blowing from the north, and before she had gone many yards she was struggling with the blast and a pelting storm of hail. Poor Janet had no umbrella with her, and probably could not have held one over her if she had. She kept on her way bravely, right down the High Street, where two or three clerks or shop-men, wrestling through the wind and sleet to their early labors, encountered her, and turned, wondering at her. She was too fragile, too elegant, and, in the passing glimpse they caught of her, too beautiful to be out alone at such an hour and in such weather. But on she went, heedless of their looks, their wonder, their pity. For the sympathy of one only she cared; and as she turned out of the broad street to follow the terrace which skirted the cliff, that man came in her footsteps down the High Street, but turned in the other direction down Corn Lane toward the school. So she battled on alone, with the storm and the solitude within her and without, and made her lonely circuit, and reached home wet, weary, and too late for breakfast. But Mr. Lane had discontinued his practice of taking the cliff road to the school, and, as we have seen, had gone to his daily work by the other route.

On the Saturday afternoon which followed the Tuesday of Mrs. Browne's party Mr. Lane

walked up to the Rectory before dusk, and found the Reverend Cyprian putting the final touches to his sermon. The parsonage was a large costly house, the new rector a small and very thrifty man. He occupied the library only, which served him as a study, and his invalid sister who kept house for him as a reception-room. The divine's corner was parted from the larger area of the apartment by a folding screen. An air of mediæval religion pervaded his section. A large colored transparency covered the window, and was lit from without by a last level ray of the setting sun. In the centre, against a sky of Syrian blue, sat the Blessed Virgin, represented as a young and beautiful girl, under a lofty vine-twined canopy. She appeared rapt in contemplation; on either side of her stood a white lily and a distaff, and written underneath, "EGO FLOS CAMPI, ET LILIUM CONVALLIUM." Mr. Key worked at a table in a recess, lit by a wax taper in a brass candlestick. In another recess a colored statuette of the Virgin Mother and Infant Saviour stood, and above this hung a veiled crucifix between two very tall candles.

The ecclesiastic was delighted at Mr. Lane's friendly intrusion. And though his manner was light and joyous, his keen eyes detected that shadow of suffering never long absent from Mr. Lane's face when in repose, and which certainly had darkened during the last few days.

"How jolly of you to come!" he said. "Do you know I have been afraid to come to you? I am ridiculously timid, and you are such a formidable man. And then I know I was impudent to you the other night. I called you a radical. But you have forgiven me, have you not?"

"If you talk about timidity and forgiveness I shall get nervous too," said Mr. Lane, "because I *may* offend you before long. And I should not come to you if I thought you censorious. But excuse me. I want to look at this book."

Whereupon Mr. Lane affected to read, in order to give his host time to finish the homily upon which he was engaged. Presently, hearing a movement behind the screen, he went forward, and found the lady of the house there, with whom he conversed quietly till her brother appeared.

"Now what shall we have?" said the Reverend Cyprian, who offered music to a friend as naturally as a farmer would offer his guest meat and drink—"something racy?" And he looked at Mr. Lane with a peculiar expression of interest; then, without waiting for an answer, addressed his sister. "Agnes, my dear," he said, "you two look sad." And sitting down at the piano, he played the music of *The Vale of Rest*.

"Again, Cyprian, and again," she said, when he left off. So he complied with her request. Then, wheeling round on the stool,



he looked fixedly at Mr. Lane, who for some reason did not seem as self-possessed this evening as he usually did.

Mr. Key still looking at him with those insatiable inquiring gray eyes, Mr. Lane returned the look sadly, and, unable to repress a sigh, said, "'It hath a dying fall.'"

"Yes, that is just it," Key replied, nodding his head in agreement with what was said, but in some slight depreciation of the music. Then walking silently behind his screen to a harmonium, he struck out the grand old music of the *Dies Irae*, now and again bursting into song as the spirit of the hymn stirred the chords within him. Miss Key trembled and shed tears. She was evidently too weak and sensitive to bear it without excessive emotion, or else she was one of those whose emotions lie so near the surface as to be ever running over. But Mr. Lane thought the former to be her case.

He rose and stirred the fire, seeing that the lady shivered, and asking her to rise, moved her chair nearer to it. Then, as he stood with an elbow on one end of the mantel-piece, Key joined them, and said to Mr. Lane, "How weary you look! You seem to have grown older since I saw you last."

"The holidays are not far off," Mr. Lane replied.

"Where do you intend to spend them?" Key asked.

"The first fortnight or three weeks in my den," said Mr. Lane. "After that I am going to Oxford. I suppose you know my time here has drawn to a close?"

"No, I did not," Key answered. "But if you think an English degree worth having in addition to your German ones, I am glad to hear that you are able to go up at once, and that you have chosen Oxford. I am a Cambridge man, but I must admit there is more vital religion and more vivid intellectual life at Oxford. I trust it will not always be so."

"You have done a good honest stroke of work here," the parson resumed, after a pause. "I find that a thoroughly healthy, vigorous tone prevails among the boys, and the school is well set upon its legs. Besides which, Phelps is a host in himself. You know he and I were school-fellows. I always had the most profound respect for him."

As Mr. Lane remained silent, Mr. Key seemed to let his fancy wander to the past. His sister had just risen and left the room. He now spoke again: "For him, and for a great friend and rival of his at Harrow, one Bedford Lyte."

Still Mr. Lane stood, with one foot on the bar of the fender and one elbow on the end of the mantel-shelf, gazing into the fire with apparent abstraction.

"All the boys venerated them," Key continued. "We called them 'Gemini.' They were our gods, present, visible, obvious.

And, like Castor and Pollux at the Battle of the Lake, they fought the school's battle for us once together, coming unexpectedly on the scene when we were being worsted and some of us terribly mauled by a host of roughs. But the name 'Gemini' had a facetious *entendre* too, because they happened to be singularly unlike each other in externals. Phelps, as you know, is dark and thin, while poor Lyte had auburn hair and a very fair skin."

Again the parson stopped, and now looked curiously at the set, immovable lineaments and attitude of Mr. Lane, who still gazed steadfastly into the fire; but finding that the other paused, asked, "Why do you say 'poor Lyte?'"

"I will tell you presently," Key resumed. "But, do you know, I think that as a boy you must have singularly resembled Bedford Lyte. Another person would not think so, perhaps, because your beard is so enormously thick, and your whole expression so rigid. Pray excuse me. I don't mean to be rude. But I can feel, I know, that you have suffered much before your face and figure became what they are."

"He was a splendid fellow, a noble fellow, I do now believe, speaking in the sight of God, though he fell terribly, awfully. I fear the story told of him is substantially true. A young lady was abducted from his guardian's house, a sister of the Mr. George Baily who married the second Miss Browne—But why should I sicken you with a horrible story about a man whom you never heard of before?"

"Go on," said Mr. Lane, speaking gently, but with a tone of authority—"go on, Key. What have you heard?"

A strange question this! almost implying that this man was behind the scenes, and knew all, and desired to hear what account had been currently reported! The divine also noticed that his interlocutor called him "Key" in a familiar tone, as if they had been long acquainted. The large room, dimly lighted by the fitful flaring of the fire, seemed to reel. The form of this strange, stern man loomed larger than it actually was in the dubious light. A phantom dance of Phelps and Bedford Lyte and poor Eleanor Baily and Sir Thomas Balbry and this Mr. Lane, all involved in mystery and crime, careered through the parson's excited brain. He could have screamed aloud in the weird frenzy which took possession of his mind. But remembering his sacred calling, and that whatever might have happened, whatever revelation was to take place, he must now have a distinct part to play, a dignified position to maintain, he controlled himself with a strong effort, and went on with the story.

"The report is that after having the home, the only home, of his boyhood in Mr.



Baily's house, and having received much kindness from the old man, Lyte took this young lady (an only daughter) away from all the holy associations of her childhood, that he ruined her, and then deserted her. A more fearful story, Lane, I never repeated; but you have almost commanded me to go on."

"Pray go on," Mr. Lane urged, somewhat impatiently.

"A baronet, Sir Thomas Balbry, was mixed up in this affair, I do not know quite how, at first. But he perished. Some say that he tried to rescue the girl, and that Lyte murdered him. Others that Lyte killed him in a duel. I see little difference myself."

"Who say all this?" the man standing by the fire sternly asked, with difficulty repressing a movement of impatience, and forcing his words to come out calmly from between his fierce jaws. "Who say all this?" he repeated, for Key was too awestruck to talk glibly. At length the latter answered, slowly:

"Every one who dares breathe his name. But the facts are known, Lane. They are beyond dispute. The lady disappeared, and has never been seen since. The man is dead, and the baronetcy extinct. I think Mrs. George Baily, the poor girl's sister, is the only person in the secret, and so is likely to be the chief source of the report."

Now Mr. Lane turned his eyes directly on those of Mr. Key, and the divine was fascinated by his earnest, steadfast gaze.

"Do you remember," Mr. Lane asked, slowly, as if he were working out a problem in his own mind, and trying to recall half-forgotten circumstances—"do you remember the licking that Lyte gave that fellow at Harrow?"

Key was in a world of phantoms now. Past and present, fact and fancy, were confounding each other in his mind. Strange surmises started into being, and suddenly were gone, giving place to others.

"I do remember it," he replied, presently. "No one who saw it could forget it. I wish I could. I have never seen a fight since. There was something awful in the dogged persistence of Baily and in the cruel, ferocious severity of Lyte. The whole scene presents itself vividly to my imagination sometimes, when I have been hearing some dreadful story; and blood seems to dance before my eyes when I think of Balbry's death, and the fate of that poor girl."

A short pause ensued, after which Key asked, "But how can *you* know any thing about it?"

Mr. Lane, still keeping his eyes fixed on Key, and standing perfectly immovable, said, "I am Bedford Lyte."

The parson sat transfixed, with the palm of one hand on each thigh, staring at the other, and repeating his words like an automaton, "I am Bedford Lyte, I am Bedford Lyte."

He was utterly surprised and confounded by these few words. This man before him, this Mr. Lane, a master of the endowed Grammar School in the parish over which he had recently been placed, a man respected by parents and beloved by boys, had commanded Key's hearty admiration as one of those men who work their own way in the world, and who often attain to eminence in after-life owing to the maturity of mind and character attained in their laborious progress. He had recognized Lane as a gentleman at once, and recently Frank Browne had told him that their friend was of a good family, and not without what are called "expectations" in the future. But these facts did not unsettle his former opinion of Mr. Lane's present position or circumstances. He had either directly or indirectly been given to understand that his new friend had been educated in Germany, and had advanced himself to some professional dignity in the place of his pupilage before Phelps had offered him the mastership at Pedlington.

The ecclesiastic had also, as a school-boy at Harrow, known Bedford Lyte, and during four or five years of that enthusiastic portion of his life had been accustomed to regard that person as a hero. At school Phelps and Lyte, Castor and Pollux at one time, were Ajax and Hector at another. Their rivalry had been a contest of consummate interest to the armies of which they were the champions. While Key was still at school Lyte had left with a brilliant reputation, and was reckoned in prospect a Double-first at Oxford. Shortly afterward he dropped mysteriously out of his little world, and his place knew him no more. Time wore on. Key graduated at Cambridge, and was ordained to the curacy of a parish in the weald of Kent. There he formed an acquaintance with a family who had lived in Pedlington, and were on visiting terms both with the Brownes and with the late Captain Lyte, R.N. From this source he had heard how his old school-fellow had been disinherited by the captain, and how two of Mr. Browne's daughters had become heiresses. The rumor of Eleanor Baily's disgrace and Balbry's violent death also came to Mr. Key's ears, and the name of Bedford Lyte was connected with these horrors.

Now on a sudden he was called upon to make one man of these two men so wholly dissimilar in antecedents and repute, yet so like, for as he gazed at his companion, the brow and eyes of the boy Lyte became more manifest in those of Mr. Lane. Mr. Key also fancied that something familiar in Lane's manner of speaking had struck him from the first.

"A strange acquaintance!" he thought to himself, without as yet speaking, and then took himself to task for want of sympathy. "Not acquaintance merely," he continued:



"he was my friend once. Still he bears the image of my Maker, my Redeemer. This man has sinned and suffered. He has endured and labored. He has stumbled terribly, but not fallen. He is bruised and sore. My office shall succor him, and I will be his friend. Let the Levite pass on on the other side."

But the bell was now sounding for even-song, and the parson went his way, still leaving Mr. Lane by his friendly hearth. After an hour's absence he returned, and taking a Common Prayer book, opened it at the communion service, and read aloud from the rubric as follows: "If there be any who can not quiet his own conscience, but requireth further comfort or counsel, let him come to me and open his grief, that he may receive the benefit of absolution, together with ghostly counsel and advice, to the quieting of his conscience and the avoiding of all scruple and doubtfulness."

Closing the book, he looked earnestly at Mr. Lane, and said, "When does the school break up?"

"On the 17th."

"This is the 11th," pursued Key. "You might prepare yourself for the Sacrament of Penance before the 17th."

"Is it really a sacrament?" Mr. Lane asked.

"Assuredly."

Then Mr. Lane gently directed Key's at-

tention to a certain passage in the Church Catechism which states that there are "two sacraments only, as generally necessary to salvation."

"I did not say," added this astute theologian, "that penance was *generally* necessary. But oftentimes, I think. And always helpful in the solitude of the inner life."

Mr. Lane said nothing; so the divine resumed:

"The inner life is to many of us a dreary solitude, my friend. You have been fighting on bravely single-handed. But the enemy is legion."

"True," replied Mr. Lane, accepting Key's proffered hand, and closing his nervous fingers upon it with an iron grip—"true; but I must take time to think about it."

"Take time," the priest answered; "and pray that your judgment may be guided in this and all things. But however you decide, let you and me see much of each other in the vacation."

Then Mr. Key, having early duties on the Sunday, retired to rest. And Mr. Lane, returning without an umbrella through a pelting storm, sat down cold and wet by the dying embers of his fire. There he pondered deeply, and consumed tobacco moodily, till the dull gray Sabbath morning, ushered in with biting blasts and driving rain, dawned upon a world of conflict and controversy and remorse.

## PINE-BARRENS.

ABROAD upon the Barrens, the Florida Pine-Barrens,  
Where all the winds of heaven come to gambol wild and free,  
With none to watch their races save the flowers whose little faces  
Look up with wonder as they rush across from sea to sea.

Abroad upon the Barrens, how wide the mighty heavens!  
A thousand times more sky above than hangs o'er any town,  
For nothing breaks its clearness in the farness or the nearness,  
From zenith to horizon line far rounding bluely down.

Abroad upon the Barrens the Southern pine-tree ripens  
Its spicy cones in plummy green that swayeth soft on high;  
Not closely set in vistas like its sober Northern sisters,  
But each alone in feathery grace against the tropic sky.

Abroad upon the Barrens the saw-palmetto reddens  
The ground with arméd ranks that firm for centuries have stood;  
They kneel and pray to Heaven that their sins may be forgiven,  
Their long green knives in readiness, bold outlaws of the wood.

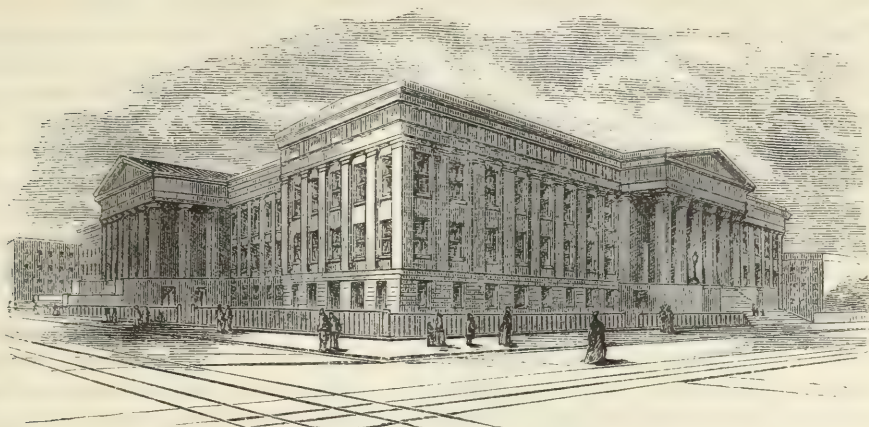
Abroad upon the Barrens the idle water glistens  
In little pools whose shallow sands shine silvery within;  
O happy pools! no duty do ye know save simple beauty;  
Ye care not for the harvest-time, ye neither toil nor spin.

Abroad upon the Barrens the care-worn soul awakens  
From brooding on the long hard paths its weary feet have trod;  
How little seem earth's sorrows, how far off the lost to-morrows,  
How broad and free the Barrens lie, how very near to God!



## THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE REPUBLIC.

[Second Paper.]



UNITED STATES PATENT-OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

## MECHANICAL PROGRESS.—I.

**I**T is no common century. Compared with its predecessors, it appears rather as a contrast than a development. It is not easy to state its relation to the past in terms of progression, since it may be said to have leaped into existence, and an adequate statement describes radical changes rather than evolution.

The search for the "lost arts" is an agreeable literary and scientific ramble, with nooks containing treasures which well reward the explorer; but one's eyes must be sadly out of focus if the distant, laborious ingenuities of remote ages are more distinct in the field of vision than the majestic works of the present. A locomotive is a more pregnant fact than a pyramid or a sculptured cavern. The subject is one to which it is not possible to do full justice, even in a volume, either by a general sketch or by particular instances. We purpose to take a rapid preliminary survey of the field of mechanical activity, and then to devote the principal portion of our space to details respecting a few prominent subjects, thereby enabling the reader to form a judgment from the sum of the parts, instead of a superficial estimate from a cursory glance at the multitudinous whole.

The inquiry, whether it proceed by a general survey or by investigation of detached portions, will reveal the following facts:

1. No nation has had exclusive concern in the production of any one class of inventions, and yet we need not go beyond the area of the English-speaking nations to make a thorough exhibit of the mechanical progress of the period under review.

2. Nations allied by ties of blood and similarities of tone, temper, taste, and opportunity develop in parallel lines which continually inosculate. This is well illustrated in the tools and methods of the machine-shop.

England and America are rich in coal and iron, have the same incentives to industry, and the machines of each are largely the growth of successive improvements from the respective nations, in each of which a host of inventors are laboring at the solution of the same problems.\*

3. Peculiar conditions of peoples, even of the same race, elicit distinct varieties of tools and methods. This diversity is exemplified in the appliances used in America for subduing the wilderness and cultivating lately cleared land, as compared with the husbandry implements of Britain.

Our people in the colonial period were generally engaged in husbandry, lumbering, trading, hunting, and fishing. The exports were grain, meat, naval stores, tobacco, and pelts. But few mechanic arts were carried on systematically, except ship-building. Carpentry, blacksmithing, and tanning were regular trades. In the cities other industries engaged attention, but in the country the clothes, hats, and shoes of the people and the harness of the horses were made by the people at their houses in the winter or in seasons of inclement weather.

There were some other industries in a few favored localities—some paper mills in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, some cloth mills at Boston and Germantown, Pennsylvania. Beaver hats were made in a few places; linen, at a settlement near Boston; glass was manufactured in Massachusetts and New Hampshire; the hand card, the spinning-wheel, and the loom constituted almost always a part of the furnishing of country houses.

The roads were bad, the equipages clum-

\* It is our purpose in this series to treat of *American* progress in the various fields of activity. But in this field of Mechanical Progress, as in some others, it is plainly impossible to exclude what has been accomplished by other nations.—ED. HARPER.



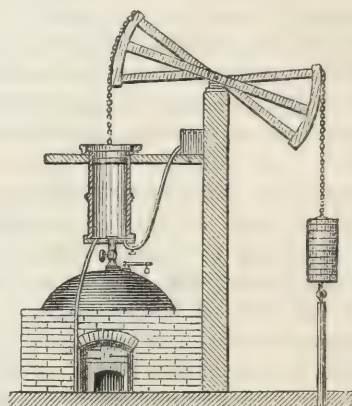
sy, as they were, indeed, in England at that time. Twenty-four gentlemen's carriages were owned in Philadelphia in 1761. Country squires and patricians rode in their coaches and four, or even six, when the journey was long or the season unpropitious. Postilions and outriders were the acme of style. Judge Reed, of Pennsylvania, imported a skillful "whip" for his four-in-hand. The country wagons and the agricultural implements were rude and ineffective. Carts, plows, and hoes were made by the country mechanic of such material as he could procure, little metal being used in either. Strips of iron made by hammering out old horseshoes were the facings of the wooden mould-boards of plows. The laws of England had rigorously maintained the dependence of the provinces, forbidding all important works in iron, and the war found the people unprepared to supply their sudden needs. The war was to a large degree fought by men in homespun and hunting shirts, armed with the frontiers-man's trusty rifle.

When peace rendered possible commercial and mechanical enterprise, a new era dawned. Many things which the colonists had cheerfully imported from the mother country began to be made at home, and many industries which had been repressed by law to keep the colonies subordinate and dependent began to be developed. In 1787 the first cotton mill in America was built at Beverly, Massachusetts. In 1789 Samuel Slater introduced the Arkwright system of mill spinning. The exportation of machinery from England was successfully prevented, and Slater was obliged to make the carding, drawing, roving, and spinning mechanism from memory. In 1783 Oliver Evans had introduced his improvements in grain mills, and a few years afterward his steam-engine—the first double-acting high-pressure steam-engine on record. In 1785 Rumsey, and in 1784 Fitch, had their boats on the Potomac and Delaware respectively. In 1787 Jacob Perkins had his nail-cutting machines and dies for coin. In 1793 Whitney's cotton-gin, and in 1797 Whittemore's card-sticking machine, came to the help of the cotton interest. Other inventions followed in rapid succession.

The progress above noted occurred within fifteen years after the treaty of peace. It is doubtful whether on the 4th of July, 1776, there were more than two steam-engines in the thirteen colonies, one at Passaic, New Jersey, the other in Philadelphia. The Newcomen engine was as yet only partially supplanted by the Watt, and offered but moderate inducements for any purpose except pumping water from copper and lead mines, whose rich ores paid for the wasteful use of wood or coal.

The great advance in machinery, and especially our own active part in it, is very re-

cent. Persons yet alive remember the first crossing of the Atlantic by a steamboat, the *Savannah*. Those yet in the prime of life recollect the opening of the first railway to passenger traffic. Horatio Allen drove the first locomotive which was imported. Thus the century under consideration, from a mechanical point of view, is most readily segregated from its predecessors. It is not saying too much to assert that at its commencement the coal of England was scarcely valued except for household uses. As to the coal of America, its extent and its utility were not even suspected. Machinery as yet was not. The steam-engine of Newcomen was pumping in some few mines in England. This engine condensed its steam in the cylinder beneath the piston, cooling the cylinder at each stroke, and using the condensation of the steam as a means of producing a partial vacuum, in order to obtain the value of the atmospheric pressure above the piston. The *duty* or valuable effect of the Newcomen engine in 1769 was



NEWCOMEN'S STEAM-ENGINE.

5,500,000 pounds of water raised one foot high by one bushel of Welsh coal. Watt's inventions were made between the years 1769 and 1784, and before the year 1800 the duty of the Cornish engine was quadrupled; by 1840 it was again quadrupled. Watt added to the steam-engine the *separate condenser* and the *air-pump*. By the former he avoided the cooling of the cylinder before each effective stroke of the piston; by the latter he made the vacuum more perfect. He subsequently made the additions of the *parallel motion*, of the *steam-jacket* to the cylinder, and of the *cylinder cover*, and made the steam act positively against the piston, instead of merely using it to produce a vacuum. Afterward he made the engine *double acting*, that is, used pressure of steam on the sides of the piston alternately; then he increased the strength of the parts, the rapidity of the stroke, and the pressure of the steam. Coal, the black slave, had been chained below from time immemorial, and Watt contrived a way of setting him to work. Up to this period there had been scarcely any progress; after



it hosts of inventions crowd upon the scene and clamor for notice. The Watt period inaugurates the century whose progress in the mechanic arts is under consideration.

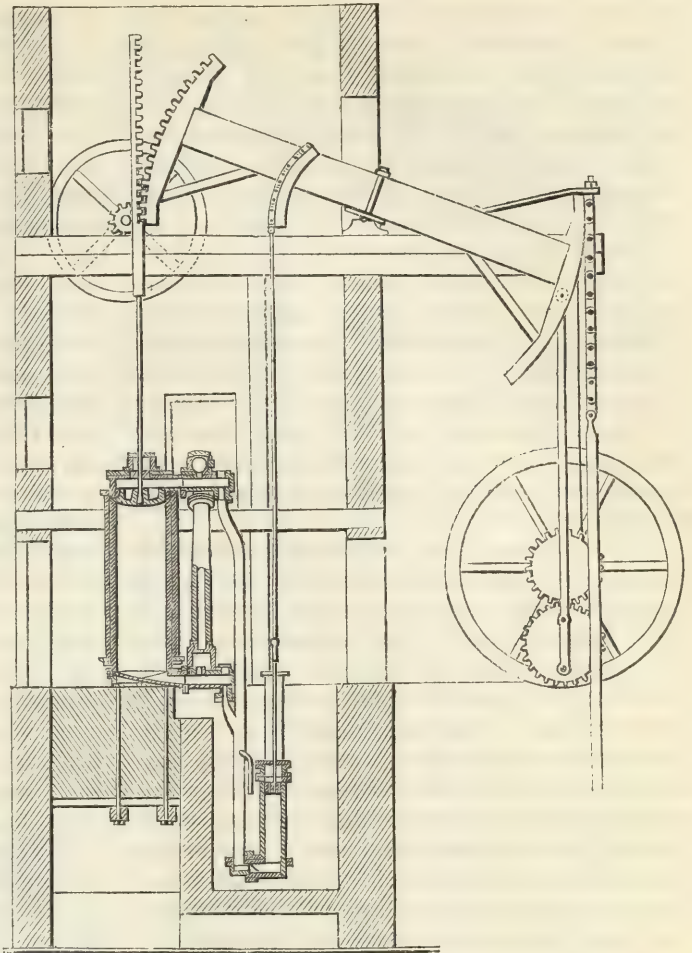
The utilization of coal in the production of steam for driving machinery is the turning-point in the history of mechanical evolution and development, and made possible improvements in various other directions.

If there had been no Watt, Smeaton, Arkwright, Hargreaves, Cartwright, Cort, Murdoch, Whitney, Trevethick, and Stephenson, the victory of Colonel Clive at Plassey might not have proved the precursor of the occupation of the whole of Hindostan. But for the machinery which by gradual accretions gave to England an increased power of production more than equivalent to the addition of a population equal to that of China to her industrial forces, the farther works of Clive, the victories of Hastings, Cornwallis, Wellesley, Napier, Hardinge, and Gough, would not have occurred, and in their places would have been mere raids or desultory expeditions, half commercial and half military, after the first burst of conquest and spoliation.

This accession of labor was in a shape more tense and patient than even the enduring Chinaman, for its muscles were of iron, its food could be dug from the earth, and when at last worn out, it could be worked over again, and had not to be boxed, labeled, and sent back to be deposited near the tablets of its ancestors.

The capacity of the steam-engines of England may be otherwise stated. It is estimated that the great Pyramid of Ghizeh occupied the labor of 100,000 men for twenty years in the erection alone. The steam-engines of England, worked by 36,000 men, would raise the same quantity of material to the same height in eighteen hours. Thus reckoning ten hours to the day, and three hundred working days to the year, three thousand pyramids might be erected by the steam-power of England in the period occupied by the builders of that of Ghizeh.

The multiplication, in the course of years, by fiftyfold of the working power of England caused such an enormous increase of material that privy councils, armies, and fleets vied with each other in explorations by sea and land. The Northwest Passage, which has a literature and a history of its own—a history exultant and yet sad—only meant a short road to India around one end



WATT'S DOUBLE-ACTING STEAM-ENGINE, 1769.

of that terribly long continent which barred Europe from sailing westward to Asia.

There is no more truthful accessible test of the comparative ingenuity of periods in a given country than the number of patents granted therein. Our national patent system has been in operation only since 1790, but that of England is much older. The following table gives the numbers of patents granted in decades for the two centuries.

Previous to 1790 patents were granted by individual States, as to Fulton, Fitch, Rumsey, Evans, and others.

Decade ending	England.	Decade ending	England.	United States.
1680	49	1780	297	....
1690	55	1790	512	....
1700	101	1800	675	306
1710	20	1810	936	1,086
1720	45	1820	1,125	1,748
1730	94	1830	1,533	2,986
1740	48	1840	2,710	5,488
1750	85	1850	4,666	5,942
1760	99	1860	25,201	23,140
1770	221	1870	35,079	79,612

The factory system is the growth of the century now closing. When Richard Arkwright was traveling over the hills of Lancashire, buying the tresses of the country lasses to make wigs, and Hargreaves was working at the rudimentary carding-machine, the artisans of the country worked each in his little shop. The wool-stapler dealt out his lots of wool to the carders and



spinners, who took it home and returned the agreed-upon quality and weight of yarn; to another set of workmen the yarn was apportioned for weaving; other tradesmen finished the work. The same practice prevailed with the hardware makers and ironmongers; the nailers of Wolverhampton, the artificers of Birmingham, the cutlers of Sheffield, the carpet-weavers of Axminster—each received at his house a quota of material such as he or his family could make up in a few days, and returned the finished work to his employer. It is easy to imagine how this may have been managed, for it is only within a comparatively few years that the business of boot and shoe making has been aggregated into factories and performed by machinery.

In the factory the labor-saving machines which have superseded the laborious hand operations are employed in great numbers with comparatively few attendants. The steam-engine, fed by coal and water, or the water-wheel, provides the power required, and the duty of the attendant is to supply the constantly recurring need for fresh materials, to mend breaks, or repair faults. Instead of being a mere fashioner of a piece at a time, the workman becomes a supervisor of nearly automatic machinery, whose appetite for material he is required to anticipate and satisfy, and whose occasional eccentricities it is his duty to correct.

The development of the cotton manufacture furnishes the best and perhaps earliest example of the factory system. Arkwright appears to have worked at his cotton machinery for several years, and in company with several partners, who successively furnished means and then tired of the project, before he erected the mill at Nottingham, which was worked by horse-power. This mill was erected in 1770; another one was established in 1771, in which the machinery was driven by a water-wheel. So new was the idea of employing other than hand or foot labor that his spinning-machine was long known as the "water-frame," and the product as the "water-twist." His other improvements were patented in 1775, and thus the century starts with Mr. Arkwright fresh upon the track, leading in a race the success of which has changed the aspect of our commercial and social systems.

Arkwright, in spite of fraudulent trespassers and expensive lawsuits, lived to see the perfect triumph of his ingenuity and sedulous care. His suits developed the conditions and situations which taxed the wisdom of the judges, and elicited the decisions and maxims that have given shape to the patent system of England and the United States. *Arkwright v. Nightingale*, the *King v. Arkwright*, are cases that form the "hard pan" of the Patent Law.

We shall see how well the facts of the

various branches of invention arrange themselves within the period we are considering—how the rank and file of inventions array themselves in battalions, brigades, divisions, on one side of the line chronological. Turn we to steam in its original form as a pumping engine, or to its subsequent duties as a transporting agent on water or on the land, or as a driver of machinery; or, if we look abroad to other lines of enterprise and industry—the manufacture of cotton and wool, the production and manufacture of iron, wood-working machinery, hydraulic engineering, the manufacture and applications of gas, electricity in its various forms and applications, the construction of instruments of measurement and precision, domestic machinery—we find that each group forms in regimental order within the bounds we have indicated.

This, though unexampled, was not fortuitous; the time was ripe. Yet there was but slight indication beforehand of the new departure. It was as if by a mysterious impulse all started at once, the utilization of the buried stores of coal by means of the Watt engine being the great fact of the new dispensation.

The field is too great to give even a brief account of each division, and a few must be selected as examples from which the general progress may be deduced.

#### AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

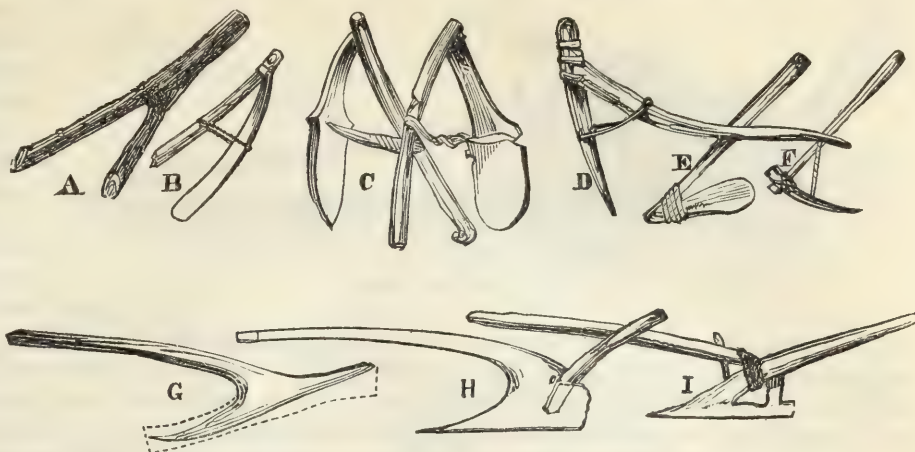
There is no apology needed for beginning our review with farming implements. However disinclined a citizen may be to blister his hands by chopping fire-wood or mauling rails, he freely admits the respectability of the employment and its ancient fame. Admitting, then, the precedence of the husbandman, we will first look at the principal agricultural tool—the plow.

This tool has never outgrown its resemblance to the forked limb which was first used as a hoe and then as a plow. With such tools as they could muster, men shaped the tough limbs and crotches of trees into implements. The forked piece (A) was trimmed and became the hoe (B), a thong binding the handle and blade portions to prevent their splitting apart. We give pictures (C) of two ancient Egyptian hoes now in the Berlin Museum. A similar one may be seen in the Abbott Museum, New York. Two suitable sticks (D) were notched and lashed together. Two other resources of a people destitute of metal are shown (E, F), one, of the South Sea Islanders, the blade made of a scapula, the other made of a walrus tooth on a handle. It is shown (G, H, I) how men made plows from similar materials; one limb formed the share, the other the beam; or (as in I) one the beam and the other the handle and sole, with a point which forms the share.



The actual change in the plow for more than thirty centuries has been but local. The greater part of the world uses a plow much like those pictured on the palaces of Thebes. Those used in our colonial period were a very slight departure from that pattern.

The plow was of wood; it was formed of pieces whose shape adapted them to become parts of the structure. The beam, standard, and handles—if the plow had two, which was not always the case—were of seasoned stuff; the mould-board was a block



THE ORIGIN OF THE HOE AND THE PLOW.

of wood which had a winding grain approximating the curve required.

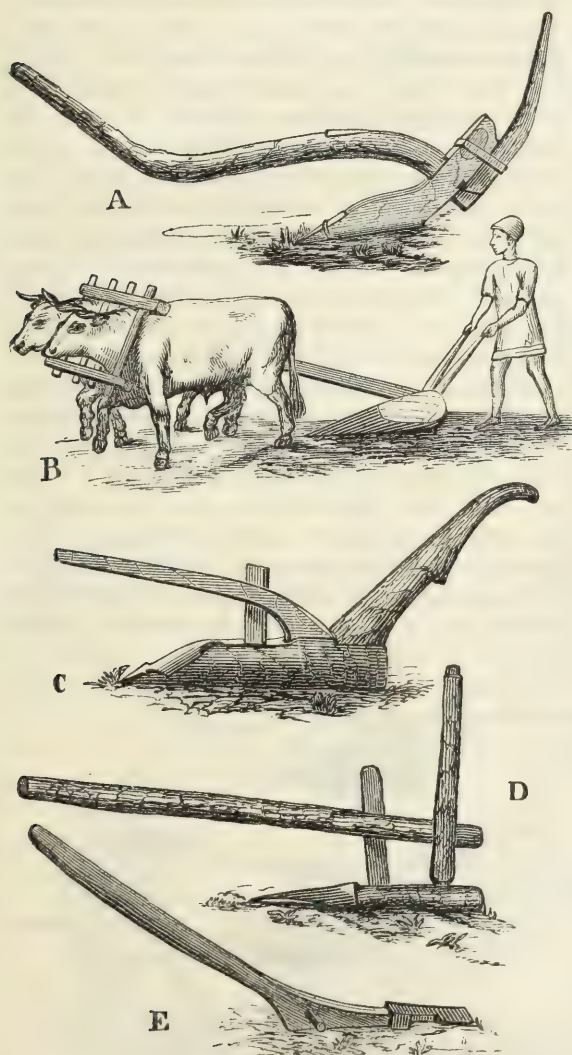
The accompanying figures show a number of plows yet used in some foreign countries. These differ in no essential respect from plows shown on the tombs of Egypt, the vases of Etruria, the bass-reliefs of Greece, and the medals of Rome. The plows of the south of France, of Spain, of Calabria, Greece, Turkey, and Syria are very similar.

The plow of the past is now utterly abandoned, and we have a new tool of a different material, still, however, preserving the peculiar family feature; it will never get over the resemblance to that primordial limb.

The plow of 1776 was all of wood except the wrought iron share and some bolts and nuts whereby the parts were fastened together. The standard rose nearly vertically, having attached to it the beam and the sole-piece. On the nose of the beam hung the clevis; the mould-board and share were attached to a frame braced between the beam and the sole. The wooden mould-board was sometimes plated with sheet-iron or by strips made by hammering out old horseshoes. A clump of iron shaped like a half spear formed the point. It was known as a "bull plow," "bull-tongue," or "bar-share" plow. Two pins in the standard formed the handles, and it required the strength of a man to manage it. The work was slowly and ill performed by cattle.

The shovel plow, which until lately was the principal plow of the South, and is yet largely used in furrowing out ground for hoed crops, such as corn, cane, and potatoes, and in tending the same, is clearly a derivative from the old crotched stick.

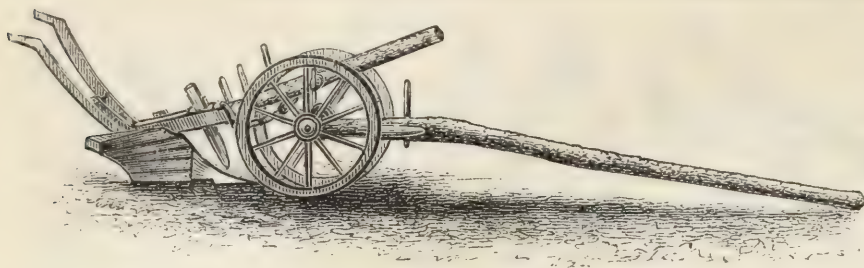
The order of improvement is about as follows: Some time in the last century a certain plow was imported into England, probably from Flanders, which had been long far in advance of England in gardening and horticulture. Queen Elizabeth used to get salads from Flanders as a change from the interminable beef and beer. This implement was known as the *Rotherham* plow;



RUDE MODERN PLOWS.

A, an East Indian plow. B, a modern Egyptian plow. C, a Mexican plow. D, a Chinese plow. E, an ancient British implement, which yet survives in the western wilds of Scotland. The latter is pointed with iron, and may have been the origin of the *bull-tongue* plow, more familiar to men of '76 than to the farmer of the present day.





AMERICAN PLOW OF 1776.

but whether the name was a corruption of Rotterdam no one knows. It was a very tidy implement in shape, but was all of wood, with the exception of a sheet-iron covering to the working parts. This required frequent renewal. James Small, of Berwickshire, Scotland, introduced the plow (a) with a cast iron mould-board and a wrought iron share. His was the first cast iron plow. He made the shares also of cast iron in 1785.

Thomas Jefferson from 1788 to 1793 studied and experimented to determine the proper shape of the mould-board to do the work effectively and offer the least resistance, treating it as consisting of a lifting wedge and an upsetting wedge, with an easy connecting curve.

Newbold, of Burlington, New Jersey, in 1797 patented a plow with a mould-board, share, and land-side all cast together.

Peacock in his patent of 1807 cast his plow in three pieces, the point of the colter entering a notch in the breast of the share.

Ransome, of Ipswich, England, in 1803 chilled the cast shares on the under side, so that they might keep sharp by wear.

Jethro Wood, of Scipio, Cayuga County, New York, patented improvements in 1819. He made the best and most popular plow (b) of its day, and was entitled to much credit for skill and enterprise, but lost his fortune in developing his invention and defending his rights. He, however, overestimated the extent of novelty in his invention. He seems to have thought it the first iron plow. Its peculiar merit consisted in the mode of securing the cast iron portions together by lugs and locking pieces, doing away with screw-bolts and much weight, complexity, and expense. Wood did more than any other person to drive out of use the cumbrous contrivances common throughout the country, giving a lighter, cheaper, and more effective implement. It was the first plow in which the parts most exposed to wear could be renewed in the field by the substitution of cast pieces.

In 1820 Timothy Pickering, of Salem, Massachusetts, first recognized the importance of straight transverse lines on the mould-board. The shape was such that it might be cut from a conical frustum.

In 1854 the Gibbs plow (c) had its straight transverse lines horizontal, the surface from

which it might be cut being a cylinder with its axis horizontal.

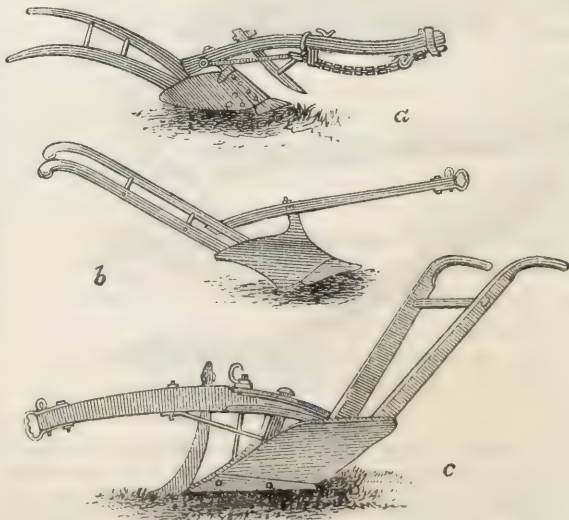
The Howard plow shows the favorite style of plow in England. The long stilts give great power to the plowman. The wheels

determine the depth accurately, except in short and sudden rises and hollows.

It is impossible here to describe the minor improvements of this implement, great as is the sum of their importance—the rolling colter, the wheel which takes the place of the sliding sole, adaptations for setting the plow for *depth* and for *land*, to prevent clogging, etc.

Aaron Smith, of England, first made that form of double plow which has a small advance share and mould-board to turn over the sod, followed by the usual share and mould-board to invert the furrow-slice, and thus completely bury the surface soil. It is now much used in England, and is especially made by Ransome. In the West it is called the double Michigan plow.

Substitutes for the plow are found in spading machines, which aim to do the work more in the order of hand spading, which is confessedly better than plowing. They are not likely to supersede plows. Other forms of substitutes are the various cultivators, known by the local names of *grubbers*, *scarifiers*, *horse-hoes*, etc., their action being to drag teeth or small shares through the ground to loosen and aerate it, giving it a tilth suitable for sowing or planting. They are also used for stirring the ground in the balks between rows of growing plants, known as *hoed* crops, such as corn, cane, or potatoes, but the more a man sticks to his cultivator, and the less he bothers with



PLOWs: 1785-1874.

a, Small's. b, Wood's. c, Gibbs's.



the hoe, the better will be the result, if the amount of the planting be large.

The steam-plow has proved a success under favorable circumstances. Few are at work in the United States; many hundreds in England. A large number were sent to Egypt, where the Khedive is determined to be a second Pharaoh on the old order announced by Joseph, who bought the personal property, then the land, then the people, and then rented the land to them for a fifth of the produce—the same share as Solomon received for his vineyard.

Steam-plows are constructed on several principles:

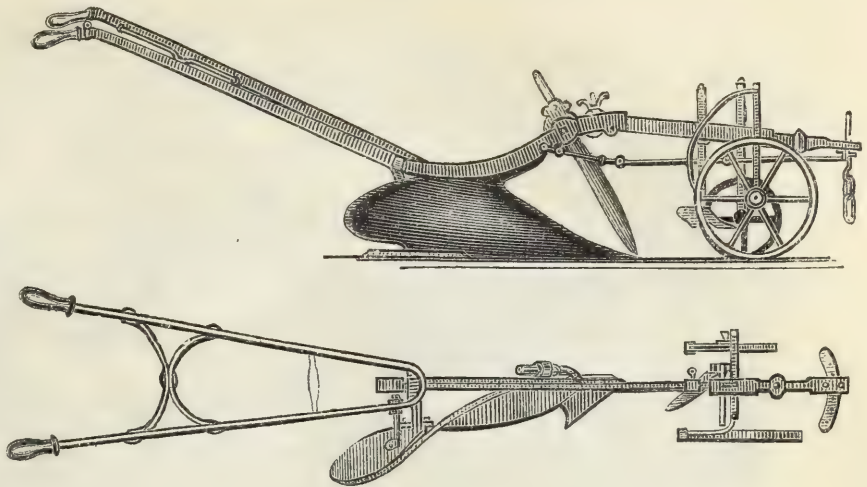
1. A traction engine dragging plows: this is not a success as yet.

2. A pair of engines on trucks on the sides of the field, and dragging gangs of plows back and forth, the engines moving a piece ahead between each pull. The cut shows a modified form with a single engine, endless rope, and a traveling truck on the opposite side of the field to carry the pulley over which the rope runs and returns.

3. A single engine, and ropes so arranged around the field on bearers, known as *porters*, as to drag the plow-gang in any required direction by suitably changing the position of the porters which determine the direction of motion of the rope.

The improvements in seeding machines and grain drills have effected a saving of seed, more careful planting or sowing, and greater economy in labor.

One hundred years ago our fathers toiled in the harvest field with the sickle. In

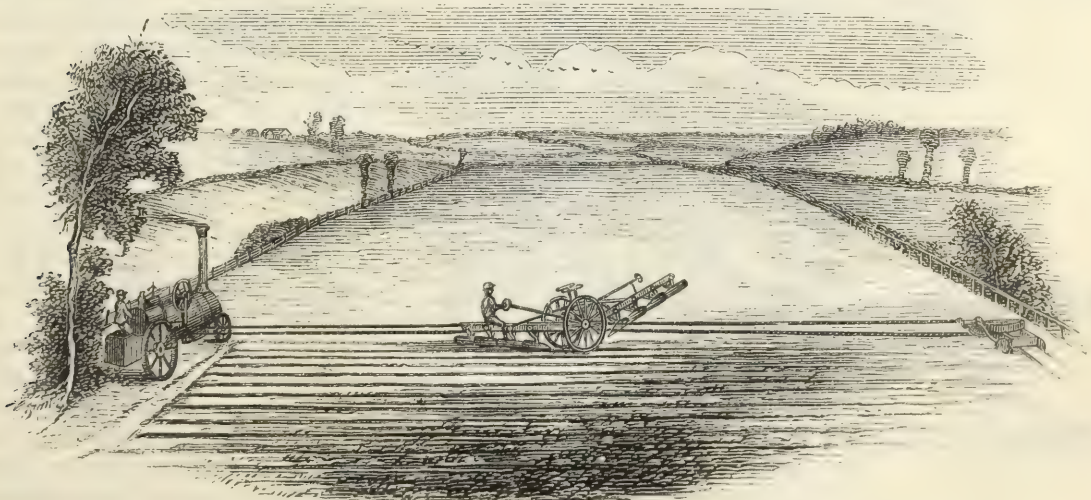


HOWARD WHEEL-PLOW.

Flanders they had a kind of cradle known as the Hainault scythe, but it was unknown to English-speaking peoples. The bent back, the gathering left arm, and the sweeping sickle painfully reaped the bunches of grain, which were thrown into heaps large enough to form gavels for binding. The cradle was a great improvement upon the sickle, the long and deep-reaching blade of the grain scythe, aided by the fingers of the cradle, making a progress in the harvest field which left the sickle and reaping-hook far in the rear.

The American War of Independence was not long over before attempts were made to construct machines which would bring into use horse labor as a substitute for the severe hand-work.

The reaping machine has attained its present degree of completeness after seventy-five years of persistent effort. General attention had been but little directed to the subject until the year 1851, when at the World's Fair in London the American machines created much excitement, and caused the forgotten experiments of half a century to be withdrawn from their limboes and exhibited to cool the enthusiasm of "those for-



FOWLER'S STEAM-PLOW.





REAPING IN GAUL, FIRST TO FOURTH CENTURY A.D.

eigners." Experiments in reaping machines had been pursued to a much greater extent in Britain than in the United States until within a then comparatively recent period; but the essential features which secured success were American.

The first reaping machine on record is that described by Pliny about A.D. 60, and by Palladius some centuries later. It is stated by these authors to have been used in Gaul; the former writer says in the extensive plains in that part known as Rhætia. It consisted of a cart pushed by an ox, and having a comb-like bar in front which stripped off the ears of the wheat and allowed them to fall into the box, while the straw remained on the ground. It was used in level places, and where the straw was not wanted for winter fodder. The implement has been re-invented after the lapse of fourteen centuries, and is now used as a "header" for gathering clover seed.

After this Gallic implement there is a long gap, and the first machine, or rather suggestion, of the moderns is that of Pitt, in 1786, which had a cylinder with rows of combs or "ripples," which tore off the ears

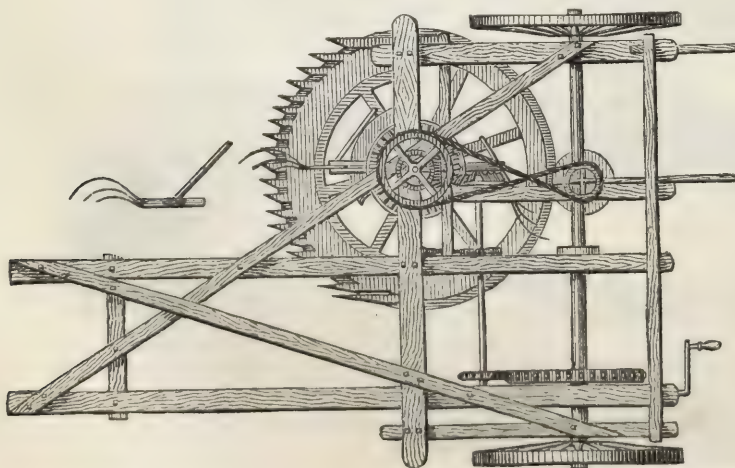
and discharged them into the box of the machine.

It is a part of our purpose to show the cumulative character of invention, and also to illustrate the fact that nearly the whole aim seems to be fixed in a particular direction for a long course of years; then the germ of the eventual success enters unexpectedly, and remains unnoticed for a period, after which the interest is transferred to the previously overlooked type, which in its immature form gave little prospect of success.

For about twoscore years attention was principally directed to revolving cutters or systems of revolving blades. The motion of the cutting apparatus being derived from the rotary motion of the wheels supporting the implement, it naturally occurred to connect the axle or wheels with a rotary cutter, and later with an oscillating one, which had its analogues in the swing of the scythe and the reach of the sickle. The first reciprocating knife was in 1822.

As to the mode of attaching the horses, it was almost universally deemed necessary to hitch them behind the implement, which they pushed before them. Up to 1823 but four inventors hitched the team in front of the implement. As soon as this idea did occur to inventors, they made the horse walk alongside the swath cut by the knives, constituting what is known as the *side cut*.

In 1806 Gladstone, of England, patented his *front-draft side-cut* revolving-knife machine. A segment bar with *fingers* gathered the grain and held the straw while the knife cut it, the fingers having the function of shear blades. The forward draft was also adopted by Mann in 1820, and by



GLADSTONE'S REAPING MACHINE, ENGLAND, 1806.

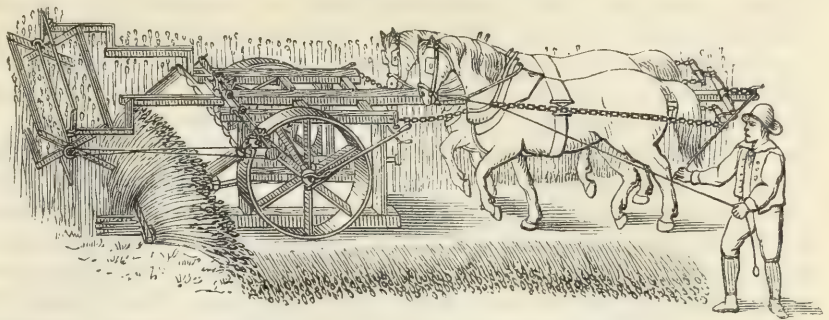


Ogle, of England, in 1822, who shows the first *reciprocating knife bar*. It is the type of the successful machines, but was constructed so poorly that its merits never became apparent. It was drawn by horses *in advance*; the cutter bar *projected at the side*, and it had a *reel* to gather the grain to the cutter. The machine had a *grain platform*, which was tilted to drop the gavel. This was the *first dropper*. In 1826 Bell made a working machine. It was pushed before the horse; the grain was cut by *knives vibrating on pivots*. It had a grain reel; the grain fell upon an *inclined traveling apron*, which carried it off and delivered it at the side.

In 1828 Samuel Lane, of Maine, combined the reaper and the thresher.

In 1833 Hussey, of Maryland, made the first valuable harvester. It had open fingers, with the knife reciprocating in the space. The open-topped slotted finger was patented by Hussey in 1847. The cutter bar was on a hinged frame.

In 1834 M'Cormick, of Virginia, patented his reaper, which, with various improvements in 1845 and 1847, received a Council medal at the London World's Fair in 1851. This machine had a sickle-edged sectional knife reciprocated by crank and pitman by gear connection to the drive-wheel on which the frame rested; spear-shaped fingers gathered the grain, which was laid over to the cutter by a revolving reel. A *divider* was used on each end of the platform. The driver and raker had seats on the machine.



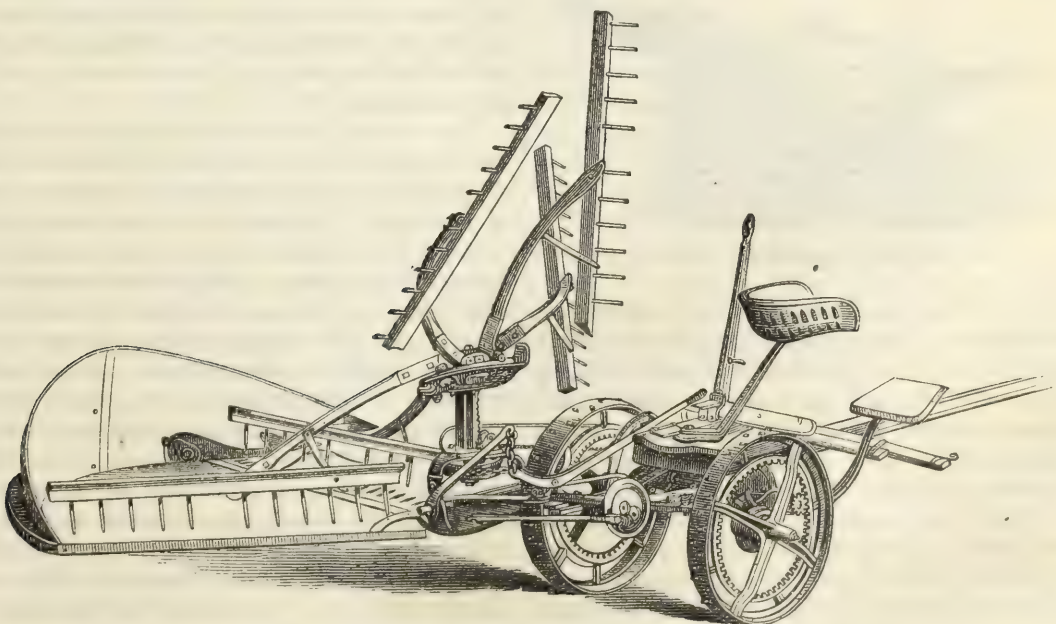
BELL'S REAPING MACHINE, ENGLAND, 1826.

In 1849 Haines, of Illinois, suspended the frame carrying the conveyer, reel, and cutter to the axles of the bearing-wheels, and hinged the frame to the tongue, so that it was capable of turning upon its bearings by means of a lever to elevate and depress the cutter.

Since 1851 nearly 3000 patents have been granted in the United States for harvesters and attachments therefor.

In the summer of 1855, at a competitive trial of reapers, about forty miles from Paris, France, three machines were exhibited from America, England, and Algiers. The following was the result in a field of oats: the American machine cut an acre in twenty-two minutes; the English machine cut an acre in sixty-six minutes; the Algerian machine cut an acre in seventy-two minutes.

Some of the subsequent improvements may be enumerated as follows: The Sylla and Adams patent (1853), having a cutter bar hinged to a frame, which is in turn hinged to the main frame. This is the principal feature of the "Aultman and Miller," or "Buckeye," harvester. The combined rake and reel of the "Dorsey" machine (1856), sweeping in a general horizontal direction across the quadrantal platform. The "Henderson" rake, on what is known as the

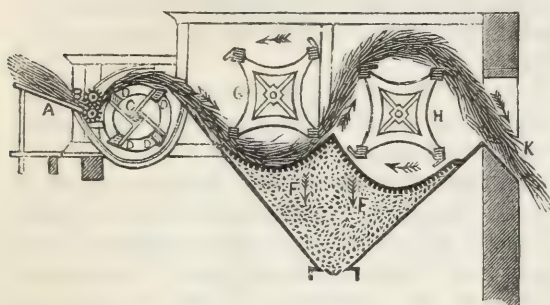


THE AMERICAN SELF-RAKING REAPING MACHINE ("CHAMPION" PATTERN).



"Wood" machine (1860), having a chain below the platform, which carries the rake in a curved path. The Sieberling "dropper" (1861), which is a slatted platform vibrating to discharge the gavel. The Whiteley patents, which constitute the "Champion" machine of Springfield, Ohio.

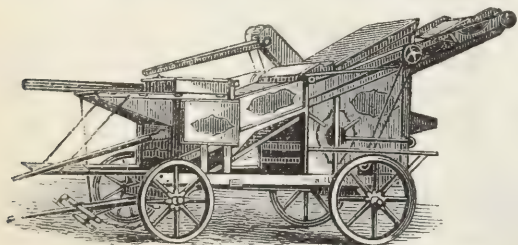
The threshing machine first saw the light in 1786. It was invented by Andrew Meikle, of Tynningham, East Lothian, Scotland. It is true that attempts had been made by Menzies in 1732 and Stirling in 1758, but they proceeded on a wrong principle, and were abandoned. Menzies's had a series of revolving flails, and Stirling's had a cylinder with arms upon a vertical shaft running at high velocity. Meikle invented the drum



MEIKLE'S THRESHING MACHINE, 1786—INTERIOR VIEW.

with beaters acting upon the grain in the sheaf, which was fed between rollers. The English improvement was to make the beating drum work in a concave known as the *breasting*, the grain and straw being scutched and rubbed between the two and carried to the shaker, which removed the straw from the grain and chaff, a large amount of grain also falling through the bars of the concave.

The American improvement upon this consists mainly—besides numerous details which secure speed, lightness, and effectiveness—in having upon the drum, spikes or



THE AMERICAN THRESHING MACHINE.

teeth which pass between fixed spikes on the concave; the grain in the straw being subjected to a severe beating and rubbing action as it passes in a zigzag course between the two, being carried by the teeth of the drum. The latter is now usually a skeleton cylinder of iron bars with sword-shaped spikes secured by threaded tangs and nuts. The front edges of the spikes are rounded and smooth to prevent breaking of the grain; the spikes of the concave have smooth edges presented toward the

coming grain for a similar reason. The English still adhere to the flat beaters, like narrow wings or slats, placed longitudinally, and with edges projecting outwardly from the drum. The Americans adhere to the spiked cylinder. A fair trial between the two was had on the farm of Mr. Mechi, Tiptree Hall, Kelvedon, England, in 1853. The American machine was operated by the two persons who had shipped it from the United States; one of them was the present writer. The trial was conclusive. The American machine was driven by a portable engine of six horse-power, and averaged sixty-four bushels of wheat per hour; 448 bushels of barley were threshed in six hours, nearly treble the work of the English competing machines, and the grain in much cleaner condition.

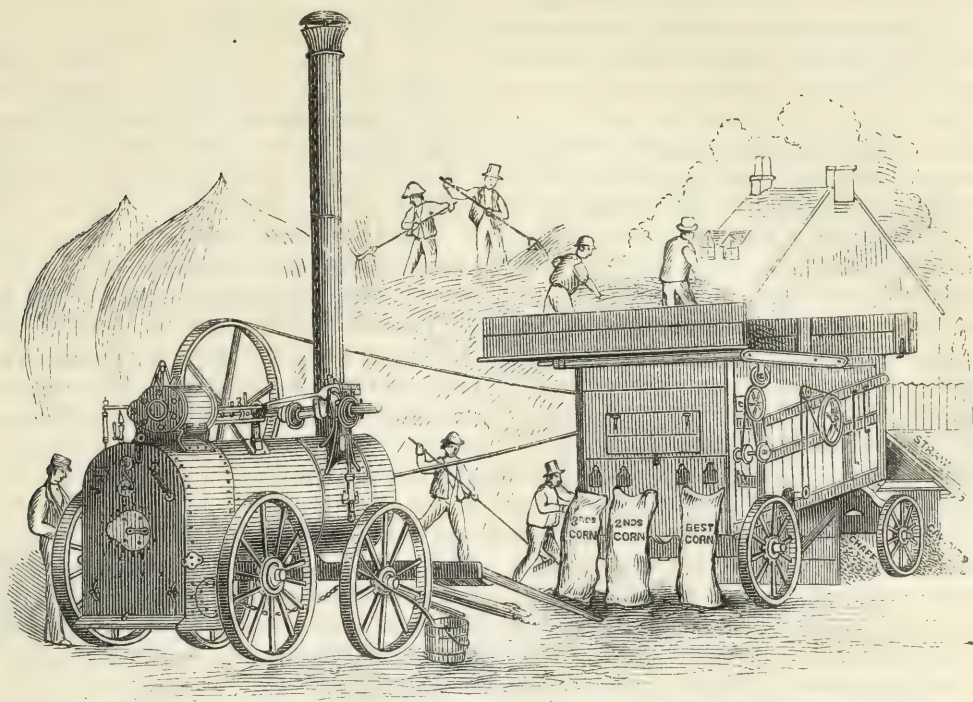
The editor of the London *Times*, Mr. Mowbray Morris, himself witnessed the operation, and wrote as follows in an editorial of the following day, November 1, 1853:

"The machine, which is portable, weighs only fourteen hundred-weight, threshes easily, and without waste, at the rate of one bushel in forty seconds, and turns out the grain perfectly clean and ready for market. It is therefore about twice as light in draught as the lightest of our machines of the same description; does as much if not more work than the best of them, and, with much less power, dresses the grain, which they do not, and can be profitably disposed of at less money than our implement-makers charge.... We build threshing-machines strong and dear enough and tremendously heavy either to work or to draw. The American farmer demands and gets a machine which does not ruin him to buy or his horse to pull about, which runs on coach and not wagon wheels, and which, without breaking the heart of the power that drives it, yields the largest and most satisfactory results. Nothing, therefore, can better illustrate the difference in mechanical genius in the two countries than this grain separator as compared with its British rivals."

It may be mentioned that the apparent perversity with which the British retain flat beaters instead of the teeth is that in many parts of Britain there is a profitable market for trussed straw; the straw is less broken by the beaters than by the teeth, is in more unbroken lengths, and trusses more readily and handsomely.

The saving in the operations of husbandry by the use of modern implements and methods is equal to one-half the former cost of working. By the improved plow, labor equivalent to that of one horse in three is saved. By means of drills two bushels of seed will go as far as three bushels scattered broadcast. The plants come up in rows, and may be tended by horse-hoes; being in the bottoms of little furrows, the ground crumbles down against the plant, which is not so readily *heaved out* by the winter's frost. The reaping machine is a saving of more than one-third the labor when it cuts and rakes, and will eventually save fully three-fourths when it is made to bind automatically, as it shortly will be. The threshing machine is a saving of two-thirds on the old hand-flail





ENGLISH THRESHING MACHINE.

mode. The root-cutters for stock in England, and in some places in the Northern States and Canada, much reduce the labor of winter feeding. The saving in the labor of handling hay in the field and barn by means of horse-rakes and horse hay-forks is equal to one-half. With the exception of the grain drill, which had a precarious existence previous to 1776, all these improvements have been commenced and brought to the present relative perfection within the century now closing.

#### THE STEAM-ENGINE AND ITS APPLICATIONS.

We have no space for the repetition of the history of the steam-engine—to recite the toys and experiments of Hero, Da Vinci, De Garay, Porta, the mythical De Caus, the water-raising apparatus, not engines, of Worcester and Savary, and the engine of Papin, in which steam was first used against a piston in a cylinder.

Our century opens with the engine of Newcomen in action, as shown on page 68. This engine had a vertical open-topped cylinder above the boiler. It had two valves, which were operated by hand; one admitted steam below the piston, which was raised by the weight of the pump-rod. The steam having filled the space below the piston, was then shut off, and the valve of the water-injection pipe was opened. The jet of water condensed the steam in the cylinder, and produced a partial vacuum therein; the weight of the atmosphere pressed down the piston, and raised the pump-rod. This was really quite excellent in its way, and the atmospheric engine is yet a very useful pumping engine. It was as great an ad-

vance on Captain John Savary's water elevator as James Watt's subsequent improvement was upon itself. To recite its faults and inefficiencies—for it had both—is but to recite the inventions of Watt.

Watt's first patent was taken out in 1769, in conjunction with a Mr. Roebuck, who afterward retired from the partnership, and Watt found an excellent successor to him in Matthew Boulton, of Soho, near Birmingham.

The fame of the steam-engine traveled to the English colonies even before the date of the invention of Watt, but, for such mills as the colonists erected, the water-powers on the streams were yet abundantly sufficient. It is doubtful whether there were more than two steam-engines in the colonies. They were, both of the Newcomen kind. One was imported in 1736 for the Schuyler copper mines at Passaic, New Jersey; the other was built in 1772 by Christopher Coles, of Philadelphia, for use in a distillery.

The principal use, for a long time, of the steam-engine in England continued to be in pumps for draining mines and for supplying water to cities. London for this latter purpose had a Boulton and Watt engine in the vicinity of London Bridge. This type of engine has permanently received its name from the locality of its first triumphs, and is known as the Cornish. It is the largest, heaviest, most expensive, and most economically driven engine known to the engineer—a valuable stationary engine when parties are capable of spending a large sum to secure a machine which may be run at a small outlay. It is a large investment of



capital for the sake of an economic administration. The one shown in the illustration is a single-acting Cornish engine. When working full stroke it pumps 150 gallons per second to a height of 140 feet.

The Louisville pumping engine is of this character. The new engines at Brooklyn and Cincinnati are direct, the pump being below the cylinder. Spring Garden, Philadelphia, and Belleville, New Jersey, have the Cornish; Cambridge, Massachusetts, and Newark, New Jersey, the Worthington Duplex. Of the 115,000,000 of gallons forming the daily supply of London, 79,000,000 gallons are pumped by the class of engine shown in the illustration.

The improvement in the Cornish engine is capable of being more definitely stated than that of any other form, for it has been closely observed and tabulated for many years. The figures express what is called the *duty*. This term was adopted by Watt to express the actual amount of water lifted one foot by the bushel of coal. The *duty*, therefore, is the test of comparative merit of engines, and the figures following clearly indicate the improvement in the Cornish pumping engine:

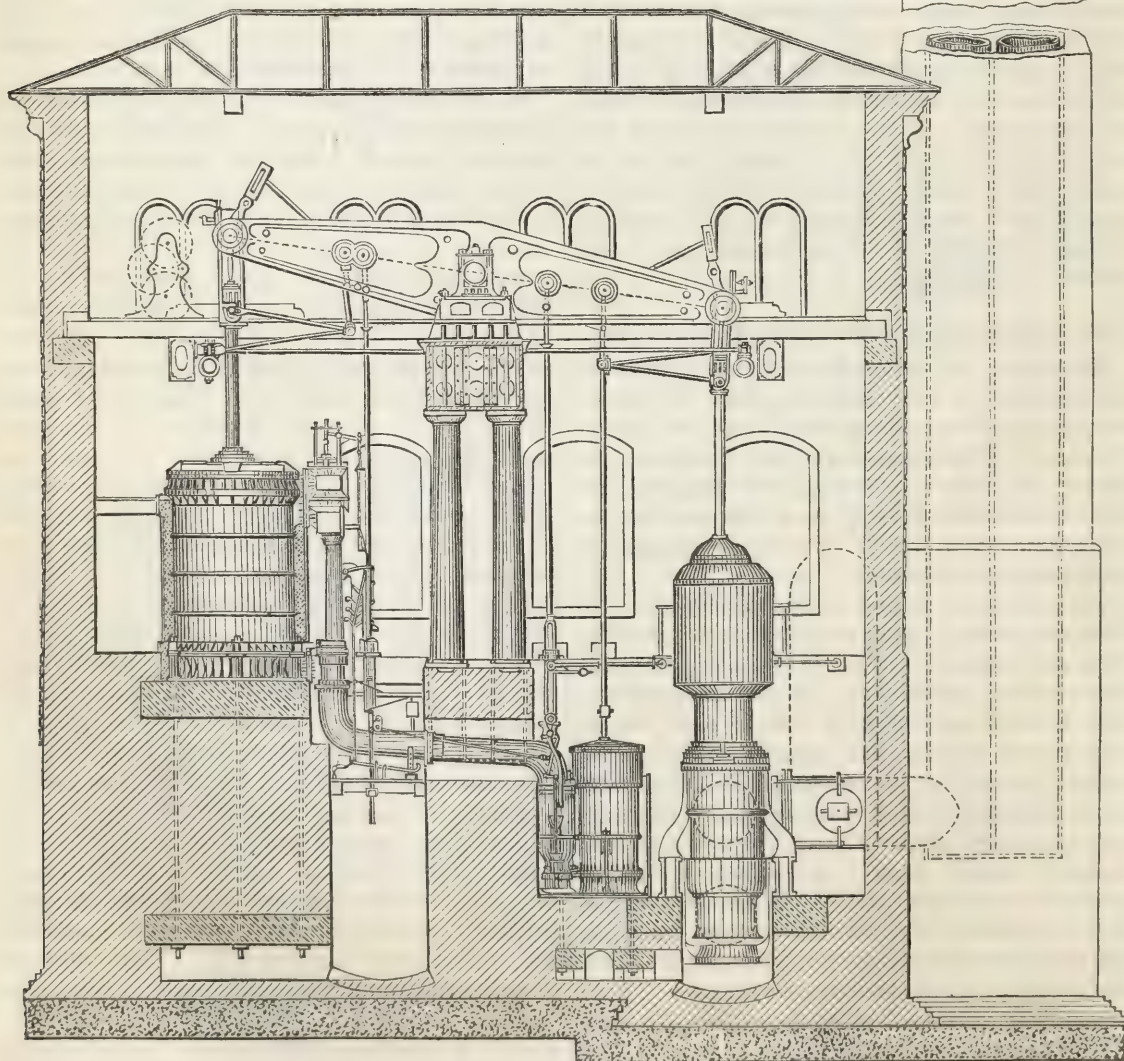
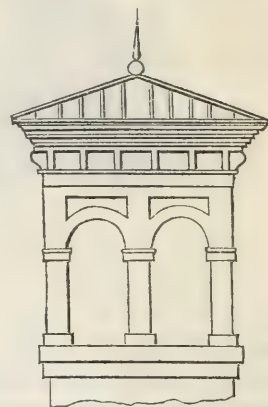
Year.	Pounds, 1 foot high.
1769, the Newcomen engine .....	5,500,000
1772, Newcomen engine, improved by Smeaton .....	9,500,000
1778 to 1815, Watt engine .....	20,000,000
1820, improved Cornish, average duty of a large number of engines .....	28,000,000
1826, improved Cornish, average duty ..	30,000,000
1830, improved Cornish, average duty ..	43,350,000
1839, improved Cornish, average duty ..	54,000,000
1850, improved Cornish, average duty ..	60,000,000

There are some brilliant instances above these averages, as of the

"Consolidated" mines, highest duty, 1827 .. 67,000,000  
 "Fowey Consols" mines, highest duty, 1842. 97,000,000

The *duty* of the best American pumping engines runs well up with these figures.

Steam was first applied to drive cotton machinery by Richard Arkwright, in England, in 1785, and to grind plaster and saw stone by Oliver Evans, in Philadelphia, about the same time. It was many years before the steam-engine was applied in the United States to factory use, but



SINGLE-ACTING CORNISH PUMPING ENGINE.



that application of the engine rapidly increased in England. It was Watt's engine in substantial respects, though other persons increased and harmonized the proportions, giving it a power and completeness far beyond what its admirable inventor lived personally to witness.

#### STEAM NAVIGATION.

The steam-engine was used for transportation on the water before it was adapted to land carriages. This was owing to its having started as an atmospheric engine, where the force was derived from the pressure of air upon the piston when a partial vacuum was produced by the condensation of steam in the cylinder. The engine was relatively large and heavy, and in its proportions was better suited to a boat than to a wagon. The use of high-pressure steam was an afterthought. Though Watt, with his singular sagacity, added to his specification the idea of adapting high-pressure steam to the purposes of river and land locomotion, it was but as a caveat, for he built none.

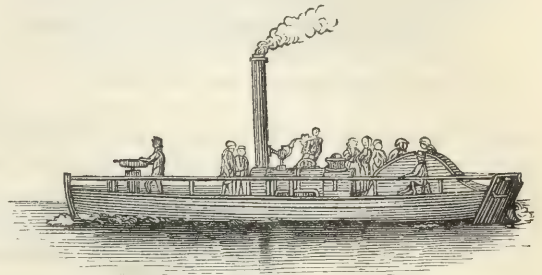
The origin of the steamboat has been a vexed question for nearly a century. As the parties who first worked at the problem with success could not apportion among themselves the exact measure of credit to which each was entitled, so by carefully fanning the flames of national vanity the subject has been kept afloat, and of three nations each has its advocates, who feel bound to depreciate the claims of all others. The truth is, the engine was Newcomen's, and then Watt's, and the boat was any body's; and persons went to work here and there, with varying degrees of success, depending upon political influence, social standing, moneyed resources, or friends thus provided, and last, not least, mechanical talent for harnessing the engine to the paddle or propeller used to push against the water.

In this struggle great pertinacity was exhibited in Scotland and America. To deal out the exact proportion of credit due to each man is not easy; one measure is to be awarded to skill in mechanical adaptation, another to skill in fitting and proportioning.

In 1780 was patented the present arrangement of connecting-rod, crank, and fly-wheel. The Marquis de Jouffroy in that year successfully worked a steamboat 140 feet long on the Saône. Joseph Bramah (1785) patented a rotatory engine on a propeller shaft. Here occurs the term "screw-propeller," since so common. In 1787 Patrick Miller, of Dalswinton, published a specification of a triple boat, with paddles in the intervals, and a deck over the three boats. The same year a double boat was steamed on the Frith of Forth. John Fitch, of Philadelphia, the next year obtained a patent for the application of steam to navigation in

Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, and Delaware. The boat had vertical reciprocating paddles, and made eighty miles per day. It proceeded upon an entirely wrong principle.

In 1802 Symington ran the *Charlotte Dundas* on the Forth and Clyde Canal. She had a double-acting Watt engine, working by a



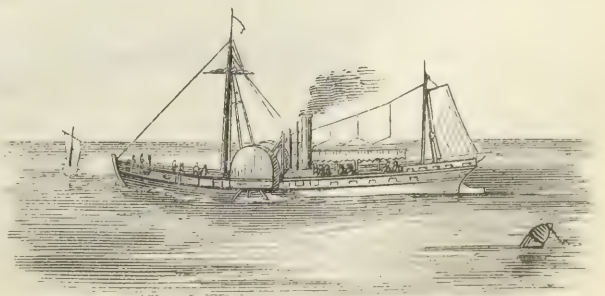
SYMINGTON'S STEAMBOAT, "CHARLOTTE DUNDAS."

connecting-rod to a crank on the paddle-wheel shaft. This is the first instance of these parts being thus combined.

The idea of canal use alone engaged the inventor, and the boat was rejected because the canal banks were likely to be damaged.

In 1804 John Cox Stevens, of New Jersey, constructed a boat on the Hudson, driven by a Watt engine, with a tubular boiler of his own invention. It had a bladed screw-propeller. The same year Oliver Evans had a stern-paddle-wheel boat on the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers. It was driven by a double-acting high-pressure steam-engine, which was the first of its kind, and was geared to rotate the wheels by which the boat was moved on land, and driven in the water when the power was transferred to the paddle-wheel at the stern.

In 1807 Robert Fulton, of New York, went from that city to Albany in the *Clermont*, a boat of 160 tons burden, with side paddle-wheels, driven by an engine which he purchased when in England of Boulton and Watt. She ran during the remainder of the year as a passenger boat. She was the first that ran for practical purposes, and proved of value. The outside bearing of the paddle-wheel shaft and the guard were invented by Fulton. The boat may be considered to have been about the sixteenth steamboat; nevertheless the popular verdict is a just and righteous one. To Fulton much



FULTON'S STEAMBOAT, "CLERMONT," 1807.





BELL'S STEAMBOAT, "COMET," 1812.

more than to any other one man is due the credit of the introduction of steam navigation. His enterprise opened the way, and he was the first to apportion the strength and sizes of parts to the respective strains and duties. He had previously seen Symington's boat, and had launched an experimental one, 66 feet long, on the Seine. The former may have directed his attention to the matter, and the latter was a useful apprenticeship. Mr. Charles Brown had built for Mr. Fulton, between 1806 and 1812, six steamboats of lengths varying from 78 to 175 feet, and tonnage 120 to 337, prior to the practical working of any steamboat in Europe.

The first steamboat in the Mississippi Valley was the *Orleans*, of 100 tons, built at Pittsburg by Fulton and Livingston in 1811. She had a stern wheel, and went from Pittsburg to New Orleans in fourteen days. The next was the *Comet*, of 25 tons, in 1814. She made three or four trips, was taken to pieces, and the engine was set up in a cotton factory. The *Vesuvius*, in 1814, was the next. She made a number of trips, but eventually exploded.

Henry Bell, of Scotland, in 1812 built the *Comet*, of 30 tons, with side paddle-wheels, which plied between Glasgow and Greenock on the Clyde, and the next year around the coasts of the British Isles.

In 1818 the *Walk-in-the-Water*, of 360 tons, was built at Black Rock, Niagara River, by Noah Brown, of New York, for traffic on the lakes. Her Boulton and Watt engine was made in New York and transported by boat to Albany and by teams to Black Rock. The boilers were prepared in New York and sent piecemeal to the lake. The vessel was lost in a gale in 1821.

In 1819 the *Savannah*, 380 tons burden, crossed the Atlantic from America, visited Liverpool, St. Petersburg, and Copenhagen, and returned. Six years later the *Enterprise* rounded the Cape of Good Hope and went to India.

In 1838 the *Great Western* (1340 tons) and the *Sirius* steamed across the Atlantic from England. Two years afterward the Cunard line was started, and was followed by the Collins line in 1850. The *Great Eastern* was built in 1858, the French iron-clad *La Gloire* in 1859, the English iron-clad *Warrior* in 1860, and the Ericsson *Monitor* in 1862.

Feathering paddle-wheels, such as Morgan's, were largely used in the British navy. Manly's are somewhat noted here. Holland's oblique paddle float, and many others, might be noted were there room for detail.

The steamboats of our American rivers and lakes have no equals in the world, nor are there such waters elsewhere to afford a theatre for such boats.

The paddle-wheel has to a large extent given place to the screw-propeller. There is perhaps but one paddle-wheel steamer in the United States navy, the *Powhatan*.

The screw-propeller was invented by numerous people, if we are to assume that each person who put forward a claim or who patented it supposed himself to be an original inventor. Several notices of it occur, but it came more distinctly into notice when brought forward by Ericsson in 1836. The supernaturally wise old sea-dogs and



PACIFIC MAIL STEAM-SHIP COMPANY'S SCREW STEAM-SHIP "CITY OF PEKING."



landsmen of the British Admiralty sneered at the innovation, but Captain Robert F. Stockton and Francis B. Ogden, of New Jersey, appreciated it. The former introduced it to the United States Navy Department, and the war steamer *Princeton* was launched upon the Delaware. The *Robert F. Stockton*, an iron vessel fitted with a screw-propeller, was launched upon the Mersey in 1838, and crossed to the United States the next year. Her name was changed to *New Jersey*, and she was the first screw-propeller vessel practically used in America, as Ericsson's *Francis B. Ogden* was the first in Europe. Ericsson accomplished for the screw-propeller in England and America what Fulton did for the paddle-wheel in America and Bell in England.

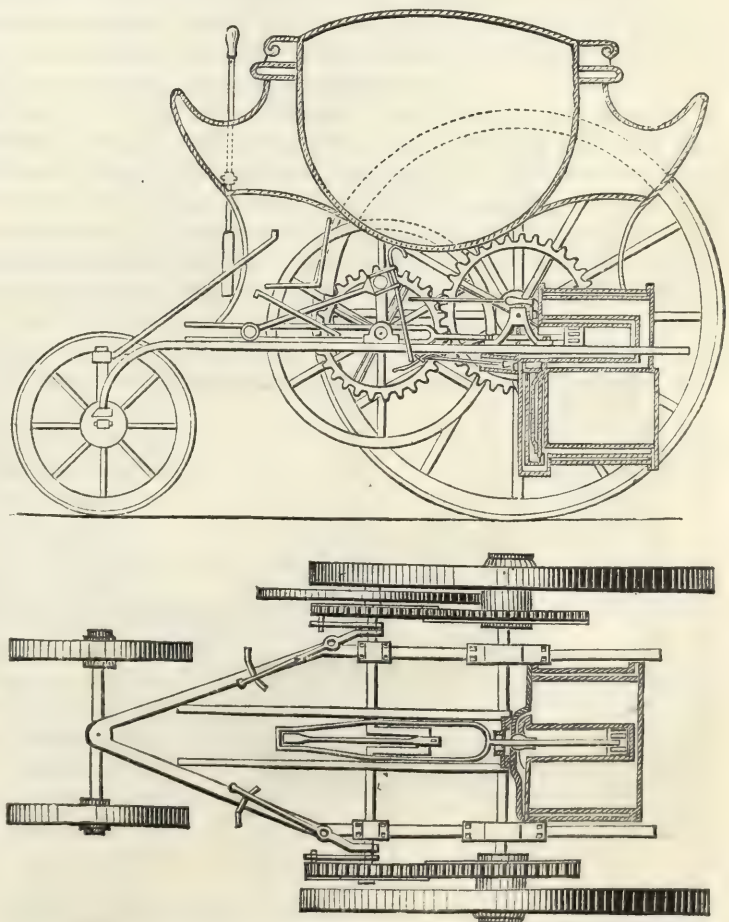
Other improvements have been added, including Woodcroft's increasing pitch screw and Fowler's and Hunter's vertical submerged paddle-wheels.

#### THE LOCOMOTIVE.

It is not easy from the stand-point of the present to realize the original difficulty in adapting the steam-engine to the propulsion of carriages. There was a fixed belief in regard to steam, derived from the mode of using it in the atmospheric engine of Newcomen and from the cautious habit of Watt, that the safest method was merely to obtain a vacuum by its condensation, so as to bring the unbalanced atmospheric pressure upon one side of the piston. This involved a great weight and bulk of machinery, and long prevented the adaptation of the engine to land transportation. The steamboat engine used by Miller, of Dalswinton, in 1787 differed from Watt's in the saving of weight by the abolition of the air-pump, and depended upon abundant injection of water to produce a vacuum. Watt was afraid of high-pressure steam, and we can fancy, had he lived to be on board one of our Western river boats, and heard the energetic cough of the escaping steam, he would have wished himself safely back again with Brother Boulton, and among the models and drawing-boards of his sanctum at the "Soho Works." He had no faith in an engine without a condenser, and, as the event proved, no steam-carriage could succeed till the weight of the engine was reduced by the removal of the condenser, air-pump, and their cumbrous

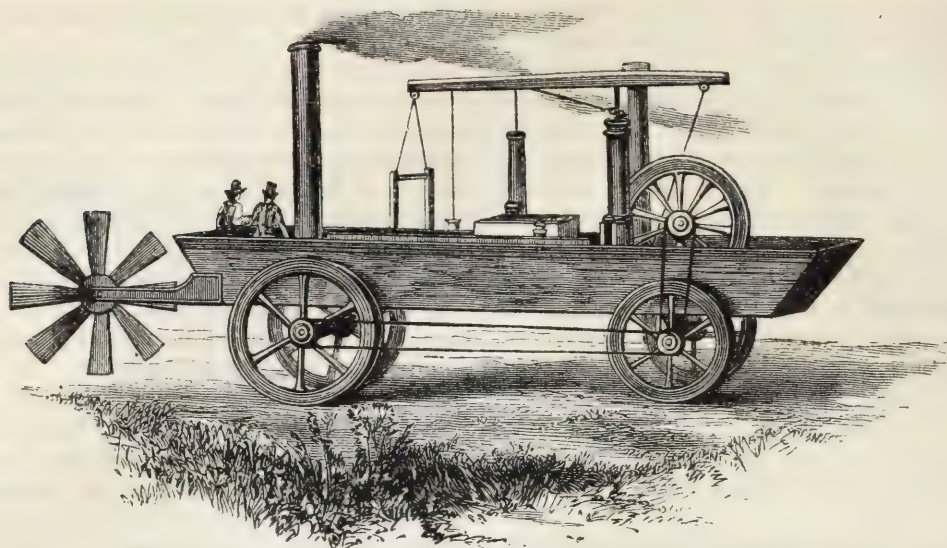
appendages, even at the expense of greater cost of fuel in working.

This situation continued until 1802, when two Cornish engineers, Trevethick and Vivian, obtained a patent for a steam-carriage adapted for common roads, or, by an adaptation of the tires of the wheels, for railways. The engine was built, and was tried and modified till 1805, when it became a useful locomotive on the Merthyr-Tydvil Railway, in South Wales, in drawing coal cars. It is the most remarkable engine in the history of the locomotive. It had a horizontal cylinder inclosed in the boiler, the piston and rod operating a crank axle, which communicated power through gear wheels to the axle of the driving-wheels. It was high-pressure, non-condensing, and exhausted into the chimney. (The latter is not shown in their official drawing.) It was the first locomotive to run on tram-ways or on rails. The steam-cocks were operated from the crank axle, as were also the feed-pump and the bellows for urging the fire. The body of the carriage followed the old English stage shape. It was not alone that these men devised several features that experience has retained, but they were the first to disregard the prejudice against high steam, and to make a compact engine which would neither overtax the wheels nor take up all the room, to the exclusion of passengers and goods.



TREVETHICK AND VIVIAN'S LOCOMOTIVE, "MERTHYR-TYDVIL," 1805.





EVANS'S LOCOMOTIVE.

Oliver Evans, of Philadelphia, labored for a number of years to obtain help to construct his high-pressure engine, which was built in 1802 for running a marble saw and plaster mill, and in 1804 was adapted to a scow for dredging in the Delaware River. By an ingenious band connection to wheels, or to a stern-wheel paddle shaft, he made his scow travel on land or water, as the case might be. It was an ungainly affair, with vertical cylinder, working-beam, and fly-wheel—useless for land locomotion. Mention may also be made of M. Cugnot's carriage, in 1769, with two single-acting vertical engines acting alternately upon the two front wheels. It is yet preserved in Paris. Symington, in 1786, had also a steam-carriage with a Watt condensing engine. These engines lacked in several respects the conditions of success, but deserve mention.

It was among the coal mines that tramways with tracks of flag-stones for the wheels of coal wagons first came into use; it was also in the collieries that iron rails were first laid, and the wheels of cars made with grooves, and afterward with flanges,

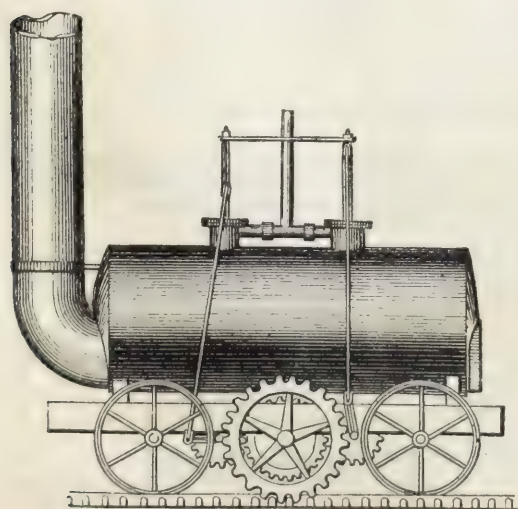
to enable them to keep on the track. It was twenty-five years after the use of the locomotive in South Wales before the railway was used, except for transporting coal.

The next locomotive after that of Trevethick and Vivian was one made by Blenkinsop in 1811 for working at the Hunslet-Moor Colliery, near Leeds.\* The flat-faced wheels ran upon a tram-way, and a cog-wheel, driven by pinions and connecting rods from the pair of vertical cylinders, drove the engine by meshing into a rack on one side of the track. The idea prevailed at the time that the tractional adherence of the driving-wheels to the rail was not sufficient, but that the wheels would slip. The fire was built in a large tube passing through the boiler; the tube was bent to form a chimney. It drew trains of thirty tons weight three and three-quarter miles per hour.

In the spring of 1813 William Hedley built a locomotive with four smooth driving-wheels to run on a smooth rail. The machine failed to accomplish much on account of its small boiler. Hedley thereupon in the same year built another engine, shown on next page, having a return flue boiler, and mounted on eight driving-wheels, which were coupled together by intermediate gear wheels on the axles, and all propelled by a gear in the centre, driven by a pitman from the working-beam.

Hedley's locomotive was objected to by residents of Newcastle on account of the smoke. He therefore passed the smoke into a large receiver (a), and turned the exhaust steam upon it. From the receiver the steam and smoke were conveyed by a pipe (b) to the chimney, which device soon developed into the steam blast.

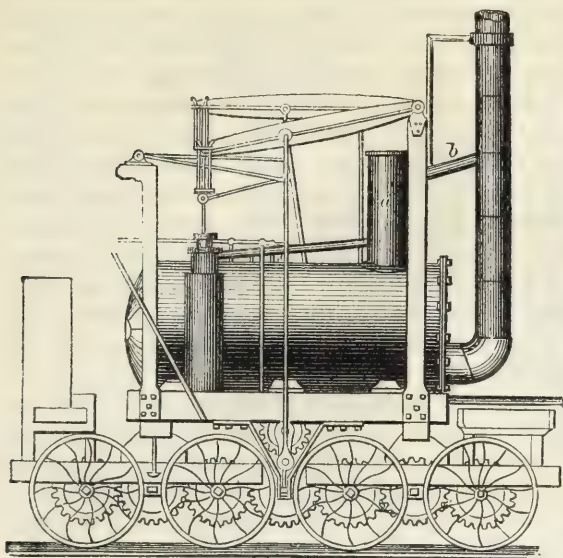
"Puffing Billy" was at work more or less



BLINKINSOP'S LOCOMOTIVE, "LORD WELLINGTON," 1811.

\* The illustration of Blenkinsop's locomotive, and those which follow, on p. 82, 83, 84, 85, and 86, are borrowed from *Knight's Mechanical Dictionary*, published by J. B. Ford and Co., New York.





HEDLEY'S LOCOMOTIVE, "PUFFING BILLY," 1813.

until 1862, when it was laid up as a memorial in the British Patent-office Museum. Hedley died in 1842.

In 1815 Dodd and Stephenson patented an engine with vertical cylinders. The adherence to this form was on account of its supposed value in pressing the wheels down upon the track. Stephenson, in 1825, made an engine for the Killingworth Railway, and his engines were employed on iron tracks by the Stockton and Darlington Railway, and at the Newcastle collieries. His first locomotive on this railway had two vertical cylinders, and the driving-shaft had cranks at an angle of ninety degrees. The axles of the wheels were coupled by an endless chain passing around both axles.

In 1829 the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, then the most extensive and finished work of the kind ever undertaken, and the first passenger railway, was completed, and the directors offered a reward of £500 for the best locomotive which should fulfill certain imposed conditions.

Among these were that it was to consume its own smoke, draw threetimes its own weight at a rate of not less than ten miles an hour, and the boiler pressure was not to exceed fifty pounds per square inch. The weight was not to exceed six tons, nor the cost £550.

Three engines competed—the "Rocket," constructed by George Stephenson; the "Sanspareil," by Timothy Hackworth; the "Novelty," by Messrs. Brathwaite and Ericsson.

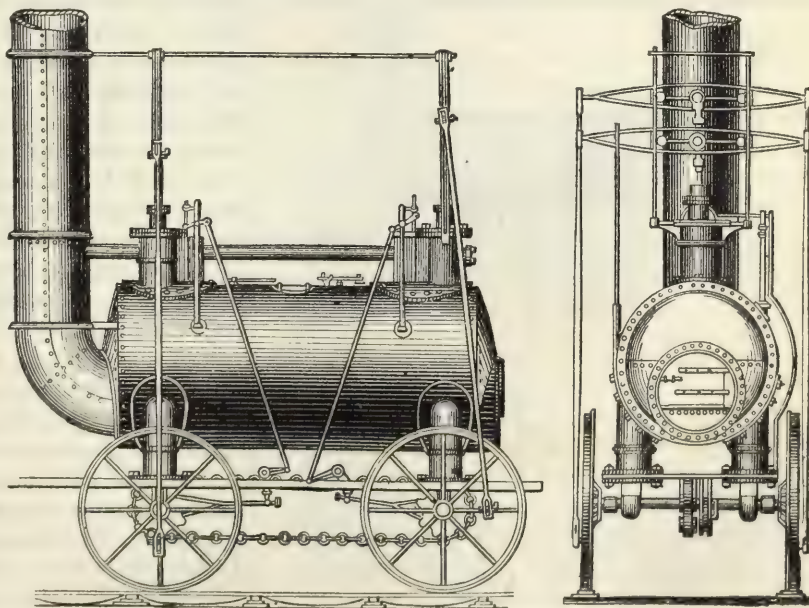
The "Rocket" weighed 4 tons 5 hundred-weight, and its tender, with water and coke, 3 tons 4 hundred-weight. It had two loaded carriages attached, weighing a little over 9 tons 10 hundred-weight. The greatest velocity attained was  $24\frac{1}{2}$  miles per hour, and the average consumption of coke per hour 217 pounds.

The "Sanspareil" attained a speed of  $22\frac{2}{3}$  miles per hour, but with an expenditure of fuel per hour of 692 pounds.

The "Novelty" carried its own water and fuel. In consequence of successive accidents to the working arrangements, this engine was withdrawn from competition. A fourth engine, the "Perseverance," by Burstall, not being adapted to the track, was withdrawn.

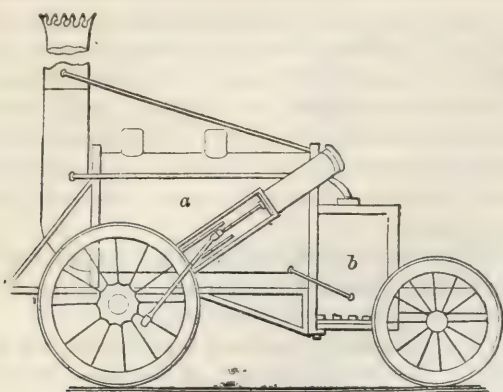
The opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, September 15, 1829, was an era in civilization, and one of the first victims of the iron horse was slain on that day—Mr. Huskisson, Home Secretary in the British cabinet. Eight locomotives were used on that day, and while the engines were watering at the Parkside station, some of the guests descended to the road. While Mr. Huskisson was talking to the Duke of Wellington the famous "Rocket" came by, knocked down Mr. Huskisson, and the wheels passed over his left leg. He was placed on board the "Northumbrian," driven by George Stephenson, who conveyed him fifteen miles in twenty-five minutes, at the rate of thirty-six miles an hour—the most marvelous achievement yet. Mr. Huskisson died the same night at Eccles.

The "Rocket" engine was superseded in 1837, as too light for the work, and was condemned for life to the collieries. Here it proved itself capable of a rate of sixty miles an hour; but being again convicted of levity while on duty, it was cashiered, and its place filled by heavier machines of twelve



DODD'S AND STEPHENSON'S LOCOMOTIVE, 1815.



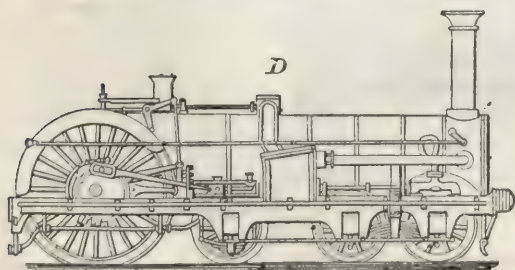
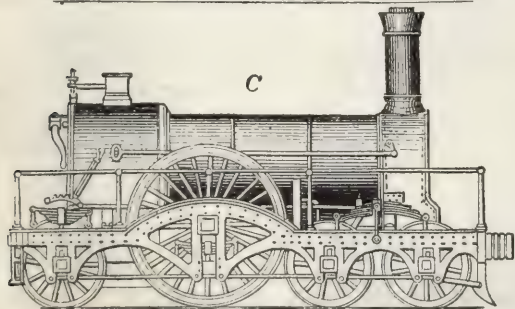
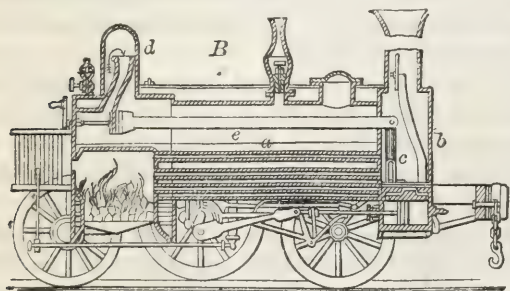


STEPHENSON'S LOCOMOTIVE "ROCKET," 1829.

tons. After a few years of inglorious retirement, some one, not totally oblivious of how it would look in history, recalled the old soldier from his limbo, and he now enjoys the company of his elder brother, Hedley's "Puffing Billy," in the English Patent-office Museum.

The boiler (a) of the "Rocket" was a cylinder six feet long, and had twenty-five tubes. The fire-box (b) had two tubes communicating with the boiler below and above, and was surrounded by an exterior casing, into which the water from the boiler flowed, and was maintained at the same level as that in the boiler.

In the accompanying engraving (B) is shown a longitudinal vertical section of a modern English locomotive. The boiler is surrounded by two casings, one within the



ENGLISH LOCOMOTIVES.

other, united by stays. The tubes (a) are of brass, 124 in number, and the boiler has longitudinal stays connecting the ends. Into the smoke-box (b) the blast-pipe (c) discharges. The steam from the upper part of the boiler enters the steam-dome (d), the amount being governed by a regulator controlled by a winch. This serves to obviate in a great degree the effects of priming. The steam-pipe (e) has two branches, each entering one of the boxes containing the valves by which the flow of steam to the cylinders is controlled.

In the same engraving is shown an express engine (C) designed by Gooch for the Great Western Railway, where an unusual rate of speed is maintained. The boiler has 305 tubes, two inches in diameter. The cylinders are eighteen inches in diameter, and twenty-four stroke, the driving-wheels eight feet in diameter, the heating surface of the fire-box 153 square feet. There is also an illustration (D) of an express engine designed by Crampton for the narrow gauge.

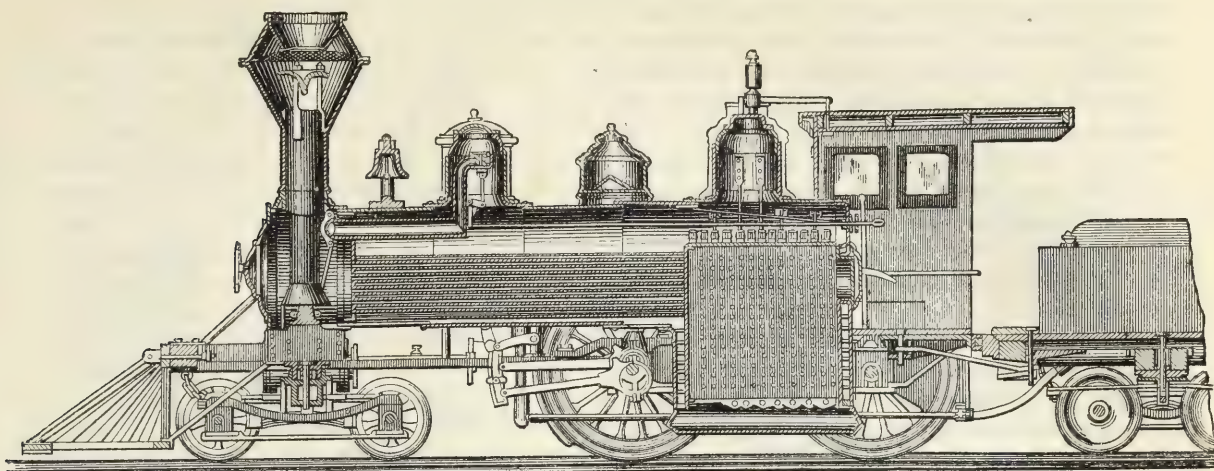
The first locomotive run on rails outside of England was the "Stourbridge Lion," made by Stephenson, and brought from England for the Delaware and Hudson Canal and Railroad Company by Horatio Allen. This was in August, 1829. It was soon found that English locomotives, adapted for gentle curves, were ill suited for the exigencies of American railroads, where curves of as small a radius as 200 feet were sometimes employed. Mr. Peter Cooper devised an engine which solved the difficulty. This was also in 1829.

The first railway in the United States was one of two miles long, from Milton to Quincy, Massachusetts, in 1826. The cars were drawn by horses. The Baltimore and Ohio was the first passenger railway in America, fifteen miles being opened in 1830, the cars being drawn by horses till the next year, when a locomotive was put on the track, built by Davis, of York, Pennsylvania. It had an upright boiler and cylinder. The Mohawk and Hudson, sixteen miles, from Albany to Schenectady, was the next line opened, and the cars were drawn by horses till the delivery of the locomotive "De Witt Clinton," which was built at the West Point Foundry, New York. This was the second locomotive built in the United States; the first was made at the same shop for the South Carolina Railway.

The cut on page 85 represents a central longitudinal section of an approved form of American locomotive engine as made at the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia.

The ordinary speed attained on English railways is greater than that usual in this country. The Great Western Express, from London to Exeter, travels at the rate of forty-three miles an hour, including stoppages, or fifty-one miles an hour while actually



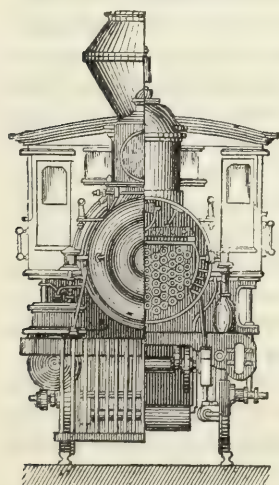


AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE—CENTRAL LONGITUDINAL SECTION.

The engine has four drivers,  $60\frac{3}{4}$  inches in diameter, and a four-wheeled swing-bolster truck, and weighs, with water and fuel, about 65,000 pounds. The flues, 144 in number, are 2 inches in diameter, and 11 feet 5 inches in length. The fire-box, of cast steel, is 66 inches long,  $34\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide, and 63 inches deep. Water space, 3 inches sides and back, 4 inches front. Grates, cast iron. The cylinders are horizontal. Valve motion graduated to cut off equally at all points of the stroke. The tires are of cast steel, and the wheel centres of cast iron with hollow spokes and rims; the wrist pins of cast steel, the connecting rods of hammered iron. The truck wheels are 28 inches in diameter. All the principal parts of these engines are interchangeable.

running. Midway between some of the stations a speed of sixty miles an hour is attained, and on experimental trips seventy miles an hour has been reached, or nearly thirty-three yards per second.

Very high speed has been attained on special occasions on American roads, probably fully equal to any time ever made in England. For instance, it is stated that a train conveying some officials of the New York Central Railroad made the distance from Rochester to Syracuse, eighty-one miles, in sixty-one minutes—said to be the fastest time ever made in America.

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE—  
END ELEVATION AND  
TRANSVERSE SECTION.

American money, the original cost of the engine being \$8490. It therefore requires for repairs in eleven years a sum equal to its original cost. In this time it is estimated that an engine in average use has run 220,000 miles.

## COTTON MANUFACTURE.

Cotton was known to the ancients as *tree-wool*, being mentioned by Herodotus, Pliny, and many others. It was introduced into Spain by the Arabs, and flourished as long as religious toleration existed in the peninsula, and from this land it reached the less civilized parts of Europe. When the best part of the inhabitants was expelled, when the University of Cordova became a thing forgotten in the peninsula, when the memory of Alhazen was lost, and the era of the Pedros and Philips commenced, then the cotton-plant too faded away, and all the industries growing out of this beautiful staple expired.

Cotton was, however, known to the Mexicans when discovered by Cortez. This man without a conscience sent of his stolen goods to Charles V. "cotton mantles, some all white, others mixed with white and black, or red, green, yellow, and blue; waistcoats, counterpanes, tapestries, and carpets of cotton; and the colors of the cotton were extremely fine."\*

Although there are several native American varieties of cotton, our plant is a native of India, and it has formed the staple material of garments there from time immemorial.

Cotton goods were made in Manchester in 1641, of "cotton-wool brought from Smyrna and Cyprus." Cotton seed was brought to England from the Levant, taken thence to the Bahamas, and thence to Georgia in 1786. The first cotton mill in America was at Beverly, Massachusetts, 1787. Slater's mill was erected at Pawtucket in 1789. Slater was an apprentice of Strutt and Arkwright, and

\* Clavigero's *Conquest of Mexico*.

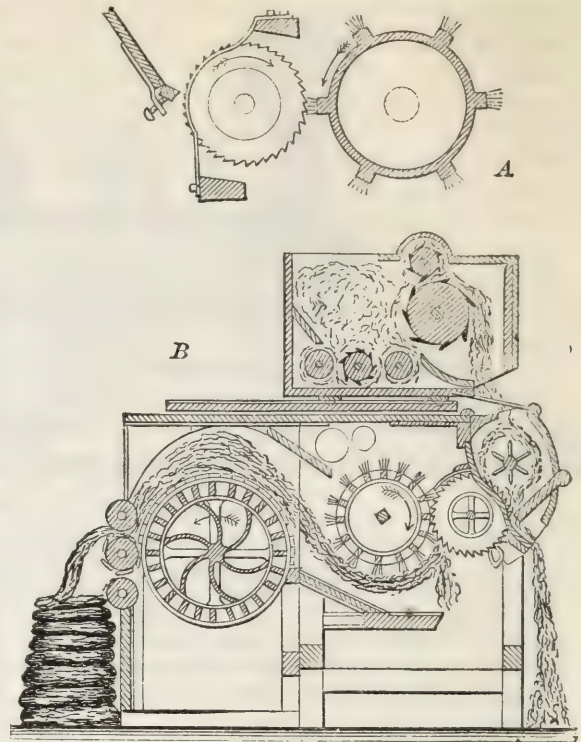


introduced into the United States the Arkwright system of associated and combined machines, being the founder of the New England factory practice. The success of these mills is referred to in the report of Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, 1791, who proposed to remove the duty on cotton, as it was "not a production of the country," and to "extend the duty of seven and a half per cent. to all imported cotton goods."

The beauty and softness of the goods made of this material, which was new to the people of Europe, recommended it to persons of means and taste, and the importation from India assumed large proportions. The names of *calico* and *muslin*, from Calicut and Moussoul, indicate clearly enough whence the market was supplied at an early day. The English manufacturers struggled against many difficulties, three of which may be named—the lack of suitable machinery; the opposition of the wool trade, which induced the authorities even to hang criminals in cotton garments to render the goods unpopular; and the lack of supply of cotton.

The cotton from the boll yields only from one-quarter to one-third ginned fibre, and the labor of removing the seed by hand seemed at this critical moment to set a limit to the production, or at least render it so expensive that the goods could not come into general use among the masses of the people, who were used to being tolerably well fed and housed, and could not live on twopence a day and support their families, like the Hindoos. It is true that in India a sort of roller-gin had been in use from time immemorial—one which pinched the fibre and carried it away from the seed, whose size prevented it from passing between the rollers; but this was comparatively slow, and does not appear to have been known in America, where the hand-picking was in vogue. Besides, it is only suitable for certain staples of cotton. The great need of the producer and the manufacturer was a machine to remove the cotton from the seed with rapidity and economy.

At this juncture appears Eli Whitney, of Massachusetts, who in 1794 patented the *cotton-gin*. The name *gin* is short for *engine*, and is a frequent curt expression for a handy machine. Whitney's *saw-gin* (A) comprises two cylinders of different diameters mounted in a wooden frame, and turned by a handle or belt and pulley so as to rotate in opposite directions, the brush cylinder the faster. The smaller cylinder carries on its circumference from sixty to eighty circular saws, and the larger cylinder a series of brushes. The teeth of the saws pass in between a number of bars, forming a grating. The cotton, as picked from the pods, is thrown into the hopper; the saws strip the fibre from the seeds, which fall through



WHITNEY'S COTTON-GIN.

the bottom of the hopper, while the wool is cleansed from the teeth of the saws, and delivered by a sloping table into a receptacle below. A more modern and complete form of the machine (B) is shown in our engraving.

The crop of cotton increased from 189,316 pounds in 1791 to 2,000,000,000 pounds in 1859. Whitney and his partner received \$50,000 from the State of South Carolina, and a tariff of so much per saw per annum from the States of North Carolina and Georgia for a short term of years.

After the gin come the *opener* and *scutcher*, which separate the locks of cotton, remove the dirt, and convert the tangled fibre into a light and flocculent *bat* or *lap*. The machines of this stage of the process have a number of names, the marks of the rough humor of the Lancashire men among whom they originated. They were known as *willowers*, from the practice of beating with willow wands, or as *devils* and *wolves*, from their toothed drums, which tore the locks apart, the fibre passing from one to another, and the dust and dirt being carried off by a suction blast, or falling through the meshes of wire-cloth into a box beneath the machine.

The *carding-machine* reduces the mass of cotton to a fleece or sliver, the fibres laid parallel, so that they may be drawn and twisted into a yarn. Hand cards were not superseded by machine cards until about 1770, although attempts had been made at carding-machines by Lewis Paul in 1748, and by Hargreaves in 1760. To the latter, to Arkwright, and to Mr. Peele, the father of the first Sir Robert and the grandfather



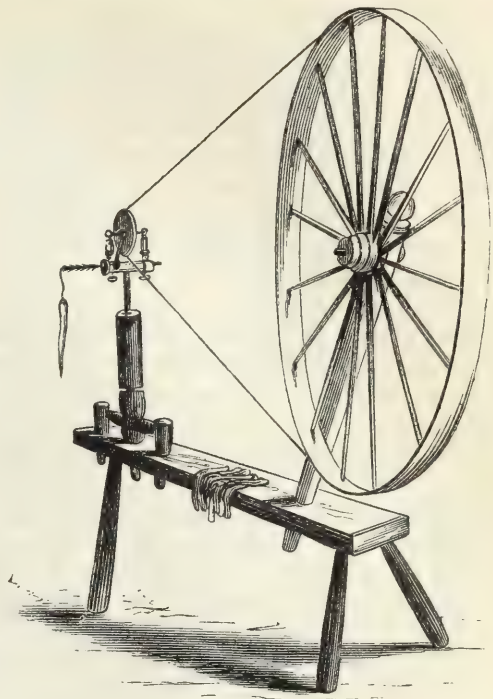
of the statesman, the invention is ascribed. It was hardly possible that this necessary link in the chain of machines should long lack a discoverer.

Lewis Paul in his patent of 1748 had a number of parallel cards on a bed, or on a cylinder, with intervening spaces. It was used in connection with an upper card or a concave, and when the strips were full they were taken off, and the roving removed from each. Peele in 1779 introduced the cylinder. His machine had strips of card around the drum to give separate *slivers* or *cardings*, and a can, which rotated on its base, to give a slight twist to the rovings. This was perhaps the first *roving can*. The *card-sticking* machine was invented by Amos Whittemore, of Massachusetts, and patented by him in 1797.

Next in order of operation, though the first to feel the rising tide of invention, was the *spinning machine*. In ancient Egypt, Phœnicia, Arabia, India, Greece, and Rome the *distaff* and *spindle* were the means of spinning. The *spinning-wheel* may have originated among our cousins of Hindostan, as it was certainly known there at a somewhat distant period; it appears in our illuminated missals of the fourteenth century, but only among the lady population, being used by spinsters and matrons of rank. The great bulk of the spinning was by the distaff, which indeed is still used in many parts of the continent of Europe. Among English-speaking peoples it survived latest in the *flax-wheel*, in which a continuous thread was spun from a tussock of combed flax held upon a distaff at one end of the machine.

So far as we are concerned, the commencement of our century finds the spinning of cotton and wool in the condition of many previous ages and centuries; it was done upon hand spinning-wheels. This was true as to work done for the household and that which was done in the way of business, being distributed by the spinning masters of a neighborhood to the operatives, who did the work at their own houses. When Hargreaves invented the spinning-jenny in 1768 cotton and woolen mills were unknown.

The wool being carded into rolls in which the fibres were arranged in one direction, the spinner attached the end of one to the spindle, which was then revolved by whirling the large wheel, a band passing over the periphery of the latter and over a little pulley on the spindle. The left hand of the operator drew out the roll as it was twisted, the degree of its elongation and the hardness of the twist depending upon the distance it was pulled out and the number of revolutions. In practice, the spinner steps back a distance after setting the wheel a-whirling, and, when the twist is satisfactory, by shifting the yarn from the point to the shaft of the spindle, and reversing the direction of



SPINNING-WHEEL.

rotation, the yarn is wound upon the spindle, excepting the end of the yarn, which is left projecting from the point for the attachment of another roll. Another feature must also be noticed, as it has a very close bearing upon what was followed in the most perfect known spinning machine, the *mule*, of which more presently. The spinner, after drawing out the roll, giving the wheel a whirl, and walking backward from it, dropped the roving, and then, advancing to the spindle, took the roving between the finger and thumb; then, giving a rapid revolution to the wheel, she walked backward away, allowing the roving to slip through the grip with just such friction as would secure the required tightness of twist. This done, the yarn was wound upon the spindle, and the double process repeated with another carded roll.

This was the way with wool, and subsequently with cotton; but it was not until the rising demand for cotton yarn occurred that machinery was invented to supplement the individual exertions of the spinner. Machinery was first applied to silk, but the material was expensive, the demand limited, and the process essentially different. Lewis Paul led off in this line of invention in his patent of 1738, in which he introduced the idea of successive pairs of *drawing rollers* for elongating the roving, the speed of the consecutive pairs increasing so that each pulled upon the roving between it and the preceding pair, the eventual extension depending upon the relative rates of the increase of speed of the successive pairs. He also gave to one or more of the pairs of rollers a revolution in a plane at right angles to that of their individual rotation, so as to



give a twist to the yarn. This invention is said to have originated with Wyatt, Paul being only a promoter; however that may have been, it was not successful, owing, doubtless, partly to want of skill in the making, and also to intrinsic difficulties, for the same invention, in a modified form, was patented in 1848, and had a fair trial on a large scale in Rhode Island before it was finally abandoned.

In 1758 Lewis Paul tried again to adapt machinery to the work. This invention was the precursor of the *bobbin-and-fly frame*. He seems to have been unfortunate in his combinations.

The cardings being attached endwise, are fed between rollers which deliver the long sliver to a bobbin, which takes it up faster as to length than it is delivered by the rollers, and so stretches it according to the quality required. There is an indistinct intimation of a *flyer* in the drawing of this machine in the stretch between the feed rollers and the bobbins. Had he put the *drawing rollers* of his former patent to the *feed rollers* and *bobbin* of his new one, he might, perhaps, have forestalled Arkwright.

Hargreaves's *spinning-jenny* was the direct outgrowth of the spinning-wheel, unlike the Paul *drawing head*, which had a radically different construction. Something had to be done to meet the increased demand for cotton yarn. James Hargreaves was the man for the occasion. It is said that the first suggestion in the right direction was caused by the upsetting of a spinning-wheel by one of his children. *It continued to run when the spindle was vertical.* Here was the solution. He had frequently tried to spin several yarns at once on as many spindles, but the latter being horizontal, the yarns interfered. He made a machine in 1764 with eight vertical spindles in a row, fed by eight rovings, which were held by a fluted wooden clasp of two parallel slats. The ends of the rovings being attached to the spindles, the wheel was revolved by the

right hand, rotating the spindles, and the clasp which lightly clipped the rovings was drawn away from the spindles, paying out the roving, which was twisted by the rotation of the spindles, and stretched by the retraction of the clasp and the amount taken up by the twist. When the clasp reached the back of the machine the yarn was wound on the spindles, the clasp resumed its place near them, fresh rovings were pieced on to the ends of the former ones, and the work was repeated.

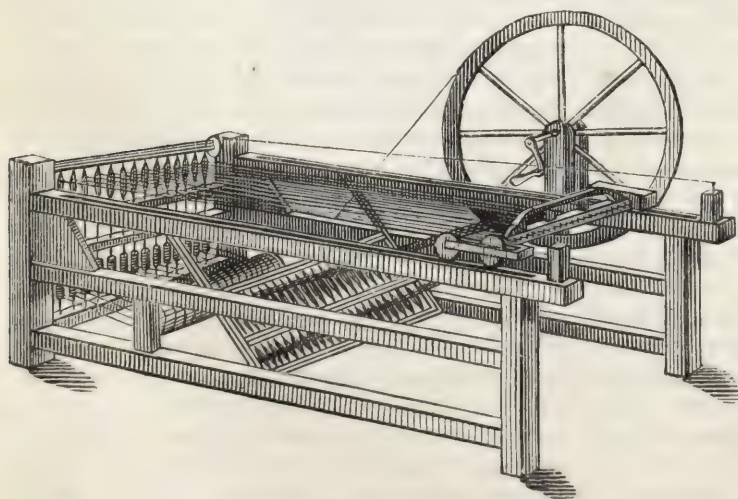
The clasp was, as it were, a long finger and thumb to hold a row of rovings, and the machine was eventually made to contain as many as eighty spindles. Hargreaves spun in secret so much yarn that the jealous workmen broke into his house and destroyed the machine. He deviated a little from his first design in drafting the specification for his patent of 1770. He there had a series of bobbins holding *slubs*—soft rovings having but little twist—which pass from thence to a row of spindles, all rotated from a common driving-wheel. Between the two, with divisions for the slubs, was a clasp, which was managed by the left hand, to bring such a pressure upon the roving as the required twist might warrant. A *presser-wire* regulated the winding of the yarn on the spindles in the intervals of spinning.

It being proved that he had sold several of his machines before his application for a patent, the latter was set aside, and he never was reasonably remunerated.

When the machine of Arkwright, which is next in order of date, came into use, the *spinning-jenny* of Hargreaves still held its superiority in yarn, the product being used for the *weft*, while the *water-twist* of the Arkwright *roller-machine* was used for the *warp*. Subsequently the principal features of the jenny were embodied with others selected from the Arkwright *drawing frame* to form what was playfully termed the *mule*, by which name it is universally known up to

date. It was said also that until the invention of the Arkwright machine cotton yarn was seldom used for warp, owing to its softness and weakness, the jenny not giving a sufficiently hard twist to bear the strain of the loom. Goods were therefore usually made, at the period referred to, with a *linen warp* and *cotton woof*.

Arkwright's invention for "making of weft or yarn from cotton, flax, and wool," patented 1769, was the most brilliant of its time and class. It was designed to be driven by horse-power, a band from



HARGREAVES'S SPINNING-JENNY.



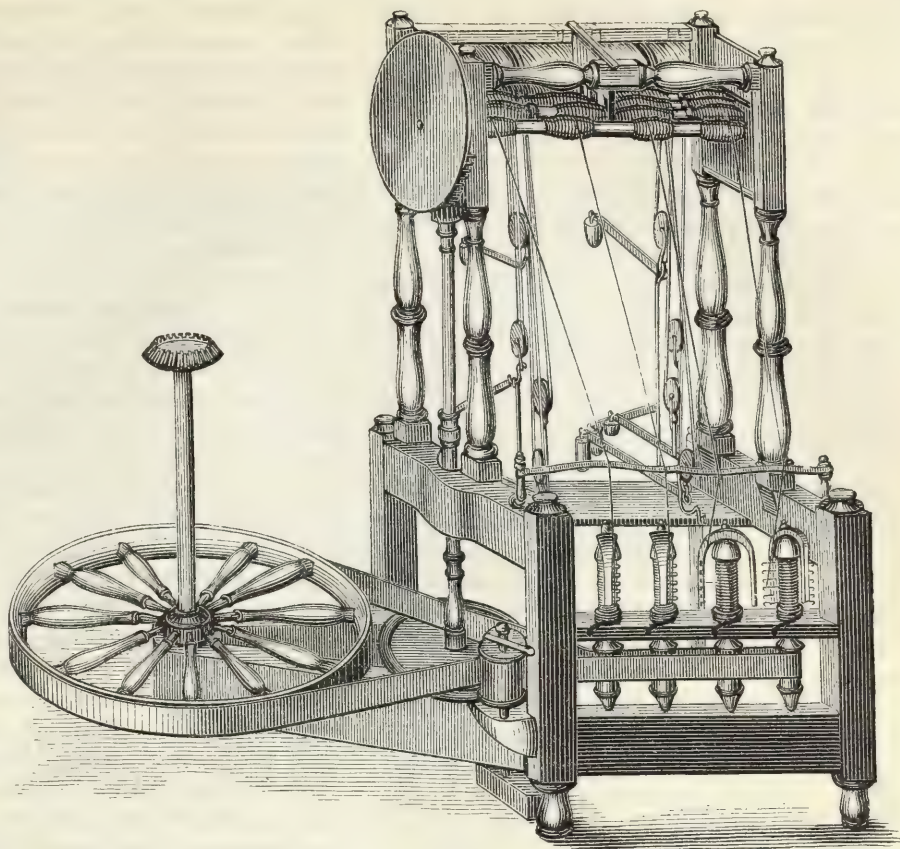
a drum on the master - wheel shaft giving motion to the various parts. It was much improved in later years, and was driven by water-power after its success justified larger operations. This soon followed, and in 1785 steam - power was first applied to cotton spinning. The cotton rovings were wound upon large bobbins at the back upper part of the machine, and were drawn from them by four pairs of drawing rollers, which, moving with a gradu-

ated accelerated speed, elongated the rovings, and passed them to the flyers and spindles on the lower part of the machine. The four essential parts of this apparatus have not been dispensed with in ordinary spinning, and constitute the *bobbin-and-fly frame*, or *roving-frame*, which bids fair to hold its ground for spinning ordinary numbers to the end of time.

The drawing rollers were suggested by the Lewis Paul machine of 1738; but the *flyers* and the general combination are of the highest order of merit, and are to be attributed to Arkwright.

Reference has been made in the introductory remarks to the factory system initiated by Arkwright in his cotton mills, 1768-1785. Arkwright was the first man to associate consecutively the various processes in cotton manufacture under the same roof. This series of machines for carding, drawing, and roving was patented in 1785, and from Arkwright's period we date the origin of the factory system. This was the year after the ratification by Congress of the definitive treaty of peace signed at Paris, and four years before Washington became President.

Thenceforward the system had but to grow and extend; to grow, in bringing other departments of the cotton manufacture, and eventually those of wool, flax, and hemp, into the same method; to extend, in respect of its boundaries, geographical and economical—the latter by the inauguration of parallel practices in other interests,



ARKWRIGHT'S SPINNING MACHINE (FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING).

such as the working of metal, leather, and wood.

The invention of cotton machinery was no exception to the general rule: Arkwright did best what had been attempted before. Arkwright had his Lewis Paul, just as Fulton had his Symington and Rumsey, and as Stephenson had his Trevethick and Hedley.

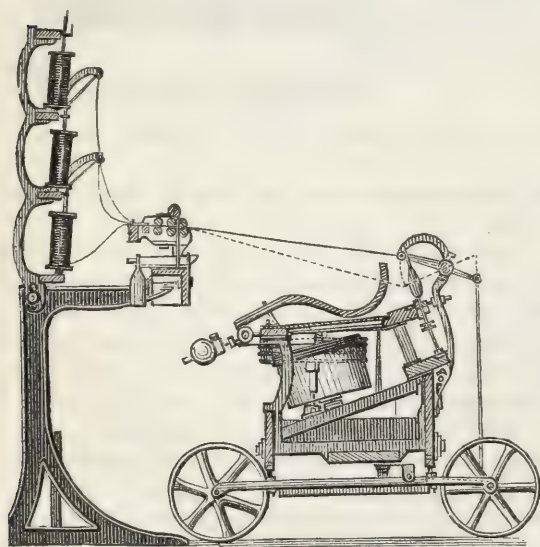
Many other improvements might be cited, such as Jenks's ring-and-traveler spinner, if we had the space. The list of spinning machines closes with the *mule*, and at present there is nothing better to offer. The perfected mule has been called the "iron man" from the wondrous skill with which it operates. Apparently instinct with life and feeling, it performs its allotted course as implicitly as a mere water-wheel, but the exquisite provisions for timing—what may be called the opportuneness of its movements—give it an air of volition and prevision. These features belong to the *automatic mule*, or the *self-acting mule*, as it also called. It was not thus in the original mule of Crompton. In this the main features were present, but were brought into and continued in action by the care and judgment of the operator.

Samuel Crompton was a young weaver when he applied his mind to the solution of the problem how to make a machine which should avoid certain faults present in the Hargreaves and the Arkwright machines. This he succeeded in doing in 1779. He placed his spindles on a traveling carriage,



which backed away from the roving bobbins to stretch and twist a length of the rovings, and then ran back to wind the yarn upon the spindles. The immediate object was to deliver the roving with the required degree of attenuation, and twist it as delivered. The work of this machine was finer than any heretofore produced, and the improved self-acting mule still maintains its superior character. Even at the first it was called the "muslin wheel," as its yarns rivaled in softness the finer kinds from India. Crompton took no patent for it, but was rewarded with a Parliamentary grant of £5000 thirty-three years afterward. He died in 1827.

Previous to the invention of the mule few spinners could make yarns of 200 hanks to the pound, the hank being always 840 yards. The natives of India were at the same time making yarns of numbers varying from 300 to 400. By the best constructed mules yarn has been made in Manchester of number 700, which was woven in France. The illustra-



MULE SPINNER.

tion will give an idea of the machine, though it has not the complicated parts of the self-acting mule.

The mule of Crompton had only twenty to thirty spindles, and the distance traveled by the carriage was five feet. The distance traveled is now much greater, and some mules carry 1200 spindles.

The drawing and stretching action of the mule spinner makes the yarn finer and of a more uniform tenuity than the mere drawing and twisting action of the *throstle*. As delivered by the rollers, the thread is thicker in some parts than in others; these thicker parts, not being so effectually twisted as the smaller parts, are softer, and yield more readily to the stretching power of the mule; by this means the twist becomes more equable throughout the yarn.

The mule carriage carrying the spindles

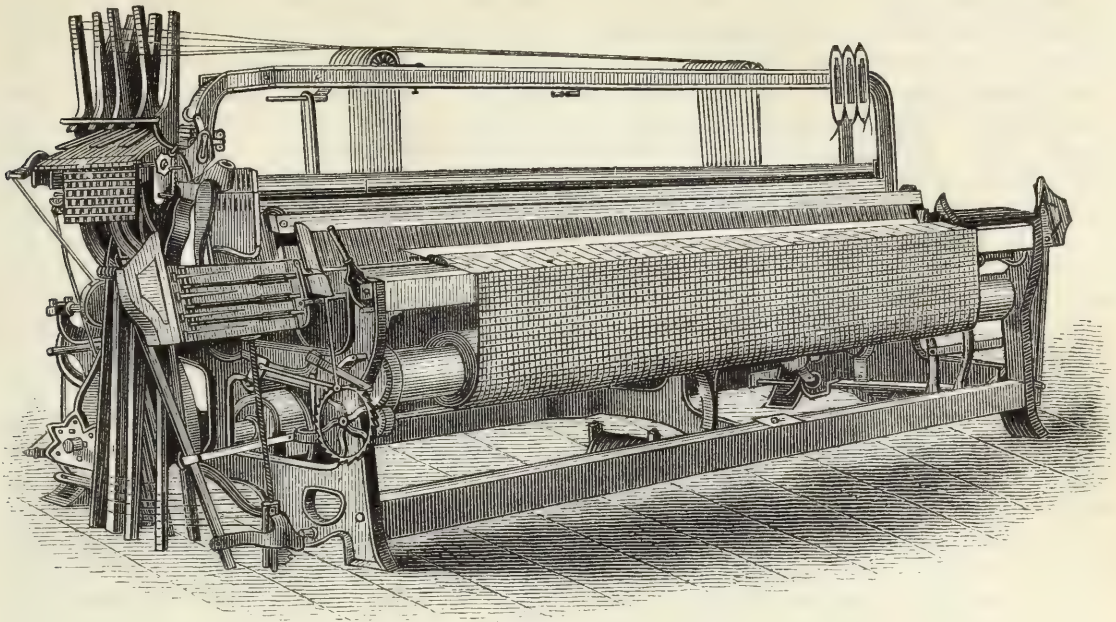
recedes from the rollers with a velocity somewhat greater than the rate of delivery of the reduced roving, the rapid revolution of the spindles giving a twist to the yarn, which stretches it still farther. When the rollers cease giving out the rovings, the mule spinner still continues to recede, its spindles still revolving, and thus the stretching is effected.

When the *drawing*, *stretching*, and *twisting* of the yarn are thus accomplished, the mule disengages itself from the parts of the carriage by which it has been driven, and the carriage is returned to the rollers, the thread being wound in a *cop* upon the spindle as the carriage returns.

The specific difference between the action of the *throstle* and the mule is, that the former has a continuous action upon the roving, *drawing*, *twisting*, and *winding* it upon the *spindle*, while the mule *draws* and *twists* at one operation as the carriage runs out, and then *winds* all the lengths upon the spindles as the carriage runs in. The automatic disengagement is the invention of Roberts, in 1830, and of Mason.

The jenny and the drawing frame being fairly at work, the cry was now, "What is to become of the yarn? there will not be hands enough to weave it." The Rev. Edmund Cartwright set himself to the solution of the problem, and took out a patent for a power-loom in 1785, and a second in 1787. He was at great expense, and worked under the disadvantage of being a poor mechanic, having very little judgment in the proportion of parts or the convenient modes for the transmission of motion. One of the great difficulties in his way was in the fluffy and spongy character of the warp, and in the necessity for stopping the loom to dress a length of warp. This was avoided by the invention of the sizing and dressing machine of Radcliffe, of Stockport, in 1802, which took the yarns from the warping machine, carried them between two rollers, one of which revolved in a reservoir of thin paste, then between brushes, which rid the yarns of superfluous and uneven paste, then over a heated copper box, which dried them, and then wound them on the yarn-beam of the loom. The power-loom was only extensively adopted about 1801—the year of expiration of Cartwright's principal patent. He received £10,000 from Parliament. The justness of Cartwright's claim to the power-loom may be appreciated when it is stated that his loom, patented in 1787, has automatic mechanical devices to operate all parts. It was a memorable success for a man of letters, whose first attempt at a power-loom was made in 1784, before he had ever seen a loom. Eventually, by the exertions of Horrocks, of Stockport, in 1803, and the adaptation of the steam-engine to the work, the power-loom became fixed in use. Jacquard, of Lyons, France,





CROMPTON'S FANCY LOOM.

Roberts, of Manchester, England, and more lately Bigelow, Crompton, and Lyall, of this country, have brought the machine to a degree of perfection which is a marvel to the uninitiated, and an object of respect to those who happen to be a little better informed in technical matters.

It may be mentioned that the mill at Waltham, Massachusetts, erected in 1813, was the first in the world in which were combined machines for all the processes which convert the raw cotton into cloth. The mills of Arkwright, at Cromford, in Derbyshire, erected 1771-75, and that of Slater, at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, 1790, had no power-looms.

Crompton is a name twice famous in the history of the manufacture of fibre. His loom, represented in the accompanying cut, is not a loom for cotton, but a more complicated structure for figure-weaving, as in carpet-making.

The Jacquard loom is the most distinctively curious in the list of looms. Jacquard, of Lyons, is reported to have conceived the idea in 1790, and in 1801 he received from the National Exposition a bronze medal for his invention of a machine for figure-weaving, which he patented.

The appendage to the loom which constitutes the Jacquard attachment is to elevate or depress the warp threads for the reception of the shuttle, the action being produced by cards with punched holes, which admit the passage of needles which govern the warp threads. The holes in a card represent the warps to be raised for a certain passage of the shuttle, and the needles, dropping into the holes, govern the formation of the shed so that the required threads of warp come to the surface. The next card governs the next motion of the warps; and so on, the required color being brought up

or kept up, as the case may be. For figured stuff, from the finest silk to the most solid carpet, figured velvets and Wilton carpets, we are indebted to the genius of Jacquard, who made it possible to do by machinery what was before an expensive operation requiring skillful hands.

While the art of the dyer is as old as Tyre, and the colors of antiquity are not, perhaps, excelled in lustre and stability, the variety has increased, and the modes have become more numerous and cheap. Dye baths and mordants were well understood in India two thousand years ago, as were also one or more styles of calico-printing, including chintz patterns and the resist process, which helped to make the fortunes of the Peele family.

Pliny refers to the skill of the Egyptians as "wonderful" in imparting to white robes a number of colors by steeping "with dye-absorbing drugs" (mordants), after which the goods take on several tints when boiled in a dye bath of one color. Cortez was met in Mexico by people who wore cotton dresses with Dolly Varden patterns in black, blue, red, yellow, and green.

These instances, which are but a tithe of what offers, show that calico-printing is old enough, and, indeed, it was practiced as a profession at Augsburg at the latter part of the seventeenth century, about which time it was introduced into England. Hand processes, however, were all that were known. Their nature it is not so easy to determine, but Robert Peele, a farmer of Blackburn, invented the method of *printing by blocks*, each cut out to correspond with its part of the pattern, and laid in apposition by means of *register pins*. This may have been about 1776, a year or two before his invention of the *mangle* and the *cylinder carding-machine*,



the roller principle of which seems to have suggested the *calico-printing machine* (1785), which has its pattern engraved on the face of a cylinder, and which, with various improvements in detail, remains in use to the present day. The object he chose for his first attempt at hand-printing was a parsley leaf. The women of his family ironed the goods, and he was long called, without intentional disparagement, "Parsley-leaf Peele."

In this machine the pattern for each color is engraved on a cylinder which revolves so as to dip its lower surface in a trough of color; the face of each cylinder is scraped clean by a blade called a *doctor*, leaving the color only in the engraved lines; the cloth passes against the cylinders in turn, and receives a portion of its pattern from each. By an American improvement the number of cylinders which may be applied to each web is increased to twelve. The mode of engraving the cylinders has undergone a complete change since the invention by Jacob Perkins, of Massachusetts, of the roller die and transfer process, in which a design on an engraved and subsequently hardened steel die is impressed into the copper cylinder in repetition to any required extent.

Robert Peele was also fortunate in securing two very valuable processes, known as the *discharge* and *resist* styles. The latter he is said to have bought of a commercial traveler for £5, and to have made £250,000 by it. The *discharge* style is a process in which the cloth is printed with a material which prevents the mordant from becoming fast, so that when the dye is applied and the cloth washed, the dye is not fast at those places. The *resist* style is one in which the cloth has a pattern printed in paste, and is then dyed in indigo. The paste resists the coloring matter, and these parts are white on a blue ground when the cloth is washed.

The name of Peele, the self-taught dyer and mechanic, and his son and grandson, the two Sir Roberts, the latter being the statesman who was killed by a fall from his horse in 1850, are indissolubly associated with the cotton manufacture, and more specifically with the carding and the calico-printing.

WASHINGTON, D. C. EDWARD H. KNIGHT.

## A CHARACTER MASK.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

YES, it was a great success, that wonderful piece of amateur acting. The applause of the audience was not only beyond mistake genuine and spontaneous, but it was beyond mistake the irrepressible outburst of admiring surprise. Lamont was the hero of the evening, and if his personal friends, of whom he had many, were pleased with his success, it need hardly be said that

the eyes of his *fiancée*, Nettie Burnet, brightened almost into tears at the applauses and praises that followed the performance. She had a special reason for being delighted. Lamont was a very clever fellow, who had read and traveled a great deal, and Nettie knew it was not a girl's partiality which made her think him far superior to the best of the other young men she knew; but Lamont was shy and reserved with most people, and perhaps especially with women, and many persons therefore believed that there was nothing in him. If they could only have heard him as he talked to her, she often thought, they would not say there was nothing in him. If they could have followed the stream of fresh, vivid ideas, odd fancies, curious illustrations, that came flowing from him when he felt himself thoroughly at his ease, they would not have supposed there was nothing in him. If they could have heard him talk of books, of the various literatures whose masterpieces were familiar to him, they would have known there was something in him. She had known him always, but that was not enough. She wanted other people to know him too. Women have always in them something of the spirit of that king of Lydia whose story is told by Herodotus, and who was not content to be himself the possessor of a treasure unless his friend could also see and appreciate it. Therefore Nettie Burnet was especially delighted because now every one must know what a wonderfully clever fellow she had for a lover.

The amateur performance in which Lamont so distinguished himself took place at the house of a lady who claimed to be at once a leader of fashion and of culture, and who lived in the Fifth Avenue region, but not on Fifth Avenue. Lamont had been pressed into the service as a performer, being at first only invited as an ordinary guest. But one of the actors had suddenly to leave for Europe within a few days of the performance, and the hostess besought Lamont, whom she knew to be a man of taste and talent, and a remarkably obliging person, to undertake the part. The play was adapted from the French by the hostess herself; the part offered to Lamont seemed to promise little difficulty of study; Lamont was taken suddenly and at a disadvantage, and he consented.

Then, as he could not back out, and was impelled by desperation, he resolved to make the very most he could of the part. In itself the part was secondary and feeble. It was that of a man who never could make up his mind in time to do any thing, but always doubted and hesitated until the chance had gone by. He might have made a success here and a success there; he might have married a charming girl; but he always doubted, and so on—every one knows



the sort of part; it is as old as the hills in literature and comedy. Lamont "did not see himself in the part," as English actors and actresses say. He resolved to make out a new and original reading of it for himself. There flashed upon his mind a hint for a character let drop by Dickens, and preserved in Forster's *Life*—the suggestion of a man who was always asking himself what every body's motive was before he would agree to any thing. Lamont thought of converting the person in the play from the mere commonplace type of indecision and vacillation into something far more morbidly curious and striking. Suppose a human being constitutionally steeped in distrust of himself and all others, so that he could take no step in life without the dread that a pitfall was opening, a trap was laid for him; that Fortune herself would have appealed to him in vain, because he would have refused to accept her outstretched hand till he had first tortured his brain to find out what her malign motive could be; that even when the girl he loved told him she loved him, he began to think she must have some mean and selfish motive, and drew back and hesitated, until she turned from him and scorned him and left him. Such a character as this, so pitiable, so despicable, so sad, he thought could surely be made a fresh and striking figure on the stage, and yet would be quite in keeping with the purpose and the dramatic business which the more commonplace rendering was intended to suit. Lamont became possessed with the idea, and resolved to make it a success.

Every body is prepared to understand how the character acts on the expression of the face. Lamont had read and thought a good deal about the manner in which the expression acts upon the character. He resolved to try the experiment in his own case, and see whether, by moulding his features while he studied and acted the part into the exact expression which to his mind typified it, the very sentiments and impulses of such a nature would not arise within him for the time, and guide him to a perfect realization of the character. He had a fine plastic face, and was always admirable at mimicry. Studying before a mirror he obtained what he considered the very expression of the face which ought to belong to his part. The expression was not deeply marked, but was very effective. The lips closely set, and the lines of the mouth drawn down; the eyebrows a little contracted gave an air at once sinister, melancholy, skeptical, and overcautious. The eyes acquired a look curiously peering and distrustful, and the drawn-down lines of the mouth spoke of corroding disbelief and caution. The more Lamont studied his face in the glass, the more the character, as he read it, familiarized itself with all his senses, and became easy of realization. He

did not, however, exhibit it in any of the rehearsals. On that point he charged his mind. He resolved to reserve all the effect for the night of representation. Therefore he only walked through the rehearsals, exciting in the mind of no one either admiration or the reverse, and he studied the part his own way laboriously at home of midnights.

When the night of performance came every body was delighted, but perhaps hardly even so much delighted as surprised. Lamont took the audience by storm. His first appearance on the stage foretold the success, and prepared the audience for the reading of the part which he had devised. The expression of melancholy and morbid doubt and caution was wonderful. It was produced without the slightest grimace, and it was kept up as if Nature herself had fashioned it. You would have been puzzled to say where the change was in Lamont's features; and yet the effect of the change was felt through the whole company the moment he presented himself before the extemporized foot-lights. He had created a part, and become the success of the night.

When the performance was over every body wanted to see Lamont. The hostess was longing to grasp his hand, and would have embraced him if propriety would have allowed. It is needless to say how Nettie Burnet longed for him. But Lamont remained in his dressing-room changing his dress for such a time that most of the company below ceased to expect him. He felt weary of the whole business, discontented, and gloomy. "Why did I make such an exhibition of myself?" he kept asking himself. "Why did I wish for the renown of a successful mountebank? Have I gained any thing by converting myself into a buffoon?"

A tap at the door, and a languid call of "Come" from our hero, were followed by the entrance of a colored servant, who brought the compliments of Mrs. Stockdale, the hostess, and the message that every body was longing to see him.

Lamont grumbled out some unmeaning answer, and dismissed the servant. "Of course," he said to himself, "every body wants to see the chief buffoon."

He dressed and went down stairs, and peered unobserved into the crowded drawing-room. He saw Nettie Burnet talking to a man whom he used rather to like.

"I know what that fellow means," he said to himself. "He thinks he can make a profit out of my foolery. I know he is ridiculing me. I wish Nettie wouldn't talk to fellows like that."

Nettie at this moment smiled a very forced smile. Her thoughts and her heart were not with her present companion.

"Oh, she likes it well enough, I dare say," Lamont said to himself. "She laughs at



his impertinent jokes. I know what that means. The fellow has grown rich lately—in some swindling way, I suppose—and Nettie probably thinks he would be a better catch than I am. Well, she is no worse than all women! She does not know that I am looking at her. Good Heavens! how mercenary she must be! How could I ever have believed that she was any thing else?"

He saw that his hostess was moving hither and thither among the crowd, looking, probably, for him, and he drew back.

"I understand Mrs. Stockdale," he murmured, "*now*. She thinks she shines as a patroness of talent and art, and all that. And she spends her money to get people round her to flatter her. No, madame—excuse me. I may have played the buffoon once, but I am not going to be shown off any more for the amusement of my lady's guests."

He stole out of the room and left the house. As he was passing through the hall an acquaintance encountered him.

"Hallo, Lamont, where are you going so early?"

"Why do you ask?" demanded Lamont, turning sharply on him.

"Oh, for no particular reason—only I wonder at your going so soon. Every body wants to talk to you. That was a wonderful piece of acting. Don't go so soon. Are you sick?"

"Why do you ask such a question? Do I look sick?"

"No, I don't think you do."

"But you must have had some reason for asking."

"Only because of your going away so soon. Now I look at you, Lamont, I think you do look a little queer."

Lamont passed brusquely on and left him, and went into the street.

"Why did that fellow ask me if I was sick?" he said to himself, half aloud. "Is there any thing strange about my appearance? I feel strangely. Am I sick? Am I going to die? I know Nettie Burnet would gladly marry that fellow—for his money. What could her motive have been in keeping me hanging after her all this time? Only to play me off against some dilatory and doubtful suitor who is richer, I suppose! I have been a wretched fool all this time, but I see it now."

The discovery brought him so little satisfaction that he felt as if he should very much wish to be at the bottom of the East River. He did not care to go home, for he knew that he was in no mood for either reading or sleeping. He turned into the club to which he belonged, and found his way moodily to the billiard-room, where he played a few games. The first two games he won, and he felt satisfied that his antagonist was not playing his best, but was only, as Hamlet

would say, "making a wanton of him" to draw him on. So he declined to play any more with that gentleman, and they nearly quarreled. He found another rival who won from him three games in succession, and Lamont felt sure he was cheated, and implied as much. There might have been a very serious quarrel only for the singular and, as Lamont thought, contemptuous forbearance of the victor.

"I know what the fellow means," Lamont thought. "He wants to make people think that I have been drinking, and don't know what I am saying. I dare say I wronged him, but as that's the meaning of his cool good humor I'll not apologize."

As he left the place he heard the man he had tried to insult say to a companion,

"I wonder what's the matter with poor Lamont? There's something very strange about him. It seems as if he were going mad."

"Can I be going mad?" the bewildered Lamont asked of his perplexed soul. "What could he have meant by talking of my going mad? I believe they are all in a conspiracy to drive me mad—Nettie Burnet and all. But they sha'n't succeed."

Lamont performed odd freaks that night. He went to a gambling-house and played heavily and lost, being convinced that here, at least, he was certainly cheated; and he drank a good deal, or rather a bad deal, of Champagne, which, however, did not tend in the least to exhilarate his spirits. It was daylight when he went home, weary, morbid, wild. He slept at last from pure fatigue, and had hideous dreams of plots against him, in which Nettie Burnet played a leading part and mocked him.

Lamont woke next morning unrefreshed, and with a strange and bitter sense of something having gone wrong. With the first waking moment came the feeling that life had nothing left for him. He looked at his face in the glass, and thought it seemed haggard and old. A painful doubt of every thing had possession of him, and yet he was conscious, too, of a morbid pride in his very doubt. Toward Nettie Burnet a corroding rancor filled him. He had found her out; she never cared for him, the cold-hearted, deceitful, and mercenary girl! Just like all women! He knew them now.

While thus feeding his soul on melancholy reflection, he was interrupted by a letter from Nettie herself. Only yesterday the sight of that handwriting would have made him wild with joy. His hands, as he took it, would have trembled with eager delight, though he had parted from her late the evening before, and was to meet her again soon—that very day. He took the letter and held it in his hand a moment unopened, and looked at the address with a mournful cynicism. "What a fool I was *then*!" he



said; "what a fool I was always—until now!" With a sense of triumph in his superiority of newly acquired knowledge, he opened the letter. A few lines—tender, touching, loving inquiry about his sudden disappearance of the evening before, sweet, fond reproaches, and unspeakable suggestions of affection: such a little letter as men remember for years and years after, through changes that have made dreary havoc with friendship and the objects of love and ambition and hope and all the highest qualities of character, and left the individual nature as withered and impotent of new fresh growth as the old trunk of a dead tree.

Lamont tossed the letter scornfully away.

"I understand what that means now," he said. "*He* didn't propose last night—he didn't come up to the mark! I am to be played off a little more against him, or kept on hand in case she should have to fall back on me after all."

In this happy mood he went to see Nettie Burnet that day. He answered her loving inquiries and playful reproaches in a cold and skeptical way, which was quite new to Nettie. She told him she could not understand him, to which he answered by asking if she supposed he did not understand *her*. When she looked bewildered and scared at his words, he told her bluntly that he had watched her the previous evening as she flirted with the young man already mentioned.

Nettie laughed with a frank, fresh cordiality that might have re-assured any man, and protested that she was perfectly weary of the poor fellow all the time he talked to her, and was only yearning for Lamont to come to her. The poor fellow must have seen it himself, she added.

"The poor fellow?" Lamont said, sarcastically. "Poor, Nettie? Perhaps you would like me to think that you don't know how much money he has come in for? Do you want to make me believe that, Miss Burnet?"

"Oh no," said Nettie, coloring a little. "I don't want to make you believe any thing of the kind, or any thing that isn't true. I know that he is very rich. I was not thinking of his money when I called him poor fellow."

"Indeed! What, then, makes him poor, may I ask?" Lamont said, in a tone of lofty sarcasm.

"I suppose I spoke of him with pity," Nettie answered, and tears were now coming into her eyes, "because, for all his money, he has not that—that love—which others seem to think so lightly of."

"Oh, but he can have love enough, surely? He has but to ask. What girl would refuse him?"

"I know of one who has refused him," said Nettie, speaking now for the first time

rather coldly; "but we need not speak of this any more. Why are you so strange in your manner to-day? You don't look like yourself. I can not tell how, but you seem to me quite changed. Are you angry with me, Arthur? Have I done anything wrong?"

"Wrong, Miss Burnet? Surely not. How could it be wrong for a sensible girl to keep two lovers on hand—one to play off against the other? Nothing could be more prudent. Of course *he* understands. He'll propose again to-day, no doubt. Last night's refusal was only a pretty little ceremonial. He knows."

"I never believed that you could insult me, Arthur Lamont," the girl said, trembling now with surprise and pain and anger. "You don't deserve that any woman should love you, and I will not endure to be treated so cruelly."

"I understand all this perfectly," Lamont said, after a moment's pause. "I see through it perfectly, Miss Burnet. You are looking for a pretext to quarrel, in order that you may have an excuse for getting rid of me."

"Oh, for shame? How can you—"

"I thoroughly understand," the unfortunate Lamont persisted, a mighty flood of bitterness and suspicion welling up in his distracted breast, "and I may as well save you any unnecessary trouble. I don't see the use of waiting to be dismissed, Miss Burnet. Perhaps I am in the way this very moment."

"Oh, Arthur, Arthur!"

The cry might have pierced his heart. But now that heart was walled in by a mysterious rampart of suspicion and disbelief, and the emotion uppermost in the wretched Lamont's mind was a sickly pride in the sagacity which had enabled him to find her out. He coldly rose to take his leave.

"What have I done to deserve this?" the all-bewildered girl exclaimed.

"You have done all that a woman ought to do to deserve the high fortune that is at your command, Miss Burnet. Pray let me not stand in the way."

"Arthur! Arthur!" and she put her hand beseechingly on his arm. "You don't speak like yourself. Are you well? Do you really mean this that you are saying? What terrible change has come over you?"

"Not a terrible change—I have come to my senses, that is all! Good-morning."

He bowed, and walked coolly out of the room. Nettie Burnet remained for a moment like one whose motions are frozen by fear and wonder. A horrible idea seemed to have possession of her. That man who had left her was not Lamont—her Lamont! Could old tales of magic be true? Was that some cold and cruel fiend in Arthur Lamont's likeness? Was Lamont himself possessed by a demon, or—thought hardly less fearful—had her lover gone mad?



That was a day of cruel torture to poor Nettie.

Lamont left her, and went slowly home. Life seemed to have become unbearable to him. Every hour, every moment, filled him more and more with sickening distrust. The colored servant, whom he had bought years ago in the South, when slavery still was, and when he, a boy traveling with his father, was taken with pity for the slave boy younger than himself—this colored servant, whom he had brought with him to New York, and always befriended, and who was devoted to him as the dog is devoted to his master—this servant he now believed to be a spy set to watch his movements, and he reviled him. The idea now took possession of him that people thought he was going mad. This explained, he assured himself, the otherwise inexplicable efforts of Nettie to pacify and conciliate him even after he had virtually cast her from him. It had greatly puzzled him at the time that when he had so sternly let her know how he had found her out, she should still have endeavored to speak him fair. There was nothing to be got by that, then, he had thought; what can be her motive? Her motive, *we* can all see, was not far to seek. It was simply her faithful love. But Lamont, in his present mood, could think of nothing like that. He found the explanation in the fact that she too thought he was going mad, and was afraid of him.

How or where he passed the remainder of that day Lamont never clearly knew. He went out, and wandered about the obscurest streets he could find, avoiding every possibility of meeting any one he knew. Now and then he thought he saw, half a street off, the figure of some acquaintance, and he knew at once that that person must have some motive for hunting him out, and so he fled in the opposite direction. He found himself toward evening in a villainous region of old wharves and coal-yards and timber-yards and low grogeries and tenement-houses, somewhere on the North River, and he saw the quiet stars begin to rise over the New Jersey shore. The dreamy poetic light of the stars only brought him bitter memories—memories now imbittered because they spoke of hours that seemed to him sweet, as some poisons are delusive and destroying in their sweetness. How many evenings had they watched those stars together, he and she—she who was all the time, ay, even then, so worthless and so false! What could her motive be for deceiving him then? why did she pretend to love him? he asked himself; and he turned away, and plunged on his unmeaning wanderings in another direction.

He had a vague impression of rambling purposeless through miles of streets, of stopping in some low quarter to listen to a

noisy quarrel between a man and his wife, and of interfering to rescue the woman from the man's violence, and exchanging blows with the man, and when he had got the better in the fight, asking the rescued woman what it was all about, and when she told him her husband had accused her wrongfully, suddenly feeling certain the accusation was quite true, and telling her so, and receiving her denunciations as the reward of his interference. He was grimly amused; it was all so like life, he thought. After this he was in a theatre, where an actress was receiving great applause, and he felt sure it was the hired work of a paltry *claque*, and he hissed vehemently; and there was a disturbance, and he was ejected, laughing sarcastically. It was a German theatre, luckily for him, and nobody there knew who he was. The audience took him merely for some drunken young brawler.

So the night wore away, half unreal, as it seemed to poor Lamont, in its dream-like weariness and pain. He wandered at last into Madison Square, and there, worn out from excitement and fatigue and hunger, he flung himself on a bench, and fell fast asleep. He slept for some hours a sleep of mere exhaustion, stolid and dreamless. Then a dream came on him. He thought that he was sinking into a terrible gulf of darkness, occasionally broken by gusts of smoke, and lighted by lurid gleams of flame. Down in that gulf, it seemed to be made known to him, was madness; and he had fallen on the crumbling edges of the gulf where it opened in the earth, and the crumbling edge was giving way beneath him, and he clung in vain with desperate tenacity to miserable little roots and stems and projecting stones, which all yielded at his touch; and just as he was sinking he saw Nettie Burnet standing above him, and he called out to her with a wild cry; and she caught him, and would have saved him, and then—

And then Lamont opened his eyes wildly, and it was bright morning, and between him and the soft blue sky the face of Nettie Burnet bent over him with eyes full of alarm and wonder and pity and love, and her arms were round him, and he felt that she had just kissed him.

He sprang to his feet. Bewildered and worn out as he was, he felt, for the first time for two days, like his old self again.

"Oh, Nettie, my love!" he exclaimed, "how did you come here? how did you find me?"

"I don't know, Arthur," the affrighted but rejoiced girl said, still clinging to him. It was luckily very, very early, and no rambler was yet in Madison Square to criticise this odd reunion. "I couldn't sleep all night, thinking of you—thinking such dreadful things!—and I got up very early and came out here, I don't know why; and then I saw you lying there, and I couldn't



believe it was you at first; and then you called out my name, and I ran to you—and oh, thank God, you are not dead!”

How lucky once more that it was so early and the square so empty!

“Nettie,” said Lamont, slowly, as all the past day or two began to struggle back into his memory, “look at me. Do I look in any way strange to you?”

“No, not strange, Arthur. You look worn and pale, but not strange. Oh, not strange. Not like yesterday!”

“Then I did look strange yesterday, Nettie—you are certain?”

“Oh yes, Arthur. I can’t tell how or why, but you looked unlike yourself. You seemed like one enchanted.”

“So I was enchanted, Nettie,” Arthur said, with a sigh of profound relief. “The lines into which I had moulded my face in order to play that confounded part remained there, and my whole nature changed with the expression of my face! I had read of such things happening, but this was my first

experience, and, by Jove! it shall be my last.”

“It must be that,” Nettie exclaimed. “I knew it was not *my* Arthur Lamont, his real and very self, who was so strange and cruel to me yesterday. Oh, how miserable I was then, and how happy I am now!”

“Your coming here saved me,” he said. “The shock of delight on waking and seeing you startled my unlucky features back into their original mould.”

“Arthur dear,” Nettie said, as they were leaving the square, “please don’t mimic bad expressions of face any more.”

“Never fear, Nettie; I have had quite enough of that, my love. If I want to imitate any expression that is not quite my own ever again, I’ll look into your face and try to copy that expression if I can.”

Which Nettie said was nonsense; and as they could not be found ranging the streets when the morning life of New York set in, they had to part presently, but went their several ways very happy.

## THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.

By EMILIO CASTELAR.

[Fourteenth Paper.]

### III.—THE GERMANIC PEOPLES.—(Continued.) RELIGIOUS IDEAS.—VI.

**I**N face of the rationalist criticism the Protestant apology established itself. The entire school of apologists, composed of many writers, furiously attacked the school of the critics. At this time, as if the capital work of the eighteenth century were to sow an idea, leaving it to be fecundated by another age, Frederick II. died, and with him died toleration. His cousin Frederick William II. succeeded him. Narrowness succeeded to breadth of view; intolerance to the humanitarian spirit; routine to idea; a king of red tape to a king of the spirit; a bureaucrat to a hero; a Protestant who wished to carry Protestantism, through official means, to every conscience succeeded a philosopher who allowed ideas to spread, to mingle, to combat, and to form of themselves the great chemical combinations of the intellectual life, to have the same spontaneity which nature enjoys in its creative work.

The Protestant apologists, after all, could advise nothing more than the reading of the Bible. I can not comprehend how the Protestant peoples of Europe delay so in embracing the republic. Often in my reflections upon history I have maturely considered that vivacity with which the Latin peoples comprehend and the rapidity with which they realize the most advanced ideas, especially in the sphere of politics. Here all the elements are employed to keep the people in complete ignorance. In my travels

through Switzerland what most astonished me was the quantity of liberal ideas which there descend from the pulpits, mingled with the aroma of religious ideas and eternal hopes. When I heard in the Church of St. Peter, at Geneva, a sermon full of allusions to the spirit of the age, the genius of liberty, to the God of the Gospel, the Book and Code of democracies, involuntarily there passed through my memory the sermons I had listened to in my parish church, filled with threatenings, with terror, with pictures of hell, with all the rhetoric calculated to belittle the mind and cast it into dejection and despair, which can only end in the slavery of the conscience and the soul. If the Latin peoples could read, if they were obliged, at least every Sunday, to turn the pages of their Bibles instead of hearing the chants of their priests in a strange and unintelligible language, would they not have been two centuries ago republicans?—because the Bible is a book full, from the first page to the last, I will not say of republican ideas, but certainly of republican sentiments, and sentiments, with their poetry, have greater influence than ideas among the people.

The Nile, the river of mysteries, caressing the stones of sepulchres, bears on its warm waters, which wind through the desert, like the Milky Way through the sky, the osier cradle of the enemy of kings, the savior of peoples. One of the first and most beautiful songs of the Bible is devoted to cele-



brating that rout of Pharaoh and his horsemen, drowned in the waters of the Red Sea. As soon as the tribes established themselves in the promised land they founded a republic, ruled by magistrates called Judges, and whenever any tyrant arose the sentiments of liberty and the eloquent speech of tribunes were heard even in the hearts and on the lips of their women. Jael with her hammer drove the nail into the temple of the tyrant Sisera. Deborah sings beneath the palm-tree the victory of the humble over nine hundred war chariots mailed with iron, and all whelmed in the wave of the rushing Kishon. At the feet of Gideon fell the golden diadems and the purple mantles from the temples and the shoulders of the princes of Midian, and their soldiers fell in the field like the grain before the sickle of the reaper. Jephthah avenged himself upon his people, who had forsaken him for the son of the harlot, by saving them from conquerors and tyrants.

Demosthenes never spoke against the kings of Macedon as the last of the Judges speaks against the kings whom his misguided tribes demanded. Even yet when we wish to condemn the servile tendencies of the masses we must repeat that sublime language and announce the same punishments. The discourse of Samuel is reiterated from age to age as well in the imprecations of Danton against the kings of France as in the songs of Schiller which paint the birth of the republic of Switzerland. Every tribune may say to every people the same. Do you seek a king? Your free tribes shall be slaves. Your sons shall be chained to the cars of the king like beasts. You shall be born with the mark of your ignominy, and from the womb of your mother to the womb of the sepulchre you shall be the property of another, like the clods of the field or the cattle of the pasture. You shall go, some before him like harnessed beasts, and some behind him like herds. He shall dispose of your horses and your riders for his pleasure and for his court, for his hatred and his wars. You shall moisten the earth with your sweat, and the fruit shall be his. You shall drench the fields of battle with your blood, and the victory shall be his. You shall sow, and he shall reap. You shall gather in the vintage, and he shall be drunken. You shall beget, and he shall dispose of your sons. No longer shall you call yourselves the elect of the God of Israel, but the eunuchs of the seraglio of the king. Your daughters shall anoint his body, and deliver themselves over to his lusts. You shall be parted, like a flock of sheep, among his courtiers. Your life and your pleasure shall only depend upon his caprice. You shall make soft the cushions upon which he reposes, you shall lick the feet with which he crushes your necks. Your blood, your hon-

or, your heritage, your daughters, and your wives, all shall be the property of the monarch, the lord of Israel, which shall be his domain. And when you ask for this you ask for a gag for your lips, a bridle for your mouths, a collar for your necks, handcuffs for your hands, manacles for your feet, night in your intelligence, death in your hearts, humiliation before God, and dishonor before the world.

These terrible prophecies are fulfilled. The history of the monarchy confirms, from its first to its last pages, all the warnings of the prophet. The king chosen by that people, oblivious of their religion and their republic, grew austere and full of pride as a rebellious angel. He made himself a god. Not contented with the simple political and civil magistracy, he aspired to the religious and sacerdotal magistracy, to oppress under its iron hands body and soul of his imbecile vassals. In vain do the greatest kings rise to that Oriental or pagan throne where God is absent. David alone shines for a moment, but he is a contradiction of the monarchical principles of hereditary transmission and Oriental caste. For David is a shepherd, whom not his birth, but his morality, has exalted. When the hereditary principle appears, there appears with it the crime which is innate in the monarchy, an institution radically contrary to justice. Solomon is the king par excellence. All the gifts of beauty have fallen upon his person, and all the fire and light of science upon his understanding. Distant peoples praise him. The wise men of the East seek him. The kings feel the need of him. Beneath his sceptre rises the Temple of the Living God, crowned by the woods of the cedars of Lebanon; formed of stones cut by the workmen of Tyre; adorned by the iron and bronze and silver and gold of Hiram; sanctified by the Ark of the Covenant; inaugurated by the holocaust of twenty-two thousand oxen and one hundred and twenty-two thousand sheep; enriched by presents brought in ships through the Red Sea from Ophir, in the Orient, from Tarsus, in the West; illuminated by the wisdom of its founder. But as there is nothing in the world so corrupting or so fatal as absolute power, this king, almost divine, corrupts his artist heart with the abominations of vice, weakens his warrior force with the enervation of idleness, stains his cultivated intelligence with the fables of magic, obscures his believing faith with the errors of idolatry, and furnishes another proof that the greatest among men can not be raised to the height of the throne and converted into a species of god without being changed, through this derogation from the laws of nature, into something brutish. And thus the monarchy, from failure to failure, from defeat to defeat, with the first representatives of the dynasty of David de-



stroys the unity of Israel, defeats and disperses the tribes united by the republic, and, with the last, delivers the kingdom to the foreigner, the race to captivity, the Holy City to destruction and sack, the Temple to the flames.

Read the prophets. Isaiah cries: Corrupt generation, ye have left the temple of Jehovah to seek the temple of idols. The head and the heart are sick, the feet are swollen, the members in pain. Children of Israel, ye are all one sore which no ointment can cure and no oil can heal. God desires no burnt-offering. Weary Him not with the smoke of your sacrifices. Jeremiah weeps in desolation: The populous city is solitary. The spouse of kings is a widow; the queen of the peoples is subject to tribute. The soldiers which should roar like lions to defend Zion run like deer. The virgins which praised her with their songs have gone, with shackled hands and feet, captives to the seraglios of the East. Ezekiel sings: Thou wert a vine planted by the waters. Thy leaves gave shade to peoples, and thy stalk was so strong that the kings took it for their sceptre. But the wind of summer has burned thee up as the fire consumes the dry grass. Daniel exclaims: Thy tyrant has raised his image in a golden statue seventy cubits high. The herald calls thee in a loud voice to fall down and worship it upon thy knees. Hosea hears the strident sounds of the trumpets of angels, and the earth moves as if it bore dead offspring in its womb. Joel looks forth and sees no fields. The caterpillar has destroyed the trees, and the locust the crops. The old men sleep no more except for drunkenness, and the women wake no more except for pleasure. The priests are clothed in sackcloth, and the prophets in mourning. The wrath of Heaven has consumed the red flowers of the pomegranate, the fig-tree with its ripe fruit, the vine loaded with grapes, the palm-tree of the desert and its dates of gold. Amos chides Israel because Jehovah had preferred it among all nations, and Israel had denied Jehovah among all gods. Jonas announces the fall of Nineveh after the fall of Jerusalem, and invites the mourners of the world to the burial of the proud cities and the haughty kings. Micah complains that where God placed his house of prayer the children of Jacob have made a house of debauch; where God placed the tables of the law, the children of Jacob the carved stone of Samaria. Nahum sees Jehovah passing with His army of angels. The mountains tremble, and the hills are leveled; at a word the sea is swollen with the tempest, and the rivers forsake their bed. Habakkuk cries, and God hears him not. He seeks God as vainly as incense the heavens. There is no pity for Israel. Zephaniah despairs in a night of thick darkness. The stars are

turned to ashes, and the sun to cinders. The clouds have wept fire. The earth, agitated like a reed, touches the deepest gulfs. Men die like fishes on dry land. Thy wrath, O Jehovah, has passed over Israel. Haggai sees the cars stumbling upon the stones of the highway. The riders lose their horses, and Israel is drowned, like Pharaoh, but in a sea of tears. Malachi curses the people because, after offering voluntary sacrifices to their idols, they wish to offer forced sacrifices to Jehovah. Zachariah sings the hope of Judah, and believes that from the loins of his tribe shall come a just man, and the Lord shall sit once more upon the mountain of Zion.

What becomes of all these prophets, with their souls full of wrath, their lips full of cursing, and their hands full of lightning? They are the defenders of the republican spirit against the tyranny of kings. The king wishes to unite by alliances his people with the idolaters, his God with the pagan deities, his life with that of aliens. But the prophets oppose this. They bear the divine spirit in their minds, they know the divine mission of Israel, destined to guard only one idea, the idea of the unity of God, against the snares of all idolatries, to serve as the root of the religion and the morality of the future world. Thus all their eloquence is employed in cursing the kings and the idols, which are the true gods of kings. Thus they flee to the deserts, they shut themselves up in caverns, communing there with infinity in nature, forging the sharp blade of their speech. They issue forth, clad in sackcloth, into the highways and cross-roads, protesting against the tyranny of kings, and causing the light of God to shine upon the peoples. The pages of the Bible have thus poured forth great republican inspirations. Not only has Michael Angelo drawn from them the sublimity of the figures in the Vatican, and Palestrina the cadences of his music; the republican poet Milton, the republican general Cromwell, the republican tribes which were formed in the great cities where the books of God were read, the bands of the Puritans, were indebted to these magnificent maledictions of the prophets, hurled against the kings and the people who worship the kings, for the greater part of their marvelous eloquence.

And thus I say, bringing all these reflections to bear upon my thesis, that the most orthodox schools of Germany, the most Protestant, those who confine themselves to the purest tradition and assume the most uncompromising character, could go no further than an earnest recommendation of the Bible. In the Bible they were recommending a book essentially religious, it is true, but also essentially republican. Besides, all those so-called pious circles, which promoted the religious reaction in



opposition to the criticism of the eighteenth century, were formed of thinkers who agitated the depths of the soul with their religious problems, and who surpassed the orthodox ideal with their hopes of progress. None of them wished to maintain an ignorant people at the foot of an immovable altar, whence the warmth and the light of life had departed. On the contrary, all strove to elevate the soul to the summit of the ideal, rosy and brilliant with a life which certainly did not come from the sun of the sanctuaries. To see this we have only to open any one of the books of the Protestants at this time, or any one of the histories based upon these books. The most recent, for example, is that of the learned Lichtenberg, who, with Reuss and others, has been an ornament to the faculty of theology at Strasbourg. It will be seen that the most pious are not the most intolerant, nor those most wedded to the routine of a selfish dogmatism. Bengel ranges himself against tradition, and believes that the knowledge of history is not enough for Christian faith, which takes its nourishment from eternal realities. Oettinger is a mystic rapt in the contemplation of religious ideas. He deprecates the theory of original sin, and recognizes not pure reason, but common-sense, as an organ naturally possessed by man for the comprehension of the eternal and the divine. Common-sense has formed this amphitheatre of celestial ideas, which rise from the lowest to the sublimest things. Zinzendorf reforms the Moravian Brothers, and renews the theories of John Huss, the victim of the emperors and the popes. His adoration for the Second Person of the Trinity leads him almost to regard the human race as divine. Lavater, physician, philosopher, and poet, born and educated in Switzerland, glorifies in his religious effusions the human conscience, and raises liberty to the divine. Pontius Pilate is abominable in his eyes, because he represents qualified skepticism, and because he dares to ask, "What is truth?" But passing for a mystic in the eyes of the rationalists, Lavater turns angrily against miracles, and exalts the laws of nature. The republican poet has songs of democracy mingled, as in the stanzas of the Hebrew prophets, with his prayers to God. Amann was called the Wizard of the North on account of his obscurity. His life was devoted to reconciling the books of divine reason with the natural teachings of human reason; and in his eyes all beings, even those which escape the furthest reach of our telescopes, are, like Christ, at the same time human and divine—*omnia divina et humana omnia*. History is the realization of the eternal thought of God, and from this point of view there can be no people absolutely perverse, as an intolerant orthodoxy would contend. There can be no religion

absolutely erroneous, and no epoch absolutely reprobate. The Hebrew may see in the gods of Greece the courtiers of the king of hell; the Greek may see in the Jews a legion of obscure fanatics; in the eyes of the Roman patrician the Nazarene in the Catacombs may be a rebel deserving to be devoured by the beasts of the circus; in the eyes of the Nazarene all beliefs but the evangelical may be abominations of an understanding darkened by sin. The Catholic may see, from the altars of the Escorial and from the Basilica of St. Peter, in Luther a sensual and drunken monk; and a Protestant from the bare churches of Geneva and Berlin may regard the Pope as the apocalyptic Antichrist who is to destroy the world. Each religion may believe itself absolute truth, each sectarian a perfect man, and amidst all this intolerance, all these wars, all these irreconcilable contradictions, all the hostile schools, all the people in arms against each other, will contribute to realize the thought of God in history, as two armies in war may serve to enrich with their corpses the fields where they fell, because of all their hatreds and angers Mother Nature knows nothing.

Wizenmann goes further still, and renews the thought of Origen. His theology admits no eternal punishment. The spectacle of human suffering would serve to convert Satan. The angel of darkness would share our pains, would drink our tears, and partake of the thirst of the infinite and longing for heaven, and would stretch forth his hands to God, his eyes to the light from which he fell, his thought toward immensity, his heart toward the good, and the breath of the Divine pity would quench the fires of hell, and the angels of darkness would return, crowned with stars, into the ether of heaven. Claudius, the most original and poetic of all these writers, is also a partisan of human reason. He calls it a glow-worm which drags itself over the ground, but from which, sooner or later, will spring forth the angelic and mysterious wings by which it will fly to the infinite.

Compare these theories, full of humanitarian and progressive sentiment, with the theories of our neo-catholics. For these, absurdity and reason are one. The human race outside of the Church is more despicable than the beasts. The three last centuries have been nothing more than ages of ignorance and error. The revolution which promulgated the rights of man has done nothing but continue the works of Satan—pride and rebellion against God. Science, which has shed such light, has done nothing but fill the frail human heart with vanity. The Reformation has been a retrogression, the Renaissance the apotheosis of the sensuality of paganism, Raphael an idolater, civil monarchies the reactionary des-



potism of the East, and the democratic republics a demagoguery without God and without restraint. There can be no salvation for the world except by returning to the Middle Ages, with their theocracies on the throne, their people in the dust, their cloisters full of penitents, their crusaders receiving from the Church their word of war and sword of battle, their popes raised to demiurgic gods, kings between heaven and earth.

## VII.

The eighteenth century continues the work of the education of the human race, a work which must end, whether the reactionists like it or not, logically and naturally, in the universal republic. Two books fascinated this age—two books which may be belittled by modern criticism, but which can not be judged except in view of the moment in which they appeared, the situation of the world, and the state of the public mind. The philosopher Kant was a kind of mechanical man. Ideas had calcined his bones, and human passions had never penetrated his breast. He never knew any love. No woman with her tenderness ever illuminated this man, strong but cold as iron. Every day at the same hour he went for his walk with the regularity and precision of the automatic figures of a clock. Once during two or three days he did not leave his house. Was he ill? As passions never attacked his soul, sickness never attacked his body. He had a health which in view of its solidity might be called mineral. For two or three days he did not leave his house because he could not lay down a book then just published, the *Émile* of Rousseau.

The blind malice of party may say what it likes against the author; but it can not take away from him the unfading glory of having agitated with maternal sentiments the hardest hearts of his age. From the time of Plato no one had spoken so eloquently, so passionately, so luminously. His ideas took shape in that form of beauty which, according to the sublime founder of the Academy, is the eternal splendor of truth. The French language appeared under the pen of Rousseau like the marble of Paros under the chisel of Phidias. From that golden cup overflowed the intoxicating wine of great revolutionary sentiments. Humanity came together as in the first day of our religious redemption, as in the Christmas at Bethlehem, around the cradle of the Child, fragile, tender, and little, but carrying in his rosy hands the world of the future, and reflecting in his heavenly eyes the horizon of new and redeeming ideas. The mother, lost in social life, rejecting her maternal duties through a false idea of morals and of health, came with her full breast charged with natural nourishment to feed her children, and, with her heart all love,

all poetry, and all religion, to rear and educate them for the work of life and the priesthood of liberty. Regenerated nature rose from the tomb where theocracy had held it for dead, and in its resurrection, as beautiful as the resurrection of butterflies in spring, it declared that evil was merely an accident, and that it had the right to call itself the holy mother-soul, the supreme good, as God is the supreme justice. Above all this scale of ideas, the greatest, the most enduring, the most divine, rose the idea, almost denied in the different religious sects through the semi-fatalist principle of grace—the idea of moral liberty, which gave strength to man, hope to progress, life to science itself, the doctrine, the ideal, of the revolution and the republic. This marvelous book, with all its errors, defects, and imperfections, put before the world the humanitarian question of education.

The other book which powerfully impressed the eighteenth century is the book of Daniel De Foe, an unfortunate writer whom the intolerance of the times had even imprisoned for his writings, after having barbarously cut off his ears in the pillory. His book, *Robinson Crusoe*, has passed, like that of Cervantes, into the common thought of the human race, and the proverbial language of all peoples. It is the poem of nature conquered by the force of labor. In Robinson's struggle with the sea there is nothing of the epic legendary character of those combats described by Camoens in his *Lusiad*. It is a real struggle, coolly described, based upon calculation, proved by documents—the struggle of a prosaic English merchant who is merely seeking gold for himself, goods for his family, furniture for his house, support for his old age, in his conquest of the ocean. And one day the wind beats him, the sea seizes him, the tempest throws him upon a desert strand, and there he is, alone, abandoned, without any resource except the strength of his arms, without any hope except in the God of his Bible. He grapples with nature as he has always done. He tears up the trees, he polishes the stones, he weaves the filaments of plants, and moistens the ground with his sweat. He trains animals, and makes hostile forces useful. He opens channels, he carves boats, he chains wild beasts, he sows and reaps and grinds. He accumulates continually, never counting the difficulties, never yielding to perils, sure of his divine right over creation, and of the unquestionable force of his will. And thus this man, exploring the pathless woods, plowing the virgin seas, taming untamed animals, subjugating rebellious creation, shows the invincible force of individual liberty and the sacred legitimacy of his authority over the earth. De Foe's hero is no fantastic one. When we pause to contemplate that poor



Quaker, reared in the wilderness, born in a cabin, with no patrimony but his liberty, and no education but his Bible, the wood-chopper in the primitive forests of North America, the boatman on the waters of the Ohio and the Mississippi, who, through the force of his sovereign will and a miracle of his democratic republic, burst the fetters of circumstance, and rose through the obstructions of society to the summit of the modern world, the Capitol at Washington, to be there the Moses and redeemer of the negroes, to bury the last remains of a barbarous patriciate, and to break the last fetters of slavery, we can not but recognize that the hero of the novel of the eighteenth century, the solitary worker who creates an existence for himself by inner struggles, and who subjugates nature to his hand and law to his thought, is a living reality in the glorious history of our modern liberties. The book could not fail to impress its time and the generations which received, and devoured it, because its message was that there are no elements strong enough to resist the human will when it is employed with energy and educated with perseverance.

Education began to be at that time a great problem in Germany, and to assume an essentially republican character. The first name which is indissolubly connected with this new impulse of the modern spirit toward liberty is that of Basedow. Very different judgments have been written and entertained of this man. While Michelet calls him illustrious, Herder says that his whole secret consisted in saying that he could create in ten years forests which needed a hundred, and that for his part he would not give him men or oxen to educate. Goethe adds, "Basedow, who regards the whole world as ill-educated, is himself a man of the worst possible education." There were certainly great defects in his intelligence and vices in his life, but the pedagogue who began the revolutionary work of republican education had two merits: first, that of awakening in the soul the idea that it had within itself sufficient to enlighten and moralize it and lead it to good; and second, that of carefully preventing superstition from taking possession of the understanding and of perverting it in its earliest years, so that man should be compelled to pass half his life in destroying the work and the belief of the other half. Thus Basedow peremptorily prohibited the instruction of children in any revealed religion, limiting himself to awakening in them the moral conscience, and to strengthening their bodies by gymnastic exercises and their characters by liberal sentiments.

This impulse which modern education had received from the works of Daniel De Foe and of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and from the labors of Basedow, was fruitful in books,

in plans and projects, which all tended to the education of infancy, and to fixing in children the idea of liberty. Salzmann strove heroically for the new ideas. Although a priest, he thundered with great eloquence and justice against the narrow orthodox education which crushed the understanding of youth under the weight of tradition, loaded their memories with innumerable verses of the Bible, and perverted their character by religious observances of no importance to religion or life. Campe, the imitator of De Foe, freed education from the sentimentalism apparent in Salzmann. He turns against poetry, calling it a lantern lighted in the face of the sun, and desires that men should have the faith of Robinson Crusoe in his rights, in his strength, in his command over nature.

The man who personifies most justly this great pedagogic revolution is the immortal Pestalozzi. Fichte, in his address to the German nation, presented as the regenerated school of his race the system of this saint. And, in fact, no one has so distinguished the individual faculties which predominate at each age, nor has seen so clearly the shortest road to arrive at these faculties, to increase them in daily exercise, and enlighten them with the currents of science. If, when sentiment predominates in man, at the age when he is attached to nature and home, you educate the intelligence; if when, as in the youth, the fancy predominates, while the fervor of the blood and the restlessness of the spirit lead him to passion and combat, in opposition to every thing that surrounds him, from the necessity of creating a world of his own—if at this critical time you educate the reason, and when the age of reason arrives, and with it the often bitter fruits of life, when the flowers are dried and the butterflies have ceased to flutter around them, if you strive to educate the sentiments and the imagination, you will make of the man an artificial being without succeeding in subjugating the inaccessible, unteachable, mysterious nature. As fruits are first seed, germ, and flower, ideas must be sensations and notions before arriving at their absolute unconditionality. And if you educate in the child, the child and not the man, the faculties of the child by symbols within his reach, by narrations which please and refresh him, you plant in his individual soul with certainty the germs of the universal human soul.

Who is it that truly educates the child in humanity? Who possesses this divine ministry? The mother. She is the prophetess who foresees the future life, the sibyl who sounds the mysteries of the spirit, the Muse who brings to the heart human inspirations, the sorceress who fills with sweet and pious legends all our fancy, the priestess who



raises the conscience to the regions of infinity. From the moment when she feels her child beneath her heart it appears as if spirit and nature revealed themselves to her mind to assist her in her divine office, and thus she appropriates all ideas to the child, as the bird weaves all the rustic objects gathered in the fields to form the soft nest of her beloved offspring. The mother knows instinctively the laws of health by which to preserve her child from the inclemencies of the world, the medicine with which to treat its constant infirmities, the morality which is to sustain it in its future struggles, the literature which is to embellish its days, the religion which is to convert it into a being superior to all others of nature, and which is to bear it to the bosom of the Infinite. All the child needs in its early years the mother bears in her intelligence, as she bears in her breast its only nourishment. Let us make of the school a mother. This is the thought of Pestalozzi.

Such a man could not be born, nor live, nor be educated, except in a republic. The republican cities are those which have contributed most to the education of the human race. If we survey all the ages of history, we shall find that the human race has been formed by those cities. Every one of them brought its treasures to the common riches of humanity; Athens her statues, Rome her laws, Florence the arts of the Renaissance, Genoa the bill of exchange for commerce, Venice the compass, Palermo the telescope, Strasburg the printing-press—all of them the idea. Modern nations would never have arrived at their perfect development if Providence had not scattered, like grains of salt, these little republics among them. All the intellectual movement of France in the sixteenth century would have been lost had there not been a Geneva to receive Calvin. Perhaps England would have fallen into the hands of the Catholic reaction, as a fief of the Stuarts, had Holland not been there to produce the House of Orange. And in the intellectual life of Germany a powerful influence has been exerted by the republican cities of Switzerland, and especially Zurich. There Schelling and Fichte lived; there Klopstock and Gessner wrote; there Lavater formed a species of intellectual centre, the focus where many rays of light converged; there Pestalozzi was educated. But his first school was founded on the banks of the Lake of the Four Cantons. This beautiful object has that additional splendor in our eyes, and that additional sanctity in our memories. Once seen, it is never forgotten. At the extreme north Lucerne, with its Gothic towers, its pictured bridges, among which the Saar hurls its green and foaming waters; at one side Pilatus, severe, abrupt, seamed with chasms, as if its barrenness could only give

birth to storms; opposite Pilatus the Righi, peaceful, tranquil, covered with orchards and villas, like an Italian mountain sung by Horace or by Virgil; between these two peaks, like an amphitheatre of gigantic diamonds, the range of the Oberland, which reflects and repeats in the crystals of its eternal snows the light of day; and in the distance the lake, full of coves and ports and villages which lie scattered among green meadows and the woods of Alpine pine—a marvelous spectacle, indescribable, whose like does not exist upon the planet; for nowhere else are seen in so narrow space contrasts so great, and nowhere are the beautiful and the sublime brought so closely together. And when sailing upon the heavenly surface of its waters you hear the tinkling of the herds mingling with the song of the shepherds, the cry of the boatmen, and the echoes of the village bell, imagination transports you to the time when those peasants and those boatmen swore, as if inspired by all this grandeur, to establish independence, democracy, and the republic. And they founded them, directed by William Tell, more living still than all that life, grander than all these Alps, and more poetical than that incomparable lake, because his hand placed there above the miracles of nature the greater wonders of liberty.

Through these beautiful scenes passed the war of 1798, and left its desolation and its horrors. It was the month of September. The French wished to impose a unitary constitution, which these federal regions rejected. A powerful resistance was organized. The peasants went forth to defend their liberties and their rights, as the Alpine eagles defend their nests and their young; but the French were implacable. One-fourth of those who went out to bar their passage remained dead in the fields; the rest fled, and were scattered through the forests. Among the corpses were found two hundred women and twenty-five children. The church was violated; its altars were reddened with blood, its vault torn by discharges of musketry. Seventy-five of the faithful who had taken refuge there were barbarously slaughtered. The priest who said mass was laid by a shot at the foot of his altar and his chalice. The city was sacked, and five hundred and eighty houses in the suburbs reduced to ashes.

In the midst of this desolation, in the month of October, fifteen days after the catastrophe, Pestalozzi appeared among those smoking ruins. His heart was as full of sadness as the soil at his feet. And in truth the state of these regions could not be worse. Villages torn up by the roots, as if Attila had passed that way; forests of living trees transformed into forests of charred stems; farm-houses and workshops completely destroyed; herds of domestic animals con-



sumed or scattered; solitude every where, for the inhabitants had fled from that land of disaster; the church sacked and violated; unburied corpses rotting in the fields, attracting carrion birds. There, in one of these half-ruined buildings, blackened with smoke, without doors or windows, still stained with blood, Pestalozzi brought together the children, hungry, pale, sick, full of sores, trembling in their rags with cold and with fear. But this man was like Jesus, delighting in the company of children, in contemplating their clear eyes and drinking their innocent smile, divining the future man contained in their little bodies, and the future world which this man was to create, devoted with all the anxiety of a mother to infancy and innocence.

An Italian by race, his soul contained the contrasts of the Italian soil in the Alps, where the ferns of the North were mingled with the orange blossoms of the South. German in his language, in his intellectual culture, and in his German birth-place, Zurich; republican by birth and conviction, a revolutionist and a reformer, always at war with the privileges of the aristocracy, and always devotedly attached to the human principle of equality; reared by a loving mother, at whose side his infancy was passed, and who had infused in him a part of her delicate feminine soul; married in early life to an heiress whom he had ruined in works of charity and beneficence; sustained in his adversity by two old servants of his father's house who loved him like mothers—this redeemer went from town to town seeking out the ignorant and poor, educating and supporting them, adopting orphans, begging, if it were necessary, for means to feed the hungry: the philosopher of action, the poet of life, the tribune of infancy, the divine and immortal child of nature.

He was no student. His book was the universe. No printed letter could be compared with a golden star. No poem wrapped in the shroud of its paper leaves could be compared with the poem of the Alps when their silvery summits were gilded by the light of dawn or the rosy reflex of the evening twilight. No book was there so grand or so profound as the human conscience, no poetry so fine or so tender as that of the heart in its sympathy for the unfortunate. To unite them in one school, which should be as loving as a mother, as careful as Providence, as holy as the Church; to separate them, first, from every artificial revelation which should not proceed from the conscience and from the universe; to annihilate in them the sentiment of privilege and the ideas and traditions of caste; to open a wide field for every soul to realize its destiny, to oblige some to be the teachers of others, and all to communicate their ideas mutually, as the stars communicate their light through immensity; to

make them labor in spring and summer in the fields, to cultivate plants and flowers, and to harvest the fruits, and in winter to enter the workshops and practice manual arts by which they could learn all the difficulties and the satisfactions of labor; to teach them to sing in chorus hymns of gratitude to the Creator, and of devotion to liberty and to country; to lead them to form with the mould of the garden and with the bits of timber rejected from their work outlines, first of their school, then of the village, then the canton, the country, Europe, and the world; to give them ideas of number and denominations, first through symbols, until their minds were mature enough to define and classify ideas; to remind them that they lived in nature to make it beautiful, in society to be of service, and in the hand of God to imitate Him and repeat Him in His works: to attempt all this and to accomplish all this without any motive but good, without any end but justice, nor other hope than the satisfaction of the conscience, or perhaps a word in history: to transfigure in this way himself and all around him was to create with a word the germ of the new social world, and thus he well merits the eternal memory and the everlasting applause of grateful humanity.

Like all extraordinary men, he was also the victim of extraordinary misfortunes. The Catholics persecuted him from their cantons on account of his Protestant origin. The Protestants charged him with a neglect of religion. Illustrious men despised his simple science. His own disciples, like those of the Saviour, were ungrateful. The pietist reaction which began under the empire, and in the early years of this strange nineteenth century, surrounded, besieged, suffocated him. The great Michelet has related in his inimitable style the last days of this genius. Unable to endure the tyrannies of the theocratic reaction and the enmity of hypocrites, he went from his last establishment, Iverdun, to the mountains of the Jura, to live alone with his conscience, with God, and with nature, that mysterious trinity to which he had offered the sacrifice of his life. One day, when he was more than eighty years old, he descended to the school founded according to his ideas and his method. The children of both sexes, who owed their new soul to the ideas of this man, went out to receive him, singing hymns and begging his holy benediction. One of them advanced to offer him a simple crown of oak. Not for him, he said: crown with it innocence, the only thing holy upon earth. No, this is not true. There is something holier than innocence, something grander than paradise here in this world. It is the man who has known all the seductions of life and has despised them to consecrate himself to the worship of humanity, who has



made of truth his religion, of charity his love, of justice his inseparable choice, and of the unfortunate and the oppressed the sole objects of his thought and his desires. This is what is holiest and divinest in history. The men whose conduct is like this may suffer in life and in death, but they suffer because Providence wills that they shall be like their brother geniuses in the succession of ages—martyrs and redeemers.

"ON THE CIRCUIT."

DÉSIRÉE pulled her hat down over her face—a fair round little face, with a delicate bloom upon it—and leaning farther over the low gate, looked in a troubled, pathetic sort of way up the white dusty road. It was a hot summer day, and so the road looked especially white and dusty. It was far too hot to be pleasant, Désirée thought. The roses in the garden seemed to burn upon the bushes; those climbing upon the arch over the gate actually flamed and panted when a faint breath of air touched them: at least this was Désirée's fancy about them; but then the truth was, Désirée was not quite herself this afternoon. She had been happy enough this morning when she had risen. Life had looked a different matter to her then. She had gone to her small window and thrown it open with an indrawn breath of delight. The roses had been heavy and wet with fragrant dew; the thick long grass had sparkled with it, the carnations and sweet old-fashioned clove-pinks had worn crowns of it, the bluebirds and swallows had seemed to shake it from their joyous wings. And Désirée, leaning from her bedroom window, and drawing in that ecstatic morning breath, had felt the fine, subtle influence of dew and sweet air, fragrance and song of bird, actually tingling in her young veins.

"I will finish my work early," she had said softly to herself. "I will have the churning over and the house tidy in good time, so that I can dress as soon as dinner is out of the way. And then," with a sigh of innocent anticipation, "I shall have all the rest of the day to myself if he comes; and he said he would. Besides, didn't Bart give it out in meeting?"

She had arranged her own room for the day before going down stairs; it was so early that she had time to do it. And after she had set every thing in order she had gone to her trunk and taken out the pink gingham to lay it ready upon the bed. Perhaps, too, she wanted to take a last look at it. It was so pretty, so fresh, and, in a way of its own, so suggestive of the day's coming happiness! She had never worn it before, and it was so nice to think of first wearing it on this particular day, when there would be somebody to see it who could appreciate its prettiness—some one who had said a few weeks ago,

"Désirée, you are like a blush-rose in its first bloom." She had thought of that speech when she chose the pink dress rather than a blue one. Would not a pink dress make her look more like a rose than ever? So there it lay upon the bed, and Désirée stood and regarded it with growing pleasure, feeling a little excited in prospective, her little brown head on one side, like a robin's, her brightest bloom upon her soft round cheeks.

But before half the morning had passed over every thing had changed. She had got the churning out of the way, and cleared the kitchen, and was just standing at the back-door feeding her pet brood of chickens—round, plump little downy things, a little like herself in type—when her grandmother came out on to the porch and spoke to her.

"Desire," she said, in her plaintive, melancholy tone (she never called the child by her pretty French name—the name her young mother had chosen out of one of her secretly read romances: Mrs. Reid was inclined to regard every thing French as dangerous and worldly)—"Desire," she said, "you are trying to tan yourself again."

"But I might try a long time without succeeding," answered Désirée, cheerfully, her happy mood defying even grandmother to disturb it. "You know I don't tan, granny."

Mrs. Reid regarded her discontentedly.

"Bart says—" she began.

Désirée's cheeks caught an extra glow of pink all at once. She did not want to hear about Bart.

"Bart is always saying something," she spoke up, a trifle pettishly.

"Desire," returned Mrs. Reid, in a monotonous sort of disapproval, "I am afraid you are growing very worldly and unbridled of speech. You were not always so uncharitably minded toward Bart. It is not becoming to you either. What he said was nothing concerning you; it was only about the young man from Hamlinford—that Mr. Ruysland."

Désirée bent lower over her chickens. She quite felt her heart beat in her throat. Oh dear, how sharp and bad-tempered she was, and what a mistake she had made! What might she not have missed hearing, all through her own evil tendencies! It would be a just punishment if granny kept the rest to herself. She felt almost tearful about it. She was such a sensitive, childish little creature that the tears were never very far from her dark soft eyes.

"Now, Blackwing, don't be greedy!" she faltered, faintly, to fill up the pause, as it were; "Brighteye and Speckle want some."

"Bart only said," ended Mrs. Reid, "that he had been called away."

Désirée forgot her chickens that instant. She stood up, with her eyes wide open, the picture of fear and wonder.



"That *he* had," she said—"Bart himself?"

Luckily Mrs. Reid was not the sort of person to read expression readily.

"You are dropping all your meal, Desiree," she said. "No, not Bart—Mr. Ruysland; so Bart will have to preach in his place."

It was then that the change came. The sun became too hot, the garden too glaring in its profusion of brilliant bloom. The pink dress lost its charm; it was of no value. He was not coming. There would be no long, sweet, warm afternoon for her spent on the front porch, in the shade of the jasmine and honeysuckle, with somebody talking in a low, gentle, familiar voice; no long, sweet, moon-lit evening; no precious Sunday, with lingering walk to and from the meeting-house. It came upon her like a dreadful shock. And yet it would probably seem such a trifling disappointment to men and women who have lived long enough to forget the bitter-sweets of seventeen years.

"You are giving those chickens too much to eat," said Mrs. Reid. "You had better come into the house and leave them to themselves." And she walked in herself as quietly as she had walked out.

That was how it had happened. Désirée left her downy brood, and went up stairs to put the pink dress out of sight. She laid it in the trunk again, poor little soul! quite solemnly, as in a sort of tomb, and she shed divers large, bright tears over it.

"I don't care about it," she said, piteously; "I don't care about any thing. I couldn't bear to put it on."

And here now she stood at the gate, with her small linen hat pulled down over her eyes, partly to hide them, partly because the long stretch of white dusty road seemed to glare so. She scarcely knew why she was looking out. There was no one to look for; nobody was coming, or, at least, nobody whose appearance would affect her. *Somebody* was coming—a very insignificant somebody, however—a tall young man on horseback, who jogged along toward the house quietly enough.

"Nobody but Bart," she said, "thinking of what he shall say to-morrow, and settling on the hymns. He never thinks of any thing else."

But it was not in her nature to speak crossly to Bart, or even to look crossly at him, when at last he reached the gate and began to dismount. She turned her pretty, dimpled face up to him and smiled under the shadow of her hat—not much of a smile, but still a faint attempt at one.

"Where have you been to?" she said.

"To see one of the Rudd boys," he answered. "He is very ill; has been for some time, too, poor fellow! Isn't it rather warm for you out here, Daisy?" (That was his version of it—"Daisy." He had a fancy that she was like a daisy, and he had given her

the name in her childhood, though I doubt if he had ever told her of the fancy.)

"It is too warm every where," listlessly. "I suppose I must have come out here to cool, though I hardly know. I may as well go in and see about supper. It is a long ride to the Rudd place, and I dare say you are hungry."

She turned away and walked toward the house, Bart following her, a queer wistfulness in his strong Saxon face. She did not know that the shadow of her hat was a very poor pretense at a disguise. She did not know a great many things about Bart. It had never occurred to her in her life that Bart noticed any thing but "awakenings" in people.

"I am afraid," Bart said, "that the congregation will be disappointed to-morrow. Ruysland is so popular, and they are expecting to hear him."

"Why didn't he come?" faltered Désirée. "Granny only said that he had been called away."

"He sent word to me," answered Bart, gravely, "that he was obliged to go to Hamlinford. There must have been some imperative reason for his going, though he did not mention it."

Désirée made no comment. It was quite enough for her to know that he was not coming. She did not care about any thing else. She went into the house to prepare supper, and as she stood at the table before the window making up her biscuit she fell to watching Bart wielding his axe at the wood pile. It had always seemed an odd sort of thing to her that Bart should have taken to preaching as his profession. He was not her ideal of a minister of the Gospel. He was too big and strong and simple, and too undignified. How could any one ever imagine Mr. Ruysland splitting stove wood, or, indeed, doing any thing but preaching those tender, poetic sermons that people cried under? Bart's sermons were so different! Good and honest, of course, but Désirée was so used to hearing his doctrine every day, and to seeing it work itself into his life, that it had no novelty, and never impressed her much. It was only Bart! Bart was a distant relative of hers, and as he had been left an orphan to granny's care, just as she herself had been left, they had seen as much of each other as any brother and sister, and I am afraid there had always been a tendency to undervalue the good fellow in Désirée's mind. She was always sweet-tempered and gentle with him, and the tendency was a strictly private one, but still it had its existence. Granny clung so to him, and was so prone to praise his virtues in her cheerless, plaintive style, that Désirée had a fancy that he could not need her very much, and so she gave herself up to her chickens and other pets, and lavishing her extra af-



fection upon them, lived a quiet, innocent, happy enough girl's life.

But when Mr. Ruysland came this was altered. He was "on the circuit" like Bart, but he was like Bart in nothing else. He was a member of an old and once wealthy family; he had lived a life different from the lives of his simple farming congregations; he had had rare opportunities; he was a fine, handsome young fellow, with a graceful, winning manner, and the very first Sunday morning that his dark eyes fell upon the pretty childish face, looking like a fresh apple blossom under the little linen hat, Désirée's fate was sealed. He dined with them that day, and sat opposite Désirée at table; and after dinner he followed her out on to the vine-covered porch, and made friends with her, even letting her hear something of his personal history. She was such a pretty creature! and her bloom and her sweet shy dark eyes so appealed to his ruling weakness—a passionate love for all things beautiful—that he could not resist the temptation of trying to interest her. Resisting temptation was not Everard Ruysland's forte. It was his forte to be a hero—the eloquent, handsome young hero who had given up all sorts of easily imagined worldly advantages for the sake of the simple Methodist faith in which he had been brought up. No one knew very definitely what it was that he had given up; but it was quite clear that he must have made a wondrous sacrifice in consenting to use his talents in the service of these unsophisticated people's unsophisticated church, and he was admired accordingly. It was the most natural thing in the world that he should stay with Bart's foster-mother when he came to preach at the white meeting-house; so after that first visit he saw Désirée often, and it became an understood thing that when he had no other engagement he should spend with her the greater part of the spare time left to him between services, and that he should walk with Mrs. Reid and herself to the door of the church. He was such a friend of Bart's that such friendly familiarity would almost be expected of him.

This had been the beginning of it, and the end of it was that he drifted farther than he had intended, and did things which afterward caused him frequent twinges of conscience, and many resolutions for the future, which somehow or other were never kept. There were reasons why he should have been generous enough to leave poor little Désirée Reid alone; but then how could he help himself? he often said, when he was thinking over the matter. What man, being in her presence, could resist that pretty, blossom-like face, those soft, timid, appealing eyes? He could not; and yet he was quite conscious that he ought to have done so, and of course would have been ready to make any sacrifice for her happi-

ness but this first one of denying himself. It is so easy to meditate on a far-off heroism, so difficult to cut off a little self-indulgence quite near at hand!

So it went on for several months, and Désirée's life was full of him—full of her dreams of him, full of the lingering remembrances, full of her innocent hopes and gentle fears. Surely he must love her, and yet how could he? Surely he would not say that she was dear to him in every look and gesture unless he meant it. So true, so brave, so grand, so self-sacrificing, so heroic, and yet mean to be cruel to an untaught girl whose first young love he had won! Her sweet ignorance knew of no such falsehood as that; so she went on believing in him, and trusting to the coming of the time when he would be able to speak plainly. There was something in the way now—that was it. And when she said her prayers at night and morning she prayed, half timidly, that the time might not be long, and that she might be made worthy of her happiness.

She could not help feeling her disappointment keenly to-day. She had looked forward to this visit with such a tremulous longing! The last time some tender influence had seemed to draw them nearer to each other than they had ever been before, and she had felt that surely to-day would not pass without a gleam of new sunshine for her. And after all he would not come, and the Sabbath which was to have been such a golden one would be like all other Sabbaths, and there would be nobody but Bart. The tears rose into her eyes, and she was obliged to press her trembling lips together to keep down a little sob. She barely checked it in time—so barely that she felt half frightened. It would never do to let people see. What if granny should come in and find her eyelashes wet and her voice unsteady! She must think of something else—of Bart, for instance, wielding his axe out there in the sun. So she began to try very hard to think only of Bart, and succeeded in so far that she found out before very long that he looked troubled himself. He was even rather pale, and he set his lips together as he worked, as if he had something upon his mind and was pondering it over. What could it be? Was it possible that he too—but no, he had never cared for any woman in his life. He was not like other men in that respect.

Her heart, always a tender one, was rendered so much more tender by her secret trouble that she thought more of the sadness Bart might feel than she would have done at any other time, perhaps, and her recognition of the grave pain in his face clung to her.

"It must mean something," she said. "I never saw him look so before. It seems strange that Bart should have a trouble.



Perhaps somebody has fallen from grace. That would hurt him, I know. He is so good, and cares so much for people!" And then all at once a sort of sudden light seemed to dawn upon her, and she looked sorrowful again. "Perhaps," she said, slowly and regretfully—"perhaps I have not thought enough how good he is. I am afraid that sometimes I have forgotten his goodness, and only remembered that he seemed rather dull."

In her little fit of penitence she was so sweet and gentle when Bart came in that he saw the change in a moment, and was quite touched by it, as well he might be, knowing what he did. There was more in kindly, quiet Bart than poor little Désirée ever suspected, and his eyes were quicker than she would like to have fancied. He took his cue with tender aptness this evening, and submitted to being amused with generous gratitude. Désirée tried very hard to amuse him when supper was over. She tied on her hat and followed him about, talking to him in her pretty, soft way while he fed and secured the stock for the night, and when they returned to the house she sat down upon the steps of the porch quite near him, bent on being good and showing him that she liked to be with him.

"I will ask him to tell me what has troubled him," she said to herself. "I am almost as much his sister as if his mother had been mine."

So she gathered courage to speak, and crept up to the subject with as much diplomacy as a soft round ball of a three-weeks-old kitten might have shown.

"Bart," she said, after a little silence, "do you know what I was thinking of when I was making biscuit at the window before supper?"

"I don't believe I could guess, Daisy," he answered.

She twisted the strings of her hat for a minute, and looked at him with innocent gravity.

"I was thinking," she said, "that you were not quite happy."

He actually gave a faint start as he turned toward her. And then, after his swift glance at her face, she was sure he appeared relieved; and then, another expression showing itself as quickly, she was emboldened to stretch out her kind little hand and put it into his big brown one. He took it with an odd petting readiness, almost as if he would like to protect her from something.

"My pretty Daisy!" he said, in a voice quite new to her.

It was very queer, she thought, that the tears should spring to her eyes with such foolish suddenness. They were there in a second, and she could not keep them back. Was it because she was sorry for Bart, or because she was sorry for herself? Perhaps

she was a bit sorry for herself, and it made her sorry for Bart too.

"And I thought," she went on, feeling glad that he was holding her hand on his knee, "that if you had any trouble on your mind, perhaps—perhaps I might help you, if you would not mind trusting me with it, because, you see, I am almost like your own sister."

"My pretty Daisy!" he said; "my dear, tender little Daisy!" but not a word more.

"If," she faltered—"if you had ever cared for any body—"

"Cared for any body?" he interposed—"cared for any body, Daisy?"

She blushed to her very throat—such a pretty, sensitive, innocent blush!

"Loved any body," she said—"loved any body as—as people love each other when they would like to spend all their lives together. But you know you have never loved like that, Bart."

His great, strong hand closed upon hers with such a force that she turned to look at him, and the moment she saw his face she gave a little start and a little frightened cry.

"Bart," she said, "dear Bart, is that it? Oh, how pale and sad you are! Is it that you do care for somebody?"

He was pale and sad, but he managed to smile in his own kindly way.

"Daisy," he said, "is this the first time you have ever thought I might love in that way?—is it the very first time the thought has ever come to you?"

"I think," she faltered, feeling terribly conscience-stricken—"I am afraid it is."

"Ah, well!" he sighed, still trying to smile. "I suppose it is because I am not the sort of man a girl would connect with the thought of love."

"Oh no, no!" she protested, holding his hand tight.

But even the soft grasp did not seem to comfort him. He looked out into the moonlight sadly still.

"And you have never guessed once—not even once—whom I might love?"

"I'm afraid not," she answered. "I must have been very blind and selfish, but I'm afraid not."

There was silence for a few minutes, in which Bart looked out at the moonlight with what seemed to Désirée a strange, strange smile.

"Well, well," he said, "it must be better as it is."

"But," said Désirée, "if I only knew—if you would only tell me—"

"My dear," Bart answered, "it was not my own trouble that made me look sad. My own trouble is so old that sometimes I fancy I have taught myself to bear it patiently. I was thinking of a trouble which I fear is coming to some one else—the some one



whom I love; and the thought of her pain was harder for me to bear than any pain of my own could ever be."

"Poor fellow!" whispered Désirée—"poor fellow! I see now. I won't ask any more questions. It is her secret as well as yours."

They were very quiet for a while after this; but Désirée did not draw her hand away from Bart's, and when they began to talk again softly, he still held it; indeed, he did not let it go until she left him to go to her room. He was holding it when she bade him good-night, and then it was that she asked her last question, her sweet pity for him filling her upraised eyes.

"Does she know that you love her?"

"No."

"No?" wondering at him. "But you will tell her some day?"

He shook his head.

"To-night," he said, "it seems to me that I never shall."

"But you ~~are~~ sad to-night," she said, "and when one is sad it always seems so." And then she stopped, with a startled blush. "Good-night," she added, hurriedly.

But he held her back.

"Daisy," he said, as if impelled by some sudden impulse, "if any pain should come to you, will you trust me with it—will you promise that I may help you if I can?"

"Yes," she answered; "I will promise that, faithfully."

He held her hand a moment to his lips, and then let her go.

There was a "big meetin'" over at Hamlinford, and the church was crowded. There were vehicles of all orders standing in the road, horses tied in lines along the fences, and the yard itself was full of people—mostly men whose "women-folks" had gone into the house—gathered in groups talking to each other by way of whiling away the half hour before service.

"Ruysland'll preach this mornin', I reckon," the chief talker in one group was saying, "an' Reid this afternoon. There's Reid now, helpin' Desire out of the buggy. She's as pretty as a pink, that gal is. Look at her, boys."

Désirée stood upon the step of the vehicle, poised like a bright bird ready for flight. She had never been so pretty and fresh a picture in her life. She had put on the pink dress; her cheeks were tinted with warm, delicate bloom, her soft dark eyes glowed under their long curling fringes: her childish loveliness was at its height. She had drifted back into her dreams again; she was so happy in her little flush of excited trustfulness that she scarcely dared look up as she passed up the aisle, for fear that people should guess what her happiness meant. She was glad when Bart left her in her seat, and she had time to try to control herself.

She wanted to feel calmer before Mr. Ruysland came in. It quieted her somewhat to hear the low whisper of conversation before and behind her. It was not considered a breach of decorum to talk to one's neighbors a little before "meetin' took up," and the good women of Hamlinford usually availed themselves of their privileges.

Two good dames in the seat before Désirée's were discussing a late marriage, and Désirée caught occasional snatches of their conversation.

"They were married on Thursday," said one, "and a grand bride she made, they say, quiet as the wedding was. She's a handsome critter, if she is rather high and notionate. They say they have been promised to one another for long enough, but it was sorter unsettled."

"They say," put in another, "that she has money."

"They say so," discreetly. "And they *do* say that but for that it might never have come off. The old lady was powerful set on it."

There were more murmurs after this, but Désirée did not hear any thing definite. Her thoughts began to wander a little. It would not be so very long before *he* came. She wondered if she should know his step, and if her heart would beat in that strange, happy way. She must pretend to be looking at her hymn-book. She dare not trust herself to meet his eye until that first tumult of feeling was over. She would wait until she heard his voice, and then she would raise her eyes. So the time passed on, until there came the sound of an entrance—not one person, but two or three at once, and a little stir of excitement was visible in the good women before her.

"Here they are! She looks rather fine for a minister's wife."

Who were they? Désirée knew of no minister who was on the point of marriage. She began to feel curious too. They were coming. There was the rustle of a rich trailing dress; a handsome, proud-looking old lady passed her. She felt quite dizzy; it was Mr. Ruysland's mother. And then came two other people—a tall girl with a fair, haughty face, exquisitely dressed in pale violet, with an exquisite fan in her hand, and with her walked Everard Ruysland; and Everard Ruysland, meeting a strange, sweet, agonized little face turned with a child-like wonder up to his, lost color suddenly, and plainly started.

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed one of the women, forgetting the bride's bonnet all at once, "this little gal behind us is faintin'!"

"No, no," whispered Désirée; but the next moment a hand was laid upon her shoulder, and looking up piteously, she met Bart's eyes.

"Daisy," he said, "it has been too warm



for you here. You are not well enough to stay. Come with me." And scarcely knowing any thing but that this was Bart who had come to relieve her from herself, she let him lead her away, out into the open air and the dreadful sunshine, which seemed to strike her giddy and blind.

Every one who heard about Désirée Reid's long after-illness heard that she was stricken with low fever the very day of the "big meetin'" at Hamlinford. She was not "a rugged sort of girl," for all her roundness and bloom, people said; and really it was no wonder that the long hot ride to meeting had been too much for her altogether.

She was ill for a long time, and Bart was very good to her—so good that in her weakness she clung to him almost strangely. His presence always seemed a sort of comfort to her; and on the one night when she was at the worst, and they were afraid she would die before morning, she called Bart to her side and bade him pray for her, and when he had finished she whispered a strange last message in his ear.

"If I die," she said, "and he should ever ask about me, tell him that I believed he did not mean to be cruel; tell him that I believed it was only because he did not stop to think."

But she did not die. She lingered on, poor soul, for a long while; and at last, when people had almost given her up, began to mend slowly, and went on mending, until one bright autumn day she went so far as to ask Bart to carry her down stairs out into the sunshine on the porch.

"I want to *try* to get better," she said, "and I want to talk to you."

So he wrapped her up and carried her down, and bolstered her up in a large homely chair in her old place; and there she lay, gazing out at the gold and scarlet of the trees, looking so small and altered, with her great eyes and her little white woe-begone face, that Bart's heart quivered when he beheld her.

"Bart," she said, after a while, "I want to ask you a few questions."

He tried to brighten up and smile, but it required an effort; and when he heard the first of these few questions his strength failed him again.

"Did *you* know that this was coming?" she said, quite simply, as if her trust in him taught her that she had no need to speak more definitely.

He could scarcely answer for a moment or so, but at last he managed to say, "Yes."

She was silent for a while, and then held out her thin, worn little hand to him.

"Come here," she said; and when he came and took it, sitting at her feet, he saw that she was crying in a tired, weak fashion. "I want to tell you," she said—"I want to ask you to forgive me," like a child asking

for pardon. "I have not been as kind to you as I ought to have been, Bart. I think I did not understand you at all. I thought you did not see things, and I was not grateful. I am sorry now. There is no one like you, Bart; there is no one so good and true as you;" and her face went down upon his arm and rested there. "I want to make up to you for my selfishness," she went on. "I want to *do* something to help you, even ever so little a thing. And while I was ill I made up my mind to ask you to tell me who it is you love, and to let me make friends with her, and try to show her how faithful and kind you are. Women can do such things sometimes without betraying."

It was more than he could bear.

"Daisy!" he cried out; and she felt him trembling all over. "O God!" he said, "this is hard!"

She lifted her face and looked at him.

"Hard?" she repeated.

He held her up and looked straight into her eyes.

"I will tell you," he said, almost fiercely. "I have hidden it long enough. I will tell you now, though it can do no good. Do you remember that I told you the trouble I bore was not my own?"

"Yes," she answered, trembling.

"Well," he cried out, "it was your trouble, yours—the pain I had only that day found out was coming to you."

"But," she faltered—"but you said—" And her eyes opened wide upon him in a new recognition.

"Yes," he ended for her—"yes, I said it was the trouble I feared for the woman I loved, and it is *you* I have loved, and *you* have never guessed it!" and his broken voice held something like an uncontrollable passion of reproach. "Oh, Daisy," he said—"oh, Daisy, it is you—it is you!"

When she fell back upon her pillows and hid her face, he hid his face too in both his hands.

"You never dreamed that I could love you," he said; "but I have loved you all my life. I was nobody but Bart to you, but I loved the least thing you had ever touched. It was hard enough for me when *he* came, but it was harder when I began to see how you must suffer, and knew I had no chance of saving you, because you clung to your secret so closely. Oh, Daisy, it was hard!"

So he had told his secret, and the wrench was over, and indeed he had borne his load so long that after the first pain he almost felt a sense of rest.

It was some time before either spoke. Désirée, hiding her face, cried softly, and Bart sat still, wondering wearily how it could end.

It was Mrs. Reid who broke in upon the stillness, coming to the door.



"Desire," she said, "you must not sit here too long."

"No," said Bart, "she must not. I forgot how weak she was. Daisy, will you let me carry you in again?"

Yes, Daisy thought she would go. So he picked her up and carried her in his strong arms up the staircase, her tired little white face lying on his shoulder.

When he had put her down upon the lounge she held his sleeve an instant, raising her eyes appealingly to his.

"Bart," she said, "kiss me as you used to do when I was a little girl."

He bent and kissed her, and that instant she broke down again, clinging to him childishly in a new burst of sorrow.

"Oh, Bart," she sobbed, "if I had loved you instead—if I had loved you instead! Oh, Bart, try to forgive me!"

A few years later the Rev. Everard Ruysland, whose career had somehow seemed to be a failure, met in a large city with an old acquaintance, whose career somehow seemed to have been a success. He was a simple, earnest man of kindly creed and gentle teachings, and yet when people spoke of the Rev. Bartholomew Reid they spoke with enthusiasm. And with him Ruysland saw his wife, and seeing her—a little tender creature whose bloom and beauty were a wonder—he felt a keen pang. Her love for her husband was a gentle passion; her life seemed to have grown to his.

"It almost seems," said one warm-hearted woman who was wonderfully attached to the two—"it almost seems to my mind as if the child felt that she had done him a wrong at some time, and could not be tenderly sweet enough to convince herself that she had made it up to him. It is something beautiful, I tell you: in my opinion it is something so beautiful that we ordinary mortals can not comprehend it."

And this wife of Bart's was Désirée.

## THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

### I.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, they say, never entered his carriage until he had first seen to it that the hoofs of his four grays had been thoroughly blacked and polished. And he was right! A blooded horse is a gentleman. Not a gray of his team but held his head higher and went the better for it; conscious, too, I dare say, of every bit of plate sparkling upon its harness; dimly conscious even, the whole team, of the hero they drew. I know this, because my chestnut, Sir John, is an aristocrat in every drop of his Morgan blood. You need not envy me; I am a poor man; my horse was my one luxury, and he is dead to-day.

"Good-day, Sir John!" I said to him that

bright morning, as I was about to mount, taking him by the nose in lieu of his hand. Out of consideration for my feelings he endured the familiarity for the moment under pretense of being interested, with ears pricked forward, at what my dog Nero, his poor relation but intimate friend, was doing just then across the street. But he shook off my ungloved palm the next moment, as George Washington, they also say, did that of Governor Morris when, on a bet, it was ventured upon his shoulder. What would a mule have cared for the ride? I am satisfied Sir John enjoyed it only less than I did, when, with an apology for the rudeness, I took my seat and we rode off.

This was in the South, and before the war. And it was in that part of the South where the mild sky overhead is matched by prairie almost as ample below—a land in which winter was unknown, except when it came and went in the northers: not more than a dozen a year of those bullying braggadocios. As soon as I got to the outermost edge of the town, and of the decorum due it, I abandoned the limestone road, white and hard, and launched on Sir John, as on a living boat, upon the ocean of grass, aiming for a certain "pilot knob" in the distance. The air of the early spring morning was oxygen until it was almost brandy. It may have been largely owing to my mood of brain and heart and stomach, although not of pocket-book, alas! If one could but always feel as I did that morning! I was in perfect health of conscience as well. I had slept all night out on the veranda of my house, with an umbrella up to keep off the brilliant moonlight, and a Mexican blanket tucked down over me to keep it from being blown away in the steady wind from the sea. How I sailed all night, as before that wind, into the very abysses of sleep!—sleep so deep and sweet that I awoke satiated from it as from a feast. Adam must have wakened so in paradise!

And I was in paradise. At least I could suggest no objection to the "very good," which rested in benediction, as from the lips of its Creator, on the landscape. A botanist would have tired himself out with the variety of flowers which spangled the prairie; but I had often before tried in vain to count their varieties, and I now took them as you do the stars. Opticians tell us that green is the color most restful to the eye, which accounts, I suppose, for the zestful pleasure I had, as I rode, in the wealth thereof to the utmost horizon. I suppose it was the variety of trees which gave to the glorious live-oaks their peculiar charm, grouped here and there upon the prairie in "knots," stretching out their long arms like strong swimmers about making a plunge into the sea, their shade giving a sort of velvetness of verdure to the grass beneath them. What



unceasing variations in its green as the wind passed over it, causing it to deepen and return through all shades of emerald! And the shadows of the flying clouds, too! you could see one begin at the distance of ten miles, and come like a silent storm, urging the verdure through, as it were, the whole gamut of green. Sir John did not deceive me a moment by holding his nose so long after drinking in the stream through which we rode. Even a mule must have wondered at its pellucid crystal.

"Never mind, Sir John," I said to him. "Wait till we return; we will drink it in at every pore!" Which we did as we came back, both of us bathing in it at a spot concealed by willows, hollowed out of the limestone by the water for that express purpose.

All along we had admired the range of mountains in the horizon, up which the verdure melted imperceptibly into the blue of the sky. Something of reaction inevitable to excess came upon us, however, as we struck into the post oaks and rocks which inclosed its base. For it was here we lighted, as if out of the air, upon the wide fields of General Jessup. Let me make my statement perfectly clear by stating that I was their family physician, calling by appointment. I was quite young, but entering upon my practice; had very little money, and quite a family. It sobered me as I saw the outskirts of General Jessup's wealth; he was so very rich, and I was so very, very poor just then! In fact, the enthusiasm of the morning was reaction after weeks of painful anxiety. You would think so if you knew the facts!

"If you but owned those wide acres!" I reproached myself. "And, poor fellow, you have not earned a negro yet, and the general here has a hundred!" For all this took place, as I have said, before emancipation—the conflagration of the globe more expected than that!

"And suppose you owned such a mansion as that!" I continued, almost aloud, as I dismounted and fastened Sir John to the post in front of General Jessup's residence. "Solid stone two-storied veranda all around; plenty of negro quarters out of sight behind; abundance of stabling behind that for the horses. How many horses and carriages *does* the general own, I wonder? And then"—for when one falls into the mire of such sordid thought one sticks in it for a long time—"to think of the cotton, corn, sorghum, wheat! Never sick, not a negro even. What on earth does Mrs. General Jessup want with me?"

But at this moment the general comes down the front walk to meet me, with his morning cigar. There is nothing in particular about the general to describe—a large, handsome, indolent, easy gentleman in a planter's suit of some brown stuff, a sixty-

dollar Panama hat upon his head. We talk a little on the front steps in reference to weather, crops, health in general, and the rascality of the political party other than our own in particular. We both know it is all for politeness, and I insist upon no longer detaining the general, who has to ride over to his gin down in the cotton patch of six hundred acres or so. With all courtesy he begs me to stay to dinner, and turns me over till then to his wife. "And I do not mind, doctor," he said to me, as we parted; "ladies have singular ideas. I never cross Mrs. Jessup in any thing." I did not understand him; but then I never did perfectly. Our conversation, whenever we met, soon ran itself dry. I blamed myself with the stone barrier between us, at which we somehow always arrived in about five minutes after meeting each other. He seemed to be perfectly satisfied on his side of it; why should not I be on mine?

I could not help smiling, even while being greeted by the general, at the sound of the sewing-machine in the house. My wife told me that Mrs. Fitzpatrick Jones told her that Mrs. Jessup kept six running steadily. It is possible, but I heard only one. Her passion for dress! they said. It was envy of her wealth, of course, and its beautiful results upon her person; yet the incessant sound of the sewing in the room across the hall ran beneath all our conversation like the drone of a bagpipe. I had been in before, when Cranston Jessup had eaten too largely of "big hominy" at his mammy's cabin, and I knew that my arrival found Mrs. Jessup seated, as then, in her morning-room, one mulatto girl hard at the sewing-machine, amidst clouds of woman's wear piled up about her, another standing behind the chair of her mistress from morning until night, to hand her a glass of water in case she should need one. I do not think I ever saw her husband or any of the children in the room with her.

But here she is for you, dear reader, to see her yourself as she comes into these sumptuous parlors, into which we are shown by the likely yellow boy who waits at table, his excess of hair high parted to one side of his head, and a tray under his arm. I am ashamed to say it, but I fell head-foremost again into the mud of my covetousness as she gave me her hand—large, it is true, but so very white and soft and splendid with diamonds—and settled herself in the sofa near me. I had lived upon air during my ride through the brilliant morning, and I came to the earth with a shock. You will please remember my own wife was in question, younger, more beautiful, more thoroughly educated, conspicuously superior in every sense to this lady in her wonderful laces and little frills, so much more effective than all the silks and velvets women ever



wear. "It is not your clothes nor house, your diamonds, horses, acres, negroes, nor money, we would like" (it was to myself I said it as she adjusted herself upon the sofa); "it is your *repose* we need—Katie and I. If we could but rest one good month from harassing care and anxiety, how it would refresh us to grapple again with life!"

But my hostess never dreamed of any thing but herself as she sat there, so child-like in color and in contour, so beautiful in the cold blue of her large eyes, an embodiment of moonlight in winter: let me say it out, and be done with it—the most purely selfish human being I ever knew in my life! In a literary point of view it is not artistic to hasten things so by saying it; but it is a fact, and let it go. What I thought was, "If my Katie had but half—" and then I crushed the sentence in two, like a snake under my heel, and only said, "Yes, madam, it is indeed. I never knew a more charming day."

Every body was well, she said: and how slow in her speech, keeping restful time to the movements of her large eyes and lingering hands as she re-adjusted cuff and frill.

"What I wished to see you about, Dr. Venable," she said, after we had exhausted all preliminaries, some silence following thereupon, "was this." Had a torrent of rain fallen upon Sir John and myself as we rode under the perfect blue of the sky that morning, it could not have astonished me more than did the sudden and copious tears which gushed from Mrs. Jessup's eyes as she spoke—such tropical change from the serene and smiling calm of the moment before. "I can not, I will not, endure it!" she said, not noticing my murmured sympathy, for a physician is never surprised when a lady is his patient, never!—makes no show of surprise, I mean. And it was, in some inexplicable way, herself, only herself, herself exclusively, to which she had reference then as ever. Of course I understood—for physicians must always understand, and in advance—although I did not know how bad it was. No man a more quiet gentleman than her husband, the soul of courtesy to his guests, passionately fond of his children—in the morning, you observe. Of an evening, and at home, I do not know any sense in which he was superior to the lowest sot of the lowest groggery. I assure you, upon my honor, that it has never occurred to me until this present writing, and I place it on record in justice to Mrs. Jessup, that she seemed all along to reserve the worst of the case, that wherein a wife is most wounded; but I also declare that I do not know any thing certainly to that effect. She never saw him herself when he came home intoxicated; turned him completely over to the negroes until he was sober again, washed and dressed into a perfect gentle-

man once more. "But it is most terrible, Dr. Venable!" And unconsciously as a child—for she was a sort of child—she showed, as she went on to tell me all, that her distress lay in the way in which he was wasting money; for I am compelled to add that the wife was as widely known for her extreme penuriousness to all besides herself as was her husband for his generosity.

"I wanted to see you, doctor," she said at last, "because it is hereditary—his intemperance. I wanted you to give me some medicine. I could put it into his coffee, you know. Mrs. Anderson told me that old Mrs. Captain Brown told her that you had given Mrs. Simpson something for her husband."

O woman! woman! to let such a sacred secret out as that! Mr. Simpson was simply Satan incarnate when drunk, and his wife, under my direction, *did* slip a certain powder into her husband's liquor, which caused him to loathe it. He thought it was his moral sense, and expressed himself beautifully as to his intentions thereafter. His wife knew it was merely ipecac and his stomach, and said nothing. At least I had hoped so, since in the secrecy of my medicine lay its salvation.

"You know, Dr. Venable," Mrs. Jessup continued, "that General Jessup's father was a Senator in Congress, as well as Governor of his State. He was celebrated for his eloquence and his intemperance. It is hereditary."

"Pardon me, madam," I said, after we had settled upon certain treatment of the general, with his full consent, "but what about Ralph?"—their eldest son, at West Point. "And there is Roderick at college. I saw little Cranston out among the young turkeys in the yard with his mammy. No fear for him at present; yet allow me to suggest precautions as they grow older." Mrs. Jessup listened to me unto the end, as she always did, with her full blue eyes on mine, but the eyes were to me like a mere film over rock—attendance in them, but no attention. You knew she would forget it all.

"I never thought about them at all," she said, as if I had been speaking about characters in history. "They live with their mammy, you know," she added, "until they get too big, and then they go off to school and to college. I see little of them."

"Miss Mabel is growing to be quite a young lady," I said, after a little, of her oldest daughter, "and, you will allow me to say it, she will be a very lovely young lady."

"Do you think so?" Mrs. Jessup replied, slowly, and in tones exactly such as if I had made a statement in reference to Mary Queen of Scots. "I see almost as little of Mabel. I do believe she loves old Aunt Judy, her black mammy, more than she does me. She spoiled her so, you know. Then she went off to a boarding-school. Now she



is always visiting some of her young friends or having them in the house. We are almost strangers. I am so busy, too. Why, Annie, what do you want?" She added the words as her youngest daughter entered the room. "Don't rumple my dress, my dear," she continued, as her daughter stood beside her, laying her hand upon the back of the sofa.

"I was afraid you would forget it, mamma, and I am so sorry for poor little Muggins." The child said it in a manner so modest yet decided that I looked at her closely. She was a slight, pale, lithe little thing of fifteen. Like her mother, and amazingly unlike her. Is it in the tones of the voice? or is it the heart in the eyes rather? Something of the modest manner of the hand, even, when she came over and gave it to me? I do not know wherein the magnetism lies which compels respect and affection in such people. We understand it as much as the iron filings do the loadstone.

"I had forgotten it, Annie. The absurdest thing, Dr. Venable," Mrs. Jessup added. "Her nurse has a little baby some two or three years old—I am not certain if I ever saw it—and Annie makes as much to-do over it as if it was a doll from Paris. Why, Annie, I told you not to trouble me about it any more. I dare say I supposed it was dead. I noticed the dress Mrs. Venable wore at church last Sunday. You gentlemen do not understand such things. There was something—excuse me—in the cut of the sleeves. I wish," Mrs. Jessup added, with sudden interest in my wife, "that she had accompanied you. Please ask her to send me the pattern. Oh yes," with animation, "if that pet of my daughter's is still living, and you have to visit it, now don't forget to bring the pattern when you come. And I think you *had* better visit the child to-morrow. Thank you, my dear, for reminding me of it."

Now I know that the maternal instinct is given to every woman almost from birth. But there was that in the manner of Annie, after she had carried me to the quarters to see the baby in question, which was very quiet, if it was merely excess of maternal instinct. It may have been because she said so little as we stood by his crib—a costly article of rose-wood and plating, evidently that in which Annie had herself been rocked in her infancy. The poor little moaning scrap of humanity held out its wasted hands—hands so very white in the palms as contrasted with the blackness upon the back thereof—to its young mistress, turning away from its mother. I am compelled to add that a negro child does at that stage of its existence, and especially if sick—yes, *does* look exceedingly like a monkey.

"Aunt Judy, what makes your Muggins

love his Miss Annie so?" I ventured, after we had got through with the baby—merely a case of teething, and the convulsions connected therewith. Lions and negroes have magnificent teeth, and for the same reason, by-the-bye, both pay Nature the price therefor in infancy.

"Morgan, Mars Doctor, not Muggins. I asked Marster General, and he said Morgan was as great as any body *he* knew. We all love Miss Annie, bekase she loves us, and she can't help loving us, bekase we love her so! See?" which was reasoning in a circle, the most powerful, however, of all logic, and that of all the stars of heaven in their orbits.

"I call him Muggins, because it was a shame he should be called after a horse. Aunt Judy didn't understand papa's fun," Annie explained, as we walked away. "We will call him some sensible name when he gets older." A good deal more conversation passed between us, for I had fallen in love with Annie, like every body else except her mother. Before leaving the house an idea flashed upon me in reference to General Jessup. In consequence thereof I had a private conversation first, and for form's sake, with Mrs. Jessup; afterward, and much more important, with her daughter. My effort was to engage Annie in an attempt to reclaim her father from his cups. Instead of shrinking and crying, as I told her that I had no hope for her father's restoration except by her influence over him, the girl seemed to grow stronger and more erect as I proceeded, tears in her eyelashes, but purpose in her eyes. It is not necessary to say more of what passed between us than this. Neither of us had much hope, but it was all I could do under the circumstances. Had Miss Mabel been at home, I might have appealed to her instead, as being the older, but that, I felt, would have been even less hopeful.

Allow me to say, in as few words as I can, that the sign having "Dr. Charles Venable" upon it at my office door means two physicians in the partnership of the one man—myself; that is, I am a medical man knowing nothing about the Creator except in the laws of His creation—that is one self; and no man can study those laws more thoroughly and follow them more slavishly than I try to do. But as to my other and best self I am a Christian, knowing nothing about the laws of nature apart from Christ, who enacted them; and my supreme desire, at least, is to know and obey the one Master, as being alive and exceedingly active and energetic, among suffering people especially. I am speaking of drunkenness. It is an affair of the body, and of the ultimate spiritual faculty which we call the will. In other words, drunkenness is a disease, and it is also a sin; therefore I must do for General Jessup all I can with my medicine to master his disease



of body, and I must induce him to yield his will to the only Individual who has supreme mastery of the human will, and that is Jesus Christ. Why not wholly accept or wholly reject this Person, as one does George Washington or the multiplication table? He was born, lived, died, rose again, for the sole purpose of saving us hereafter and here. I want to be scientific, which means exact. I have known drunkards saved as stated. Did you, reader, ever know one actually healed, and healed as long as he lived, upon any other treatment? I do not know how matters stand upon the other planets, but in the sort of world this is, religion has no meaning to me except as a—salvation. Allow me to add that salvation means, to a practical man like myself, Christ the Omnipotent Saviour!

Annie went down to the gate with me as I was leaving. I am actually irritated at myself that I can not give you a perfect idea of this modest little love of a lady. It is because I am not able to delineate her form—the highest I have known—of pure womanliness. The longer you knew Annie Jessup the more her womanly qualities grew upon you, qualities having all their indefinable excellence in the impossibility of imagining them as belonging to any man; and, in some way, you had a singular sense of this from the moment you laid your eyes upon her. And it was not a mere notion of my own. At the gate I found John Markham, the overseer, just about mounting his horse to ride into town. He gravely noticed me, but his solid, square-set countenance brightened on seeing my companion, like a wheat field when ripe—for that was its color—under a burst of sunshine.

Among the many lesser types in the Southern States there are all grades and shades of difference, but the two leading types are those of Georgia and Virginia, and I never saw them more perfectly contrasted than in John Markham and Annie Jessup. John stood there, his hand upon the pommel of his saddle, ready to mount; thickset, sandy-haired, the exceeding freckles of his boyhood disappearing in a complexion equally florid all over, manner cordial and awkward, hands large, voice deep and strong, bearing simple and open. That is John Markham, and I could have slapped him on the shoulder and said, "How was cotton in Savannah when you left?" if I had met him on the summit of the Alps, "I am from Georgia" was so distinctly asserted from every part of the man.

"Good-morning, Miss Annie. Can I do any thing for you in town to-day?" he asked.

"Thank you, Mr. Markham, only the medicine Dr. Venable will send by you for little Muggins," Annie made reply, so genuinely Virginian in her figure, slight yet tall for her age, finely cut features, hair and eyes of a deep brown, hands and feet narrow

and long; high breeding as evident in her as—I beg her pardon—in my Sir John, whose nose was deferentially accepting the strokings of her palm while she spoke. The two persons—Markham and herself—contrasted as poetry does to prose, as nerves do to muscles, as chivalry to common-sense, as past and future do to the ruddy, rugged present. I saw in the instant the substantial and thorough understanding between the two. There was the matter-of-courseness of nature in it, pure and bright as morning, full of a future like harvest.

Of course I knew what I was about when I told Markham, as we rode in together, so much of my plans in regard to General Jessup as was needed to secure his assistance. Where a woman was concerned I always tell Katie, my wife, and immediately, all about it. But I needed Markham too in this case. For good reasons. Like all men of his grade, General Jessup was apt to be exceedingly prompt with his revolver, and my interest in surgical cases did not include myself. The young man listened to me to the end without a word. However, he always had the aspect of a judge on the bench, stolid, even bovine, you would have called him, had you not known that it was not absence but reserve of power.

"You know the history of my father," he said at last. Yes, well enough I did: simply that his father had never known a sober hour for years before his death, consuming his fortune and family in the fury of his intemperance, this son the sole survivor.

"And, by-the-bye, it is hereditary in you!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, Sir," he replied, his full face turned to me; "I crave drink at times as a man burning in any other sort of fever does water. It is in the blood."

"Well?" I asked, rather with my eyes than my lips.

"I have never tasted a drop of liquor in my life. I never will. I promised my mother." He said it as if speaking of an ended matter, like last year's cotton crop. "I will do all I can, doctor," he said to me, as we parted. "There is no hope for General Jessup," he added. "I know him. There is no hope. Miss Annie is the last hold you or any one else can have upon him."

"Well, and what of her?" I asked.

"It is trying to lift a hogshead by a china handle, like holding a flat-bottom boat, loaded down, and against the Mississippi, by a silk thread. It can not save him, and the effort may kill her. Do you know Colonel Guilmet?"

"Yes, certainly; who does not?" I replied; for the colonel was a brilliant, dressy, voluble, genial, thoroughly handsome man, holding some position in the State Geological Bureau.

"And he is—"



"An unmitigated scoundrel? Certainly. And," I added, "I suppose what I hear about Miss Mabel is true?"

"I fear so. Now," said my companion, with his judicial face addressed fully to me, "can you suggest any thing?"

"Nothing beyond shooting him," I replied.

"I had thought of that," my friend added, gravely, stroking down his full beard and mustache. "If I was any thing but their overseer—"

How convey to the reader the amount of meaning in the word itself to every person born and bred at the South? "Overseer!" The word was like the cartouch of a king upon an Egyptian tomb, except that it conveys the reverse of praise—a whole chronicle of contempt condensed into the ink of a single hieroglyphic. Suppose you wished to say in one breath that a man was poor, ignorant, low-bred, despised by the whites, doubly despised and hated by the blacks, the man of men whom it was most natural to kick—the word "overseer" held it all and more!

"John Markham," I said, "you and I did not make this world, nor are we required to govern it. As a doctor, Sir, I see people killing themselves, in one way or another of the many thousand ways open to them, every day of my life. Whenever I can do any thing, I do it, and gladly. In most cases all I can do is to stand by stone-still and let them do it! The effect of alcohol upon General Jessup's brain is seen in this more than in any thing else. He is going down the stream, and has let go, but that is not it. He sees all he ought to love going down Niagara, and makes no effort. The softening of his brain is a trifle compared to the hardening of his heart. Good-day, Mr. Markham."

"I will call for the medicine," he said. And really there was nothing more to say!

## II.

Spring had ripened into summer when it so happened that Colonel Guilmet and John Markham met in my office. I say met, but the brilliant colonel had no more reference to the solid overseer looking over a paper while I made up certain medicine for little Muggins at home than if he had been carved out of oak, as really he seemed to be, so still and silent he was, especially in comparison with the volatile colonel. The acquaintance of the colonel was with me purely as being a medical man. I never saw, but have read of, lawyers who, for conscience' sake, accepted as clients only those whose cause was just; but I never even read of a physician who rejected any patient because of the fact that the man by all rights ought to die. And heartily as I despised this dashing colonel, it was impossible to dislike him utterly. Slight built, yet perfectly formed, fault-

less features, olive-complexioned, hair and eyes of a brilliant black, his perfectly boot-ed and gloved feet and hands never at rest any more than his splendid eyes or his incessant tongue—that is the man, and it was impossible not to welcome his arrival: at least at my musty little office. There was so much of life sparkling in his frothy effervescence! He met my wife there one day, compelled an introduction, tried to compel an invitation to my house, but, although Katie herself became, to my amazement, his ally therein, he failed of obtaining entrance to my parlor. I would a great deal sooner have placed my office skeleton in the rocking-chair therein; would as soon have made a small-pox patient comfortable on the sofa there!

"Well, doctor," he continued, that day at my office, while I was macerating a certain root for that poor little Muggins, who seemed, monkey-like, to hold on to life as by some prehensile tail, such a feeble yet determined scrap of a thing—"as I was saying, they happened to have just made a blast as I was riding by. Their cistern, you know, twenty feet down in the solid rock. I fastened my horse, jumped off, ran in, leaped in through the smoke before the men came back from their hiding. They were afraid of the flying rocks, you observe. When they looked down and saw me, I do believe they thought the explosion had loosened me from the centre of the rock, like some pre-Adamite frog, you observe. But I was hard at work with my hammer—here it is, from Germany: twenty dollars in gold I paid for it; purer steel than you ever find in a razor. Sharks' teeth, ammonites of course, trilobites, and ever so many fossils I had to take home before I could classify. It was a regular feast. I suppose they told the general, for he came to the edge and looked down. I clambered up, apologized, showed and explained my treasures. He knew about our State Survey, and had me in to dinner, especially as they would make another blast that afternoon. What a genuine Southern planter the general is! Mrs. Jessup has never traveled, but what taste she has in dress! gives her whole soul to it. In some respects I never met, even in Paris, a more perfect woman of the world. But—"

"Excuse me, Colonel Guilmet." I stay the torrent of the brilliant colonel as with extended hand. "But Mr. Markham here lives with General Jessup; is his—has charge of his hands."

"Is he? Happy to know him. Fortunate man to live with such people! But, as I was saying"—and the voluble gentleman dashed on, eyes, hands, whole person, poured into what he said, with as much reference to Mr. Markham—hardly more to me—as a squirrel has to the trees over which it is scampering. It is not enough to say



that the man was unconscious of us: no squirrel nor bird frolicking in the sun could be much more unconscious of itself too! Life pours swift and glittering through such a man, like a mountain torrent over a mill-wheel, or as music does through an organ. Colonel Guilmet, full of life to the tips of mustache and jeweled fingers, spoke with a tongue, too, vibrating with the same excess of electric existence. He said things brilliant and sad, true and false, noble and mean, courageous and cowardly; said unceasingly this, that, and the other, pathetic things at times as well as things amusing, as freely as a bird sings, with as little sense of intention or personal responsibility; and did things, I well knew, with equal indifference to consequence or morality, apparently as unconscious of impropriety as a rattlesnake.

"Why is it, Mr. Markham, Colonel Guilmet," I said, on that occasion, keeping the latter interrupted with my hand still extended—"you were speaking of sharks' teeth—why is it that the Creator has made the most venomous reptiles so exceedingly beautiful with bands and spots of purple and gold, made them so lithe and graceful and full of life? Why—"

"It is God," my voluble visitor said, his arrested talk breaking, so to speak, over the dam of my outstretched hand. "I know perfectly. It is the Creator himself overflowing through all His works! People speak of God as a person. Bah! And they draw long faces and talk to us about sin. Detestable nonsense! It is all the great God sparkling in the stars, shining in the glow-worm, blazing in the sun, beaming in the light, ten thousand times more beautiful and powerful, of a woman's eye. It is God singing in the bird, croaking in the frog, roaring in the wind, heaving in the surge of the seas. Sometimes He clothes Himself in the splendor of morning, sometimes in the plumage of a butterfly or bird-of-paradise. To-day He touches you in the hand of a bat, to-morrow strikes and slays you with the claw of a lion. What a broad and beautiful religion! Why, Sir, I am a manifestation of God myself. I live, enjoy myself, say, do, think, feel, whatever turns up. To-morrow I break like the rest of the bubbles. Who cares? What does it matter? There have been millions of generations of us, each enjoying its little moment; there will be myriads on myriads of such insects, and so on, as it has always been, for ever and ever!"

John Markham expressed himself in no outer way—solid, stolid, silent as ever—yet he had laid aside his paper, and was interested in our visitor, as a lion recumbent upon the grass might be in the hopping and chirping of a grasshopper at its nose.

"But who cares for all that? I was speak-

ing about that cistern. Yes, and that led me to tell about General Jessup. What I am trying to get at is that day at dinner there. It was the most remarkable thing I ever knew. She came in and took her place at table after we were seated. I was greatly interested in describing to Mrs. Jessup the fashions as I had seen them in Paris. I was in a scientific school there, for I have a passion for life, whether in a fish, a flower, or a beautiful woman. Little I care for books; I die apart from open nature, movement, the breath and pulsation and heat of life. Music I like, because that implies dancing. Sculpture is too cold and still, but I enjoy painting, if it be of persons rather than landscapes, with plenty of color and motion. I was talking with Mrs. Jessup. She has lovely eyes, but not deep; she is too conscious of herself always, insists upon herself first and last and before every thing else; stony, too much of the marble of form—you understand? She does not care even for dress, for dress's sake, like other women; she likes it as something to be added to *her*—understand, doctor? But I was saying?—yes, this. In the midst of my conversation I was introduced to Miss Mabel, who had already taken her seat nearly opposite. It was like *that*! It was as instant as lightning." Colonel Guilmet illustrated the flash with his hand. "Neither of us knew of the existence, the one of the other, the moment before. The instant our eyes met, Sir, we loved each other with the passion of centuries! She merely bowed her head, and said nothing; I hardly paused in my conversation. I am sure we must both have paled a little. Purely as a scientific phenomenon it was beautiful; no experiment with Leyden-jars more wonderful. Yes, that is it: electricity. The highest and sweetest form of electric energy known in nature! And I was so dusty from that cistern; my dress was not what I could have wished; I thought of that with pain as the dinner proceeded. Dinner! I had no thought of her parents, much less of the food. The entire universe was centred in her. It was wholly a matter of our eyes, Sir, her *eyes*! I had not seen her person or her features. You understand the calcium light, Dr. Venable. The glowing points of the completed circle were our eyes; all our persons were thrilled, but I look at it now in a scientific way: the poles of our being are in our eyes!"

"That is the power," I remarked, putting all the emphasis I could in the words, "of the serpent over its victim in the act, if it be true, of charming it to its death."

"Provided," the colonel adroitly added, "that the serpent is equally influenced with its victim. I was as thoroughly overmastered, doctor, as was Miss Mabel Jessup, and I am the victim in this case. I am not



unaware of the proprieties, and I left the house for the cistern, and afterward for town, immediately after dinner. But we were drawn together by the magnetic current, powerless to desire even to resist it. We had no conversation. I merely said, in a low voice, as we parted at the parlor door, 'For ever and ever?' and she replied, 'Yes.' Our hands burned to touch, but did not. The only measure and direction of will I possess, or desire to possess," added my candid companion, "is will enough to enable me to accomplish and not defeat my purposes."

Peculiar meaning in the colonel's tones. What could be more interesting than this handsome, eloquent, transparent child of nature? All the time he was speaking I was working at my drugs upon the office table, he standing and speaking with gesticulation, natural as that of an eager child, between John Markham and myself. I had not observed John at all, except that he had slowly risen as if to go, silent, his eyes fastened upon Colonel Guilmet. I wish I had noticed the kindling color, the closing fist, in time; for, as the last words passed from the laughing lips of the colonel, he fell, knocked across the room by a blow from John Markham's fist full in the forehead.

"I hope you may be able to bring him to," he said, in his grave and quiet way, as he took up the package of medicine and put it carefully in his breast pocket. "If I have killed him, you will know where to find me. I did not intend it the moment before. I suppose it was electric."

The next moment I had locked the door after him, and was alone with my "case." I can not say I wholly objected to the result, but it was very sudden. "And why," I reasoned with myself, as I went to work with the insensible colonel, "was this man so sensitive to the electric influence of the lady on that occasion, and yet so utterly unconscious of the thunder-storm brewing in John Markham?"

### III.

Yet, like almost all violent remedies, the flash of John Markham's species of electricity did not do a particle of good. I was almost certain for some time after Markham left that my patient was killed; but the very elasticity of his nature prevented. Like his hammer, the man was made physically of the finest steel. The blow fell as upon a steel spring so admirably tempered that the rebound was equal to the impact. Colonel Guilmet was as well as ever a week after—as full of life as a wild-cat healed of some trifling scratch. Such was his elasticity that I do believe the man actually forgot both Markham and his blow in the energy of his purpose in reference to Mabel Jessup. Not that he ever visited at her father's

house. Like myself, he knew that General Jessup, enfeebled as he was by drink, might possibly resort, and very suddenly, to a shot on sight. But the lover had no need to go to the house. Unless I greatly mistake, the warmest feeling toward Mabel on the part of her mother was one of jealousy at the beauty and dresses of her daughter, and very rarely was Mabel at home for good. The colonel had abundant opportunity of meeting her elsewhere, she as eager as himself. There was that singular excess of womanliness, if I may so phrase it, in Mabel Jessup as in her younger sister, with this essential difference, that Annie impressed you with the purity of her womanly nature, its peculiar power in a purity as natural to it as is its beauty and buoyancy to an angel.

There is not a syllable except of fact in all that I write. If one could but write the entire fact!—of Mabel Jessup, for instance. When I pause from my paper and look up, she almost stands before me in person, I see her again so plainly. Now it is saying so little to explain that she was a very beautiful young lady of eighteen, with dark hair and eyes, a peculiar something about the eyes and lips! I dared not, even to myself, then, but I do dare now, to mention Poppea and Messalina in the same breath. Hardly a hint of the healthy rose in her cheeks, a deep white instead. I shrink and stop. Her Creator alone knows. It may have been part of the hereditary taint of the blood. What made it worse was that there was not a sparkle of the brass one usually associates with such a person. In society no lady more modest; almost nun-like in her quietness of words and bearing. It is no more pleasant for me to write all this than it is for you to read it. Let me make as brief a story of it as possible.

About the time that John Markham struck my visitor the South had struck the North at Sumter. It was a time of household as well as national convulsion in our town of Muscadine. Our State geologist, being a Union man, had resigned and gone North, and Colonel Guilmet, being intensely the opposite, had been assigned his place, and was actively engaged in fitting out an expedition for finding sulphur and saltpetre for the coming conflict. General Jessup had secured a contract to supply subsistence for the gathering armies, which took him almost always from home, and plunged into habits of intemperance. Ralph Jessup, the eldest son, had left West Point for Virginia. Roderick, the next son, had abandoned college, and was in Muscadine drilling for service with his company. John Markham remained in charge of General Jessup's plantation, a good deal more solid and silent, if possible, than before. Once or twice I had heard unpleasant hints in



reference to Colonel Guilmet in connection with Miss Mabel Jessup, more like unsavory smells up the air, however, than definite statements. Alas! no doubt upon the subject at all afterward—the only case of the seduction of a woman in her grade of society at the South, as I am bound to say, that ever came to my knowledge.

Early one Wednesday morning the Rev. Mr. Mochart, the pastor of the church attended by General Jessup's family as well as my own, came upon me at breakfast, saying that he had just received an urgent request from John Markham to come out to the plantation without delay, bringing me with him. It so happened that as I mounted Sir John to accompany Mr. Mochart, Colonel Guilmet drove by in his buggy and lifted his hat to us, radiant with the exhilarating air of the early morning.

"His way lies past General Jessup's place," Mr. Mochart remarked, as we rode after him. "He has sent his staff on before with the camping equipments. They have learned of large caves of saltpetre among the mountains. Hear him whistle! He has the spirits of a lark, especially, I suppose, in the morning. What a perfectly happy man he is! I heartily wish, Dr. Venable, some of us professors of religion were as free from care for the future, as habitually cheerful, as the colonel. I wonder who can be sick at General Jessup's?"

And so we rode rapidly through the prairie, our horses keeping up, as horses will, with those in the buggy in advance. As we entered the belt of post oak which marked the domain of General Jessup, Colonel Guilmet reined in his horses with such suddenness that my companion and myself had also to pull up in order not to ride upon the buggy, and upon John Markham and a pale, slight youth standing beside him, whom I recognized as Roderick Jessup, both on foot in the road. I do not remember that Roderick Jessup said a word during the whole interview. For a long time now John Markham had been slowly but steadily coming, as by sheer weight of character, into larger and more entire control of the plantation and all belonging to it. It was the leadership of the strongest, assumed and yielded to as instinctively as we all do to nature in whatever form. So now.

"Good-morning, Colonel Guilmet," John Markham remarked, in the quietest way in the world. "This is Mr. Roderick Jessup, Miss Mabel Jessup's brother. His father and his brother Ralph are unavoidably absent. We thought we would meet you, and show you the way to the house."

"It would afford me much pleasure, gentlemen" (I observed that Colonel Guilmet's hand was in his bosom as he said it, and that he was deadly pale), "but I am compelled to decline. I am upon government

business, and my men have already waited some time for me among the mountains. I thank you, but I am obliged—" And with his right hand still in his bosom, he shook the reins with his left, and his horses started. The pole of the vehicle touched the broad breast of John Markham, standing full before them. I observed that he had on an army overcoat. As Colonel Guilmet spoke he had unbuttoned it, and in his grave face of honest brown I read the whole affair as in a book. Mr. Mochart and myself read it so perfectly that we spurred our horses from beside the carriage and out of range. The crack of both revolvers was simultaneous, so much so that I thought only Colonel Guilmet had fired until I heard Markham cry out,

"Hold on, Mr. Jessup, don't shoot; remember what I told you!" and saw him strike down his companion's revolver. At the same moment I observed the blood pouring down Colonel Guilmet's face.

"You only strike the bark of the tree with your ball," John Markham explained to me afterward. "I have practiced upon squirrels ever since I can remember. They are stunned and fall. The blood blinded the man; besides, the shot stunned him. I was so very near I could not have missed my shot had I tried. It would have ruined all to have either missed him or killed him."

This was said afterward. All that Mr. Markham said while the report of the firearms still rang in our ears was, "Dr. Venable, please see what you can do for Colonel Guilmet."

The wounded man *was* stunned, for we had him out on the grass, were bathing his face with some water which, singularly enough, was standing in a bucket near by, before he fully recovered himself. The ball, with the accuracy of a comb in the hands of a barber, had parted the hair exactly in the centre—a mere flesh-wound, but bleeding copiously.

"I regretted it greatly, gentlemen," John Markham said, in his unruffled way; "but what could I do? There are no men on the plantation but Mr. Jessup here and myself. I called yesterday upon Colonel Guilmet, and said every thing I could, in vain. The terrible wrong can be righted in but one way. I have obtained the license. Mr. Mochart has kindly consented to come out this morning. Miss Mabel has been told that Colonel Guilmet will be on hand at noon. I rely upon Mr. Mochart to explain matters to Mrs. Jessup. But one thing to be done, and, besides ourselves, no living being outside General Jessup's family will ever know of the circumstances attending the ceremony."

But Colonel Guilmet could not see it in that light. For reasons which I do not fully understand to this hour, unless explained



by the ease with which he had conquered, the geologist was violently opposed to being married. I hasten through these details as rapidly as possible, having sincere aversion for melodrama in all its forms. Rural doctors have to carry their drugs about with them; but I thought my collodion and sticking-plaster would all give out. Every time I had stanced the bleeding the furious opposition of the colonel caused it to start afresh.

"Colonel Guilmet," John Markham said, "are you a *perfect* fool? Mr. Jessup here is armed. He has not killed you solely because he prefers to avoid scandal about his sister by having you marry her immediately. Consent or be *killed*." I dare say his loss of blood was not without its influence in causing the colonel to yield at last, and with a suddenness belonging to his vivacious character. "Mr. Jessup and myself regard you as having done his sister a wrong in comparison to which her murder would have been a trifle. It is only that you may marry her that we do not kill you on the spot!" There was a slow weight in the eyes as well as words of Markham, intended to convince the man beyond all hesitation.

"Marry Miss Jessup! With the greatest pleasure!" the colonel exclaimed, bright and joyous at last, as if he had left town for the very purpose.

"Will you see Colonel Guilmet to his room, Mr. Jessup?" Markham added to his silent companion. "We would like you to remain with him, I think, until the ceremony is over." And he detained me, as the two men left, accompanied by Mr. Mochart—detained me by a touch until they had gone, and then remarked, as he tugged at his overcoat, "Shot through the shoulder, doctor—a mere flesh-wound, I suppose." And I assisted him, as he leaned half fainting against a tree, to find, as we removed his coat, that all his under-clothing on one side was fairly saturated with blood.

I will not detail what follows. Colonel Guilmet and Mabel Jessup were duly married. Mr. Mochart never said much to me about his interview with the mother, but Mrs. Jessup resisted his urgency, and did not appear at the ceremony at all. The bride was sad and silent. My amazement was at Colonel Guilmet, and his flask of brandy explains it only in part. He was allowed full time to make his toilet for the occasion, and was, by reaction, I suppose, in splendid spirits, no happier bridegroom going. More than that: it had never been intended that Mrs. Guilmet would accompany her husband. In his sudden revulsion of feeling, Colonel Guilmet so earnestly urged her to go that, with a wagon for her baggage and a servant or two, she actually did go with him in two days after the ceremony.

I am satisfied that John Markham had the same misgivings as myself in reference to matters.

"Yes," he said to me, after they had been gone for weeks, "I thought of it, and said to him in an off-hand way that there was a man in his employ who would keep us all posted as to how Mrs. Jessup enjoyed herself up among the mountains. Now if he had asked me the man's name, had seemed to care in any way, I would have had my fears. But he was as gay as you please. Either he is as happy at last as he seems to be or he has some deep plan. In any case, happen what may, the best that could be done under the circumstances has been done."

"How does Mrs. Jessup bear it?" I inquired.

"I do not understand Mrs. Jessup," John Markham replied, after a little: his massive head rested on his palm, the elbow of his arm upon the table in my office, as he spoke. "I rarely see her, you know. She cried, I believe, at first day and night. But she does not seem to care particularly for any thing or any body. I will say to you what I would say to no other. The family is of old standing in Virginia before they came out here. In some way the blood has been running so long that it has run *out*—always excepting Miss Annie. She is different. Did you ever see a little green twig growing out at the lowest part of the trunk of an old oak? I have been in the woods as well as the prairie all my life, and I have often noticed it. The little twig draws to itself all the life left in the tree; in the end takes the place of the tree, decayed and gone to dust! She is not only different from them all—the difference lies in her being so fresh and strong, more so every day, as well as superior in every sense."

"Yet she could do nothing with her father," I remarked.

"I told you so from the first," Markham replied. "It is not that she did not do her best. Nor is it because this war has come in to take her father so much away, as well as to break up things generally. Nor is it because the general is too old and she is too young. The reason is they are too unlike. He is, you know, a fine-looking gentleman, with noble outside appearing; but he is like a magnificent tree all hollowed out within. It is his family, Miss Annie excepted, which is worn out and old all at once, so to speak, in him and them. And Miss Annie is as new and fresh as if she had no such parents, as if God made her as he did Eve, out of— I forgot; it was not out of the earth."

"Out of Adam," I said. "She certainly has little companionship with any of her own family. My impression is," I added, looking John Markham full in the eyes, "that *this* Eve is being made, to a considerable degree at least, out of her Adam!"



But I was almost sorry I said it. The broad grave face of the man blazed all over as I said it, out of brown into crimson. I never saw even a woman blush as that man did. He stared me in the face, too, as if astonished, rose abruptly, and stood looking out of the window at nothing, came back to the table, and sat down, got up, and took my hat by mistake for his, walked out, mounted his horse, and rode away, all without saying a word. I solemnly believe the man had not acknowledged the secret even to himself. He was only "the overseer," you observe, and if you have not lived at the South you can not be made to understand what that means, say what I will. In virtue of his long companionship with the Jessups, as the only alternative, on the one hand, from the slaves of the plantation, on the other, he had acquired the outer breeding of a gentleman, the only difference between him and General Jessup in that respect lying in the fact that his clothing was of coarser thread and cut. To be sure, the general had that sense of ownership which acted on every planter as the quarter-deck does upon an admiral. And yet, by a law of nature as simple and as steady as that by which rivers run and stars shine, this grave, honest, intelligent man had come into what was really the possession of the whole plantation, every acre and cotton boll of it, every negro and mule and ox, master, mistress, and children being but the passengers, and he the captain of the ship, if so violent a change of figure may be allowed. As sure as you live, Eleazar, the steward of Abraham's house, would have succeeded his master in every sense if Isaac had not been born; and in this case the only Isaac worth mentioning was Annie Jessup. The mayors of the palace did not supplant the dynasty of effete kings in France more naturally. Nature so heartily abhors a vacuum that there is always a Napoleon provided when a Bourbon perishes. In this case, however, there was, I need not say, neither ambition nor knavery, nothing but the serene process of nature itself.

There is, too, some law of nature which, so to speak, compels and compresses similar events together, just as grapes are made to grow in clusters, just as stars are made to shine in constellations. But I never knew an instance in which this was verified in the degree it was in the case of the Jessups. About six months after the marriage of her sister Mabel I came home from setting somebody's dislocated shoulder to find Annie Jessup waiting to take me out to see her little brother Cranston. I had not seen her since the wedding, and was amazed to observe how rapidly she was developing into a woman—less beautiful than her sister, but far more vigorous in a bodily as well as moral sense: wholesome color in her cheeks,

healthful purpose in her eyes, quiet yet elastic energy in every movement.

She told me the whole story of Cranston's sickness on the way to her father's house, for little Muggins had long since recovered, and was now a bright little mulatto, fat and frolicking, whom no amount of green "water-mengon" or "'simmons" could sicken; all her motherly quality being centred upon her brother. Poor little fellow! He was just of the age to be no longer a baby in the arms of his negro mammy, though not yet old enough to scramble with little Muggins through the vicissitudes of the fruit season. Like his father, the child had always looked well enough externally, but, like that father, the old family blood was running itself out in him. And Annie could not wholly make up for his own mother. That mother! I have had three cases of ossification of the heart in my practice, but none so perplexing as this moral instance of the same. Mrs. Jessup was fuller in flesh, more beautiful in her style of exclusively physical beauty, than ever before. I believe she went out more than ever, not for any special liking for society—she seemed to care less for any body than any one I ever knew—but she had yielded to the love of dress as to a kind of mania. We physicians know that disease can take all sorts of forms: the collecting of autographs, bibliomania, kleptomania, and the like, are but varieties of the disease of intemperance, which was slaying General Jessup. Mrs. Jessup had the disease of dress—a mere variation upon that of her husband. I will always believe that she could have saved Cranston, as she could have saved her husband and Mabel, had she been even an ordinary wife and mother. And so poor little Cranston died in spite of all that Annie and I could do: more of the force of life even in little Muggins! Yes, events do cluster like grapes. The very next week Annie comes after me again, to aid her in breaking to her mother the tidings of the death of her father while still absent—during "a spree," as I afterward learned. Of course there were weeks of weeping upon the part of the widow.

"But she at least *seems* to be more interested," my wife, who visited her at my urgent suggestion, said, "in her mourning dresses than in any thing else." Dr. Samuel Johnson scolds at Shakspeare for delineating Sir Andrew Aguecheek, on the ground that an idiot should not be depicted, that natural fatuity, as he words it, should receive the charity of concealment. Yet one can not but feel that Mrs. Jessup could have been other than she was had she but loved her husband and children—*simply loved*; surely the easiest thing in the world for a woman to do.

Not a month after, and Annie Jessup is



weeping in my parlor again. Her brother Ralph had left West Point for the army of the Confederates in Virginia, and had been killed. Even while the tears were on her cheeks I could not avoid observing how the very countenance of the fair young woman was growing like that of John Markham, into whose hands the whole plantation and family had been steadily passing. Her very tones and manner reminded me of Markham, for he came to see me that very night, and sat long.

"You will hear of it soon—might as well know it now," he told me. "Ralph Jessup flinched in the face of the enemy. I do not know the particulars, except that he was court-martialed and shot. They had let him off for his family's sake once or twice before, I was told. Miss Annie shall never know the facts, if I can help it. She is a miracle to me. The whole line, on both sides, seems to be ending in this unfortunate family, except in her. All the old spirit of her people is rallying, standing like a hunted stag at bay, in her case. Her will is strengthening her very body. I do not think she would have drifted down stream with the rest under any circumstances, for she is a true woman as God ever made; yet the circumstances are making her more than she ever otherwise could have been."

It was mean in me, my wife Katie said, but I tried my best, being so intimate a friend, to get out of Markham the state of things between Annie and himself. He merely blushed as violently as a girl, told me good-by, and went out and mounted his horse. But he called me down to him as he sat upon it in the darkness.

"I intended to tell you," he said, "of a new trouble. Mrs. Guilmet has gone to the bad. We will keep *that* from her too if we can. Whether Colonel Guilmet eloped with a woman first, and so drove her to it, or she ran away with the sutler of their surveying party in advance of that, I do not know. Heaven knows. But she has disappeared, my only hope being that she will not live long. She was as frail as well as beautiful as a flower before she was married. Her kind of life must hasten a death which I do not think would have been far off in any case."

"John Markham," I said, solemnly, after we had talked it over in the darkness for an hour, "you are very peculiarly placed in regard to Miss Annie Jessup. If I were you—"

"Good-night, Dr. Venable. You forget that I am only an overseer. Miss Jessup has my deepest respect, as she has that of every one, only they do not know her as well as I do. It must be near midnight." And he was gone. Gone to come back again in some six weeks or so; and I knew the whole story before he opened his lips. I listened to his grave statement.

"Did you ever hear of so much trouble coming all at once upon one family, doctor? Every one knows that General Jessup had run his plantation in debt year after year before the war, mortgage piled on mortgage, and you and I know how much the negroes will be worth when this war is over. Neither Miss Annie nor myself can make Mrs. Jessup understand. The woman is infatuated. It is a sort of insanity with her. The merchants hate it as badly as I do. I am only the overseer, but every soul of them has asked me about it, and I could only tell them the truth. If you knew *how* deep she is in their books already! Dr. Venable, I wish you would drop in as soon as you can. Can you imagine such a thing? Mrs.—General—Jessup!"

"Well?" I asked, for my friend sat as if overwhelmed by some terrible thought, his solid Washington-like face fixed as if carved in—not marble: oak expresses it better. "Well?" I had to ask yet again.

"Mrs. General Jessup," my companion said, looking me steadily in the face, and speaking as by great effort—"Mrs. General Jessup has been refused credit!" I do not wonder that this terrible fact stunned John Markham, stout as he was. Death was nothing in comparison. It was the severest blow which had smitten the family so far, the very stroke of doom! It killed Mrs. Jessup. Of course her long series of culminating troubles was not without its influence in undermining her life, but Mrs. Jessup never left her house afterward except for burial. There were certain circumstances in connection with her death, and hastening it, which I refuse to state. The day is coming when people will no more think of laughing at the staggerings and maudlin sayings of a drunken person than they now think of being amused at the convulsions of paralysis or catalepsy; and the hour is at hand also when it will be hard to convince our children that visitors were allowed to wander for curiosity's sake through the wards of asylums for idiots or lunatics. In any case, if only from a sense of professional honor, I have no intention of admitting you to General Jessup's mansion during the last days of his wife.

More especially since this narrative is already extended beyond all my original purpose, leaving the case of Roderick Jessup still untold. I will be brief about it. He had always been a youth concerning whom it was impossible to say more than that he was pale, silent, and very gentlemanly. I am no fanatic as to the weed; but, where there was so little stamina to go upon, no one could see Roderick Jessup with a cigar in his mouth and not know that he was consuming himself to ashes only a little more slowly than his cigar. Full of noble instincts as any young nobleman of Bourbon-



dom on either side of the Atlantic, there was not enough plebeian *terra firma* in him, if I may so speak, upon which to build a man up, even if there had been any person master-mason enough to do it. He had gone off to Virginia with his company, had got a furlough, and was back in Muscadine at the time of which I am now speaking. His leave of absence had been given with great reluctance in view of the high standing of his family and the great emergencies into which it had fallen. I welcomed him cordially, and even hoped that events might do for him what they were doing for his sister Annie. But no. All the good in the family had ebbed in her instead, to find in her brave bosom the turning-point of its tides. We all knew that he had been entrapped by the vigorous daughter of a certain veterinary surgeon before he left for the campaign, and well did we all know that Miss Selina Sargins was the chief object drawing him home and holding him there. A more blooming young lady of the peony variety I, at least, never met. I heard her casually remark to Roderick, months before, at a picnic given to raise money for the soldiers, that she was as "happy as a big sunflower," and I presumed so from her appearance. Poor young Jessup was in her hands like a very young and thoroughly shorn Samson in the hands of a Delilah, who was in herself all the Philistines too! In one week they were to be married—an event, for excellent reasons, as disastrous to her victim as it would be advantageous for her. But John Markham, having exhausted every other means, had, with the cordial co-operation of the military chief of our district, obtained the necessary papers, backed up by a detail of soldiers, for the arrest of young Jessup, he having overstaid his furlough. He was arrested at the house of the lady, and marched immediately out to his home to gather his effects and leave immediately. Not thus was Miss Selina to be foiled. Hardly had the soldiers stacked their arms in the front yard before she was on the ground, accompanied by a young lawyer, who was also justice of the peace, and a marriage license. The whirligig of time had brought about its revenges in the interest of Colonel Guilmet, with, however, a curious reversal of the circumstances. But, not being myself present, I can only speak of the results, although I would have greatly liked to have seen the affair; sturdy John Markham on one side of young Jessup; Annie Jessup, developed by events into a Virginia lady according to the type of '76, on the other; Miss Selina, as a very perfect specimen of physical female force, confronting the three, and making her last and most desperate assaults upon her lover. Annie Jessup has never alluded to the subject in my hearing, and John Markham has only replied in a general way to my

questioning, that he had never before known the power of a certain sort which woman holds in reserve. "Now it was abuse, and then it was tears! I could not have supposed that any thing so much like a thunder-storm could have been got into a parlor," he remarked; "and Miss Annie left nothing for me to say or do. It is what they call clear grit in Georgia; I mean that quiet, steady, silent power his sister had over her brother as against that woman. It was beautiful." The result was that the marriage did not take place; Roderick Jessup was returned to Virginia, and died, I was glad to hear of it, fighting bravely: although a Union man, I was still more glad to hear that, in the battle of Gaines's Mills.

The very night of his departure Annie Jessup accepted the earnest invitation of Katie and myself, and took up her abode with us. When news came of the death of her brother, many months after, there was nothing to do but for John Markham to take out the necessary papers as administrator, in connection with myself. As for years past, he continued in charge of the plantation, managing it, notwithstanding the confusion of the times, most admirably. It was surprising how rapidly Annie recovered under our roof from her series of afflictions—about as perfect a combination of womanly loveliness and cultured strength as I ever saw, the old fascinations of her character, more and more evident as repose brought relaxation to nerves high strung and tense from trial; more and more the rounded indolence, even, of woman in that climate, as she rested in our humdrum home.

But Katie and myself were first astonished at John Markham, and then very justly indignant. He never came to my house unless compelled to do so by business; never asked then after our guest except in a general way; always left the moment business was completed. After a year or two Annie Jessup's rest was turning into restlessness. Katie remonstrated continually with me, until I determined to act in my capacity not of friend so much as surgeon. I had often attempted the topic with Markham, always with the same result, and I had no better result now. I do not expect any Northern person to understand it when I say that on such occasions the sturdy yeoman—for that describes the individual—would tell me, consumed as he spoke with blushes, that "General Jessup's family"—what a world of meaning in the words!—"was—was—" immeasurably high, he meant. He informed me also that he himself was "only an overseer"—a meaning in that too which I despair of conveying. However, the end of the war came at last, destroying a vast deal more than merely the bondage of the blacks. By the very instinct of his nature Markham had yearned for his



own emancipation, and his slavery too ended with that of the negroes. In nothing did the man so establish himself in the eyes of all, and in his own also, as by the fact that he held General Jessup's "hands" to the soil after they were freed by the result of the war. All around him the slaves escaped in flocks, like blackbirds, from the men who held them in virtue of ownership. John Markham held his serfs in virtue of the only real mastership, that of character. You could see the increasing self-respect of the man with every day of the new era. Besides, owing to his admirable management, the vast indebtedness of the estate was being steadily paid off.

But Katie and myself had got out of all patience with him. I had begun to tell her that at last John Markham's solidity was also stolidity—all ox, and less than I had hoped either of lion or eagle. I remember well that January night of 1868 especially. Self-reliant as Annie Jessup was, she was a woman, and she was beginning to droop. My wife and myself could not but observe it as she sat after supper by the fireside, her eyes on the coals as, with our little Jessup in her lap asleep, she sat thinking, thinking. I was just clinching my fist at the thought of Markham, when he walked in. He had not rung; he did not speak to Katie or myself; he walked up to Annie, handed her a bundle of papers tied with red tape, and said, "There, Miss Annie, you will find the receipt for payment of the last cent your estate owed. I congratulate you!"

A Virginian of two centuries' standing could not have said it better. If he had only said the rest as well! But there he stopped and stammered and hesitated, grew as red as blood, then as white as a sheet: it was pitiful to look on the suffering of the poor fellow. While I was blundering about in my mind what to do, Katie did it. "Oh, Annie Jessup!" she exclaimed, taking our boy from the hands of the startled girl, as she rose to her feet before the trembling overseer—"oh, Annie Jessup, how *can* you?"

It may have been, as Katie says, "the good blood of her family in her." It certainly was the true womanhood of Annie Jessup, for she recovered herself in a moment, said, as quietly as if he had given her an apple instead, "I thank you, Mr. Markham!" And then, with one steady look at the noble face in such trouble before her, and in virtue of being his born superior, she put a palm on either side of his head and deliberately kissed him, and full upon the lips, like a queen! It was more than the touch of a monarch's sword conferring nobility. The man at once dilated, and grew calm—in his own eyes, too, a gentleman forever.

That was January, 1868, as I have said. I was out at their place yesterday. I can not see in what sense John Markham is not as

thorough a gentleman as any man I ever knew; his wife is satisfied upon that point. I think he has no uneasiness, if he ever thinks of it at all, upon the subject. They have five vigorous children. I suppose with wealth the blood will run out some day in their children's children's children. Meanwhile I do regard, in a purely scientific sense, this whole affair as an instance of the survival of the fittest, and it is on that account that I have written these lines.

## GENESIS OF THE NEW ENGLAND CHURCHES.\*

**I**N the great days of Queen Elizabeth, when Bacon was pointing all men to a diligent study of nature, and Shakspeare had already begun to exhibit her fairest and sternest traits in living pictures on the stage, a young lawyer of Gray's Inn, of fair estate and honorable lineage, shone in all the gay revels and extravagant dissipation of the time. Henry Barrowe was a courtier, a fine gentleman, a gamester famous for his success in dicing, a vain and dissolute young man, who wasted his gains at the gaming-table in frivolous pleasures, and who was fond of boasting of the favors of fortune, and of the good luck that seemed never to desert him. Gray's Inn had no more dissipated student. Of law he confesses that he had learned little; he seems to have cared nothing for literature; and his gay youth ripened into a manhood that showed no traces of reform. But suddenly Henry Barrowe was missed from his usual place in the tavern and the theatre. His gay companions of the bar and the court told with a smile that he had become a Puritan. To the gallant circle that gathered around the Virgin Queen, to the friends of Raleigh and the followers of Essex, in the midst of their masks and revelries, their wild extravagance, their secret enormities, the conception of the austere and rigid sect who shrank from all the common amusements of the day seemed sufficiently repulsive. Yet it is worthy of notice that Raleigh in his imaginative youth had sighed for the peace of an assured faith, and that Essex in his last stormy days assumed the guise of Puritanism. But there was one class of men in that important period to whom the new sect was singularly odious. The ritualists of the age of Elizabeth, aided by the natural inclinations of the queen, had gained a perfect control in the English Church; the most severe laws had already been passed against the Non-conformists and sectaries; martyrs had already fallen; the prisons were filled with Dissenters; the ritualists pursued their opponents with unrelenting cruelty; and the modera-

\* *The Genesis of the New England Churches.* By LEONARD BACON. With Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers.



tion which had marked the Church in the days of Cranmer and Edward VI. had been changed to bitter severity. A terrible inquisition—the High Commission for the trial of all ecclesiastical offenses—ruled over England, and watched with constant vigilance for those who refused to employ a ritual that had become tainted with the worst superstitions of Rome. It was before this unsparing tribunal that Henry Barrowe was summoned to appear and defend that faith which had won him from the world.

He was soon arrested. Possibly his influence among his old companions may have been feared, or his reputation at court may have lent him unusual importance. But one day when he had gone to visit a fellow-Puritan, John Greenwood, in his prison, he was himself seized, and detained until a charge could be brought against him. Barrowe and Greenwood, friends in life, united in death, have come down to us as conspicuous martyrs to that Puritan principle which founded the New England churches and planted freedom in the New World. They lay in prison together for six years, while England was filled with memorable scenes, while Mary of Scotland perished on the block, while the Armada was dashed to pieces on the northern coast; and the vain rage of papal Rome might have taught the Elizabethan age the lesson of religious toleration. But no pity nor justice softened the horrors of their dismal cell. When brought before the High Commission, before archbishops and bishops, before Burleigh and Buckhurst, Barrowe would show no unmanly hesitation. The dicer and profligate of an earlier hour now glowed with the ardor of an undoubting faith. "The Church of England," he declared, "as it is now formed, is not the true Church of Christ." The Common Prayer book was "idolatrous, superstitious, popish." Bishops and lawyers for six years strove to refute or to convert him; from his cell he contrived to write and publish a series of remarkable works that spread the knowledge of Puritanism. The two martyrs were confined at last in the Fleet prison, on the spot where now a vast Congregational church has sprung up over the scene of their sufferings. And one morning they were bound together on a cart, and carried to their execution on Tyburn Hill.

The Puritanism for which men began now to suffer and die throughout all England had sprung up naturally from the corruptions of the Church of Elizabeth. Yet it may be traced to the age of Constantine. To restore the purity, simplicity, and fervor of the early Church, its simple rites and fraternal unity, had been the aim of the Cathari and the Vaudois, the Albigenses and the Wycliffites, the Hussites, and at last of Calvin and Luther. It was easily discovered

by the least cultivated reformer that the churches founded by Paul and John bore no resemblance to the splendid spectacle presented by the papal or the English liturgy; that haughty bishops and martial popes could be in no sense successors of the Apostles; that the plainness, purity, and humility recommended by Paul had no place in any of the visible churches. In England it is probable that the Wycliffite reforms had never lost their influence upon the people, and that Henry VIII. was the leader of a large party who had long been waiting for the advent of a Luther and a Calvin. But Henry had stopped upon the brink of progress: the people pressed onward, and in Edward VI.'s time had torn down the images from the churches, and trampled relics and croziers in the dust. When Cranmer published his prayer-book the Puritan party already existed in the Church, pledged to a bitter hatred for formalism and ritualism of every degree. Yet the comparative mildness of Cranmer and Ridley had seduced even Hooper to assume the episcopal robes. Under Mary the chiefs of the English reformation perished in the flames, and with Elizabeth the ritualists once more sprang into power. Pomp and outward show entered into the churches. The Host was worshiped at splendid altars, tapers glowed in the queen's private chapel, and the spirit of persecution was again the offspring of a hollow formalism. That barbaric cruelty which it had been the single aim of Christianity to extirpate from among its followers became the ruling principle of the English Church. No dissent was to be tolerated, no neglect of its ritual allowed, no difference in its outward form. There was to be but one Church in the nation, and disloyalty to its doctrines and rites was both heresy and treason. To this theory the Puritans at first gave a perfect adhesion; they never desired to separate from the national Church, nor to countenance a revolt against the laws of Elizabeth; they hoped to reform it from within, and they were prepared to persecute those who refused to submit to the royal ordinances with almost as much rigor as Whitgift or Bancroft. They could scarcely see how a church could exist separate from the state, or a humble congregation constitute an independent ecclesiastical community. But the idea came upon them suddenly. A portion of the Puritans, shocked by the vices of their visible Church, took refuge in congregationalism. They saw that Paul had never founded a national church, nor had the early Christians any other form of church government than that of separate congregations. They began to separate themselves from the English Church. They founded congregations in Southwark or in Scrooby. The hand of the law fell upon them fearfully, yet they still met in secret places and in



lonely forests. They filled the prisons, and they perished on the scaffold; yet no persecution could check that powerful movement, and in the pains and martyrdom of men like Barrowe and Greenwood was laid the foundation of the New England churches.

The chief Puritan congregation was gathered at Southwark, across the Thames, in a poor suburb, on the road that led to Canterbury, and where Chaucer's pilgrims might have preceded the modern processions of Manning and Capel. But the chief members of the Southwark church were soon languishing in Newgate or the Fleet, were decimated by fevers, want, starvation, or had perished by the hands of the legal executioner. The parents of a mighty race that was to number its descendants by millions and tens of millions, and to create a republic in the New World that was to open a new era to man, were now few and disheartened. Yet in their deep misery a refuge was opened to them that led to a memorable deliverance. In the green wet fields of Nottinghamshire, opposite the coast of Holland, and covered up in an atmosphere of rural repose, rose, and still rises, the gray spire of the parish church of Scrooby—a rustic village that has made little advance since the reign of the ritualistic queen. It is a scene sacred to the origin of New England progress. Amidst its meadows and marshes, separated from the ancient village by a moat, now dry, and a patch of garden, stood the Scrooby Manor-house, long the favorite resort of kings and prelates. But in the period of which we speak it was occupied as a tenant by William Brewster, an eminent Puritan, and once a rising courtier. Around Scrooby the people had long cherished a secret Puritanism. Two or three miles from it is the little village of Austerfield, where was born William Bradford, the governor of Plymouth colony, whose discretion and virtue were long the chief reliance of the early New England Church. To Scrooby Manor-house on each Lord's-day the separatists of the neighborhood came singly or in pairs, with careful secrecy, to join in the simple services that might remind them of the church of Colosse or the house of Priscilla and Aquila. William Brewster presided as an elder, but the services of learned Puritan clergymen were engaged to instruct the people. Bradford recalls in his journal the happy influences of the early pastors, and among the teachers who best revived the pictures of the Apostolic days was John Robinson, the pastor of Leyden and of Plymouth colony. Learned, polished, modest, a Master of Arts at Cambridge, a fellow of Corpus Christi, a deacon in the English Church, the young teacher left the ritualistic school in which he had been trained to labor for a modern revival of the church of St. Paul. But at last persecution reached the congregation

of Scrooby and Austerfield. The faithful members filled the country jails. There was evidently no place in England for the new ritual; the tyrant James had succeeded the cruel Elizabeth, and Brewster and Robinson felt that they must fly to a foreign land. Persecuted by the ritualists who ruled at London, and even by the Puritans, who still clung to the royal faction, the separatists saw that in their native land the hope of reform was over.

Across the sea they saw the happy shores of Holland, where religious freedom had been planted in a republican state. Brewster, Robinson, and their associates resolved to leave the green plains of Scrooby and the dangerous fens of Lincolnshire, and transport their whole congregation, the parent of ten thousand churches, to the friendly shelter of the Dutch cities. How they met, prayed, fasted; with what care they selected their company; with what pains they were enabled to gather money to pay for the journey; how men, women, and children were consulting for many days over what part of their household goods they should carry with them and which of their small possessions they should leave behind, history imperfectly relates; yet never was there a more disastrous attempt than was apparently that of the Puritans. A stringent law forbade their emigration. It was apparently treason for a Puritan to attempt to leave England, and the Pharaohs of the Established Church watched carefully the coast from which they were to set sail. Yet Brewster and his faithful followers at last gathered in the friendly town of Boston, and, hidden by the shades of night, embarked in a ship that had been hired to carry them to Holland. But the master had already betrayed them. Scarcely were they on board the ship, and had begun to rejoice in the hope of a swift passage, when the officers of the law appeared to arrest them. They were brought to the shore in open boats, rifled of their property, treated with gross outrages, and driven back to Boston in the midst of a throng of spectators. Boston, it seems, was already a centre of Puritanism, and its magistrates would have set the unlucky Pilgrims free, but the Lords of the Council sent down orders for their detention. The unhappy congregation was imprisoned for a month. Brewster and six others were then detained in prison for trial, and the rest, impoverished and disheartened, were suffered to escape.

Once more, six months later, the pilgrims of Scrooby prepared to fly from England. Men, women, and children, with all their poor possessions, gathered on the unfriendly shore of the Humber, not far from Hull. A Dutch captain, more trustworthy than their countrymen, was ready to receive them, and a part of the company had already enter-



ed the ship, when the officers of the crown again appeared to detain them. Terrible was the spectacle of the weeping women and children seized by the soldiers, who sprang upon them from the inland districts, and kept them from their husbands and brothers, who had already reached the vessel. By an accident they had been detained, and the armed force came upon them just as they were about to rejoin their friends. The Dutch captain, alarmed at the sight of the soldiers, with a fair wind set sail. The Pilgrims were torn from their weeping families, and carried, with nothing to maintain them, to a foreign land. Meanwhile, on the lonely banks of the Humber, the mothers, with their shivering infants, were left in the power of the cruel soldiers, and had no means of providing themselves and their children with food. Their captors soon set them free. Even Bancroft did not care to imprison so feeble and miserable a company. But who provided them in their desolate condition with the means of subsistence has never been told. Their husbands, carried far away into the wild North Sea by a severe storm, were nearly lost on the coast of Norway, and Bradford, then a young man, records the humble and trustful prayers which he and his companions poured forth amidst the raging ocean, and the thankful hearts with which they landed, after a voyage of fourteen days, on the shores of Holland. By no human intervention, the women and children were at last enabled to rejoin their husbands and fathers, escaping at different times and by various means from the eastern coast of England. The church of Scrooby seems to have been united again in Amsterdam. Brewster, impoverished but free, Robinson, Bradford, and their early companions, were all there. But they soon found that violent dissensions were raging among the Puritan exiles in the Dutch capital, and, anxious only for peace, resolved to emigrate once more to busy Leyden. In 1609, on the 1st of May, they set out for their new home. But they would not come as paupers or dependents. They had promised the magistrates to be a burden to no one, and, with New England energy, began at once to learn and practice some industrial pursuit. One became a mason, another a carpenter, another a smith. Bradford learned to weave silk; Brewster, scholar and courtier, maintained his large family by teaching Latin and English, and even became a printer. Several of the Pilgrims were successful merchants; some were weavers and carders; one was a physician. The Dutch treated them with a generous kindness that might well have shamed their persecuting countrymen at home, and in the heart of commercial Leyden the fathers of New England might have lived in prosperous content. Robinson won general favor

by the purity of his character, his learning, and his graceful writings. His essays still deserve notice, and his gentle and pensive spirit, the foe of severity, uncharitableness, cruelty, and pride, might have been renewed in the not dissimilar natures of Buckminster and Channing.

The Puritans, however, had never designed to settle permanently in Holland. Among an alien race, speaking a different language, and educated to a different mode of life, they felt that their church could have no room for expansion, and must at last perish altogether. They had already become attached to a rigid mode of observing the Sabbath, which even in Holland had never been adopted. They knew that if they remained in Leyden their children would intermarry with the natives, and gradually become lost amidst the ruling race. Nor had they ever laid aside the hope that persecution might at last die out in England, and a gentler reign invite them back to their native land. Dear to them were still the lonely fens of Scrooby and the antique streets of Boston, and even Bradford, though he had sold his ancestral estate at Austerfield, must have sighed for the pleasant companionship of his earlier years. But time went swiftly on, and still the prelatical party in England ruled with increasing severity; the Puritans had grown in numbers, but they were ever bitterly oppressed. War, too, seemed about to break out again between Spain and Holland, and Robinson and Brewster, agitated by many apprehensions, fearful lest the congregation which they had founded might be subjected to some sudden disaster, began to discuss the only project that seemed to promise them a lasting rest. The New World offered them a congenial home. A grand idea fixed their attention. Amidst the Western wilderness they might found a settlement where all their persecuted companions in England might join them in a gentle commonwealth, where churches such as Paul had planted and Apollos watered might flourish unobserved by the persecutors, where they might keep their holy Sabbath, educate their children, and perhaps found a nation of Puritans in a country wholly their own. Such were the thoughts which the wise leaders now communicated to the church in Leyden and to their friends and allies in England. Carver, Bradford, Cushman, Winslow, Allerton, and others discussed the important question. Some doubted, some objected. How could they endure, it was urged, the fearful voyage, the perils of the wilderness, the strange climate, the new diseases? how could they escape from the treacherous savages who inhabited that solitary shore? or how could the aged, the feeble, women and children, bear the deprivation of all their usual comforts and conveniences in that



unknown clime? The question was debated at many meetings. The perils of the enterprise were set aside by the reflection that no great project like theirs for the benefit of mankind was ever achieved except by fortitude and courage. It was resolved to go. But whither? Some urged a settlement in Guiana, so recently made famous by Raleigh's brilliant fancy; others proposed Virginia. For Guiana was under the control of papal Spain, and its tropical heats offered no charm to the temperate people of the North. Virginia was preferred, but even in Virginia it was known that the Established Church ruled with its usual severity, and the Pilgrim Fathers could only hope that they might find some desolate spot in the immense wilderness where they might escape the observation even of the English inquisitors. So unhappy was their condition that no part of the world seemed to afford them a safe retreat. They decided to go to Virginia, or rather to the lands held by the Virginia Company, which embraced all the coast below the forty-first degree of latitude. The Plymouth Company possessed the remainder, above that line to the St. Croix, and a singular chance baffled the design of the fathers to settle in the softer climate of the South. The chief men of the Leyden colony now prepared to obtain land for settlement, and permission from the English government to occupy the barren waste. It was ungraciously given. Carver, Brewster, and Cushman found constant obstacles to their plan in the bigotry of King James and the distrust of the ritualistic faction in the Church. Months passed away in negotiation. Almost surreptitiously a patent passed the Virginia Council giving them the necessary title to a tract of land. The grant was made; the people sold their property, and made ready to leave peaceful Leyden; but now some of the adventurers seem to have regretted that they had fallen under the control of the Virginia Company, and longed for a settlement in what was already known as New England. Yet it was too late to change their destination. The *Mayflower*, a fine ship of one hundred and eighty tons, was hired for the voyage. A smaller vessel, the *Speedwell*, was to accompany it. Only the young and strong were to go at first. With prayer and fasting, tears and fond farewells, the congregation of Leyden gathered at Delfthaven to wish godspeed to the colonists who were to precede them to their new home, and in June, 1620, the Pilgrims embarked in the *Speedwell*, which was to carry them to Southampton, where lay the *Mayflower* and the rest of the company. At Delfthaven they heard for the last time the voice of the beloved Robinson; and Brewster, Carver, Cushman, Winslow, and Bradford were parted forever from the guide they

loved so well. Yet the church of Scrooby was not to be divided. It was agreed that Robinson should still remain their pastor, and join them at some happy meeting in the New World.

A fair wind bore the *Speedwell* to Southampton, but delays and trials still intervened. Once they put out, but were forced to return. The *Speedwell* proved unseaworthy, and was left behind. September 6-16 the *Mayflower* set out alone, laden with one hundred and two Pilgrims and all the preparations for the new colony, over the strange and solemn sea. Never vessel bore so rich a freight. The germs of religious toleration and of a primitive Christianity, of republicanism and human equality, of popular education and centuries of progress, were hidden within her feeble walls. Heaven smiled, and the destiny of mankind brightened as she sped on her solitary journey. She passed safely over the dangerous track where now the greatest steam-ships are often tossed and racked by the sea and wind, and sometimes, striking huge icebergs in the mist, perish unseen. But the *Mayflower* slowly pressed forward. Once, in mid-ocean, a fierce storm racked her feeble frame, a main beam gave way, and the vessel would have gone to pieces had not "a great iron screw" been found on board that brought the beam back to its place. One of her passengers, a servant, died; a child was born on the passage, and named by his parents Oceanus. Sixty-six days were passed on the sea, yet the voyage seems not to have been unprosperous. The *Mayflower* played well her important part. Her master and crew were a wild and godless company, whose oaths and ribaldry may have mingled strangely with the prayers and psalms of the Pilgrims, and even among the colonists men had intruded themselves whose characters were in striking discordance with the plans of the expedition. One was to become a murderer, and was afterward hanged; others were immoral, indolent, improvident. But the purer majority soon expelled from its midst its irreclaimable members. Not many of the first congregation at Scrooby seem to have gone on this memorable voyage. Brewster, Bradford, and one or two more can alone be recognized as members of the earlier church. Death had probably borne away many of the Scrooby congregation, and time may have enfeebled the others. At length the land appeared. Carver, Brewster, and Bradford watched with no common interest, we may conceive, the long, narrow strip of sand, projecting far into the ocean, that Providence seems to have designed as their guide to their promised home. It was November 19. The New England autumn, rich with azure skies and golden atmosphere, may yet have lingered later than usual over the des-



olate scene. The sands of Cape Cod seemed to the hopeful wanderers a region of plenty and peace. It was "a goodly land," they said, "and wooded to the brink of the sea." They rejoiced together, and sang hymns of praise, and the *Mayflower* dropped her anchor on the unknown coast.

It was to New Jersey or New York Harbor that the Pilgrims had evidently designed at first to go. What strange chance, miscalculation, or whether the perfidy of their captain, who, it is supposed, was hired by the Dutch to take them farther north, had misled them, or whether they may not have changed their plan at last, and preferred to settle in New England, they now found themselves far beyond the limits of the London Company, from which they had obtained their grant of land at the price of real slavery, and were trespassing on the territory of the Plymouth Company, to which they were wholly strangers. Yet they made no persistent effort to repair the error, or hesitated for a moment what to do; and once only they strove to sail to the southward, but were driven back. With the readiness for self-government which has marked their descendants, whether in Colorado or California, Carver, Bradford, and their associates now met in the cabin of the *Mayflower* and founded a state. It was the first town-meeting in our borders, the original declaration of independence and of the rights of man. The Pilgrims had already formed a Church, and they now planned a Commonwealth. They professed loyalty to the king, yet they pledged themselves to each other to obey the laws they might frame among themselves, and constituted themselves "a civil body politic." Nor did Carver, who was elected the governor of the new nation, or Bradford, who became his successor, ever hesitate to execute the laws with firmness, or doubt that his authority was as real as if it had been sanctioned by a king. The will of the people was to them the natural source of power. Next they landed on the goodly shore. They fell on their knees and blessed the God of heaven who had brought them safely over the vast and furious ocean to the stable land, their proper element.

Nothing is more remarkable in the character of the Pilgrims than the readiness with which they adapted themselves to every change of circumstance, and in all their wanderings maintained their perfect self-control. In Scrooby and Austerfield they had been courtiers, farmers, politicians, husbandmen. In Leyden they had each professed and learned some useful trade. On the wild shores of New England, Carver, Bradford, and the rest easily adopted the manners of explorers, coasted along the chill inlets, slept in their open shallop, bore patiently the storms of snow and sleet, or gathered from

the woods heaps of oily cedar that made an odoriferous flame, and delighted the travelers with its welcome heat. These strong, earnest, and hopeful men, pure, just, and kind, examined for many days the unknown shore, laden with the cares of future ages. They came at length to Plymouth Harbor: its vacant corn fields, a pure running brook and a sheltered site, a great hill that was to be the Acropolis of Plymouth, and abundance of wood, satisfied them that they had found their looked-for home. Frozen with cold, wet, weary, but never desponding, they kept the Sabbath on an island in the bay, and on the 21st or 22d of December landed on Plymouth Rock. Eighteen men, among whom were the chiefs of the colony, had shared in this dangerous and doubtful expedition; and as they slowly climbed from their shallop to the shore the echo of their footsteps resounded through all the centuries of the future. How many myriads were coming to meet them in endless anniversaries! What throngs of orators, poets, and applauding multitudes were to offer a late greeting to the wet and weary wanderers! They now hastened back to their companions, more joyous perhaps than many more prosperous congregations, and described the happy site of the future colony. The *Mayflower* once more unfurled her sails, and bore the colonists to Plymouth Bay. Joy filled all hearts at the sight of their wintry home. Work began at once. The streets were laid out, a common house begun and soon completed, a fortification was built on the top of Burial Hill, the garden plots were measured, and the first New England village sprang up as swiftly as if it were in Kansas or Nebraska. Labor never ceased for Christmas or any saint's day; it was only when the Sabbath came that every axe was silent, every arm at rest, and hymns of thankful joy mingled with the murmur of the sea. The church of Scrooby, Amsterdam, and Leyden held its services on Burial Hill, and religious rites that Paul and John would have approved awoke the silence of the wintry scene.

Toleration does not seem to have marked the first church of the Pilgrims; at least they were unwilling to suffer within their limits the existence of a rival and dangerous sect. Yet the voice of the pastor, Robinson, expressed the first theory of toleration that was heard in the New World. This amiable and virtuous man advanced in liberality as he approached the close of life. For the higher and purer elements in the religious institutions of his ancestors he entertained a lasting regard. The Church of England was still to him the possessor of much unquestioned excellence. He still held all its doctrines, and seems to have revolted only against its "church order and ordinances." Ritualism and the lingering



idolatry of its worship he shrank from with natural alarm. Yet he taught union rather than division, peace rather than ceaseless enmity. He lived in harmony with the wise and pure of all religious sects, and left the world with lessons of toleration on his lips. Ritualism and a bitter persecution, the rage of idolaters as unreasonable as that of the worshipers of Baal or Astarte, had alone driven the Pilgrims from their native land and their national Church; and it was with no spirit of hostility to any sect or creed, or with any desire but that of enjoying their own simple service unharmed by the officers of the High Commission, that the first Congregational assembly met in the wilderness. The ruling elder, Brewster, conducted its worship. Some decent forms were observed. Robinson was still looked upon as its pastor, and Brewster carefully abstained from any interference with his sacred office. But a time was coming when the solitary congregation was to bear such a trial of its faith and resolution as might well have crushed forever any church less devoted and less apostolic.

Famine, disease, the sense of a complete isolation, and of no hope of safety save in the protection of Heaven, came upon the lonely colony. Whether the same deadly malaria which had carried off so many thousands of the natives still lingered around Plymouth Bay, or whether the toils and pains they had already borne had prepared them for a fatal sickness, death descended upon them in the winter months with unprecedented ravages. One-half their number died. Of the survivors only seven remained able to attend upon the sick, or to bear away the dead to their graves amidst the snow on Burial Hill. Two or three sometimes died in one day. Yet the tenderness and assiduity with which the Pilgrims watched over their sick, and performed for them all the kind offices of Christian friendship, touched the hearts even of the rude sailors on the *Mayflower*; and when disease and death came at last on board of the ship, they found that their fellow-sailors shrank from them in their illness and refused to give them aid, and that their only real friends were the Puritans, who came to help them in their distress. Carver died in the spring, and Bradford was chosen in his place. But as summer approached new hope awoke in the breasts of these resolute men, and they saw the *Mayflower* sail away without a wish to abandon their dangerous home. Twenty men, six or eight women, and perhaps twenty children formed the whole population of the solitary hamlet. Nineteen huts or cabins lined the street that led up to the fortified hill. Of the savages they had yet seen nothing in the settlement, but had heard their cries in the forest, and watched the smoke of their wigwams rising over the in-

land district. Bradford's whole army to encounter the unknown hosts of the natives consisted of only nineteen men, commanded by Captain Miles Standish. Yet the Indians proved not unfriendly, and Massasoit welcomed them to New England. Ardent and ever hopeful, the spirits of the Pilgrims once more rose high as the summer came on, as the wild flowers bloomed in the woods, and the forests were covered with verdure. They planted their fields with barley and maize; they wandered on exploring expeditions along the neighboring shores; and late in the season Miles Standish with a detachment of nine men sailed as far as Boston Harbor. They saw its varied islands, the fair entrance to Charles River, and trod the lonely shore where now a splendid city has risen around their path, and watched in the fair moonlight the three mountain peaks now grown illustrious in story and in song.

The church which Robinson had planned, and Brewster, Carver, and Bradford had planted, was now fixed forever in New England. Yet the jealousy or the discretion of the Puritanic faction in England prevented the pastor from ever visiting his flock. Bradford ruled with firm and temperate hand over his growing company, and the example of the Leyden colonists found many imitators. A large emigration of the Puritans took place in the last years of James I. and the opening of the reign of Charles II. Twenty-one thousand in all are supposed to have come to America. The number seems insignificant compared with the vast hosts that in our day annually leave the Old World for the New. Yet no emigration was ever attended by such remarkable results. The descendants of Bradford and Robinson, Winthrop, Cotton, and their companions, have multiplied and enlarged until it is credibly estimated that they number seven millions. They have pierced the continent, and passed from ocean to ocean. Unnumbered Plymouths have sprung up in the forest and the prairie, and their founders have practiced every where the energy and the resolution that brought Bradford and Winthrop to the shores of Massachusetts. Many of the early Puritans were cultivated and accomplished men. Most of them were already at heart republicans. The compact formed in the cabin of the *Mayflower* became the model on which the government of every State from Maine to Oregon has been founded. Our people every where pledge themselves to each other to obey the laws which they have themselves sanctioned, and which derive all their authority from the consent of all the people, but which the people will enforce with their united strength. The moral system which the Puritans held up before mankind has become equally the foundation of our political prosperity. The



Sabbath, which in 1620 was observed in all its strictness probably in Leyden, or perhaps in Plymouth, alone, now follows the Anglo-Saxon race in all its wanderings, and Robinson would approve the sacred and necessary rest that spreads over so large a part of mankind on the peaceful day. Purity, gentleness, discretion, were practiced by Bradford, Carver, and their associates; they melted at the voice of sorrow, and forgot none of the duties of charity; and a natural refinement grew up among them that added to the vigor of the race. But possibly the congregation of Scrooby might have failed wholly to maintain their lasting influence had they not discovered, in an age of dense ignorance, the necessity of universal education. It was upon knowledge and religion that they founded their state. Puritanism has become every where the herald of popular instruction. The school was planted in Massachusetts as early as the church. To teach and to be taught was the chief aim of its ever-progressive people. At length the common-school system of education was perfected and confirmed by the experience of New England; the grand machinery of national instruction was set in motion that now covers the land from sea to sea. Every State has obeyed the precepts of Robinson and Bradford, and Colorado and California found their prosperity on their public schools.

Such are some of the results of the flight

of the congregation of Pilgrims from Scrooby to Amsterdam, to Leyden, to Plymouth, which we have chiefly taken from Dr. Bacon's valuable work on *The Genesis of the New England Churches*. To the States and nations who owe their existence and their prosperity to the strong yet gentle men who fled from their persecutors to a distant land there will always be a singular charm in the story of the first New England church. Dr. Bacon has painted its inner history with novelty and force. He makes us understand more clearly than ever before the perils and the difficulties, the mental and political philosophy, of the New England emigration. It is impossible not to see that, but for the wet and weary landing in Plymouth Bay, the silent Sabbath, the patient courage, the Christian tenderness, of the Pilgrim Fathers, there would have been no hope of progress and moral elevation in the New World; there would have been no free republic opening its generous shelter to the Teuton, the Celt, and the Saxon; and feudalism and religious tyranny would have marred the destiny of another continent. Nor of all our national celebrations is there any in which all our people may more cordially unite than when, in the bleak days of December, the descendants of the Pilgrims gather on the well-known shore, and almost hear the joyous voices of Brewster, Carver, and Bradford, as they leap from their shallop upon Plymouth Rock.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

THE virtue upon which John Bull has always prided himself is pluck, and he shows it in many ways, but in none more constantly than in his assertion of mental and moral liberty. His cousin Jonathan is, however, of opinion that he is a stouter friend of freedom than John, and points to the snobbishness of his English cousin and to the immense conformity of his whole family as an illustration of his moral cowardice. That conformity is indeed immense. A London correspondent of the *New York World* says in a recent letter that he was looking at a picture of the Ascension with a friend who is a member of the Anglican Church, and that the friend suddenly turned upon him, and asked him how many educated persons in England he supposed really accepted the story as told, and believed the Ascension as they believe that Julius Cæsar once lived. The correspondent replied that he supposed it to be the belief of all English Christians. "You are wrong," said his friend; "very few of them really believe it. The majority of them have never seriously thought about it; many of the minority who have thought about it do not believe it. Very many of the clergy, I know, although they repeat the creed every day, make a mental reservation when they say it. I tell you that the real belief in the Incarnation, the Resurrection, and the Ascension scarcely exists

now among us. We say the words, but hosts of us don't believe the facts. There is Dean Stanley, for instance: I haven't the slightest doubt but that he disbelieves Incarnation, Resurrection, and Ascension.' 'But still you call yourselves Christian people,' said I. 'Yes,' he replied, 'so we do; but in that we only follow a fashion.'"

Mr. Gregg, in his articles, "Rocks Ahead," in the *Contemporary Review*, describes the religious faith of England as seriously undermined; and Mr. Emerson, in his *English Traits*, says that when conversation with an English Churchman comes to close quarters upon the subject of religion and its establishment, the prelate politely asks you to take wine. There is no doubt that much of the resistance to the Public Worship Bill at the late session of Parliament sprang from the conviction that if sincere conformity and uniformity were required—in other words, if the opportunity of individual evasion and explanation and sophistication were lessened or wholly destroyed, and men were put strictly upon their consciences—a vast number of clergymen at both extremes, the orthodox and the latitudinarian, would be forced out of the Establishment. This implies, of course, a startling amount of avoidance, to say the least, and seems certainly to show a want of the pluck that we have claim-



ed for the Briton. This timidity is the text of John Morley's late series of papers in the *Fortnightly Review* upon compromise, in which he treats the question of the proper limits of conformity and the duty that an honest man owes to his convictions. There are, indeed, casuists who hold that no man ought to incur an opposition or a persecution which by a verbal acquiescence he could avoid. No man, they say, has the right to question the faith of another, still less to coerce it, or harm him for it, or discipline him in the slightest degree; and if the Inquisition lays hold of him, and threatens to torture or murder him if he does not change his faith, he may properly say that he does change—in other words, he may tell a lie, as he would to a band of assassins who should be seeking his wife or child with an evil purpose.

But these casuists forget that it is not a single act or one verbal falsehood that is required by the Inquisition, but a life of deceit. The question, then, becomes this: Granting that no other man, nor society itself, has the right to call you to account for your belief, yet, if you are called to account, what will you do? What course upon your part will more surely promote the truth, which is the object of every honest life—to consent to conceal forever what you believe to be the truth, or to show the quality of your faith even by dying for it, thereby making the most effective appeal possible to mankind? It might be urged that Galileo, in order to secure time for the prosecution of his studies, may have innocently and properly verbally renounced his opinions. But he did more. He consented never to teach or defend them; and Sir David Brewster naturally says that on both sides in this scene human nature is drawn in its darkest coloring. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church because their death persuades men that a faith for which a man will die is at least worth investigating, and investigation may reveal a hundred better reasons for it than the martyr himself could offer, while the argument alone, however cogent, when urged by a man who will recant to save his life or his comfort, falls powerless and ineffectual.

Mr. Herbert Spencer also asserts that an extreme conformity characterizes Englishmen; but he and Mr. Morley are both illustrations of the fact that there are yet a certain number of Englishmen who jealously guard the liberty of thought and speech, which is the palladium of civilization. They hold with Jefferson that no error is to be feared so long as truth is left free to combat it. A fair field and no favor is all that can be asked for any opinion. Mr. Mill says in his autobiography that his father instructed him to conform in religious matters—an advice which gives the most disagreeable impression of the elder Mill—yet the *Essay on Liberty*, the work of perhaps the most commanding and influential mind in Great Britain at the time, showed both the essential British independence of mind and courage in maintaining it. Another evidence lies in the fact of the profound approval of the work by a great and powerful number of Englishmen. It was, of course, vehemently attacked, but neither the author nor his adherents "lost caste." Last year Mr. Fitz-James Stephen, a barrister of the first eminence in London, a lawyer who succeeded Mr. Maine in India, and who

is now the chief editorial writer of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, published a reply to Mill's *Liberty*, in which he delivered his own views with no less force and distinctness than Mr. Mill. Yet Mr. Stephen's views were not less hostile than Mr. Mill's to the current conventional opinions upon religious subjects.

Now it is almost impossible to conceive an American occupying Mr. Stephen's position—a man like Mr. Evarts, or Mr. Groesbeck, or Mr. Rockwood Hoar, or Mr. Reverdy Johnson publishing such a book as *Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity*—without serious injury to his reputation and position. Even if the gentlemen we have named were interested in such subjects, and had even reached similar conclusions, they would probably be very chary of expressing them distinctly, which would seem to show that Jonathan conforms like John.

And if conformity or external acquiescence be well-nigh universal in England, there is more observable there than here a certain public opinion of trained intellectual vigor, sufficiently strong and reputable to command respect, to which the boldest thinker and writer may confidently appeal. While the general aspect of the English moral and religious world might seem to prove that conformity and technical respectability have smothered moral liberty, yet there is always enough in the intellectual product of England to show the moral courage that still coexists with the profoundest scholarship and mental insight. There is no sign more hopeful for civilization; for there can be nothing more fatal to real progress, which springs from intellectual liberty, than a conformity which is synonymous with mental slavery.

Whatever may be thought of the soundness of the reasoning or the value of the conclusions in Professor Tyndall's Belfast address, the important point to the present purpose is that it was the president of the British Association who spoke, and that his eminent position in science is conceded. The essential interest of his address is not so much its conclusions as the fact that it was itself an assertion of what Roger Williams proudly called "soul liberty." Mr. Tyndall's real position was that, being quite as familiar with the methods and processes of life as other scientific or ecclesiastical scholars, he had a right to an opinion upon its origin, and an equal right to express his opinion. That he did so with eloquence and force, and with the respectful attention of able and scholarly thinkers, is another proof of that intellectual fidelity and independence which, despite every kind and degree of conformity and snobbery, still distinguish England, and justify the praise of her laurate:

"It is the land that freemen till,  
That sober-suited Freedom chose—  
The land where, girt with friends or foes,  
A man may speak the thing he will."

LAST year, at Elmira, in New York, President Eliot, of Harvard, opposed the proposition of a national university, and this year, at Detroit, President White, of Cornell, warmly advocated it. In the spring, at the general meeting of the Social Science Association in the city of New York, President White also presented the claims of the national university very ably and skillful-



ly, and President M'Cosh, of Princeton, replied to him with great earnestness. The subject which has been so handled by experts has been taken up by the press, and there has been a general and intelligent discussion, which has clearly shown that public opinion is not yet ready to approve the scheme. As for the general educative results of such a university, President M'Cosh made one interesting statement. He is an experienced "educator," and of such reputation that when the system of examinations for the civil service was established in England, he was selected as one of the first examiners for the India service—the most elaborate and careful of all. In replying to Mr. White's remarks upon the low standard of scholarship which was inseparable from colleges which depend upon the fees from students, Dr. M'Cosh said that he was familiar with the results of education in foreign universities which are sustained by the governments, or which have a state foundation, and that the average college graduate in the United States is a better educated man than the average European graduate. In England, however, the "honor men," or those who study especially for honors, are a class more thoroughly scholarly than any class in the American colleges, but they are comparatively few.

The question, however, is to be settled upon other grounds than those of mere scholarship. The argument for a national university really proceeds upon a principle which has not yet been widely recognized in this country, that of the rights and duties of the state as distinguished from the individual citizens. The American is educated in jealousy of the state. The old Jeffersonian maxim that that is the best government which governs least implies that government is at best a necessary evil, and that the less there is of it the better. This is more distinctly expressed in the "non-interference" view, which regards government as a defense of individual liberty by the whole society, and asserts that the sole function of government is to secure to every man the liberty of doing what he will, so long as he does not infringe upon the equal liberty of every other man. This is the Jeffersonian theory, which absolutely restricts the state, or government, to a police function, and regards systems of "protection," and all "state" institutions of religion or charity or enterprise or convenience, as monstrous. The Cincinnati *Commercial* lately described them as the "maggots of national savings-banks and national telegraph poles, national railways and national pumpkin-seed distribution." Jefferson, in his suspicion and jealousy of the national government, sought to belittle it by describing it as the department of foreign affairs.

This is the view of the state in which we in this country have been chiefly educated, and which dominates American public opinion. Yet, as what is called the Anglo-Saxon element has prevailed in our development, this principle of non-interference has not been logically followed. The Anglo-Saxon acts according to circumstances, and not according to theories. This is said by Mill to be so much the characteristic of the Englishman that he instantly distrusts any political measure which seems to him peculiarly logical and symmetrical. His politics consists in the reformation of proved abuses, not in the

change of the system from which the abuses spring, and he reforms instead of changing, because there are also valuable uses of the system. It is to this habit that the survival of so many grotesque forms of every kind in England is due. The object of the English mind is not a well-proportioned political home to the eye, but a comfortable home to live in. The English practice is certainly not yet put in the wrong, while the French, which is that of theory logically carried out, has not yet, at least, quite justified itself. Jefferson was French by nature and sympathy, and cherished a truly French hostility to England. He was a logical speculator in politics. But many most important results and agencies in the development of this country are due to a total disregard of the logic of his theories.

Thus the public-school system is logically but another form of the "national pumpkin-seed distribution" at which the *Commercial* laughs. Mr. Mill, indeed, does not deny it. While he is a warm advocate of the non-interference principle, he agrees that it may be violated in the state support of schools. This concession shows how reasonable a man and excellent an Englishman he is; but the exception is a pin-hole through which the whole sea pours in; for it makes the entire question one of expediency only. If the state, whose sole function by the non-interference theory is to defend individual liberty, may maintain schools, that is to say, may take the money of a bachelor, not to secure his freedom of innocent action, but to educate his neighbor's children, upon the ground that it is a general advantage, or that taxes will be reduced by it, or for whatever reason, then it is only necessary to prove that a railroad, or a telegraph, or a pumpkin-seed distribution will be a general advantage to justify the state in building roads and protecting industries and distributing pumpkin seeds.

It is therefore doubtful whether opposition to a national university is wisely founded upon the hostility of such a project to what is called the American principle of government non-interference. For, whatever may be the assertions of those who may wish it were otherwise, if the American principle is to be found in American practice, it is not that of non-interference. The state, or the government, has established schools, and fostered industries, and subsidized railroads and steamers, and carried letters and newspapers, and distributed pumpkin seeds; and it is not easy to see why it may not, with entire consistency, establish a university. The practical question would be whether it is, upon the whole, desirable to make another exception to the general rule of non-interference. There is, indeed, the other side of the question, the view which considers the Jeffersonian theory of government very thin and false, and which asserts that the state is not a simple police, but is rather a community, with a life of its own, and whose powers ought to be directed to promote the greatest good of the greatest number. This is doubtless the opinion of President White and of very many others.

But without vexing those depths, it is enough that the inevitable difficulties of managing a university in this country by the government are, as President Eliot showed last year, insuperable. There is no doubt that an ample appropriation would pay for noble buildings and adequate ap-



paratus. But what kind of buildings might we expect from a government architect? In the answer to that question lies the conclusive reply to the proposition. Government architects and artists are not appointed for their ability, but upon very different considerations. Consider the government pictures in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, and the government equestrian statue of Jackson in Lafayette Square, and the effigy of Lincoln in the same city, and then imagine corresponding results in the appointments of a university! The influences that are responsible for such performances would be active and often persuasive in ordering the university. John Quincy Adams made an eloquent plea for it in one of his messages, but he was thinking of the advantages of high education, not of the tendencies and conditions of our government and country.

In the recently published correspondence between Dr. Channing and Miss Lucy Aiken, the niece of Mrs. Barbauld, that excellent lady is obliged to say that she never saw or heard of an American woman who was not very inelegant and devoid of good-breeding. Her experience must have been unfortunate; but even if what she says was at that time the unhappy truth—if it be only the fair dames of England whom Hawthorne describes in *Our Old Home* who are the truly lovely and refined and well-bred, there is no longer any excuse for ill-breeding among our gentle country-women. For many benefactors of the race have felt themselves called to the great mission of moulding our manners. He who runs may now read how to behave. There is no longer any excuse for putting your own spoon into the sugar, or disregarding the butter-knife. A man has only himself to blame if he now combs his hair in public, and he is his own worst enemy if he does not turn out his toes in walking. And surely the time had fully come for the revelation of the true rules of behavior. The outcasts who scrape their plates with their knives and polish them with pieces of bread, the unspeakable offenders who, as the treatise upon snobs saith, "use their forks in the light of a tooth-pick," indeed, all the devastators of etiquette, have now, in truth, been brought to book, and having been exposed with contumely, will, it is to be hoped, repent and amend.

It is much better for the delinquents to be calmly admonished, exhorted, and inspired to propriety in a neat book than to be rudely taught by experience. A gentleman was proceeding by steamer to Albany a few years since, and at the tea-table, at which several hundred of his fellow-passengers assisted, he was exceedingly moved by the conduct of a gentleman seated opposite, who, from time to time, after carefully cleansing his knife and spoon with the instrument with which cats cleanse their fur, thrust them into the various dishes and into the sugar bowl. The first gentleman constantly pushed clean knives and spoons toward his neighbor with emphasis, and vehemently called his attention to the fact that the munificence of the steamboat company had provided means of helping himself without recourse to his own knife and spoon. The second gentleman thanked him, and said that it was all right, but that he found his own way more handy, and at the same mo-

ment, after sucking his spoon with prolonged earnestness, buried it in the common sugar and transferred some of it to his cup. Upon which the first gentleman arose with energy, and after demonstratively sucking his two fingers, thrust them into his neighbor's cup and vigorously stirred his tea, at the same time asking him, with profane eloquence, why the something he didn't keep the something something inside of his something mouth to himself. Here was one of the men who are called to correct our manners, to adjust the tea-table proprieties, but this one fulfilled his mission, as it were, *vi et armis*, and not with the soft written suggestion. He might be called a peripatetic manual of behavior, and a very efficient one; for a gentleman whose tea had been stirred in that way would hardly forget the sugar spoon afterward.

Mrs. Beeton's renowned cookery book performs the same mission in a soft and gentle manner. With what Mrs. Malaprop would call a nice derangement of epitaphs it woos and wins the willing soul along the flowery paths of proper behavior while it imparts instruction in roasting and boiling and baking. Not only can he who has mastered Mrs. Beeton's manual toss an omelet with an airy skill that Ude himself might envy, but he will equally know how to retire from a drawing-room when strangers have entered; and while he can never be at a loss how to compose a dinner for four, eight, or even sixteen guests, he will also, thanks to Mrs. Beeton, be prepared to deal with the apoplectic and other "fits" which may follow the consumption of the toothsome dishes which the same authority enables him to concoct. Indeed, among the apostles of correct behavior the lamented Mrs. Beeton deserves grateful remembrance. But Dr. Nichols, another missionary of deportment, reaches even a loftier height, for he not only admonishes us that a lady's or gentleman's tooth-brush should "not be used by another except under pressure of the closest necessity," but reminds us that a gentleman, "even if he is obliged to take the life of another in the discharge of his duty, will do it with perfect kindness and courtesy."

The Easy Chair has not had the advantage of studying the art of deportment as unfolded by Dr. Nichols in the work itself, but its reflected and transmitted wisdom is invaluable. A gentleman is depicted by this admirable hand in the most graphic manner. He is the member of society "who has no repulsive or disgusting habits," who knows that "it is not delicate to scratch one's self," and that "only under the most urgent necessity can he blow his nose in company;" indeed, in all that involves recourse to the pocket-handkerchief the gentleman is he who will "take great care not to be for one instant an object of disgust." But he "will touch his hat to his intimates," he "will no more make fun of his own mother-in-law than of his own mother," and he will "carefully prepare his jokes and repartees"—especially, we suppose, the latter. Awkwardness should henceforth be unknown, for there can now be no excuse for ignorance that a gentleman "stands quietly on both legs, but bearing a little more weight on one than the other; the toes turn out neatly; the head is a little turned; the body is never kept a hard, straight line, but all is natural ease and unaffected grace. The arms hang naturally from the



shoulders; the hands are in some quiet position; the fingers curve gracefully, with slight partings between the first and second and the third and fourth." So stood the herald Mercury, new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill. But this gentleman is not all a gentleman if he does not remember that "intellectual conversation is not advisable at the dinner-table, it is more appropriate at tea," and that "onions taint the breath too much for general society. If all eat onions, it is different."

If such directions do not make gentlemen and ladies, the situation is indeed desperate. Mrs. Beeton and her fellow-ministers are evidently of opinion that as pigs are roasted by recipe, so may the character and manners be formed. But the standard raised by her and Dr. Nichols is so high that nobody can hope to attain unto it except the exquisite figures that live in unfading wax in the barbers' windows. They do not scratch themselves, nor "eat bacon, or sausages, or pork in any form," nor blow their noses in company, nor venture upon unprepared repartees, nor make fun of their mothers-in-law. In the world of barbers' blocks and of "wax figures" such manuals of behavior are sacred books, but among mere men and women their counsels seem altogether too good to be true.

WHEN Thomas Hughes, the author of *Tom Brown*, was in this country he saw much of college boys, and was surprised that none of them thought of public life as a career. In England, he said, we always suppose that the first scholars are thinking of Parliament, and secretly meaning to be Prime Minister. The English stories and the French vaudevilles are full of the same view, and the curtain falls upon the hero as minister or ambassador, the cup of his glory running over. De Tocqueville observed with curiosity that the best men in America were, as a rule, neither in public life nor anxious to be there; and a shrewd young European who was recently in the country said, "Every thing went well until I came to Washington, and then Congress staggered my faith in America." He explained that in a representative republic it was fair and unavoidable to judge the people by those whom they selected to represent them; and if the judgment was incorrect, it could only be because the system itself was a failure. It would have been more correct to say that the system was abused, for it could properly be accounted a failure only when its purpose was quite defeated. Now the purpose of a representative system is not to designate the best men in the community, but to secure good government; and from that point of view the American system can no more be called a failure than the English or the Continental. If good government be the test, what shall be said of English rule in Ireland?

There are two obvious but powerful reasons why the class of men of whom De Tocqueville speaks does not turn to public life in this country, although many of that class are conspicuous in it, from Washington, the Adamses, Jefferson, Hamilton, Jay, and others, down to Calhoun, Webster, Clay, Seward, Chase, Sumner, and their associates. Indeed, with all its truth, there is much that is illusive in the statement. The village Hampden might shrink upon a larger theatre, and the mute Milton turn out a Tupper.

The remark of De Tocqueville has the advantage of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*—the obscure is apt to seem magnificent. But then a shirt on a clothes-line seen in the twilight has startled the whole village as a majestic ghost. With all reservations made, however, it will be conceded that the choice of the representative of a constituency full of admirable and able men often falls very oddly. There is, for instance— But the gentle reader shall supply his own illustrations. What, then, are the two obvious reasons that, as a class, the men whom we should prefer to elect are not anxious to be elected?

The first is the uncertainty of the career, and the second is the small salary. This last is not a noble reason, and it is powerful only in connection with the first. An able man, ambitious to serve the state, but wholly dependent upon his profession for the support of his family, naturally hesitates to throw away the income that he has secured to enter public life for two or four or six years, with no certainty of continuance in it. Were he sure of remaining, the sacrifice would be comparatively small; but the conditions of continuance are often such as honorable men disdain. In England, the only other constitutional country, the conditions of public life have hitherto been essentially different from ours. The peers are hereditary legislators, and many of the seats in the Commons were virtually the property of noblemen, given continuously at their pleasure, while the organization of parties is such as to afford a permanent career. Yet even in England a competence is essential to a successful public man. The fact observed by De Tocqueville, therefore, is not due to the disinclination to public life of the men of whom he speaks, but to circumstances which they can not directly control. And if it should be said that those circumstances are the condemnation of the system, we should reply that the disadvantages of the absence of those men are due to abuses rather than to the system. Among such abuses are the limitations of locality, and of what is called rotation, by which a good man is removed for the sole reason that he has become better by experience, while his place is filled by a new man who must be selected from a particular county or district. Other abuses are those which arise from patronage, and which give the nomination and the power of the party machinery to merely mercenary and selfish schemers. Such abuses are not inseparable from the system, which must not, therefore, be judged by their results.

Meanwhile there are those who make the sacrifice, and enough of them to suggest a doubt whether the remark of the shrewd Frenchman is well founded.

A LATE military order of the King of Prussia would naturally suggest that the army is a kind of religious body. The officers are exhorted to observe strictly the laws of honor, and to be always courteous and dignified. They are not to gamble either at the club-house or at the Stock Exchange. They are not to live for luxury and material welfare, but for the glory and safety of the state. To be a Prussian officer, it seems, is to practice abstinence, self-denial, simplicity, and obedience. The order is not unbecoming the Emperor who, after detailing to his Augusta the slaughters and captures in the late war, al-



ways piously perorated with a glory to God. But his order of military saints is subjected to another and very curious regulation. Carlyle, in *Sartor Resartus*, ridicules Bulwer's *Pelham* by treating it as a sacred book of the Dandiacal body or sect, and says that among the lofty laws of human conduct recorded in it he finds that it is permitted to man, under certain restrictions, to wear white waistcoats. By the royal rescript to the Prussian army it is permitted to officers, under certain restrictions, to fight duels.

This has been always a military practice and vice, but hitherto it has not been the subject of a direct regulation. The Prussian monarch is evidently very much concerned about the honor of the officers. The object of his order, indeed, is courts of honor, and honor is enjoined as the perpetual rule of conduct. It certainly should be so, but the effort at mechanical determination of what constitutes honor is very amusing. By precept, example, instruction, warning, and command the senior officers are to promote a behavior which will render a resort to the court of honor as infrequent as possible. But when these fail, and some officer thinks that he has been aggrieved, and that his honor requires satisfaction, he is not to castigate upon the spot, nor silently to disdain, nor to consider that his honor is in his own keeping, and that he alone can stain it, nor even is he to challenge the offender, and go out in the morning and settle the matter by killing or being killed, but an officer who sends or receives a challenge is to submit it forthwith to a court of honor. The court will then consider the circumstances, and will decide whether they require a duel. If they do, "either the president of the court or one of the members will be present on the ground to see and bear witness that by the accomplishment of the duel the requirements of honor have been satisfied."

By this arrangement the Prussian officer is no longer the guardian of his own honor, nor the judge of offenses against it. If a fellow-officer gives him the lie, or throws a glass of wine in his face, or posts him as a poltroon, he must repair to a court of honor and submit to it whether he has been insulted in a way and to a degree which authorizes his being shot for it or his shooting the offender. But this proceeding deprives dueling of its sole plea. For the argument gravely urged by the young and old gentlemen who frequent club windows is that there are social of-

fenses of which no court takes cognizance, or which no gentleman will submit to a court, and which are to be restrained only by the consciousness that the offender will be promptly summoned to answer at the point of the pistol. When, however, a tribunal is established to which "men of honor," that is, duelists, will submit the propriety of their challenge, it is a court which may properly punish the offense. For, as a matter of fact, it prejudices the question which it is the object of the duel to settle. It distinctly declares that a serious offense against honor has been committed by one officer against another, and then condemns the other to an equal chance of punishment. When a man of honor goes so far as to pray a court to decide whether he has been insulted to a degree which authorizes him to challenge the offender, he may certainly take the next step, and ask the court to punish him.

It appears that duels are to be allowed only when some serious point of honor is involved. This makes the whole business only the more absurd. For a serious point of honor means some serious offense. Now the cynical view of duels for giving the lie and generally for knocking off chips from the shoulder is that they are of public service by weeding the scamps out of society. But when a man commits a real offense against another there is nothing more preposterous than giving him the opportunity either of being punished in what is called an honorable manner or of killing the person whom he has offended; while the theory that dueling tends to nourish mutual respect in society or a true sense of honor is disproved by all experience. The King of Prussia declares, with warmth, "I will no more tolerate in my army an officer who wantonly attacks the honor of a comrade than one who does not know how to defend his own." The ethics of an absurd custom are past finding out. If his officers do not know when their honor has been insulted to a degree demanding defense, why should he expect them to know any thing upon the subject? From our point of view no man of honor could without a tingling cheek hear another man speak of him in the way in which the King of Prussia here speaks of his officers, as if they were automaton or children in frocks. A paternal government requires an immense swallowing of true manly pride upon the part of its children.

## Editor's Literary Record.

### TRAVELS.

*Campaigning on the Oxus*, by J. A. MACGAHAN (Harper and Brothers), is an exceedingly interesting and a really valuable book of combined adventure and history. The Oxus is a river flowing in a northerly direction through Turkestan, and emptying into the Aral Sea. The campaign described is that conducted by the Russians against Khiva and the Turcomans (1873). The author is the correspondent of the New York *Herald*, and his book, besides other and more important elements of interest, affords a graphic account of the experiences, hardships, adventures, and characteristic qualities of a suc-

cessful New York "special." The book is divided into three parts. The first is one of purely personal adventure. The author describes very briefly in a single chapter his long monotonous ride over the Kirghiz Steppe, which intervenes between Orenburg, on the frontier of European Russia, and forts Aralsk and Petrovsky, on the Syr, and near the Aral Sea. He gives a very graphic picture of the station-houses—"nothing but a hole in the earth, completely covered with reeds and earth," so that, "but for the black and white post planted in the earth, you might easily pass one of these stations, never suspecting its presence, so completely is it



hidden beneath the level floor of the plain." He gives an account of his welcome at the Russian fort; his difficulty in getting away from it; his experiences of the Kirghiz, whom he always found "kind, hospitable, and honest," and whom he would be sorry to see "inoculated with our civilization and its attendant vices;" his perpetual embroilment with his guides, with whom he lived, as all Oriental travelers appear from necessity to do, in a state of perpetual half-suppressed warfare; and his hair-breadth escapes from famine, from thirst, from pursuing Cossacks, and from threatening Turcomans in crossing the Kyzil Kum Desert in the endeavor, successful at last in spite of obstacles, to reach General Kaufmann's army. It is worth while to read this story, in order to know what romance and adventure and personal hazard are involved in making the daily paper which we read so quietly at our breakfast-table. The second part of the book is occupied with a description of the march on Khiva and the capture of the city, together with a personal description of and interview with the Khan, and some graphic pictures of the characteristic features of the civilization of Khiva. The author's midnight adventure in the Khan's captured harem would do credit to a sensational novel of the most artistic class. The description of the bazar is graphic, and recalls the pictures of Eastern markets which, derived largely from the *Arabian Nights*, are too often classed by the reader with the purely imaginative pictures of fairy-land. The third part describes the Turcoman campaign, which seems, from our author's account, to have been unjustifiable in its initiation and horrible in its execution; not a war, but a gigantic piece of rapine. As an original contribution to modern history, written by an eye-witness of the events which he describes, this volume has a peculiar historical value; as a graphic and realistic description of a land, a people, and a civilization almost utterly unknown to us, it is a valuable addition to our knowledge of human life and nature; and as a book of personal adventure, it is as fascinating as a novel. This is, indeed, faint praise; it is much more fascinating than most novels. The book is richly and finely illustrated.

Not the least interesting part of DOROTHY WORDSWORTH'S *Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland A.D. 1803* (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is the preface by the editor, Principal J. C. Shairp. Those readers who recall De Quincey's graphic and gossipy account of Wordsworth and his sister will read with peculiar zest, heightened by this glimpse of the poet's simple life, Principal Shairp's brief biographical sketch; and all who delight to visit personally and familiarly those whom they have learned to love in and through literature will only regret that the visit he permits us to make is so short. Of Dorothy's character we get a very pleasant picture, and rejoice to add her name to the great host of comparatively unknown women whose influence and aid have contributed so much to make the world's great men great. She seems to have kept house for her brother; she was his amanuensis, transcribing his manuscripts for the press; her poetic spirit often suggested the thoughts which he clothed in poetic forms. She lived in and for him, and his marriage did nothing to lessen the sympathy between them. The record of their

tour through Scotland was not intended for publication, and needs to be read by loving, sympathetic hearts. To the cold critic it may seem diffuse and even tedious, but to all who have that love for Wordsworth that will make a ramble through Scotland with the poet and his sister delightful it will possess a peculiar fascination.

#### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Two volumes which may be profitably examined together are *Memoirs of John Quincy Adams*, edited by CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS (J. B. Lippincott and Co.), and *Life of Thomas Jefferson*, by JAMES PARTON (James R. Osgood and Co.). Of the former work two volumes are now issued. They bring the record of Mr. Adams's life and public services down to 1814. From early youth Mr. Adams was an observer and from early manhood an active participant in public affairs. He was a voluminous correspondent, and kept a minute daily record of his life. So large is the mass of unpublished manuscripts which he left that the editor assures us "if all were to be published, as was that of Voltaire, it would be likely quite to equal in quantity the hundred volumes of that expansive writer." The greater part of the editor's labor has consisted simply in an examination and sifting of this mass of material. He has confined himself mainly to Mr. Adams's diary, and from this he has eliminated much in order to confine the substantial record of the statesman's life within the limits of a reasonable publication. Notwithstanding this elimination, the work is too elaborate and minute for the general reader, and will be chiefly valuable to the student of history or of politics who wishes to acquaint himself in detail with the political events and methods and principles of the early period of our national history. The work is really the life and times of John Quincy Adams, written by himself. Apart from its political and historical importance to the student, it contains some graphic pictures of social and political life in the first ten or fifteen years of the present century, and its careful perusal will not justify in the reader's mind any longing for the "good old times," nor any regret that we have not in 1874 as pure, as high-minded, and as disinterested patriots in our public service as in 1800-1814. We do not detect in the editor's work any indications of political or even of personal bias. He has simply transcribed the record of a noble public life, and left it to convey its own lesson, to be its own justification and eulogy.

Mr. Parton's *Life of Thomas Jefferson*, while it covers in part the same general period of American history, is a totally different book. It is not an original contribution to history, but a compilation and condensation from other and larger works. It is intended not for scholars, but for the reading public. It is even deficient in detail. It is not easy to find in it the date of Mr. Jefferson's most important public acts, or the most notable events in his life. Originally prepared for serial publication, there is some lack of historical continuity in its present form. The writer is a partialist, and an avowed partialist. He is a hearty believer in Jefferson and in Jeffersonian principles. "Nearly every important thing they [the Federalists] did was either wrong in itself or done for a wrong reason.



The only President they ever elected (Mr. Adams) was as interesting and picturesque a character as Dr. Samuel Johnson, and nearly as unfit as Johnson for an executive post; while Hamilton, in whom they put their chief trust, can be acquitted of depravity only by conceding his ignorance and incapacity." This is the language of partisanship; and from its writer the reader will hardly look for an even and unprejudiced survey and unbiased balance of the political parties and issues of which the biographer of Jefferson must write. But if Mr. Parton is partial, he is not an unjust nor an unfair historian. He neither misrepresents nor conceals. He sets down nothing in malice. His prejudices affect not his vision, but his judgment; and the reader, with the materials before him, can easily make allowance for political prejudices in the expression of political opinions. The volume is graphic, interesting, comprehensive. Its statement of the essential questions at issue, and represented respectively by Jefferson and Hamilton, is in the main just. Its estimate of Jefferson's character is not too eulogistic; indeed, Mr. Jefferson's warmest admirers will doubt whether it is sufficiently so. "He was not the discoverer of the truths he loved," says Mr. Parton, "nor did he promote their acceptance by any of the heroic methods." This may be true; but this alternative does by no means exhaust the classes into which the world's great men may be divided. To incarnate truths discovered by another, to embody them in organic forms, and so to confer upon them a real life—this is by no means the least service that can be rendered to mankind, and this service Mr. Jefferson, perhaps more than any other American statesman, rendered to his country. In brief, while Mr. Parton's political radicalism prevents his full recognition of the value of the conservative element in politics, and so renders his judgment of the conservative statesmen of the formative period of American politics inadequate if not unjust, his estimate of the one whose life he has undertaken to portray is not impaired by his political partialities. As a popular contribution to both history and political philosophy historically manifested in Jefferson's life and public services, his volume is valuable as well as entertaining; perhaps not the less so that it can not be read carelessly or accepted without inquiry, but by its style, and no less by its ideas, will stimulate every thoughtful reader to examine for himself the fundamental political principles of the American commonwealth.

*The Genesis of the New England Churches*, by LEONARD BACON (Harper and Brothers), is unquestionably to be classed, by reason of its subject-matter, with ecclesiastical histories. But in spirit and character it does not resemble them. Ecclesiastical histories are almost invariably controversial, and, except to the professional student, dry and uninteresting. This book is neither. In the first four chapters the author describes the apostolic churches, and traces the history of ecclesiastical development from the simplicity of the primitive to the elaborate organization of the papal, and the effect of the Reformation in promoting a return to greater simplicity. In this portion of his book he enters, of course, upon controversial ground, and from many of his conclusions a large class of readers will dis-

sent. But he is not himself controversial, and simply describes the ecclesiastical principles of the early churches as he understands them, without combating the opinions of other interpreters of the New Testament history. The rest of his volume, the major part of it, describes the early history of the Puritans and the Pilgrims, often confounded, but quite distinct, and closes with the settlement of their controversies in a formal interchange of fraternal salutations between them in 1629. In this portion the author has selected the salient points in the history, and has presented them in an attractive and interesting narrative. "My purpose has been," he says, "to tell the story clearly and fairly, not for the instruction or delight of antiquarians, nor merely for those with whom church history is a professional study, but for all sorts of intelligent and thoughtful readers." To this purpose he has steadily and resolutely adhered. And while, on the one hand, he has not descended to any of the literary artifices which are sometimes employed to convert a theme which is interesting into one that shall be entertaining, while he has not decorated his pages with superfluous rhetoric, nor with declamatory eulogies of either men, churches, or principles, he has given to his theme all the interest which belongs to it of right in the minds of "intelligent and thoughtful readers" by the calmness, the fairness, the clearness, and the simplicity with which he has written.

#### NOVELS.

LESS than a year ago appeared a novel entitled *Joseph the Jew*, at once astonishing and pleasing its numerous readers, to whom its startling situations appeared too strange even for fiction, but who were none the less delighted with the alien yet strangely natural world created for them by the story-writer's rich and powerful imagination. Now another novel appears from the same pen, just published by Harper and Brothers, under the title of *A Sack of Gold*. As in the former novel, the first feature which strikes the reader is a surprise. As in Dumas's *Monte Cristo*, De Mille's *Cord and Creese*, and Wilkie Collins's *Moonstone*, so in *A Sack of Gold* the first movement of the story withdraws the reader from the atmosphere of the every-day world. The critic can no more reasonably complain of this remoteness than he can protest against the same element in Shakspeare's *Tempest*. In fiction the writer chooses his own field—the real, the romantic, or the ideal; the only exaction of the critic being that in the field chosen the writer shall sustain himself—that the world which he creates shall be consistent and natural. This demand Miss JOHNSON, in *A Sack of Gold*, fully satisfies. The plot is consistent and natural. The writer is a genuine story-teller. Her fancy gives us a new world; or rather it is the old world of our experience transformed by the writer's fancy, and lifted up into the realm of art. The characters are suggested by experience, and they are moved by the ordinary motives that influence the men and women whom we know; but the scheme and scope of the world in which they act give them such opportunity for complete manifestation as is not given by ordinary experience. Grandmother Wald is not as extravagant a conception as Betsy Trotwood, but she is a character not less clearly defined. Letitia Vynier, with



her social ambition, and her weak husband, have their frequent counterparts in real life—only in real life no sack of gold lies ready to their covetous grasp. Tom Thornley is the struggling boy of our common acquaintance; but the boy we know receives no help from the stricken conscience of any Mr. Vyner who has stolen his inheritance; over *his* head does not hang the golden cap of Fortunatus ready to fall upon the detection of the crime by which he has been robbed. Delicate Rose Vyner and the deeper-thoughted Katherine Wald we all know; but we do not often see them, as in this story, associated and contrasted with each other. Rarer perhaps, but by no means belonging to an extinct type, is the subtle and dainty, but subtly and daintily selfish, Mr. Yarrington, the mature suitor for Rose Vyner's hand; only here we have this type of humanity fully developed, and in the midst of circumstances peculiarly fitting to the character. The situations of the story are more novel than the characters; but the reader's imagination accepts them as natural, and is the more fascinated because, while being natural, they surprise. The story is rapid in its movement, and at every stage is fascinating not less through the graces of style than through the ingenious development of its plot.

The story of *Sylvia's Choice*, by GEORGIANA M. CRAIK (Harper and Brothers), opens with the day when Richard Duncombe was bankrupted by the failure of the banking house in which all his property was invested. His wife, a cold, hard, pitiless, unloving, unsympathetic woman, who married him for his wealth, deserts him when it is gone. His weakness yields to her stronger nature. In truth, there is nothing to hold him to his old place in life but his daughter Sylvia. He goes away, and she learns to believe him dead. The story of her choice is the story how, when after the years had gone by, and she found him, almost by chance, poor, alone, depressed, in London, she chose to withstand mother, lover, friends—to desert a comfortable home, a good position, a prosperous social marriage, as society measures marriages—and give herself to her father again, and how in that choice she found a nobler, better, and more congenial lover. In some sense the characters disappoint, not because they are not strongly drawn, but because they are not strong in fact. Richard Duncombe is almost painfully weak. Mr. Britton, the final lover, is not what the novel-reader asks his hero to be. Even Sylvia, though heroic in a certain way, is not a heroine. But the imperfections in the characters add force to the lesson of the story. The inspiration of true filial love it affords is the greater because the mother is selfish, the father is weak, and even Sylvia herself is not without palpable defects. Sylvia's choice stands out in stronger relief because of its contrast with that of her mother, and because it is founded not upon the hero-worship of Richard Duncombe, for he is no hero, but upon a daughter's reverential love for her father. It is between the conventional demands of society and the requirements of loyalty and love that Sylvia makes her choice, and its record is one that may well afford inspiration to many readers called in other cases to make like choice between the inner and the outer life, the true and the false.

*Holden with the Cords*, by the author of *Shiloh* (E. P. Dutton and Co.), has nothing to

mark its family likeness with its fellow. It is a story with an intricate and not very probable plot, and attempts by a somewhat melodramatic action to teach the somewhat familiar lesson that the sinner is sure to be "holden with the cords of his sins." In this case the sin is a murder perpetrated in the opening chapter of the book, and following the perpetrator through divers disguises and aliases, till he meets a terrible death at its close. The truth is further exemplified by the side play of the story. There is power in some parts of the book, but it is very unequal; and the value of the moral teaching is impaired by the fact that murderers are rarely restrained by novels, and that lesser sinners will hardly apply the lesson taught here respecting murder to their more insignificant transgressions.

*Squire Arden*, by Mrs. OLIPHANT (Harper and Brothers), is a quiet story of English life, its plot dependent upon the peculiar construction of English society, its interest dependent upon the development of a genuine heroism, in fidelity to truth and duty, manifested in a ready relinquishment of a life of ease and position for the sake of true honor. Thus its lesson is not characteristically English, though the story is, but applies to universal humanity. The young squire is a truly noble type of manhood, and his companionship is a healthful one to any reader. The influence of such stories on English life must be surely, even if gradually, to inculcate conceptions of nobility of character deeper, truer, better, than any which attach alone to rank. Its effect on American readers must be to enhance respect for character irrespective of either parentage or wealth, and to inspire to a self-respect and a sense of true honor indispensable to true manliness. The story ends abruptly, but it is carried on to its conclusion in *For Love and Life*, which is in reality a sequel to it, though not so entitled. The two are component parts of the one story.

In *The Opening of a Chestnut Burr* (Dodd and Mead) Mr. EDWARD P. ROE has made a marked advance upon his two previous stories. It is less intense in action—far less so than *Barriers Burnt Away*—but the action is better and more equally sustained. The greater part of the story is enacted within the space of four weeks, and within the narrow circle of a single homestead. The chief characters in it are three. Walter Gregory is a "blasé man of the world, who had exhausted himself and life at an age when wisely directed manhood should be just entering on its richest pleasures." He illustrates how truly a man may be in heart and hope and soul-life ruined, who yet retains the instincts of honor in business and those of a gentleman in society. The second, Charles Hunting, may be regarded as the villain of the book. His villainy, however, is not at all of a diabolical but of a purely human type, being that simply of an unprincipled selfishness, which uses without hesitation a conventional profession of religion as a cloak and cover. The third, Annie Walton, the heroine, is less marked as a character than either of her companions, yet is more like the ordinary heroines of common life than like the unhuman—we can not truthfully say superhuman—heroines of literature. The gradual disclosure of Charles Hunting's true character, and the redemption of Walter Gregory from his own



misanthropical unbelief in every thing and every body, by the clear, sweet, and inspiring faith of Annie, furnish the thread of the story. It is thoroughly religious, thoroughly Christian, both in tone and teaching. Mr. Roe has already exhibited a remarkable power of description, which in this volume he uses with good effect in the scenes of the fire and the shipwreck. But he has also shown in this work greater skill and fidelity to nature in his character drawing, especially in portraying the gradual change wrought in Walter Gregory's character, whose moral nature is revolutionized while his essential individuality remains unchanged.

*Katherine Earl*, by ADELINE TRAFTON (Lee and Shepard), is a lively, sprightly, entertaining story, in this respect satisfying the just expectations of the readers of *An American Girl Abroad*. But in structure it is ingenious rather than strong, in style readable rather than powerful, and will serve better to pass pleasantly a winter's evening than to produce any permanent impression, either moral or intellectual, on the mind of the reader. It is in part the story of the experiences of a young girl who chooses to take care of herself rather than to be dependent on others, in this respect resembling Miss Alcott's *Work*. Unlike *Work*, the story is not the vehicle of a moral lesson; if there is a moral lesson in it, of which we are not quite sure, it is subordinate to the story. We commend it as a means of entertainment rather than as a vehicle of instruction.

*Salem*, a tale of the seventeenth century, by D. R. CASTLETON (Harper and Brothers), is a very pretty story of the old days when witches were executed in that now eminently conservative, quiet, and staid old city. We call it a pretty story, because in this particular instance the old grandmother, who was accused of being a witch, was not executed, but saved by the interposition of her beautiful granddaughter. The author has succeeded—and it was a difficult task—in painting a very graphic picture of a truly horrible superstition, without, however, making a horrible picture. As a historical portraiture of those times, and particularly of that most extraordinary superstition, it appears to be historically truthful, and is well worth reading, espe-

cially by younger readers, simply as a chapter in American history.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. BENJAMIN DOUGLASS has given to Lafayette College an endowment for promoting the study of the writings of early Christians in the original languages. Two volumes of a series of text-books prepared for this purpose are before us, *Latin Hymns* and *Extracts of the Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius*, both edited, with English notes, for use in schools and colleges, by Professor F. A. MARCH (Harper and Brothers). The text is beautifully printed; the Greek of Homer or of Plato has hardly ever been spread in a school-book upon a page so attractive. The selections are generally well made; indeed, one small volume here affords material for a somewhat comprehensive study of the history, language, metres, and growth of hymnology in the early and mediæval church. We have found the brief commentary on these hymns interesting and instructive. If that on Eusebius seems less so, it is perhaps because it lacks uniformity, some sections of it being designed for beginners who need drill in the elements of grammar, while others simply elucidate the sense or the use of words by appropriate citations from the LXX. and other authors. It is proposed to continue the series with selections from Augustine, Jerome, Origen, Lactantius, and other ecclesiastical writers, and it is to be hoped that the public demand will be such that some knowledge of all the great authors on religion and philosophy who have in turn swayed the thought of the church and the world in languages now "dead" will soon be opened to students. The projectors of the series do not, of course, imagine that the heathen classics can be superseded in schools by later writers as models of diction, nor even that Chrysostom and Origen are safer guides in philosophy and morals than Plato and Cicero. But no man's knowledge of even the classical languages is complete without the study of their later periods, and certainly much narrowness and ignorance in matters more important than philology have resulted from the general neglect in education of the authors whose writings the Douglass endowment aims to make better known.

## Editor's Scientific Record.

### SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

**A**STRONOMICAL SCIENCE continues to be absorbed in the now rapidly approaching events of the 8th of December. The expeditions to Egypt for observing the transit of Venus will have reached their destination before the middle of October. The English parties will have their headquarters at Cairo, observers being stationed also at Alexandria, Thebes, and Suez. Professor Döllen, of Russia, will be stationed at Thebes.

Numerous investigations have been called forth by the appearance of the brilliant comet of Coggia, among the results of which we notice that Weber searched for but found no satisfactory proof of the rotation of either tail or nucleus about an axis. Several observers noted the resemblance of certain phenomena in the head of

the comet to those observed in Donati's comet. Besides these, Secchi, using a magnifying power of 1000, saw the nucleus reduced to a small diffuse globe of about two seconds diameter, and surrounded by very faint bushy rays; the absence of sharp outlines under such a high magnifying power shows, he thinks, that the nucleus can not be a solid body. Zenker confirms the observations of Wright as to the polarization of the cometary light in a plane passing through the earth, comet, and sun. Very careful observations of the tail of the comet were made by Abbe in Washington and by Heis in Münster, the latter of whom publishes an excellent series of drawings of the growth of the tail up to the 20th of July; this appendage seemed to him to attain its maximum length (seventy degrees) on the



18th. Less extensive series of observations are recorded by Tacchini and Groneman. In commenting on the observations of Heis, Faye remarks that the record of the position of the tail on the 20th of July constitutes a new fact in our knowledge of the phenomena of comets' tails, one, however, that does not militate against the theory that the position of the tail is due to a repulsive force emanating from the sun.

It is announced that the German government has determined upon the erection of an observatory at Potsdam devoted especially to the study of the sun. Telescopic, spectroscopic, and photographic work will be regularly maintained.

The question as to possible apparent changes in the apparent diameter of the sun, which has of late been discussed by various astronomers, has received further elucidation at the hands of Messrs. Newcomb and Holden, of the Washington Observatory; these gentlemen have compared the meridian observations made on the same days at Greenwich and Washington: 3639 corresponding observations have been employed by them; and by combining these together in such a way that they could detect any inequality of which the period ranges between a day and a half year, it became evident that no such period exists.

Shooting-stars form the subject of a valuable report by Mr. Glaisher, from which it appears that the catalogue of meteors observed by Captain Tupman has been combined by Mr. Gregg with the similar catalogues of himself and Schmidt, forming a nearly complete list of all known showers of meteors. In connection with this work Mr. Gregg has made certain computations relating to the orbits of comets, so as to show that many of these bodies, observed perhaps only once during the past history of the world, are now represented only by showers of meteors.

At the Toulouse Observatory an extraordinary passage of corpuscles across the sun's disk was observed on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of September.

Mr. Abbe, of the Weather Bureau, at Washington, states, as the result of studies among the nebulae, that the fifty or sixty nebulae which are recorded in Sir John Herschel's "General Catalogue" as "very much extended," or as "mere rays of light," may perhaps be considered as very flat rings and planes, or as very oblate spheroids, and that their medial or equatorial planes are so related to each other that they all intersect about a common axis, which is inclined sixty degrees to the plane of the Milky Way.

Professor Mayer contributes to *Acoustic Science* another series of researches, in which he determines the number of beats which for any given pitch causes the most dissonant sensation, and is led to the invention of a new method of sonorous analysis, which consists essentially in rotating a large perforated disk with great velocity before a reed pipe. On placing the ear close to the disk we shall at certain definite velocities of rotation perceive the fundamental note of the pipe, and its successive harmonics in so far as they are then sounding. In general and approximately he finds that as the optic nerve retains for a fraction of a second the impression of any light that falls upon it (an impression whose duration varies with the color and brightness of the light), so do the nerves of hearing retain for a short time the impression of

sound. Thus, after the vibrations of a  $UT_2$  reed pipe containing twenty harmonics have ceased, the residual sensation of the twentieth or highest harmonic disappears in the  $\frac{1}{227}$  of a second, but the sensation of the fundamental or lowest harmonic remains in the ear  $\frac{1}{29}$  of a second longer.

Bearing upon the theory of *Heat*, some very curious phenomena have been observed by Tresca during the forging of the great ingot of platino-iridium. When it was at a dull red temperature one could observe upon the sides of the ingot luminous streaks accompanying each blow of the hammer. These brilliant streaks continued sufficiently long to allow six different ones, developed by six successive blows, to be simultaneously visible. Tresca affirms that the zone which becomes luminous is that along which the molecules flow when the change of form consequent upon the blow takes place.

Sarran endeavors to deduce from the well-known laws of chemistry and thermo-dynamics the laws of the action of an explosion of gases on the movements of a projectile while within the bore of the fire-arm. He is thus enabled to substitute rational for the empirical formulæ that have hitherto been used. He considers that a new and remarkable independent confirmation of the laws of thermo-dynamics is afforded by the agreement of his formulæ with the observations lately made by the French naval artillery committee.

Messrs. Abel and Nobel communicate to the French Academy of Sciences the results of their observations on the explosion of gunpowder. They find that when the volume of the powder equals that of the chamber wherein it is exploded, the tension of the confined gases equals 41.7 tons or 6400 atmospheres to the square inch. They give also the law of the variation of this pressure with the expansion of the gas. The permanent gases resulting from the explosion have a volume of only about 280 times the volume of the original solid powder. The decomposition of one gram of powder develops about 705 gram units of heat; the temperature at the moment of explosion is about  $2200^{\circ}C$ .

Dr. Krebs calls attention to the fact that the thermometers of even the best makers are liable to read too high to the extent of a whole degree in reference to the position of the freezing-point of water, and he shows that this is in great part due to the use of water derived from rain or melted snow, and containing in solution a quantity of air or other gases.

The curious electrical properties exhibited by some metals, and especially crystallized minerals, when they are gently heated have been investigated by Messrs. Schrauf and Dana. They conclude that an investigation of the thermo-electric properties is of value only when we know the exact chemical composition of the minerals; a minute admixture of foreign materials exerts a very decided influence, although they do not deny the apparently universal connection between changes in density and changes in thermo-electrical properties.

The perturbations produced in the mariner's compass by the rolling of the vessel have been theoretically investigated by Sir William Thomson, who concludes that it may be found necessary to use at sea long needles whose vibration period amounts to fifteen or twenty seconds.



In *Meteorological Science* the most interest attaches to the Conference for Maritime Meteorology, which concluded its session at the Meteorological Office in London on the 6th of September. Its proceedings have been published in advance, and it may be noted that besides adopting resolutions urging greater uniformity in the methods of observation at sea, and in the subsequent publication of the results, the Conference also urged that the organization of meteorological observations as regards the navies of all countries should be arranged in accordance with the principles laid down for the merchant marine, and that the same form of register should be used by both services. Special questions worthy of minute investigation are also recommended.

The English journal *The Colonies* has begun the publication of a monthly weather review for those portions of the world held as British colonies. The review is compiled by Symons, the well-known author of *British Rain-Fall*.

The superintendent of the Danish Meteorological Institute announces his intention to publish weather charts for the North Atlantic Ocean and Europe; these will cover the field of observation formerly embraced in the "Atlas of the General Movements of the Atmosphere," published by the Paris Observatory, and will furnish an extension eastward of the information given on the very complete maps published by our own Army Weather Bureau for the United States and Canada.

Cornelissen has compiled some very important maps, published by the Meteorological Institute of Holland, showing the frequency of the occurrence of storms in the neighborhood of the Cape of Good Hope. The data on which the maps are based are drawn from the records of Dutch vessels for many years past. It appears from these that during January, February, and March, or the summer season of the southern hemisphere, the storms in that neighborhood are comparatively rare and moderate. In the winter season, on the other hand, numerous violent westerly storms prevail south of the Cape, while southwesterly storms are more abundant to the eastward, and north or northwest storms to the westward of Southern Africa.

Mr. Meldrum has communicated to the British Scientific Association a continuation of his previous investigations on the connection between the frequency of sun spots and the cyclones and rain-fall of the Indian Ocean. During the twelve years between 1856 and 1867, comprising a complete sun-spot cycle, 113 cyclones have been recorded. Although the results are only approximations, yet it is beyond all doubt that both the number and the violence of the cyclones are far greater in the years of maximum than in the years of minimum sun spots.

The influence of forests on rain-fall has been studied by Faurat and Sartiaux, who have added somewhat to our knowledge on this subject by examining the rain-fall observed near the extensive woods of the domain of Halatte. They find that twenty per cent. more rain falls there than in the neighboring cleared ground.

The first sheets of the new topographical map of France have been published. This work, begun in December, 1870, has been pushed forward with remarkable vigor, and the present sheets are remarkable for the finish of the lines

and the happy disposition of the colors. The scale of the chart is  $\frac{1}{500,000}$ , and contour lines are given for every 100 meters of altitude. These delicately tinted charts are sold at a price that barely covers the cost, and the fifteen sheets of the complete set will cost but two dollars.

Under the head of *Economical Mineralogy* we record the announcement of the discovery of rich mines of nickel in Norway, a fact of much importance in view of the increasing demand for this metal.

The threatened diminution in the supply of sulphur from Sicily has called renewed attention to the existence of large beds of this substance in Iceland, where an Englishman has lately received a concession of a large tract of country for the purpose of mining this substance and bringing it to market. The occurrence of mountains almost of solid sulphur is reported.

Several new species of minerals have been announced since our last report, one of them, Guanovalite, occurring inside of the fossil eggs in the guano deposit in Peru.

Such of the geological surveys of the States as are now in progress have been conducted with energy during the season. Among these we may mention that of Pennsylvania, recently organized under Professor Lesley. At a recent meeting of the Board of Directors much satisfaction was expressed at the progress of the work. The survey of Wisconsin, under Professor Lapham, has also been in the field, as well as that of Indiana, under Professor Cox. No details have been received in regard to the geological surveys connected with the expeditions of Professor Hayden and Lieutenant Wheeler.

As might be expected, the record of *Geographical Discovery* is quite full, in consequence of the facilities afforded by the milder season of summer, at least in the more northern climes.

The leading foreign journals bring us additional accounts of the adventures and experiences of the Austrian polar expedition on the *Tegethoff*, which left Tromsøe July 14, 1872, and of which meagre information was lately received by telegraph. According to these, we learn that the expedition was frozen in at the north point of Nova Zembla in 1872, being driven with the pack ice fourteen months, first northeast to 73° east longitude, and then northwest, until October, 1873. The crew worked in vain, in the summer of 1873, to free the ship; and in August of that year new land was discovered, whose boundary line was not to be seen north and west. They were frozen in, and wintered in 79° north latitude and 59° east longitude. Sledge journeys were carried on, from the 9th of March to the 4th of May, 1874, a little beyond 82° north latitude, and land was seen to the eighty-third degree. This was called Francis Joseph Land, in honor of the Emperor of Austria. No animals were observed, but the geological structure was interesting, large dolomite mountains being seen. Formidable glaciers were met with, and a few floating pieces of wood were noticed.

On the 20th of May, 1874, the crew left the ship in four sledges, and after journeying ninety-six days, reached Nova Zembla, where they met with some Russian seamen, and were taken to Wardoe, in Norway. But one death occurred, that of the engineer, from consumption.

The participants in the expedition have re-



turned to Vienna, where they received a public ovation, having previously been lionized at Hamburg.

Nothing has appeared in regard to any other polar exploring party; but it is understood that the Austrian government will take up the exploration where the party of the *Tegethoff* left it, and will send out two expeditions next year; the first to examine more thoroughly Francis Joseph Land by way of Spitzbergen, and a second to attempt to reach the pole by way of Greenland.

A British arctic expedition for the coming season is also becoming more and more probable, the selection of the Smith Sound route being a foregone conclusion. It is much to be hoped that the United States will not be behindhand in this race for discovery, and that either under public or private auspices an expedition may be initiated. Already Dr. Hayes and several of the participants in the *Polaris* expedition, as Dr. Bessels, Captain Tyson, H. C. Chester, and others, have volunteered their services.

In this connection it may be remarked that the proprietor of the New York *Herald*, with his characteristic liberality, has offered to bear one-fourth of the cost of an American expedition.

As relating in a measure to arctic research we may refer to the fact of the destruction by the ice in Davis Straits, with a full cargo of oil, of the Dundee whaler *Arctic*, which, it may be remembered, brought the greater part of the *Polaris* crew to Dundee after their rescue by the *Ravenscraig*.

The project of converting a portion of the Sahara Desert into an inland sea continues to find favor, and it is understood that thorough surveys with a view to determine the precise mode of accomplishing this object are under way by the French government. As to whether the result aimed at is desirable or not is at present a question of considerable discussion. On the one hand, the replacing of a large amount of desert waste by water, and making sea-ports of interior points in Algeria, and the expected restoration of an ample rain-fall to various parts of Northern Africa, are viewed with favorable anticipations. On the other hand, it is maintained that the sea will be simply an immense evaporation basin, which will soon be clogged up with salt; or that a serious interference will take place in the amount of heated air carried across the Mediterranean, which at present prevents the extension of the Alpine glaciers. Should this be interrupted, it is feared that increased glaciation will ensue, possibly restoring a large portion of Central Europe to its condition during the reindeer epoch. Whatever be the result of this great engineering operation, it is extremely probable that it will be attempted by the French authorities.

A survey is to be made by the Khedive of Egypt of a certain portion of the valley of the Nile, with a view of ascertaining whether a part of the river can not be diverted so as to occupy an ancient bed now closed, and thus add to the resources of the country.

The exploring expeditions under Professor Hayden and Lieutenant Wheeler, already referred to, have completed their labors for the season, and are for the most part on their way back to Washington, and we shall probably soon have some announcement of the general results.

Professor Hartt, who has devoted so much attention to exploration in Brazil, has returned to that country for the fourth time, and will remain there for a considerable period, engaged in determining some of the vexed questions in regard to the geology and archaeology of the country.

Under the head of *Zoology* we have to record the successful prosecution of sundry zoological researches that have been in progress during the year. Among them we may mention the labors of the United States Fish Commission, which have been conducted at the village of Noank, in Connecticut, during the months of July, August, and September. Supplied by the Navy Department with the *Blue Light*, a steam-tug of about eighty-five tons, thoroughly equipped with a proper crew and every thing suitable for the operations of the commission, and under the command of Commander L. A. Beardslee, U.S.N., the work has been prosecuted over a radius of twenty miles from Noank in every direction, embracing in its extent the mouth of the Connecticut River to the west, Gardner's Island and Bay, Montauk Point, Block Island, and the region to the east of Watch Hill. As usual, the section of the marine invertebrates was conducted by Professor A. E. Verrill, of Yale College, assisted especially by Messrs. Smith and Clark, while that of the fishes was in charge of Mr. G. Brown Goode, of Middletown, assisted by Mr. T. H. Bean, the whole under the supervision of Professor Baird, the United States Fish Commissioner.

As in previous years, the facilities furnished by the commission were eagerly embraced by numerous specialists, who resorted to Noank, and filled the place to an unprecedented extent. Among those who may be mentioned in this connection are Professor A. Hyatt, of Boston, with his assistants, Messrs. Rathbun and Saltonstall; Professor Rice, of Middletown; Professor Eaton, of Yale; Dr. Farlow, of Cambridge; Professor Joseph Leidy and Dr. Henry Chapman, of Philadelphia; Mr. F. W. Putnam, of Salem, and many others.

Among the most interesting results of the summer's work was the discovery of the fact that the cold northern current which passes around Cape Cod to the south of Martha's Vineyard, and is cut off from Vineyard Sound and Buzzard's Bay by the warm belt of shore water, strikes into Fisher's Sound, bringing with it the characteristic northern animals; so that, quite contrary to the usual expectation, the general fauna of the vicinity of Noank and Watch Hill is more boreal than that of Newport and Wood's Hole.

The Anderson School at Penikese, which may also be considered as an establishment for zoological exploration, has had a successful season, as many persons of both sexes as could be accommodated availing themselves of its privileges. Numerous special researches were prosecuted by the students under the direction of the naturalists who had charge of the establishment during the summer, among them Professors Putnam, Morse, and Packard.

In a recently published letter from Professor Wyville Thompson, we have additional news from the *Challenger* and new discoveries in zoology. South of the Cape of Good Hope deep-sea life was abundant, and confirmed the notion



already entertained of the similarity of the antarctic to the arctic fauna. Many of the species dredged by the *Challenger* were identical with those on the coasts of Great Britain and Norway. The trawl was used with success in 1600 fathoms, when the well-known deep-sea genera *Euplectella*, *Hyalonema*, *Umbellularia*, and *Flabellum*, a coral, and two new genera of crinoids, some new echinoderms, and remarkable crustacea were obtained. The deepest trawling was done in 2600 fathoms, when holothurians were taken in abundance, with several star-fishes, actiniae, and an elegant brachiopod shell.

Among the zoological communications read at the last meeting of the French Association for the Advancement of Science was a paper on the embryology of ascidians, by Giard. He insists particularly on the existence of chitinous rays, especially abundant at the extremity of the dorsal cord, but also found along the entire length of this organ, as observed in *Cynthia* and *Polystyela*. The tail of the tadpole-like young of the ascidian, says Giard, can scarcely be distinguished from that of a young fish or even a young batrachian.

We referred some time ago to a parasitic worm found by Professor Macrady in the genital glands of the oyster in South Carolina. It seems that a similar species has for twenty years been known to exist in Europe in the genital glands of the oyster and cardium. Its sporocysts and the *cercaria*-like young were then known, but recently Mr. Giard has found that these young are encysted in the *Belone vulgaris*, a fish found on the French coast. Now what finally becomes of the encysted *Bucephalus haimeanus*? Giard does not know, but supposes that it passes into another fish of the genus *Gasterostomum*, the *Belone* serving as food for this latter large fish.

An important note on the habits of the army-worm, which is estimated to destroy annually nearly \$50,000,000 worth of cotton in the Southern States, is published by Mr. Grote in the *American Naturalist*. This moth was first described and named by Hübner, from Brazil, in 1822, under the name of *Aletia argillacea*. Mr. Grote shows that the insect hibernates as a moth, and that it dies out in the central and northern portions of the cotton belt every year, and is replaced the succeeding year by immigration from more southern localities, and where the cotton-plant is perennial. The worm never attacks the young cotton-plant in Central Alabama in the spring or early summer, but appears at its earliest at the end of June, and is invariably preceded by flights of the adult moth. Since in Central Alabama insect life becomes active as early as March (and before then the hibernated cotton-moth has disappeared), Mr. Grote asks, "What is the insect doing between that date and July, when the worm appears? and why is the young cotton not attacked in May by the worms from the eggs deposited by the 'hibernating' moths?" If the "hibernating" moths lay eggs, their progeny perish from lack of food. But many chrysalids, he adds, are killed by frost, and there is great irregularity about the completion of the final brood of moths, arising from the age of the insect and the approach of the winter.

According to Professor Semper, the embryos of the rays and sharks have segmentary organs like those of the annelides. Vogt regards this fact as

at farther indication of a relationship between the vertebrates and invertebrates.

*La Revue Scientifique*, in its summary of the proceedings of the French Association for the Advancement of Science, states that M. Vaillant has studied the scales of the lateral line in certain fishes, and regards these scales as organs of special sense.

At the same meeting Professor Sabatier spoke on the circumvolutions of the hippocampus in the brains of mammals and man. He regards the hippocampus as a nervous ganglion, a ganglionic conductor placed between the anterior and the intermediate brain, and whose development is constantly proportional to the development of the olfactory lobes in the vertebrate series.

In boring Artesian wells in the Desert of Sahara very small fishes, resembling the white-bait, not unfrequently occur, which inhabit the waters of the subterranean bed of the desert. They are identical with a species from the waters of Biskra. The male differs from the female in being transversely barred, so that some authors have regarded it as a distinct species. The eyes are well formed, although these fishes live a part of the time in obscurity. It seems that as far back as 1849 the governor of the oases of Thebes and Gaibe, in Egypt, stated that an Artesian well, about 105 feet deep, which he had cleaned out, furnished for his table fishes which probably came from the Nile, as the sand which he had brought up from this Artesian well was identical with that of this river. In the Sahara, as in Egypt, these fishes were carried away by the waters, which filtered into the soil down to the subterranean sheet into which the Artesian wells open. Gervais claims to have established the fact that these subterranean fishes are essentially fluviatile, and that some like them are found in the rivers of Senegal and Mozambique, of Syria and Egypt, of the Iberian peninsula, and even America. Their fossil representatives are not found in deposits of marine origin, and all that we know occur in lacustrine formations. The existence of these fishes can not, then, serve as an argument for the former presence of the waters of the Mediterranean on the soil of the north of Africa.

M. Toussaint, in studying the cause of the regurgitation of the food in the process of rumination, thinks that he has demonstrated that the food, mixed with a great quantity of liquid, ascends to the mouth during rumination by the effects of atmospheric pressure.

Dr. Sclater announces the existence of a new species of cassowary from New Guinea, being the second known in that country.

Judge Caton, of Illinois, who has been paying much attention to the American deer, visited Europe the last summer for the express purpose of studying the species in life there, and, somewhat contrary to his former conclusions, based upon imperfect evidence, he is now satisfied that there is no specific difference whatever between the American and European caribou and moose, and that the American elk and the red deer or the stag of Europe are derivatives from a common stock. The corresponding forms of the two continents he however considers to be distinct branches.

Among matters of *Ethnological* moment, we may remark that Dr. Conto de Magalhaes has



just published at Rio Janeiro a work in Portuguese upon the anthropology of Brazil, consisting of a collection of papers and addresses before learned societies by the author. He concludes that man has existed in Brazil one hundred thousand years; that some of the native languages (the Quichua, for instance) have borrowed about two thousand roots from the Sanskrit. He makes the tall dark tribes, like the Guaicurù of Matto Grosso, to be the primitive stock, and derives the other shorter and lighter races from a mixture of these with white races in prehistoric times.

On August 7 the Archæological Congress met at Stockholm—the very day that Iceland celebrated her thousand years' festival. Count Hening Hamilton was chosen president. Many flattering compliments were paid to Sweden, the land of Linnæus, Berzelius, Retzius, and Nilsson, for the conspicuous part she had borne in archæological researches. Among the questions discussed were, "What are the earliest traces of the presence of man in Sweden?" "Can the precise way in which the trade in *amber* was carried on in early times be pointed out?" (This subject elicited a considerable amount of lively discussion.) "What characterizes the age of the polished stone implements in Sweden? and can the remains of this age be referred to a single race, or are we to suppose that several peoples were inhabiting Sweden at the same time?" "The origin and history of the Bronze Age in Sweden." "The Iron Age in Sweden." "Björkö and other old prehistoric towns of Sweden and other parts of Europe." "What are the anatomical and ethnical features peculiar to the prehistoric man in Sweden?" Between three and four hundred distinguished ethnologists were present at the Congress from various parts of the world. The utmost harmony and enthusiasm prevailed. The next meeting will be held in Buda-Pesth, Hungary.

Mr. W. Pengelly, F.R.S., read before Section C of the British Association the tenth report of the committee for exploring Kent's Cavern, Torquay, and Mr. R. H. Tiddeman read the report of the committee for assisting in the exploration of the Settle Victoria Caves, in both of which fresh evidence was adduced of the existence of human remains in connection with animals of the Drift.

On the 10th of August last the fourth exhibition of the "Union Centrale des Beaux-Arts Appliqués à l'Industrie" was opened at Paris by President M'Mahon. One of the objects of the Union is to give, in costumes, models, photographs, and other pictures, a comprehensive view of the history of dress from the earliest times until the end of the last century. Every object of clothing was well represented, and the whole affair is spoken of as being most entertaining and instructive.

The Congress of Orientalists convened in London September 14, with representatives from every continent. The opening address of the president was an exhaustive account both of the work already accomplished by Orientalists and of the fields of labor yet to be cultivated.

Under the head of *Botany* we may refer to the great interest that has lately been excited in regard to the physiological functions of the appendages of certain plants which possess a variety of means for attracting and securing insects,

this phenomenon being at one time regarded as incidental, but now believed to have a direct relation to nutrition, as it is maintained by many that the insects are actually absorbed into the substance of the plants and digested. Among those of special note in this connection are the various species of *Sarracenia*, or side-saddle flower; of *Drosera*, or sun-dew; *Nepenthes*, or pitcher-plant; possibly the *Azalea viscosa*, etc.

At the meetings both of the British Association and of the American special interest centred in communications on these subjects; on the one part by Dr. J. D. Hooker, and on the other by Dr. Gray and Dr. Mellichamp.

Agriculturists and horticulturists in France and elsewhere are troubled very much by the ravages of certain noxious insects, the *Phylloxera*, or grape-vine louse, in France being especially prominent, as shown by the large proportion of communications made on this subject to the Academy of Sciences in Paris. Corresponding in prominence in this country to the ravages of the *Phylloxera* in Europe, and of even greater magnitude, are those of the grasshopper, the cotton army-worm, and the potato-bug, and public ingenuity is constantly occupied in devising remedies for the pests. A large reward—some \$20,000—has been offered in France in connection with the *Phylloxera*, but as yet without any one being able to claim it.

At the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Hartford last August Mr. H. F. Armsby presented a paper on the nitrogen of the soil. The results of a large number of experiments, chiefly by European chemists, upon the long-vexed question of the sources of the supply of nitrogen to plants were given, and followed by accounts of experiments by the author. The object of these latter was to throw light upon the gain and loss of nitrogen in the soil. The method adopted consisted in allowing organic matter containing a known amount of nitrogen to decay under circumstances in which all the nitrogen given off or accumulated could be measured. Barn-yard manure mixed with pulverized flesh, in some cases alone, in others mixed with caustic potash or gypsum, or both, was subjected in one series of experiments to the action of purified air, and in another to that of pure nitrogen. The results showed a loss of nitrogen in all cases except those in which caustic potash without gypsum was used. No trace of nitric acid was found, so that the gain in nitrogen could not be ascribed to nitrification. The fact of the fixation of nitrogen was demonstrated, but not explained. Gypsum seemed to prevent in part the loss of nitrogen.

The condition of our present knowledge of the fixation and loss of nitrogen in the soil is thus stated by Mr. Armsby: 1. The loss of free nitrogen during the decomposition of nitrogenous organic matter is generally due to oxidizing action. 2. An increase of combined nitrogen in soil may take place by oxidation of free nitrogen to nitric acid. 3. Some organic substances in the presence of a caustic alkali are able to fix free nitrogen without the agency of oxygen or the formation of nitric acid.

A new fodder plant, the *Symphytum caucasicum* (Caucasian comfrey), is exciting a great deal of attention in Europe, particularly in England.



The first authorities confirm accounts of crops fabulously large, and it is said that this must soon replace most other fodder plants.

A German agricultural journal has lately published an article upon the protection of manure heaps from rain, by roofs, from reasoning based upon observations by Meister. So long as the manure heap is well protected from flowing and stationary surface water it will receive no injury from ordinary rain-falls.

Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert, of Rothamstead, England, have been making some experiments upon the value of Indian corn as food for pigs. The corn meal alone appeared to be a defective diet. With addition of mineral matters the increase in live weight was quite satisfactory in proportion to the amount of food consumed. It is recommended to mix Indian meal with food rich in nitrogen and mineral matters, in which form its use will be judicious.

In *Engineering* the most interesting item of intelligence is in connection with the Hoosac Tunnel. Although the actual perforation of the rock was completed in November, 1873, the tunnel route is not yet ready for traffic. It is now announced that it has been decided to lay steel instead of iron rails, and furthermore, the 1st of November has been fixed upon as the date for running the first train through. The running of regular trains may, however, be delayed a month longer, on account of the delay incident upon the construction of certain bridges west of the tunnel, one of which has but recently been contracted for. The grading of the new road west of the tunnel is very nearly finished, and the track-layers are only waiting for the completion of the bridges to begin their work.

In England the proposition to construct a new Thames tunnel, to facilitate intercourse between the northeast and southeastern districts of the metropolis, is being strongly urged.

A feature of much interest in connection with the recently constructed *City of Peking* is the remarkable speed which she displayed in her trial trip to Boston, and which proves her claim to the title of the fastest ocean-going steamer afloat. Commander R. W. Meade, U.S.N., in a published card, states that she made, under steam alone, eighteen knots in one hour and three and a half minutes—a record altogether unprecedented. The *City of Peking* has gone to San Francisco, *via* the Straits of Magellan, to take her position in the fleet of the Pacific Mail Steam-ship Company. The *City of Tokio*, a companion vessel both in hull and engines, and built by the same firm, will be ready for her trial trip before long. It is worthy of being placed upon record that during the year 1874 the Delaware River ship-builders have launched the two fastest steam-vessels afloat. The steel torpedo boat *Aerolite*, built by Neafie and Levy for the Egyptian government, made on her late trial trip, with a new engine, twenty-one miles an hour.

The organization of plans for the Centennial International Exposition appears to be quietly progressing. The administration has lately issued invitations for applications for space to intending exhibitors, in order that the commission may know how much space it can assign to foreign nations.

In connection with an interesting invention recorded in our summaries of last year, *viz.*, that

of Mr. Loiseau, for utilizing waste coal, we may record the fact that the "Loiseau Pressed Fuel Company" has been formally organized during the past month, with a number of prominent coal men as managers. The erection of buildings will be at once commenced at Port Richmond, Philadelphia, and the new fuel is promised for the market in December. The machinery in course of construction will have a capacity of 100 tons per diem, and the new fuel will be offered for sale at \$1 per ton below the price of coal in lump.

The following estimate is given of the length of railway lines in course of operation and construction on the 1st day of July, 1874:

<i>In operation.</i>	
France.....	11,000 miles.
Great Britain.....	7,300 "
America.....	74,000 "
<i>In course of construction and projected.</i>	
France.....	5,100 miles.
Great Britain.....	3,500 "
America.....	12,000 "

The length of railways throughout the world exceeds two million miles, and the capital invested in them within the last thirty years is about four thousand millions of dollars.

A forty-mile conduit for piping petroleum to Pittsburg, connecting that city with Millerstown by a line of three-inch tubing, is now in course of construction, and when completed and in operation will in its character and uniqueness find no parallel in the world.

The points connected by this lengthy string of tubing are Millerstown, the centre of the deep-well region of Butler County, Pennsylvania, and Fairview Station, on the West Pennsylvania Railroad, about eight miles from the city. From the receiving tanks at the former place connections of inch pipe ramify to the producing regions adjacent, and collect the petroleum in two tanks of 25,000 barrels capacity, and at Fairview five immense tanks will be erected of 125,000 barrels capacity, from which the Pittsburg refiners will be supplied by a pipe laid across the Alleghany River.

As a matter connected with *Therapeutics* we may refer to the attempt frequently made to introduce medicines into the human system by the galvanic current, but until lately with little success. It is now stated that if the substance to be introduced is placed at both poles, and the current reversed every few minutes, an appreciable quantity can be transferred, quite enough in some cases to produce a serious toxical effect upon various animals, and it is confidently expected that human subjects may be treated beneficially.

Our *Necrology* for the month is, we regret to say, unusually full, embracing Dr. Jeffries Wyman, of Cambridge, Dr. J. H. Slack, of Bloomsbury, Mr. J. E. Gavit, of New York, and Mr. Louis Seeböhm, in the United States; Dr. Charles T. Beke, the geographer, Sir John Rennie and Sir William Fairbairn, eminent engineers, and Mr. Robert Shuttleworth, in Great Britain; in Italy, Mr. Paul Rosa, the astronomer; in Sweden, Professor Angström; and in France, the travelers Dournaux-Duprézé and Joubert, the Comte de Pontécoulant, M. Teulieres, and Professor F. A. Pouchet, the eminent physiologist and microscopist.



# Editor's Historical Record.

## POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 22d of October.— Political State Conventions have been held as follows: The Nevada Republican, at Winnemucca, September 24, nominating Dr. J. C. Hazelett for Governor; South Carolina Independent Republican, at Charleston, October 3, nominating Judge John T. Green for Governor; South Carolina Conservative, at Columbia, October 8, indorsing the Independent Republican nominations; Massachusetts Republican, at Worcester, October 7, nominating the Hon. Thomas Talbot for Governor; Massachusetts Labor Reform, at Boston, October 9, nominating J. W. Andrews for Governor.

A convention of delegates from the reconstructed States met at Chattanooga, Tennessee, October 13. The object of the convention was to consider the situation of the Southern States and the possibility of establishing order as against outrage, and the political and social equality of the colored race as against the opponents of the Civil Rights Bill. An address to the Southern people was issued, and a permanent committee appointed.

Elections were held October 13 in Arkansas, Indiana, Iowa, Nebraska, Ohio, West Virginia, and Dakota. In Ohio the Democratic ticket, headed by William Bell, Jun., for Secretary of State, was carried by a majority of from 18,000 to 20,000, with a Democratic gain of six Congressmen. In Indiana Joseph E. Neff, the Democratic candidate for Secretary of State, was elected by a majority of about 15,000, and there was a Democratic gain of five Congressmen. In Arkansas there was no opposition to the Conservative ticket, which was carried by a vote of 75,000; the new constitution was ratified by this vote. In Iowa the Republican majority amounted to 40,000. There was also a Republican majority in Nebraska, where there were four tickets contestant. In Dakota there was a Republican majority on Congress and a Democratic majority on local tickets. The total gain of Democratic Congressmen in these October elections was twelve. In West Virginia the entire Democratic delegation was elected.

The Vermont Legislature, October 20, re-elected George F. Edmonds United States Senator for six years from March 4, 1875.

General Mitre has headed an insurrection against the government of the Argentine Confederation.

The earthquake in Guatemala on September 3 turns out to have been a great calamity. Several towns were ruined, and as many as two hundred lives were lost.

Early in October Count von Arnim, formerly German ambassador at Paris, was arrested by the German government. The charge against him was that he had embezzled documents belonging to the records of the Paris embassy.

A succession of Carlist defeats has been reported. It would appear that there is much disaffection among the Carlist troops, and that the army of Don Carlos is on the verge of dissolution.

The elections in France for the Councils General have resulted in the choice of 672 republicans, 604 monarchists, and 155 Bonapartists. In

the elections to fill vacancies in the Assembly there have been republican gains. In Ajaccio Prince Bonaparte was elected to the Council General over Prince Napoleon.

M. Henri Salles has recently published a book in which he shows that during the last three years there have been eighteen partial elections, with the following results: Of the 184 Deputies elected 152 have been Republicans and 32 Monarchists. In these elections nearly nine millions of voters have taken part, and their votes are divided as follows: Republicans, in round numbers, 5,500,000; Monarchists, 2,000,000; Bonapartists, 700,000; Legitimists, 400,000—giving the Republicans an absolute majority of 2,500,000 votes over all other factions of France voting during the last three years.

Alderman David Henry Stone was, September 29, elected Lord Mayor of London. In the election for member of Parliament for Northumberland Mr. Bradlaugh was defeated. After the election Mr. Bradlaugh's supporters attacked the hotel of Mr. Fowler, the Liberal candidate.

The Feejee Islands have been formally annexed to the British Empire.

A boundary dispute between Switzerland and Italy, which was referred to Hon. George P. Marsh, the United States minister at Rome, for arbitration, has been decided by him in favor of Italy, which thereby acquires 1800 acres of territory.

The Lincoln Monument was unveiled at Oak Ridge Cemetery, Springfield, Illinois, October 15. An oration was delivered by the Hon. Richard J. Oglesby, United States Senator from Illinois.

## DISASTERS.

*September 28.*—Terrific gale at Charleston, South Carolina. Damages \$250,000.

*September 30.*—Collision on the Alleghany Valley Railroad near New Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Three persons killed and three seriously injured.

*October 8.*—Collision on the North Pennsylvania Railroad. Four persons seriously injured.

*October 2.*—A barge-load of gunpowder, weighing four tons, exploded on Regent's Canal, near the Zoological Gardens, London, killing twelve persons and injuring many others, besides destroying much property. Houses and bridges—some of the former being two miles distant—were shattered, and a number of animals in the gardens were killed. The noise of the explosion was heard at a distance of twenty miles. Among the houses destroyed was that of the artist Alma Tadema.

*October 13.*—The Turkish town Akhioli, containing 5000 inhabitants, on the Gulf of Buzghaz, Black Sea, was totally destroyed by fire.

*October 15.*—Collision of two ships in the British Channel. Eleven persons drowned.

## OBITUARY.

*September 26.*—In Davenport, Iowa, the Right Rev. Henry Washington Lee, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of the diocese of Iowa, in his sixtieth year.

*October 7.*—In New York, the Rev. Thomas M. Eddy, D.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in his fifty-second year.



## Editor's Drawer.

ALFRED EBERHARD, a scholar of Berlin, is the editor of a work recently published in that city entitled *Philogelos: Hieroclis et Philagrii Facetiæ*. It is a sort of "Complete Jester" from a few jocose old Greeks, and is amusing not so much perhaps for the pith of the anecdotes as for giving an inkling of what was regarded as funny by those old fellows. We quote a few:

"A man accosted a foolish physician with a statement of his case: 'Doctor, when I wake up out of sleep I'm half an hour in darkness before I recover my sight as I have it now.' 'Ay, indeed,' said the physician; 'then don't wake up till the half hour's over!'"

"An Abderite wanted to hang himself. The rope broke and he bruised his head. Without delay he ran to the apothecary's for a plaster, applied it carefully to the bruised place, and then proceeded to carry out his suicidal project." The joke recalls one of the anecdotes told in the pleasant *Memorial of Archibald Constable*, by his son, recently published: An old deaf aunt of the publisher was on her death-bed, and her mind, always eccentric, had begun to waver and fail. "Ann," she said to her attendant, "if I should be spared to be taken away, I hope my nephew will get the doctor to open my head, and see whether any thing can be done for my hearing."

"Scholasticus was writing to his father from Athens, and pluming himself on his progress in rhetoric and elocution, to acquire which he had been sent thither. He added this paragraph: 'And I pray, Sir, that on returning home I may find you defendant on a capital charge, that I may air my oratory in your defense.' This is worthy of the Irish horse-stealer, who, when O'Connell had obtained his acquittal, exclaimed, in the exuberance of his gratitude, "Och, counselor, I've no way *here* to thank yer honor; but I wisht I saw you *knocked down in me own parish*—wouldn't I bring a faction to the rescue!"

Two variations of one and the same story anent the overconscientiousness of convalescent fools must not go unchronicled. One of the class, seeing a physician coming, as was his wont, slipped out of sight. A friend, observing this, asked the reason. "Well," said the other, "'tis some time since I have been sick, and really I'm ashamed to be seen by him." The other is a still finer illustration of true *mauvais honte*. "A doctor gave up a Cumæan patient. The patient recovered, and shirked the doctor. On the latter inquiring the reason, the explanation was, 'Why, you said I was dying, and so I'm ashamed to be alive and well.'" Both these patients exhibit such tenderness for their medical man's veracity as to merit the approval with which a modern leech is said to have commended a punctual swallower of his medicines—"Ah, my dear Sir, you *deserve to be ill!*"

"An astrologer said to one who consulted him in a lengthy speech, 'It is not in your horoscope that you should have children.' 'But I have seven,' said the other. '*Take care of them, then,*' said the unabashed astrologer."

That a witty speech may be fired off by a medical practitioner with no impeachment of his courtesy or politeness is seen in the case of the

doctor's reply to a lady who complained to him that, "alas! she was near thirty." "Do not fret at it, madam," he said, with admirable irony; "you will get farther from that frightful epoch every day."

Absence of mind and maladroitness might explain the story of the man who, going to inquire for a sick friend, was told by his widow, "Alas! he's gone," and simply replied, "If he return, will you say I called?"

At a Democratic meeting held in a neighboring city it was deemed that a good thing to do would be to have a barbecue. The subject was referred to a committee, who reported favorably, and recommended that it be held on Friday week. Upon the announcement of the date an excited Irishman jumped to his feet and exclaimed: "Mr. Prisidint! I'd have ye to understand, Sur, that the *great heft* of the Dimmicratic party don't ate mate on Friday!" Patrick put that undeniable fact in a very concise and pointed way. He couldn't have done it better. The barbecue was not held on Friday.

In the city of Cincinnati is an elderly life-insurance agent, who is very persistent when approaching any one on the subject of life-insurance. After pestering a certain merchant who did not wish to be insured, he made a second call and again broached the subject, which roused the merchant's ire, and he angrily bade the bore to leave the store and never show his face there again; if he did, he would be booted out. The agent turned to go, and had almost reached the door, when he turned back, and going up to the angry man, put his hand on his shoulder and said, "Had you not better take out an *accident* policy before you attempt to kick me out?" The soft and winning manner in which the suggestion was made mollified the tradesman, and he took the life policy.

In a serial—*My Irish Story*—now in course of publication in an English periodical, we find an amusing story of a cab driver, who gave his horse a taste of whisky:

"Well, Sur, there was wan night last winther, an' a murtherin' wet night it was, when wan o' the militia sint for me, for to dhrive him beyant Leenawn, this very road, for to go to a party given by a gentleman's family. I didn't care for the job, but as all quollity was goin', there wasn't a yoke for love or money but the very car ye're sittin' on. So we kem to terms aisy enough, for I never fall out wud a gentleman, an' sure enough just all as wan as yerself, Sur, he had a sup in a flask, an' bestowed it wud an open an' divartin' hand. Well, yer anner, just as we got about half-ways th' axle gev, an' left us roarin' murther in the middle o' the road.

"What am I to do now, ye villyan?' says he.

"Sorra know I know,' says I, 'barrin' ye walk,' says I.

"I'm bet,' says he, 'be raisin av me dhress boots,' says he.

"Thru for ye,' says I.

"But there was luck in store for him, for up comes a shay, bound for the same party, that gev



him a sate. He ped me honest, an' it was only whin he was a mile off that I found the flask on the sate that ye're sittin' on now. I dhrank his health, an' made the baste dhrink it too; an' somehow or another, begorra, the next thing I remimber was me dhraggin' the car, an' that baste there sittin' up in me sate as unconcerned as the Chief Baron chargin' for murther, an' beltin' me wud the whip as hard as he cud lick."

"And what then, Micky?"

"I never giv him a taste o' sperrits from that night to this, yer anner."

"I'm greatly afraid that you were drunk, Micky."

"I wasn't dhrunk."

"Were you sober?"

"I wasn't sober."

"Well, if you were neither drunk nor sober, what were you?"

He pulled up the too willing steed in order to give emphasis to his reply:

"*I was upon the defensive, yer anner.*"

It is an almost every-day occurrence to see written on the closed doors of places of business an announcement that the circumstance is in consequence of domestic bereavement. It has been left to a German in Rochester, New York, to reverse the cause, and to be the first to indicate, in a humorous manner, his delight at the marriage of his daughter, which he did thus: "This store is closed on account of some fun in the family."

THE poet equally with the politician is made to feel the inconvenient mutations of party. But the poet, bursting with the grand injustice of his eviction from place, has the advantage over the mere politician in putting his grievances as well as his "views" in poetic numbers. Thus when Mr. Walt Whitman lost the honorable and comfortable position he had so long and creditably held in the public service at Washington, he is supposed to have evolved from the depths of his inner consciousness the following:

Cursed, wretched, stupefied,  
Through me, indeed, to-day, a million or thereabouts  
Of withering and gall-imbittered emotions, disgusted,  
Ripple and regurgitate;  
Through me, the ancient privilege, too,  
To get upon my ear and imprecate.  
Foul be the wind that blows thee, and swift  
The trap that traps thee, O zealous Bristow!  
Implacable Kentuckian!  
Behold me! Thine and retrenchment's victim,  
Thrust heartlessly, with only two months' wages,  
On a cold, cold world!  
With heaven-kissing mercury ninety-eight degrees in  
the shade!  
O scanty pittance! O played-outness!  
Gone up! Obliterated!  
Scooped!

CANADA'S bright and sensible Governor-General, Lord Dufferin, has given the Dominion people a new by-word, which has spread with electric rapidity from one end of Canada to the other. On his voyage out, being called upon by the emigrants to address them, he alluded to this phrase, which had grated harshly on his ears: "He had the misfortune to have too many children." Lord D. said: "I remarked that perhaps no better idea could be given of the differences between the old country and their new home than by the fact that whereas in England a struggling man might be overweighted in the

battle of life by a numerous family, in the land to which they were going a man could scarcely have too many children. Here I was applauded lustily, with a cheerful accompaniment of laughter also, when I was further greeted with an approving thump on the back by a stalwart young emigrant, who cried out, 'Right you are, Sir; that's what I've been telling Emily.'" The Canadians have got up the slang phrase, "*That's what I've been telling Emily*," having had the anecdote made familiar by going the round of the papers, and one hears every where, "*That's what I've been telling Emily*."

#### A GENIUS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CLAUDIUS.

"FRIEND Ass," said the Fox, as he met him one day, "What can people mean? Do you know what they say?"

"No, I don't," said the Ass; "nor I don't care, not I." "Why, they say you're a *Genius*," was Reynard's reply.

"My stars!" muttered Jack, quite appalled by the word,

"What can I have done that's so very absurd?"

SAY not that we have nothing droll from the up-river counties on the Hudson. Even in Fishkill, one of the oldest and fishkilliest places in Dutchess County, mirthful things occur. The new supervisor of that town has in his service a freedman who was recently attending to some duty on the lawn near the road. Some seven or eight friends of his own color were leaning on the fence, evidently to see that the thing was properly done. Another contraband, Ike Delily, happened to pass at the time, and meeting Dr. Mapes, inquired,

"Dr. Mapes, who's dead at Masser Heustis?"

"No one, I think," replied the doctor.

"Oh yes, there must be somebody dead there, sartin sure."

"Why, I am positive not," said the doctor, "or I should have heard of it."

"Then," exclaimed Ike, raising his voice, and pointing to the long, lazy row of sable brethren hanging on the pickets, "what's all dis yer mournin' fer strung along de fence?"

It has been ingeniously said that "life is an epigram, of which death is the point." Alas for human nature! good points are rare; and no wonder, according to this wicked but witty

#### EPIGRAM BY LA MOYNE.

The world of fools has such a store  
That he who would not see an ass  
Must bide at home, and bolt his door,  
And break his looking-glass.

THE glorification of Dr. Priestley has brought out many curious incidents in his career, and numberless anecdotes. Of the latter the following is characteristic of his humor:

While he was minister at Leeds a poor woman who labored under the delusion that she was possessed by a devil applied to him to take away the evil spirit which tormented her. The doctor attentively listened to her statement, and endeavored to convince her that she was mistaken. All his efforts proving unavailing, he desired her to call the next day, and in the mean time he would consider her case. On the morrow the unhappy woman was punctual in her attendance. His electrical apparatus being in readiness, with great gravity he desired the woman to stand upon the



stool with glass legs, at the same time putting into her hand a brass chain connected with the conductor, and having charged her plentifully with electricity, he told her very seriously to take particular notice of what he did. He then took up a discharger and applied it to her arm, when the escape of the electricity gave her a pretty strong shock.

"There," said she, "the devil's gone; I saw him go in that blue flame, and he gave me such a jerk as he went off! I have at last got rid of him, and I am now quite comfortable."

FROM an amusing "Didactic Ode" published recently in London, in which hits are given at the leading scientific "swells of the period," we quote these verses:

Ours is a wise and earnest age, an age of thought and science, Sir;  
To error, ignorance, and bliss we fairly bid defiance, Sir.  
"Professors" every where abound, both in and out of colleges,  
And all agog to cram our nobbs with "isms" and with "ologies."

The fundamental problem, which, debated now for ages, Sir,  
Is still attacked and still unsolved by all our modern sages, Sir,  
Is, if an effort I may make a simple form to throw it in,  
Just what we know, and why we know, and what's the way we know it in.

"Development" is all the go, of course, with Herbert Spencer,  
Who cares a little more than Comte about the "why" and "whence," Sir.  
Appearances, he seems to think, do not exhaust totality,  
But indicate that underneath there's some "Unknown Reality."

And Darwin, too, who leads the throng "*in vulgum voces spargere*,"  
Maintains Humanity is naught except a big menagerie,  
The progeny of tailless apes, sharp-eared, but puggynosed, Sir,  
Who nightly climbed their "family trees," and on the top reposed, Sir.

There's Carlyle, on the other hand, whose first and last concern it is  
To preach up the "immensities" and muse on the "eternities;"  
But if one credits what one hears, the gist of all his brag is, Sir,  
That "Erbwurst," rightly understood, is transcendental "Haggis," Sir.

A MOST amusing book is *The Adventures of Mick Callighin, M.P.*, just published in London, but not likely to be republished here or seen by many readers of the Drawer. Mick, on the evening before leaving the paternal roof to seek his fortune, goes to the room of his tutor, Father M'Quade, whom he found enveloped in a capacious night robe, surmounted by a cap of the ancient extinguisher shape, tied round his head with a red cotton handkerchief of a wonderful pattern.

"An' now," said he, "kneel down till I give ye me blissin'. I'm not in me canonicals, but all the picthers I've seen o' the blissed Sint Pether represints him wid bare legs—seein', I suppose, bein' a fisherman, he had fraquently to wade in the salt-wather; an' as for driss, I niver seen more an him nor I've an meself this blissed minnit. It's nat the vistmints makes the praste, Mick, nor the gntleman ayther, as maybe ye'll foind to yer cost."

In the course of events Mick gives assistance to a man driving pigs to market. Both being

hungry, they go into an eating-house, and one of them takes up a dirty newspaper, which is well marked with mustard.

"Musthard!" said Larry; "fegs! that minds me av Micky Murphy an' Dan Collins, two frins av moine that come over to England for the rapin' av the harvist, an' was walkin' on the quays in this town; an' moind ye, now, Danny had been over before, but Micky had niver been out o' the car-radjus o' the town o' Tipperary. They wor that hungry afther the vyige they didn't know what to do at all, at all. Whin Danny sees 'Ristorant' wrut up over a shop, 'See, now,' sez he, 'that's a place to ate;' an' in they both goes; an' thin, Sur, they sees the waither wid a towel over his arm, an' sez Danny, sez he, 'What can we get to ate?' 'Any thing at all,' sez the waither. 'Thin bring me a plate o' mate,' sez Danny. So in comes the waither wid a plate o' mate an' a large bowl o' musthard; an' moind ye, now, nayther Micky nor Danny had iver seen musthard before in all their born days. 'What's to pay for the mate?' sez Danny. 'A shillin', Sur,' sez the waither. 'An' what's that?' sez he, pointin' to the bowl. 'That's musthard,' sez the waither. 'An' what do ye do wid it?' 'Yez ates it wid the mate, to be sure,' sez he. 'An' what's to pay for it?' 'Nothin', Sur,' sez the waither. Thin Danny looks at Micky, an' Micky looks at Danny, an' they both winks. Whin the waither turned his back, sez Danny, 'See here, now, Micky,' sez he, 'I'll tell ye what we'll do: we'll pocket the mate for the journey, an' ate the stuff they gives for nothin';' an' wid that Micky rowls up the mate in his hankercher an' puts it in the crown av his hat; an' Danny he kep' stirrin' up the musthard, an' afther a while he opens his mouth an' takes a great dollop av it. Down goes his head, an' the tears kep' runnin' down out av his eyes. 'Danny, lad,' sez Micky, 'what does be the matther wid ye?' Danny wouldn't let on at all, at all, 'But,' sez he, 'whiniver I think o' the death o' me poor great-grandfather, that wor kilt at the battle o' the Boyne, I can't kape from cryin' at all.' 'Don't take on wid ye like that,' sez Micky. 'Here, now, we're over in England, an' we'll make a power o' money at the rapin', before harvist's over.' All this toime Danny he was stirrin' the musthard, an' he hands the spoon to Micky. He takes a big spoonful too, an' the tears come runnin' down his nose. Danny wakes up, an' sez he, 'Micky,' sez he, 'what does be the matther wid ye?' 'Fegs!' sez Micky, 'I'm cryin' because ye warn't kilt along wid yer great-grandfather at the battle o' the Boyne!' Ha, ha, ha! Begorra, he gave him a rowlint for his iliphint that toime!"

PARSON BROWNLOW tells a good story of an old Presbyterian bachelor preacher, known almost as a woman-hater until he was nearly fifty years old, when he married and settled somewhere among the mountains of North Carolina. The parson says: Our bachelor friend was preaching on the sinners' excuses. "'I have bought a piece of ground, and wish to go and see it,' said one. Here is want of inclination to attend to divine things," said the preacher. "Another said, 'I have bought five yoke of oxen, and must needs go and prove them.' This seems a case of necessity. A third said, 'I have mar-



ried a wife, and therefore I can not come.' Here is a case of *natural impossibility*, from which we may infer," continued our bachelor preacher, "that *one woman will pull a man further from the Lord than ten steers.*"

FROM "Ould Ireland" we have a few anecdotes entitled "Some Ulster Stories, after the manner of Dean Ramsay."

Some friends of a country minister came upon him one day unexpectedly for dinner, and his wife, whose larder at the time happened unfortunately to be empty, was sadly puzzled to know what she was to give them to eat. At length in her dilemma she bethought her of a fine large hen turkey which was strutting about through the yard attended by a numerous family; and as the young turkeys were almost completely reared, the prudent housewife thought that they might safely dispense with the services of their mother, whose body would then furnish the needed dish for her to place before her guests. Accordingly the good lady ordered the parent bird to be forthwith killed and cooked. The food thus provided was, it may well be believed, not very tender, but most of the party made the best of it. The minister, who knew the state of the case, said nothing, and ate his meat, if not with gladness, at least with singleness of heart. His friends were too polite not to eat what was set before them, asking no questions for conscience' sake.

But there was one person at the table who could not be induced to taste the old turkey. This was the minister's son, a boy of eight or ten years of age. He, like his father, knew very well what it was that he was asked to eat, but, unlike his father, he preferred going without his dinner to dining off the carcass of his old friend of the farm-yard.

After dinner the minister and his guests went out for a walk, followed by his little son above mentioned, who brought up the rear of the party. No sooner did they make their appearance in the farm-yard than the entire flock of young turkeys which had lately been deprived of their mother gathered tumultuously about them, and by their incessant screaming and "skraighing" and flapping of wings seemed to reproach the minister and his friends for their barbarity in having made a meal of their maternal parent. The adult members of the party may have guessed the cause of the uproar, but they passed on, apparently unconcerned, and left the little boy in the rear to bear the brunt of the orphans' upbraidings. This he did for some time with tolerable equanimity; but when the cries of his feathered tormentors became increasingly uproarious, and especially when he considered that he, who was left alone to bear the virtuous rage of the bereaved ones, was the only one of the entire party who was guiltless of their mother's blood, he lost his patience altogether, and turning upon the yelping brood with all the indignation of injured innocence, he shouted at them, so as to be heard by his father and his father's friends, "*Ye needna be yammering at me. I didna eat your mither!*"

A LADY naturalist was once teaching ornithology to a shepherd boy in Donegal. The subject of the lesson was eagles, with respect to which

class of birds the teacher told her pupil that they belonged to "the greatest family in those parts." Whereupon the little boy interrupted her, saying, "Axin' yer pardon, ma'am, that's a mistake. *They're not half as great a family as the Dohertys of Ennishowen.*"

THE crier in one of the assize courts in the north of Ireland, who was also the personal attendant on one of the judges, prided himself greatly on the correctness of his grammar, and was very much annoyed whenever any person in his hearing committed a grammatical blunder. A leading barrister, who practiced in his master's court, was not so particular as to his "parts of speech." This barrister, when on circuit, calling one day at the lodgings of the judges, to pay his respects to their lordships, asked the grammatical crier, who opened the door to him,

"Is the judges at home?"

"No, Sir," sternly replied the outraged grammarian, "but *one* of them *are*," drawing out the last word with marked emphasis, in intended correction of the barrister's blunder.

A YOUNG man attending the funeral of his mother (who, however, had not been very kind to him) was displaying a levity and unconcern which were not very suitable to the occasion. His minister thought it his duty to rebuke him for his unbecoming conduct, and told him that he ought to show some "respect for his mother's memory."

"Respect!" said the young man in reply; "what more respect, minister, would you have me to show? *Do you not see that I have my Sunday clothes on?*" He evidently thought that "Sunday clothes" would cover "a multitude of sins."

THE following story is told of a Roman Catholic priest who officiated many years ago in a parish in Ulster, but who, we must add, was eventually degraded from his sacred office:

On one occasion this priest was very hard up for cash. He had often been so before, and on many previous similar occasions had used various devices to get money from his congregation. But now he seemed to be at his wits' end. At length he hit upon a plan, which he proceeded to put into execution, as follows: One of his hearers, a stone-mason, had lately died. The priest announced to his people that this stone-mason, having been while here, as they all knew, an excellent tradesman, had been employed, when he went down below, to build a wall between purgatory and a hotter place.

While thus employed he had been obliged to build "overhand" (as the masons express it), which every one knew was a very awkward way of building. The consequence was that on one occasion, when passing his hand over his head, he had unfortunately knocked off his wig, which had fallen into the flames on the other side of the wall, and was therefore immediately and irrecoverably lost. The priest then went on further to announce to his people that on next Sunday he would take up a collection from them to get money to buy a new wig for the stone-mason who was building the wall round purgatory, and he added that he was sure there was not one of them who would not cheerfully contribute to



procure a covering for the bald pate of their old neighbor, who was then working bare-headed on a scaffold in the immediate vicinity of the scorching regions. For this singular purpose a collection was actually taken up.

The priest, we need scarcely add, took charge of the money and promised to buy the wig. Some of the contributors ventured to ask his reverence how he would get the wig sent to the mason in purgatory; but the priest told all such questioners that that was *his* business, not *theirs*. All that *they* had to do was to give their money. It was for *him* to apply the money in the way which to him seemed best. We fear that the way which recommended itself to his reverence was—to keep it.

A COUNTRY-WOMAN was once asked by a traveler on a public conveyance some questions about a gentleman who lived in the neighborhood that they were passing through. "Oh, Sir," she replied, "he has never done any good since he got a *bank-rope*." The poor woman meant, since he became a *bankrupt*. But there was some propriety in the other expression, for it was really a *bank* which had pulled up the gentleman, and caused his *suspension*.

An old woman who had made a great deal of money by selling whisky was visited when on her death-bed by her minister, to whom she spoke, as is usual on such occasions, about her temporal as well as her spiritual affairs. As to her temporalities, they seemed to be in a very flourishing condition, for she was dying worth a very large sum of money.

"And so, Molly," said the minister, "you tell me that you are worth all that money?"

"Indeed, minister," replied Molly, "I am."

"And you tell me, too," continued the minister, "that you made all that money by filling the noggin?"

"Na, na, minister," said the dying woman, "I didna tell you *that*. I made the maist of it by *not* filling the noggin."

In former times (whatever may be the case at present) Presbyterian congregations in the north of Ireland were not in general very liberal in their payments to their ministers. In one of these congregations there was a well-to-do farmer, who cultivated several acres of ground, and was the owner of numerous flocks and herds. This man was in the habit of contributing two-and-sixpence a year toward the support of his church, and even this small sum he paid with a grudge. One year, when he was asked for it, he growled as usual, and finished by saying, "*This preachin' ought to be unco guid, for it's unco dear.*"

Nor were even the small sums that were promised always paid. An annual stipend of less than two-and-sixpence has been known to be twelve years in arrear, and the following entry occurs in the diary of one of the ministers of those days: "Settled with the treasurer of my congregation for my annual stipend. Amount under ten pounds. Providence has cast my lot among a peculiar people: *they promised me little, and they pay me less.*"

And yet in some congregations the contributions, though individually small, were collective-

ly not inconsiderable; for, in the times we speak of, many of the Presbyterian congregations in Ulster were exceedingly large, consisting sometimes of nearly a thousand families. An elder from one of these large congregations, being asked at a meeting of Presbytery if there were many hearers in his congregation, replied, "*Hearers! it is just crawlin' wi' hearers.*"

A GENTLEMAN "wants to know, you know," who is the author of the following neat epigram. It is supposed to have been written by one of the Italian writers of the fifteenth or sixteenth century:

#### CUPID CRYING.

Why is Cupid crying so?

Because his jealous mother beat him.

What for? For giving up his bow

To Celia, who contrived to cheat him.

The child! I could not have believed

He'd give his weapons to another.

He would not, but he was deceived;

She smiled; he thought it was his mother.

EDMUND YATES tells us of a good story going about in London, which may be interesting to purists of pronunciation:

"How do you do, Mr. Gilbert?" said Mr. X—to one who is very particular as to the breathings of his name.

"Pardon me," replied Mr. Gilbert, "not Gilbert, but Jilbert; soft, like the 'g' in 'gentleman.'"

"Dear me," replied X—"I thought you pronounced it hard, like the 'g' in 'blackguard!'"

Mr. Gilbert collapsed, and left, for he felt that he had been hardly used.

#### HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY,

AS DELIVERED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, JEDDO,  
BY CHIN-YOW.

MAKE lib—no makee? Dat b'long-a what t'ing speakee!  
More largee heartee fashion/maskee all t'ings  
Foong-soo-ee pigeon, numba'-one bad, belongee;  
Or makee hobbery 'long that plenty t'ouble,  
So fashion fightee, spile 'em?—Die—All same sleep!  
He no more got; so, sleep, can say, he stop  
That heart too-muchee sick, that more ten-hunder  
Pum-pum fashion shakee all mans. That wind-up  
Joss-pigeon fashion wantchee. Die—All same sleep—  
All same sleep? Now s'pose he hab got d'eam,  
That fashion sleep! Hi-yah, there hab got stuckee!  
What fashion d'eam can catchee in that sleep,  
That teem hab knockee off all fashion pigeon,  
Makee man-man. That b'longee why  
All bad Foong-soo-ee so long stop this si'.  
Who man would maskee that too-muchee t'ouble—  
That Iitchman bust he snoot—that Democlat  
All teem sing out, "Dam Cheenaman!" then kickee—  
That sick 'cause no can catchee girlee—Che-hsien  
fool-time—  
That p'leechman knock he head, 'cause no got dolla'—  
That bad t'ing rascal speak-a all bah-goos mans—  
When who man he can make he die he own self  
S'pose hab got chop-stick?

Who man be like coolie,  
Make glunt, make sweat, 'cause Frisco-fashion livee;  
No catch White Dragon, chop-chop go back Cheena;  
S'pose he no got insi' what t'ing make fear—  
All same one countly hab catch plenty coolie  
Workee all up, nebba pay back one piecie—  
Make he t'ink no t'ink—make he stop he own si',  
No lun chop-chop catchee what he no sabbee?  
So fashion, t'ink-so make-a-flaid all piecie;  
So fashion, st'long man's heartee no more led got—  
Catchee all white—all-same-a dead man facee;  
So fashion, all t'ing blong-a numba'-one pigeon  
He 'come like chow-chow water—no lun 'fopa';  
No man can callee pigeon.

Talkee small!

Too-muchee handsome, 'Pheely! Missee, you  
Joss-pigeon speakee my si'."



# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCXCVI.—JANUARY, 1875.—Vol. L.

## THE CHILDREN'S NIGHT.



"TELL ME, CINDERELLA," SHE CRIED,  
"SHALL I WEAR GLASS SHOES, AND BE PRINCE'S BRIDE?"

My Liebling's trustful prayers were said,  
She lay at peace in her guileless bed,  
As Christmas-eve, like a dream, came down,  
And lights peeped out in the distant town.

The deep'ning sky, as the day grew dim,  
Blossomed with stars from rim to rim,  
And past my window, narrow and brown,  
The lone road fled to the lighted town.

I sat alone by the fire and sewed;  
My happy heart like the embers glowed:  
Ah, mothers can guess what fancies rose,  
And slid with my needle in Liebling's clothes.

Was that a sigh of the wind grown still,  
So softly breathed between door and sill?  
Was it a step on the entry floor?  
Nay, for at night-fall I barred the door.

I smiled, yet my startled heart beat high;  
To cheer it I crooned a lullaby;  
Again, like a child's light step, that sound.  
"Liebling?" I murmured, and turned around.

Oh, was it angel or mortal child,  
With gaze so joyous and mien so mild,  
Who stood one moment close to my chair,  
Then flitted on to the chamber stair?

"Oh, wake, dear Liebling!" I heard her call;  
'It's time to dress for the children's ball.  
'Run, Cinderella,' they said; 'be quick!  
Let's hear those little glass slippers click

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by Harper and Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

VOL. L.—No. 296.—11



" 'Like chirping birds on the sparkling snow;  
Oh, run, run, run! and let Liebling know,  
With music and dance and flowers and light,  
We're coming to keep the Children's Night.'

"Make haste, dear Liebling, they'll soon be here;  
For though I ran like the hunted deer,  
The wind has harnessed his fleetest span,  
And they're coming fast as ever they can."

She paused and listened, and overhead  
I caught the swiftest, airiest tread;  
And then, like St. Agnes, hushed and sweet,  
Her golden tresses loosed to her feet,

Perfect as life, and silent as death,  
As one in a muse too deep for breath,

I saw my beautiful Liebling stand,  
One stocking hung from her dimpled hand.

Soft bosom and arm and pearl-white side  
Shone where her night-dress parted wide.  
Cinderella kissed the rose-leaf cheek,  
And the parted lips that they might speak,

And the lidded eyes that they might see;  
Then Liebling laughed, and the laugh was glee;  
And "Tell me, Cinderella," she cried,  
"Shall I wear glass shoes, and be Prince's bride?"

In wonder I saw my cottage walls  
Tremble, and change into palace halls,  
Where fountains plashed, and pillared spaces  
Bloomed with beauty of children's faces;

Children's voices through windy hushes  
Swelled like the garden song of thrushes;  
To hear them laugh and to hear them sing  
Was like a thousand robins in spring.

My own little Liebling, like the rest,  
As gayly played, was as brightly dressed,  
In dainty robes as were ever planned  
By the head modiste of Fairy-land.

They were cloth-of-rainbow, finely spun  
Of twisted strands of the rain and sun,  
And deftly fashioned with tender care  
To leave their motions as free as air.

In long bright rooms, on the marble stair,  
There were children—children every where.  
In balconies framed of silver rails  
They bent bright heads over fairy tales.



"FOR THEN MY BLESSED CHILDREN CAME 'IN LONG BRIGHT SLANTING ROWS.'"





"WHEN OUT OF THE PAIL SHE SAW THEM LEAP,  
EACH TO ITS OWN PARTICULAR SHEEP."

Lightly with wonderful toys they played,  
And rolled gay hoops in the colonnade;  
The air, as they flocked in merry games,  
Was a silver babble of children's names.

Some ran to the banquet-hall and brought  
Sweetmeats and nuts, which the squirrels caught  
And munched, with a nod and grateful squeak,  
For "thanks" in the tongue the squirrels speak.

Some fled with their dimpled fingers full  
Of the trailing threads of tinted wool,  
Then swarmed together in blithest laughter  
To see the kittens scampering after.

Some made pink cups of their hands and fed  
The birds with crumbles of sugared bread.  
The little ones, couched in eider-down,  
With each a doll for her very own,

Like buds in a morning-culled bouquet,  
Clustering, gazed on the rare display  
Of sash and tunic and jaunty hat,  
Heaped where Little Doll's Dress-maker sat,

Herself and her ivory bench and chair  
Veiled in the "golden bower" of her hair;  
Thence peeped she oft'en with smiles that stole  
Like sunbeams into each baby soul.

"From daintiest patterns to be had  
Shall each little darling's doll be clad,"  
She said, as her scissors flashed and snipped,  
And through soft meshes her needle slipped.

And while they waited, and while she wrought,  
The tender shining of some sweet thought  
Gilded her quaint little face, and then,  
Softly as brooks sing, sang Jenny Wren.

#### SONG OF LITTLE DOLL'S DRESS-MAKER.

Ah! when I was a child, at night  
Pain kept me oft awake,  
But I forgot it in desire  
To see the morning break.

For then my blessed children came  
"In long bright slanting rows,"

With wheels of light above their heads,  
And light all through their clothes.

I used to dress my little dolls  
Like belles I saw at night  
Flash from the steps of their carriage  
Into the doorways bright.

But I could never fashion robes  
Of that strange beamy white,  
And though I tried, could never make  
Those wondrous wheels of light.

Down, down, through the golden weather  
They bent like silver grain,  
Saying, softly, all together,  
"Oh, who is this in pain?"

And when I told them, they answered,  
"Come, play with us!" and came  
So close I felt a strange delight  
Fill all my feeble frame.

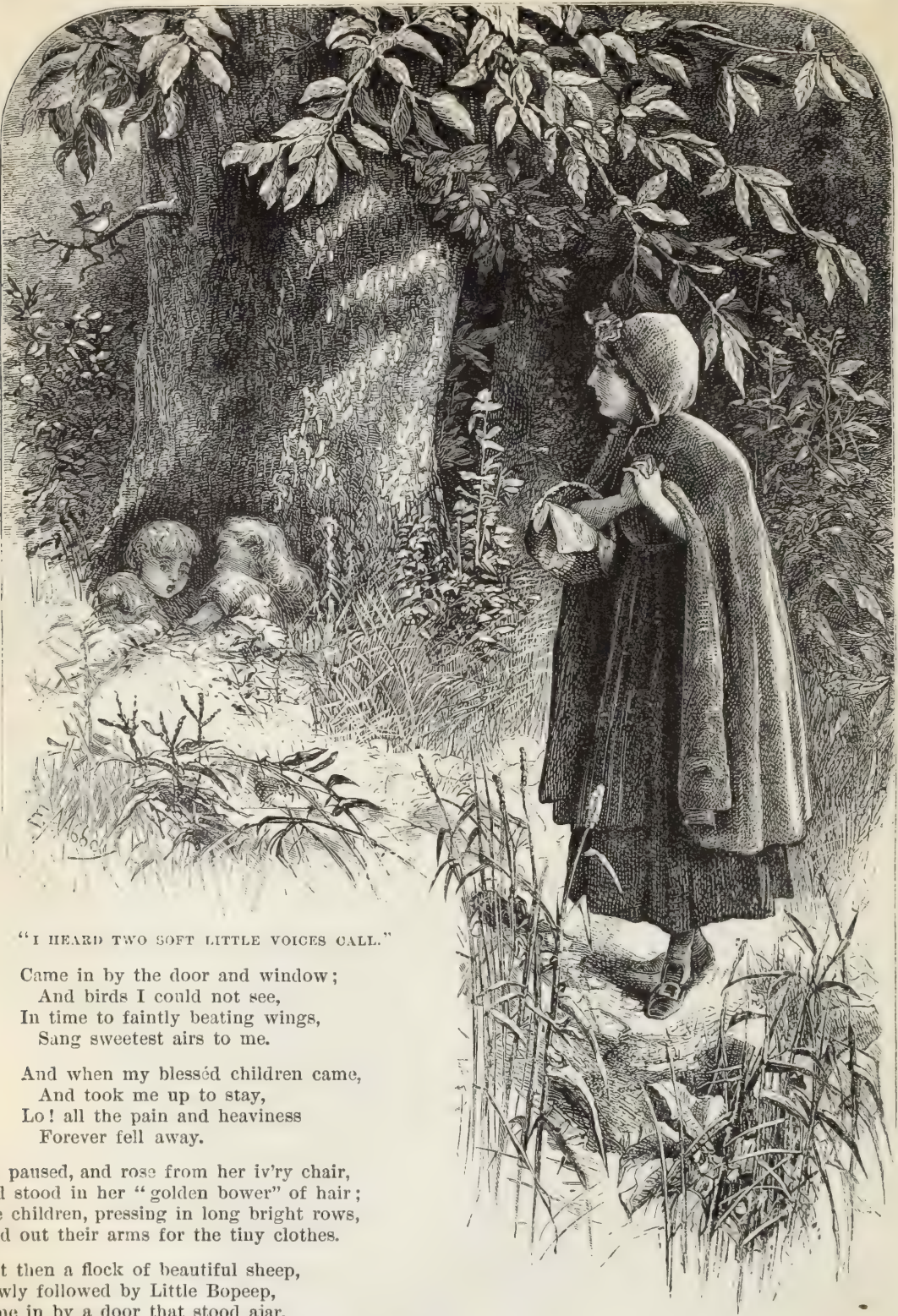
They looked at one another  
When I cried, "I can not play!"  
With glimmer of their lily hands  
Folded my work away,

And swept about me, and drew me  
Into their bosoms bright,  
Till their gentle warmth passed through me,  
And oh, "it made me light!"

And when my children laid me down,  
The old familiar pain,  
The crutch, the care, the heaviness,  
I took them all again.

But oh, the smell of "miles of flowers,"  
Where flowers never grew:  
The tender cool of summer showers,  
The scent of woodland dew,





"I HEARD TWO SOFT LITTLE VOICES CALL."

Came in by the door and window;  
And birds I could not see,  
In time to faintly beating wings,  
Sang sweetest airs to me.

And when my blessed children came,  
And took me up to stay,  
Lo! all the pain and heaviness  
Forever fell away.

She paused, and rose from her iv'ry chair,  
And stood in her "golden bower" of hair;  
The children, pressing in long bright rows,  
Held out their arms for the tiny clothes.

Just then a flock of beautiful sheep,  
Slowly followed by Little Bopeep,  
Came in by a door that stood ajar.  
"Where, where are our tails?" they cried. "Ba-a!"

With vine and brier and water-cress  
Dear Little Bopeep had fringed her dress;  
Far she had raced over hills and dales  
To find her poor sheep's beautiful tails.

She had spied them hanging o'er a brook,  
Had pulled them down with her little crook;  
Ten lovely tails of the whitest wool,  
They crowded her crimson apron full.

"I can not make them stay on," she sighed;  
"I think they must have been too much dried."  
Then bleated the sheep, and poor Bopeep  
Dropped all their tails and began to weep.

Now it happened that each little tail  
Fell with her tears in a golden pail;  
And Bopeep's tears, like the bill-side dew,  
Curled them all up again good as new.

When out of the pail she saw them leap,  
Each to its own particular sheep,  
And fasten themselves, quite snug and true,  
Exactly where they formerly grew,

Oh, merrily laughed our shepherdess,  
And wiped her sweet eyes, and smoothed her dress,  
While those sly sheep, concealing surprise,  
Furtively tried their tails, and looked wise.





"INTO THE PALACE PARLOR THEY STEPPED; HER HAND IN HIS PAW OLD BRUIN KEPT."

Robin, with strawberry leaves in his bill,  
Gravely looked on from a window-sill,  
Then sang, as touchingly as he could,  
"Where are the babes, poor Babes in the Wood?"

"I know!" cried Little Red Riding-hood,  
Trembling with eagerness where she stood;  
"They sobbed and sighed and bitterly cried,  
Poor little things! but they never died."

"It happened to-day, when on my way  
To Grandma's cot in the forest gray,  
Where-fairy hammocks of cobweb shine  
Over the meadows of eglantine,

"Out of the sedges, tufty and tall,  
I heard two soft little voices call—  
Faintly, poor darlings, for lack of food—  
'Don't you 'member poor Babes in the Wood?'"

"Oh, quickly I gave them Grandma's lunch—  
Ripe, purple grapes in a juicy bunch,  
And nice white slices of flaky bread,  
With honey of clover thickly spread.

"Then I brought them in, and here they are,  
And no more dead than the morning-star."  
She oped the skirt of her riding-hood,  
And there those dear little cherubs stood.

"'Twas I," said Robin, tossing his head,  
"'Brought strawberry leaves, and over them spread.'"  
"Leaves! But what did you do with the berries,  
You that can dine all day on cherries?"

Now when Red Riding-hood asked him that,  
Poor Robin blushed and looked for his hat,  
But suddenly chirped, "Guess what I see,  
In plume and glitter all cap-a-pie?"

"Oh, good!" cried the girls; "here come the boys!"  
In they came trooping, with gleeful noise  
Of drum and trumpet and shrill halloo,  
Just as dear little boys love to do.

"Hurrah!" they cried, "for our Cornishman,  
Who killed the wicked old Cormoran,  
Two-headed Thundel, and Blunderbore,  
And ever so many giants more!"

Jack showed them the cap that made him wise,  
The coat that hid him from giants' eyes,  
His sword that would cut the toughest things,  
The shoes of swiftness that gave him wings.

Then, little Aladdin rubbing his lamp,  
The children peeped into caverns damp,  
Where tinkling showers of gems untold  
Poured into rivers of liquid gold,



And precious stones of every clime  
Sparkled like eyes in the gliding slime,  
And fountains bubbled from crystal wells,  
And trees bore blossoms of pearly shells.

They saw far down how the hardy gnomes  
Delve in the heart of their fiery homes.  
Beautiful horses, with gentlest neigh,  
Coal-black, cream-colored, white, and bay,

Shook their gay trappings and pawed the ground,  
While delicate wood-nymphs, daisy-crowned,  
Mounted, and sounding sweet Echo's horn,  
Sped to the chase by the tasseled corn.

Ay, from the Dish that ran after the Spoon,  
To the Cow that jumped over the Moon,  
The Genii of the Lamp and Ring,  
They showed the dear children every thing.

Jack's cousin, Jack of the famous Stalk,  
Hearing the glee of laughter and talk,  
Ran down his green ladder with the Hen  
That laid the Gold Eggs for gentlemen.

The little girls made a nest of fleece,  
And while she laid them an egg apiece,  
Jack, rumpling his hair, to look more bold,  
Such tales of delightful terror told;

And one, that every good child believes,  
Of Ali Baba and Forty Thieves;  
And one no child can doubt in the least,  
Of darling Beauty and her kind Beast.

And when he had done the children saw,  
Her fair hand clasped in old Bruin's paw,  
The loveliest maiden ever seen  
Drive up in the coach of their Fairy Queen.

Into the palace parlor they stepped;  
Her hand in his paw old Bruin kept.  
"We're late," she said, "but dear Beast felt ill,  
And waited to take a dragon-pill.

"So pray don't mind his looking yellow,  
Poor Beast, for he's a noble fellow."  
Kindly the children replied, but gazed,  
A little frightened and much amazed.

Beast took a rose from his grizzly vest,  
Kissed it, and laid it in Beauty's breast.  
"I freely give back the price of life:  
Farewell, since you can not be my wife,"

He said, and leaned on his paw and sighed.  
"Just like the story!" the children cried.  
When Beauty asked them what she should do,  
They all cried, "I would, if I were you!"

She laughed, and turning, she kissed him quick:  
Down fell the bear-skin in wrinkles thick!  
And forth stepped, splendidly dressed and tall,  
The handsomest fellow at the ball.

Then some one slyly called for King Cole,  
With his fiddlers three and his pipe and bowl;  
The court musicians, taking the hint,  
All began tuning with eyes askint.

The Prince came blithely to Liebling's side.  
Quoth he, "Cinderella is our bride;  
But"—and he smiled like a prince upon her—  
"Liebling is chosen first Maid of Honor,

"And all the court chamberlains have said  
The Prince shall lead the dance with that maid."  
And away the Prince with Liebling stepped;  
The rest in circles around them swept.



"SHE WAVED HER WAND."





THE SHADOW DANCE.

As the court musicians softly played,  
As wide and wider the circles swayed,  
And sweeter the silver cymbals rung,  
The Prince made sign, and the Princess sung.

## CINDERELLA'S SONG.

Once there were three sisters;  
They were very wise and fair;  
They kept their hands like lilies,  
And powdered off their hair.

One winter's night the sisters  
Loudly began to call,  
"Oh, hurry, Cinderella,  
And dress us for the ball."

Poor Cinder's hair was lying  
Thick in a golden curl;

Her sisters pulled it, crying,  
"Ugh! what an ugly girl!"

She drew the lacings tighter;  
She draped the lovely shawl;  
She rubbed the jewels brighter;  
She sweetly served them all.

Then came the Prince's carriage;  
Away the sisters rolled.  
"Dear me!" sighed little Cinder,  
"How dark it is, and cold!"

She raked the lifeless ashes,  
She saved the bits of coal,  
Tears on her golden lashes,  
And longing in her soul.

"My stars and silver garters!"  
Cried a glad voice and sweet.  
In whirled a queer old woman  
Out of the windy street.

She waved her wand, and Cinder,  
Dressed in a robe of green,  
Sat in a pumpkin carriage  
Fit for a royal queen.

Her blue eyes shone like dew-drops;  
Her lovely golden curls  
Danced on her pretty shoulders;  
Her throat was clasped with pearls.

"O joy! what joy!" cried Cinder.  
The dame said, "Kiss me, sweet,"  
And drew such tiny slippers  
Of glass on Cinder's feet.



Six white mice in fairy's trice  
Six milk-white steeds became.  
"If the Prince has eyes he'll lose  
His heart," said little Dame.

"I did!" cried the Prince; and off he rushed,  
And kissed his bride till she finely blushed;  
While Liebbling, panting in dance-delight,  
Still stepped the measure with all her might.

"Oh, look!" cried Liebbling; and lo! the floor  
Changed in their midst to a dewy moor;  
And there, with her brown feet bare and wet,  
Sang and danced little Fanchon Fadet.

#### THE SHADOW-DANCE SONG.

I dance in the pleasant meadow,  
In the fresh and waving grass,  
And the arms of my own Shadow  
Clasp me lightly as I pass.

They tell me I am so ugly  
No peasant will dance with me;  
That I'm too bold and naughty.  
I know not if it be.

But my Shadow's not so haughty;  
The moor is a ball-room free;  
All day, all night, my heart is light,  
For the good God loveth me.

We trip it so well together,  
My still brown Shadow and I,  
That up from the sweet wild heather  
The bees and the birdlings fly.

Oh, nearer and nearer coming,  
They hum and twitter and wheel:  
"Zit-zee!" laugh the bees, low humming;  
"Twit-twee! what a jolly reel!"

Skip, skip! comes Monsieur Grasshopper;  
Hop! comes dear little Cricket;  
Only tricky Will-o'-the-wisp  
Hides his lamp in the thicket.

Ever my Shadow awakes me  
When the day is scarce begun;  
Close, close, round my waist he takes me:  
"Come out," he cries, "in the sun—"

"Come out to our dance in the sun,  
The dew is lingering yet;  
Are you ugly or fair, all's one  
To me, my Fanchon Fadet."

So my Shadow and I we kiss,  
In our veil of flying hair,  
Or we dance or we float like this—  
He follows me every where.

She ceased, and out of the vanished moor  
Sprang like a fawn to the marble floor.  
She fled, and the laughing children chased;  
She laughed, in their eager arms embraced.

Then swiftly, mistily stealing o'er,  
A silver sheen enameled the floor;  
The same glad magic that instant put  
A glittering skate on each nimble foot.

"Ha! ha! what fun! Oh, isn't it nice!"  
They called, as they skimmed the gleaming ice.  
"A race! a race!" and one little girl  
Shot swiftly out of the airy whirl.

Away o'er the ice, so clear and blue,  
Like a blithesome bird, that maiden flew;

Her scarlet kirtle and snooded hair,  
Like plumage, gleamed in the frosty air.

Once, twice, and thrice, and the race was done,  
And twice had the scarlet kirtle won.  
"Bravo! bravo! but who can it be?"  
"My skates shall answer you," murmured she.

She poised; then, leaning with flexile grace,  
In curves, like meshes of dainty lace,  
Wrote with her skates, as they flocked to see,  
Three radiant letters—M. M. D.!

"Welcome!" they cried, in a ringing tone;  
"It's darling Gretel! we might have known."  
"Hark! what is that?" she whispered; and lo!  
The ice had vanished, and to and fro,

Gliding their flowering banks between,  
The beautiful leaping waves were seen  
To softly circle a fair green isle  
That basked in the summer's golden smile.

And there, with whisper and foam and swirl,  
They parted in winding steps of pearl.  
A lovely child on that winding stair  
Sat gathering lilies for her hair.

One hand through her glistening tresses slipped,  
And one in the gliding wave she dipped.  
The reeds kissed over her dimpling knee  
As she warbled a song of the sea.

#### UNDINE'S SONG.

All in the rosy-  
Red morning hours  
They bade me to climb  
The coral towers.  
"Alight," said they,  
"On yon bank of flowers.  
Here are the rings  
For your bridal wrought—  
This for the bridegroom,  
And this for you;  
For gems like these must  
That cave be sought  
That lieth deepest  
In ocean's blue.  
Farewell, fisherman's  
Lowly daughter;  
Farewell, Sir Huldbrand's  
Beautiful bride;  
Never more may you  
Roam the water—  
A castle's lady,  
A husband's pride.  
The wave will obey  
Your light control,  
But you will be changed—  
Will have a soul!"  
I listened; I laughed;  
I lightly sighed.  
"And what is it like  
To be a bride?  
And what is a soul?"  
I gayly cried.  
But only "Farewell!"  
The wave replied.

The children called her. Gayly after,  
In sweet roudade, came Undine's laughter.  
She lifted her hands; a fairy bow  
From her rosy fingers seemed to grow;

Then lightly, with twinkling feet, o'eran  
Its tremulous, soft, seven-tinted span;  
Leaped from vanishing arch and water  
Just as the eager children caught her.



"Dear Undine, say, is it nice to be  
The little Crown Princess of the sea?"  
They paused, and clustering close, they gazed,  
With beating hearts and sweet looks upraised.

Above them swelled a menacing sound,  
As of hoofs that tramped on hollow ground;  
Oh, strange was that gallop in the air,  
For they saw not horse nor rider there!

But Undine gazed at them archly grave.  
"You must know," she said, "that to the Wave,  
From Zephyr's whisper to Tempest-tone,  
The subtlest secret of Air is known.

"By viewless steeds, when the air is pawed,  
We know that Elf-land rideth abroad;  
Some child has escaped their evil power,  
And will be with us this very hour."

With many a gleaming swoop and wheel  
The doves flew down from the snowy ceil.  
They seemed to know dear Undine, and sung  
Something to her in an unknown tongue.

## THE DOVE'S SONG.

Not frae the summer cloud,  
And not frae the sea,  
See we thy winsome guests  
Hastening to thee.  
Far down the dark glen—nay,  
It is na the same,  
"Where late in the gloamin'  
Kilmeny came hame."



"ALL IN THE ROSY-RED MORNING HOURS."

She touched them with soft and loving hand.  
"Yes, but the children can't understand,  
Dear Doves," she said; "they have never heard  
That you are truly the children's bird.

"Dear children, the little doves can hear  
Farther than any with mortal ear;  
They have seen the Elves, and they have heard—  
But listen; I'll tell you every word."

Yet bonny Kilmeny,  
Sae pure and sae calm,  
She leads little Alice,  
To shield her frae harm.  
O'er heather of Eildon,  
Sae purple and sweet,  
We can hear the faint fa'  
O' their lissome feet.  
Ye ken the sad story,  
As auld as the day  
True Thomas the Rhymer  
Was elved away;  
How lost Alice Learmont,





"AND TOWARD THEM RUSHING, WITH BRISTLING MANE, CAME A HUNGRY LION, LEAN AND WILD."

Of far Ercildoun,  
Lay under the fir-trees,  
'Twixt starlight and dawn,  
In her fond mother's arms,  
In an elfin swoon.  
How that mother embraced  
Beast, serpent, and flame,  
Yet held fast her darling,  
In God's holy name,  
Till, the elf charm passing,  
Her child in the morn  
Lay pure on her bosom  
As when she was born.  
Hark! festal bells ringing,  
So faintly, so clear;  
Ah, whom are ye bringing,  
So lovely, so dear!  
While festal doors, swinging,  
Seem sighing, "Here! here!"

The air grew sweet with bloom of heather,  
And there, like lilies, leaned together  
Bonny Kilmeny, with "een sae mild,"  
And Alice, the love-saved elfin-child.

Sweet was their gentle welcome, and oft  
Their lips were greeted in kisses soft.  
"Supper must be 'most ready, I think;  
Just hear how the spoons and glasses clink!"

They said, and turned to the banquet-hall,  
When a dreadful roar dismayed them all.  
Before them opened a forest lane,  
And toward them rushing, with bristling mane,

Came a hungry lion, lean and wild,  
And on him rode a beautiful child.  
"Fear not," said Kilmeny. O'er the sill  
The monster plunged with a hungry will.

And yet not one little heart did quake;  
All trusted the word Kilmeny spake.  
The lion leaped to Kilmeny's side;  
He gazed on her, and his fury died.

He knelt, for he could no longer stand,  
"And cowered aneath her lily hand."  
She held her arms to the little one,  
Who sat so calm on her dangerous throne.

The little one naively raised her head:  
"Me velly, velly hungry," she said;  
And down by the lion's shaggy lock  
Slid in one shoe and a ragged frock.

Her bosom nestled a dewy rose  
That made her tatters seem lovely clothes;  
The soft pearl ring that little one wore  
With love-light covered her o'er and o'er.



Wondering whence the little one came,  
They gathered around and asked her name.  
In her tiny hands she tossed a wreath,  
And thus she sang as she danced beneath.

BETSINDA'S SONG.

Little lion was my brudder,  
Great big lioness my mudder;  
Neber heard of any udder;  
But I can dance and I can sing;  
I dot a wed wose and pearly wing,  
And I can do all sorts of ting.  
Dere, dat's all, 'n I'm glad me's done;  
P'ease dive a dood dirl nice plum bun.

"It's little Betsinda," they cried; "ha! ha!  
Welcome, little Highness of Crim-Tar—"

That moment, with swift and noiseless slide,  
The doors of the banquet-hall rolled wide.

With snowy linen and sweet white bread  
And fruits and flowers were the tables spread.  
Curds and whey and a silken tuffet  
Were specially placed for little Miss Muffet.

A Christmas plum-pie at one corner  
Waited the thumb of little Jack Horner.  
The dining chairs were of down and silk.  
A slender fountain of sweet new milk

Rose from the centre, and curving, poured  
Its foamy streams in each carven gourd.  
When all the children were seated there,  
The lion came to Kilmeny's chair.



"GOD BLESS OUR HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN!"



Oh, how the children laughed when they saw  
The lion supping with spoon and paw!  
"Oh, see!" sang little Betsinda—"see!"  
And lo! a wonderful Christmas-tree

Rose from the floor with a rustling noise,  
Its green arms fringed with candles and toys.  
With ringing hoof and jing-jing-jingle,  
In reindeer sleigh, came good Kris Kringle.

Out hopped he, in cap and jacket white:  
"Hurrah! ha! ha! for the Children's Night!  
A merry Christmas, my pets!" cried he,  
And followed his cap to the top of the tree.

"Hurrah! ha! ha! what under the sun!  
Why, here are presents for every one!  
A cymar of lilies, white and chaste,  
For bonny Kilmeny's slender waist.

"For little Undine a soul is sent,  
Full of all gladness and sweet content.  
For little Fanchon, so brave and true,  
This fadeless necklace of drops of dew.

"These silver skates for Gretel the good;  
For darling Beauty, an azure snood;  
For Cinderella, a crystal-muff;  
For the Prince, he has *her*—and that's enough.

"For Alice Learmont, a spotless dove,  
And the memory of a mother's love;  
For little Betsinda, another shoe;  
Perhaps she can dance as well in two.

"For little Liebling, in cloth of gold,  
A wonderful book, in which is told—  
But locked, my dears, till the morrow's light—  
The history of the Children's Night.

"And now, my pets, for the mirror-show;  
I'm master of magic, as you know;  
My mirror is small, but deep and clear;  
I promise you'll see strange things appear."

They gazed, and far in the mirror grew  
The vision of one whose life was true,  
By his noble air, the simple grace  
That beamed from his care-worn, gentle face.

He speaks, for a darling on his breast  
Looks up listening, is closer pressed;

While upturned listening children's faces  
Girdle his knees with tender graces.

On a white rose that touches the sill  
The loveliest rose-elf rocks at will;  
And from chair to key-hole skips and floats  
The red-capped Nis, with his bowl of groats.

And dimly veiled in her long bright hair,  
The sea-maiden leans on the speaker's chair;  
Poor maid, with the gaze of cooing dove,  
So happy in being dumb for love!

The children gazed in a breathless pause.  
"Do you know him?" whispered Santa Claus.  
"Ah, do we know him! dearest of men!  
God bless our Hans Christian Andersen!

"The children's own friend!" they cried. "Amen!"  
Said Santa, low and devoutly. Then  
Over the vision's sweet face there came  
The smile as of one who hears his name

Breathed in a blessing truly his own;  
And the children heard, in loving tone,  
Those sweetest words to little ones given—  
For of such is the kingdom of Heaven.

Listening, they saw the bright vision pass,  
And Santa Claus shut the magic glass,  
Then with his little finger lock it,  
And stow it deep in his fur pocket.

"Now for our ride o'er the star-lit snow;  
Stretch, little sleigh, and away we'll go."  
At that the sleigh grew long as a car,  
With lanterns that twinkled clear and far.

The reindeer were decked with tiny chimes  
That cheerly tinkled, "Good times! good times!"  
He lifted them in, and far away  
The children rode in Kris Kringle's sleigh.

\* \* \* \* \*  
'Twas late when I stole up stairs and hid  
The wonder-book in her coverlid,  
And with simple gifts her stockings filled,  
My Liebling, loving and gentle-willed.

As morn drew nigh, with its lighter rest,  
I heard a rustle in Liebling's nest;  
Yet dreaming, she clasped her book and smiled.  
"God give thee merry Christmas, my child!"





THE ANCIENT CITY.  
IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.



THE OLD HOUSE BALCONY.

"The tide comes in; the birds fly low,  
As if to catch our speech:  
Ah, Destiny! why must we ever go  
Away from the Florida Beach?"

AUNT DIANA declared that I must go with her back to the hotel, and I in my turn declared that if I went Sara must accompany me; so it ended in our taking the key of the house from the sleepy Sabre-boy and all three going back together through the moon-lighted street across the plaza to the hotel. Although it was approaching midnight, the Ancient City had yet no thought of sleep. Its idle inhabitants believed in taking the best of life, and so on moonlight nights they roamed about, two and two, or leaned over their balconies chatting with friends across the way in an easy-going, irregular fashion, which would have distracted an orthodox New England village, where the lights are out at ten o'clock, or they know the reason why. When near the hotel we saw John Hoffman coming from the Basin.

"We had better tell him," I suggested.

"Oh no," said Aunt Di, holding me back.

"But we must have somebody with us if we are going any farther to-night, aunt, and he is the best person.—Mr. Hoffman, did you enjoy the sail?"

"I did not go," answered John, looking somewhat surprised to see us confronting him at that hour, like the three witches of *Macbeth*. Aunt Di was disheveled, and so was I, while Sara's golden hair was tumbling about her shoulders under the hat she had hastily tied on.

"Have you been out all the evening?" asked Aunt Di, suspiciously.

"I went to my room an hour ago, but the night was so beautiful I slipped down the back stairs, so as to not disturb the household, and came out again to walk on the sea-wall."

"Sara did hear him go up to his room: she knows his step, then," I thought. But I could not stop to ponder over this discovery. "Mr. Hoffman," I said, "you find us in some perplexity. Miss Carew is out loitering somewhere in the moonlight, and, like the heedless child she is, has forgotten the hour. We are looking for her, but have no idea where she has gone."

"Probably the demi-lune," suggested John. Then, catching the ominous expression of Aunt Diana's face, he added, "They have all gone out to the Rose Garden by moonlight. I think."

"All?"

"Miss Sharp and the Professor."



ALL THREE OF US. "Miss Sharp and the Professor?"

JOHN (*carelessly*). "The Captain too, of course."

ALL THREE OF US. "The Captain too, of course!"

JOHN. "Suppose we stroll out that way and join them?"

MYSELF. "The very thing—it is such a lovely evening!" Then to Aunt Di, under my breath, "You see, it is only one of Iris's wild escapades, aunt; we must make light of it as a child's freak. We had better stroll out that way, and all walk back together, as though it was a matter of course."

AUNT DI. "Miss Sharp and the Professor!"

SARA. "What a madcap freak!"

AUNT DI. "Not at all, not at all, Miss St. John. I am at a loss to know what you mean by madcap. My niece is simply taking a moonlight walk in company with her governess and Professor Macquoid, one of the most distinguished scientific men in the country, as I presume you are aware."

Brave Aunt Di! The first stupor over, how she rallied like a Trojan to the fight!

We went out narrow little Charlotte Street—the business avenue of the town.

"A few years ago there was not a sign in St. Augustine," said John. "People kept a few things for sale in a room on the ground-floor of their dwellings, and you must find them out as best you could. They seemed to consider it a favor that they allowed you to come in and buy. They tolerated you, nothing more."

"It is beyond any thing, their ideas of business," said Aunt Diana. "The other day we went into one of the shops to look at some palmetto hats. The mistress sat in a rocking-chair slowly fanning herself. 'We wish to look at some hats,' I said. 'There they are,' she replied, pointing toward the table. She did not rise, but continued rocking and fanning with an air that said, 'Yes, I sell hats, but under protest, mind you.' After an unaided search I found a hat which might have suited me with a slight alteration—five minutes' work, perhaps. I mentioned what changes I desired, but the mistress interrupted me with, 'We never alter trimmings.' 'But this will not take five minutes,' I began; 'just take your scissors and—' 'Oh, I never do the work *myself*,' replied Majestic, breaking in again with a languid smile; 'and really I do not know of any one who could do it at present. Now you Northern ladies are different, I suppose.' 'I should think we were,' I said, laying down the hat and walking out of the little six-by-nine parlor."

"I wonder if the people still cherish any dislike against the Northerners?" I said, when Aunt Di had finished her story with a general complaint against the manners of

her own sex when they undertake to keep shop, North or South.

"Some of the Minorcans do, I think," said John; "and many of the people regret the incursion of rich winter residents, who buy up the land for their grand mansions, raise the prices of every thing, and eventually will crowd all the poorer houses beyond the gates. But there are very few of the old leading families left here now. The *ancien régime* has passed away, the new order of things is distasteful to them, and they have gone, never to return."

Turning into St. George Street, we found at the northern end of the town the old City Gates, the most picturesque ruin of picturesque St. Augustine. The two pillars are moresque, surmounted by a carved pomegranate, and attached are portions of the wall, which, together with an outer ditch, once extended from the Castle of San Marco, a short distance to the east, across the peninsula to the San Sebastian, on the west, thus fortifying the town against all approaches by land. The position of St. Augustine is almost insular. Tide-water sweeps up around and behind it, and to this and the ever-present sea-breeze must be attributed the wonderful health of the town, which not only exists, but is pre-eminent, in spite of a neglect of sanitary regulations which would not be endured one day in the villages of the North.

Passing through the old gateway, we came out upon the Shell Road, the grand boulevard of the future, as yet but a few yards in length.

"They make about ten feet a year," said John; "and when they are at work, all I can say unto you is, 'Beware!' You suppose it is a load of empty shells they are throwing down; but no. Have they time, forsooth, to take out the oysters, these hard-pressed workmen of St. Augustine? By no means; and so down they go, oysters and all, and the road makes known its extension on the evening breezes."

The soft moonlight lay on the green waste beyond the gates, lighting up the North River and its silver sand-hills. The old fort loomed up dark and frowning, but the moonlight shone through its ruined turrets, and only the birds of the night kept watch on its desolate battlements. The city lay behind us. It had never dared to stretch much beyond the old gates, and the few people who did live outside were spoken of as very far off—a sort of Bedouins of the desert encamping temporarily on the green. As we went on the moonlight lighted up the white head-stones of a little cemetery on the left side of the road.

"This is one of the disappointing cemeteries that was 'nothing to speak of,' I suppose," said Sara.

"It is the Protestant cemetery," replied



John, "remarkable only for its ugliness and the number of inscriptions telling the same sad story of strangers in a strange land—persons brought here in quest of health from all parts of the country, only to die far away from home."

"Where is the old Huguenot burying-ground?" asked Aunt Di.

"The Huguenots, poor fellows, never had a burying-ground, nor so much even as a burying, as far as I can learn," said Sara.

"But there is one somewhere," pursued Aunt Di. "I have heard it described as a spot of much interest."

"That has been a standing item for years in all the Florida guide-books," said John, "systematically repeated in the latest editions. They will give up a good deal, but that cherished Huguenot cemetery they must and will retain. The Huguenots, poor fellows, as Miss St. John says, never had a cemetery here, and it is only within comparatively modern times that there has been any Protestant cemetery whatever. Formerly the bodies of all persons not Romanists were sent across to the island for sepulture."

The Shell Road having come to an end, we walked on in the moonlight, now on little grass patches, now in the deep sand, passing a ruined stone wall, all that was left of a pleasant home, destroyed, like many other outlying residences, during the war. The myrtle thickets along the road-side were covered with the clambering curling sprays of the yellow jasmine, the lovely wild flower that brings the spring to Florida. We stopped to gather the wreaths of golden blossoms, and decked ourselves with them, Southern fashion. Every one wears the jasmine. When it first appears every one says, "Have you seen it? It has come!" And out they go to gather it, and bring it home in triumph.

Passing through the odd little wicket, which, with the old-fashioned turnstile, is used in Florida instead of a latched gate, we found ourselves in a green lane bordered at the far end with cedars. Here, down on the North River, was the Rose Garden, now standing with its silent house fast asleep in the moonlight.

"I do not see Iris," said Aunt Diana, anxiously.

"There is somebody over on the other side of the hedge," said Sara.

We looked, and beheld two figures bending down and apparently scratching in the earth with sticks.

"What in the world are they doing?" said Aunt Diana. "They can not be sowing seed in the middle of the night, can they?"

"They look like two ghouls," said Sara, "and one of them has—yes, I am sure one of them has a bone."

"It is Miss Sharp and the Professor," said John.

It was. We streamed over in a body and confronted them. "So interesting!" began Miss Sharp, in explanatory haste. "At various times the fragments of no less than eight skeletons have been discovered here, it seems, and we have been so fortunate as to secure a relic, a valuable Huguenot relic;" and with pride she displayed her bone.

"Of course," said Sara, "a massacre! What did I tell you, Martha, about their arising from the past and glaring at me?"

"Miss Sharp," began Aunt Diana, grimly, "where is Iris?"

"Oh, she is right here, the dear child. Iris! Iris!"

But no Iris appeared.

"I assure you she has not left my side until—until now," said the negligent shepherdess, peering about the shadowy garden. "Iris! Iris!"

"And pray, Miss Sharp, how long may be your 'now?'" demanded Aunt Diana, with cutting emphasis.

This feminine colloquy had taken place at one side. The Professor dug on meanwhile with eager enthusiasm, only stopping to hand John another relic which he had just unearthed.

"Thank you," said John, gravely; "but I could not think of depriving you."

"Oh, I only meant you to hold it a while for me," replied the Professor.

On the front steps leading to the piazza of the sleeping house we found the two delinquents. They rose as we came solemnly up the path.

"Why, Aunt Di, is that you? Who would have thought of your coming out here at this time of night?" began Iris, in her most innocent voice. The Captain stood twirling his blonde mustache with the air of a disinterested outsider.

"Don't make a fuss, Aunt Di," I whispered, warningly, under my breath. "It can't be helped now. Take it easy; it's the only way."

Poor Aunt Di—take it easy! She gave a sort of gulp, and then came up equal to the occasion. "You may well be surprised, my dear," she said, in a brisk tone, "but I have long wished to see the Rose Garden, and by moonlight the effect, of course, is much finer; quite—quite sylph-like, I should say," she continued, looking around at the shadowy bushes. "We were out for a little stroll, Niece Martha, Miss St. John, and myself, and meeting Mr. Hoffman, he mentioned that you were out here, and so we thought we would stroll out and join you. Charming night, Captain?"

The Captain thought it was; and all the dangerous places having been thus nicely coated over, we started homeward. The roses grew in ranks between two high hedges, and blossomed all the year round. They were all asleep now on their stems, the full-



bosomed, creamy beauties, the delicate white sylphs, and the gorgeous crimson sirens; but John woke up a superb souvenir-de-Mal-maison, and fastened it in Iris's dark hair: her hat, as usual, hung on her arm. Aunt Diana felt herself a little comforted; evidently the undoubted Knickerbocker antecedents were not frightened off by this midnight escapade, and Iris certainly looked enchantingly lovely in the moonlight, with her white dress and the rose in her hair. If Mokes were only here, and reconciled too. Happy thought! why should Mokes know? Aunt Diana was a skillful general: Mokes never knew.

"How large and still the house looks!" I said, as we turned toward the wicket; "who lives there?"

"Only the Rose Gardener," answered John; "an old bachelor who loves his flowers and hates womankind. He lives all alone in his great airy house, cooks his solitary meals, tends his roses, and no doubt enjoys himself extremely."

"Oh yes, extremely," said Sara, in a sarcastic tone.

"You speak whereof you do know, I suppose, Miss St. John?"

"Precisely; I have tried the life, Mr. Hoffman."

The Professor joined us at the gate, radiant and communicative. "All this soil, you will observe, is mingled with oyster shells to the depth of several feet," he began. "This was done by the Spaniards for the purpose of enriching the ground. Ah! Miss Iris, I did not at first perceive you in the shadow. You have a rose, I see. Although—ahem—not given to the quotation of poetry, nevertheless there is one verse which, with your permission, I will now repeat as applicable to the present occasion:

"Fair Phillis walks the dewy green;  
A happy rose lies in her hair;  
But, ah! the roses in her cheeks  
Are yet more fair!"

"Pray, Miss Sharp, can you not dispense with that horrible bone?" said Aunt Diana, in an under-tone. "Really, it makes me quite nervous to see it dangling."

"Oh, certainly," replied the governess, affably, dropping the relic into her pocket. "I myself, however, am never nervous where science is concerned."

"Over there on the left," began the Professor again, "is the site of a little mission church built as long ago as 1592 on the banks of a tide-water creek. A young Indian chieftain, a convert, conceiving himself aggrieved by the rules of the new religion, incited his followers to attack the missionary. They rushed in upon him, and informed him of his fate. He reasoned with them, but in vain; and at last, as a final request, he obtained permission to celebrate mass before he died. The Indians sat down

on the floor of the little chapel, the father put on his robes and began. No doubt he hoped to soften their hearts by the holy service, but in vain; the last word spoken, they fell upon him and—"

"Massacred him," concluded Sara. "You need not go on, Sir. I know all about it. I was there."

"You were there, Miss St. John?"

"Certainly," replied Sara, calmly. "I am now convinced that in some anterior state of existence I have assisted, as the French say, at all the Florida massacres. Indian, Spanish, or Huguenot, it makes no difference to me. I was there!"

"I trust our young friend is not tinged with Swedenborgianism," said the Professor aside to John Hoffman. "The errors of those doctrines have been fully exposed. I trust she is orthodox."

"Really, I do not know what she is," replied John.

"Oh yes, you do," said Sara, overhearing. "She is heterodox, you know; decidedly heterodox."

In the mean while Aunt Diana kept firmly by the side of the Captain. It is safe to say that the young man was never before called upon to answer so many questions in a given space of time. The entire history of the late war, the organization of the army, the military condition of Europe, and, indeed, of the whole world, were only a portion of the subjects with which Aunt Diana tackled him on the way home. Iris stood it a while, and then, with the happy facility of youth, she slipped aside, and joined John Hoffman. Iris was a charming little creature, but, so far, for "staying" qualities she was not remarkable.

A second time we passed the cemetery. "I have not as yet investigated the subject," said the Professor, "but I suppose this to be the Huguenot burying-ground."

"Oh yes," exclaimed Miss Sharp; "mentioned in my guide-book as a spot of much interest. How thrilling to think that those early Huguenots, those historical victims of Menendez, lie *here*—here in this quiet spot, so near, you know, and yet—and yet so far!" she concluded, vaguely conscious that she had heard that before somewhere, although she could not place it. She had forgotten that eye which, mixed in some poetic way with a star, has figured so often in the musical performances of the female seminaries of our land.

"Very thrilling; especially when we remember that they must have gathered up their own bones, swum up all the way from Matanzas, and buried each other one by one," said Sara.

"And even that don't account for the last man," added John.

Miss Sharp drew off her forces, and retired in good order.



"Iris," I said, the next morning, "come here and give an account of yourself. What do you mean, you gypsy, by such performances as that of last night?"

"I only meant a moonlight walk, Cousin Martha. I knew I never could persuade Aunt Di, so I took Miss Sharp."

"I am surprised that she consented."

"At first she did refuse; but when I told her that the Professor was going, she said that under those circumstances, as we might expect much valuable information on the way, she would give her consent."

"And the Professor?"

"Oh, I asked him, of course; he is the most good-natured old gentleman in the world; I can always make him do any thing I please. But poor Miss Sharp—how Aunt Di has been talking to her this morning! 'How you, at your age,' was part of it."

A week later we were taken to see the old Buckingham Smith place, now the property of a Northern gentleman, who has built a modern winter residence on the site of the old house.

"This is her creek, Aunt Di," I said, as the avenue leading to the house crossed a small muddy ditch.

"Whose, Niece Martha?"

"Maria Sanchez, of course. Don't you remember the mysterious watery heroine who navigated these marshes several centuries ago? She perfectly haunts me! Talk about Huguenots arising and glaring at you, Sara; they are nothing to this Maria. The question is, Who was she?"

"I know," answered Iris. "She is my old friend of the Dismal Swamp. 'They made her a grave too cold and damp,' you know, and she refused to stay in it. 'Her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see, her paddle I soon shall hear—'"

"Well, if you do, let me know," I said. "She must be a very muddy sort of a ghost; there isn't more than a spoonful of water in her creek as far down as I can see."

"But no doubt it was a deep tide-water stream in its day, Miss Martha," said John Hoffman; "deep enough for either romance or drowning."

Beyond the house opened out the long orange-tree aisles—beautiful walks arched in glossy green foliage—half a mile of dense leafy shade.

"This is the sour orange," said our guide, "a tree extensively cultivated in the old days for its hardy growth and pleasant shade. It is supposed to be an exotic run wild, for the orange is not indigenous here. When Florida was ceded to England in exchange for Cuba, most of the Spanish residents left, and their gardens were then found well stocked with oranges and lemons, figs, guavas, and pomegranates."

"Poor Florida! nobody wanted her," said John. "The English only kept her twenty

years, and then bartered her away again to Spain for the Bahamas, and in 1819 Spain was glad to sell her to the United States. The latter government, too, may have had its own thoughts as to the value of the purchase, which, although cheap at five millions in the first place, soon demanded nineteen more millions for its own little quarrel with that ancient people, the Seminoles."

"Headed, do not forget to mention, by Osceola," added Sara.

"Beautiful fruit, at least in appearance," I said, picking up one of the large oranges that lay by the hundreds on the ground. "Are they of no use?"

"The juice is occasionally sold in small quantities," replied our guide. "At one time it commanded a price of a dollar per gallon, and was used in place of vinegar in the British navy. It makes a delicious acid drink when fresh—better than lemonade."

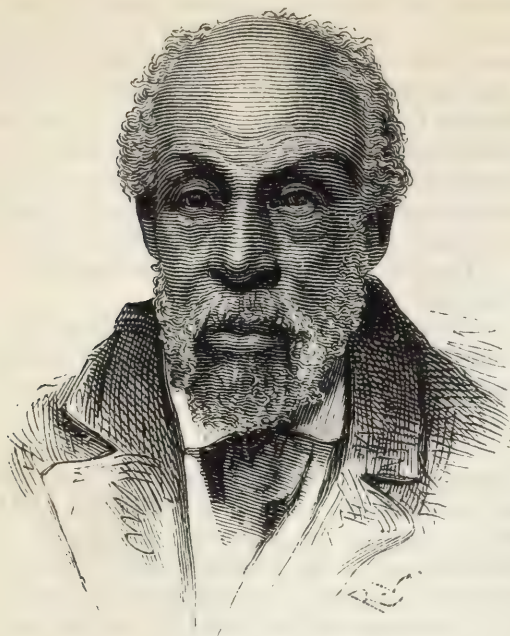
We lingered in the beautiful orange aisles, and heard the story of the old place: how it had descended from father to son, and finally, upon the death of the owner who was childless, it came into the possession of a nephew. But among other papers was found one containing the owner's purpose to bequeath his property to the poor colored people of St. Augustine. This will, if it could so be called, without witnesses, and in other ways informal, was of no value in the eyes of the law. The owner had died suddenly away from home, and there was no testimony to prove that the paper expressed even a cherished intention. Nevertheless, the heir at law, with rare disinterestedness, carried out the vague wish; the place was sold, and all the proceeds invested for the benefit of the colored people, the charity taking the form of a Home for their aged and infirm, which is supported by the income from this money, the building itself having been generously given for the purpose by another prominent citizen of St. Augustine.

"You must see old Uncle Jack," concluded the speaker. "Before the war his master sent him several times to Boston with large sums of money, and intrusted him with important business, which he never failed to execute properly. By the terms of the will he has a certain portion of the land for his lifetime. That is his old cabin. Let us go over there."

Close down under the walls of the grand new mansion stood a low cabin, shaded by the long drooping leaves of the banana; hens and chickens walked in and out the open door, and most of the household furniture seemed to be outside, in the comfortable Southern fashion. Uncle Jack came to meet us—a venerable old man, with white hair, whose years counted nearly a full century.

"The present owner of the place has ordered a new house built for Jack, a pictur-





UNCLE JACK.

esque porter's lodge, near the entrance," said our guide, "but I doubt whether the old man will be as comfortable there as in this old cabin where he has lived so long. The negroes, especially the old people, have the strongest dislike to any elevation like a door-step or a piazza; they like to be right on the ground; they like to cook when they are hungry, and sleep when they are tired,

and enjoy their pipes in peace. Rules kill them, and they can not change: we must leave them alone, and educate the younger generation."

Returning down the arched walks, we crossed over into a modern sweet-orange grove, the most beautiful in St. Augustine or its vicinity. Some of the trees were loaded with blossoms, some studded with the full closed buds which we of the North are accustomed to associate with the satin of bridal robes, some had still their golden fruit, and others had all three at once, after the perplexing fashion of the tropics.

"There are about eight hundred trees here," said our guide, "and some of them yield annually five thousand oranges each. There is a story extant, one of the legends of St. Augustine, that formerly orange-trees covered the Plaza, and that one of them yielded annually twelve thousand oranges."

"What an appalling mass of sweetness!" said Sara. "I am glad that tree died; it was too good to live, like the phenomenal children of Sunday-school literature."

"In the old Spanish days," said John, "this neighborhood was one vast orange grove; ships loaded with the fruit sailed out of the harbor, and the grandees of Spain preferred the St. Augustine orange to any other. In Spain the trees live to a great age; some of them are said to be six hundred years old, having been planted by the Moors, but here an unexpected frost has



UNCLE JACK'S CABIN.



several times destroyed all the groves, so that the crop is by no means a sure one."

"So the frost does come here," I said. "We have seen nothing of it; the thermometer has ranged from sixty-eight to seventy-eight ever since we arrived."

"They had snow in New York last week," said Aunt Di.

"It has melted, I think," said John. "At least I saw this item last evening in a New York paper: 'If the red sleigher thinks that he sleighs to-day, he is mistaken!'"

"Shades of Emerson and Brahma, defend us!" said Sara.

Then we all began to eat oranges, and make dripping spectacles of ourselves generally. I defy any one to be graceful, or even dainty, with an orange; it is a great, rich, generous, pulpy fruit, and you have got to eat it in a great, rich, generous, pulpy way. How we did enjoy those oranges under the glossy green and fragrant blossoms of the trees themselves! We gave it up then and there, and said openly that no bought Northern oranges could compare with them.

"I don't feel politically so much disturbed now about the cost of that sea-wall," said Sara, "if it keeps this orange grove from washing away. It is doing a sweet and noble duty in life, and herein is cause sufficient for its stony existence."

We strolled back to the town by another way, and crossed again the Maria Sanchez Creek.

"Observe how she meanders down the marsh, this fairy streamlet," I said, taking up a position on the stone culvert. "Observe how green are her rushes, how playful her little minnows, how martial her fiddler-crabs! O lost Maria! come back and tell your story. Were you sadly drowned in these overwhelming waves, or were you the first explorer of these marshes, pushing onward in your canoe with your eyes fixed on futurity?"

Nobody knew; so we went home. But in the evening John produced the following, which he said had been preserved in the archives of the town for centuries. "I have made a free translation, as you will see," he said; "but the original is in pure Castilian."

#### "THE LEGEND OF MARIA SANCHEZ CREEK.

"Maria Sanchez  
Her dug-out launches,  
And down the stream to catch some crabs she takes  
her way,

A Spanish maiden,  
With crabs well laden;  
When evening falls she lifts her trawls to cross the  
bay.

"Grim terror blanches  
Maria Sanchez,  
Who, not to put too fine a point, is rather brown;  
A norther coming,  
Already humming,  
Doth bear away that Spanish mai—den far from town.

"Maria Sanchez,  
Caught in the branches  
That sweetly droop across a creek far down the  
coast,

That calm spectator,  
The alligator,  
Doth spy, then wait to call his mate, who rules the  
roast.

"She comes and crouches  
Maria Sanchez,  
While boat and crabs the gentle husband meekly  
chews.

How could they eat her,  
That señorita,  
Whose story still doth make quite ill the Spanish  
Muse?"

We heaped praises upon John's pure Castilian ode—all save the Professor, who undertook to criticise a little. "I have made something of a study of poetry," he began, "and I have noticed that much depends upon the selection of choice terms. For instance, in the first verse you make use of the local word 'dug-out.' Now in my opinion, 'craft' or 'canoe' would be better. You begin, if I remember correctly, in this way:

"'Maria Sanchez  
Launches her dug-out—'"

"Oh no, Professor," said Sara; "this is it:

"'Maria Sanchez  
Her dug-out launches.'"

"The same idea, I opine; Miss St. John," said the Professor, loftily.

"But the rhymes, Sir?"

The Professor had not noticed the rhymes; poetry should be above rhymes altogether, in his opinion.

The pleasant days passed, we sailed up and down the Matanzas, walked on the sea-wall, and sat in the little overhanging balcony, which, like all others in St. Augustine, was hung up on the side of the house like a cupboard without any support from below. Letters from home meanwhile brought tidings of snow and ice and storm, disasters by land and by sea. A lady friend, a new arrival, had visited the Ancient City forty years before, in the days of the *ancien régime*. "It is much changed," she said. "These modern houses springing up every where have altered the whole aspect of the town. I am glad I came back while there is still something left of the old time. Another five years and the last old wall will be torn down for a horrible paling fence. Forty years ago the town was largely Spanish or Moorish in its architecture. The houses were all built of coquina, with a blank wall toward the north, galleries running around a court-yard behind, where were flowers, vines, and a central fountain. The halls, with their stone arches, opened out into this greenery without doors of any kind, tropical fashion. Those were the proud days of St. Augustine; the old families reigned with undisputed sway; the slaves were well treated, hospitality was



boundless, and the intermixture of Spanish and Italian blood showed itself in the dark eyes that glanced over the balconies as the stranger passed below. It has all vanished now. The war effaced the last fading hue of the traditional grandeur, and broke down the barriers between the haughty little city and the outside world. The old houses have been modernized, and many of them have given place to new and, to my ideas, thoroughly commonplace dwellings. There is one left, however, the very mansion where I was so charmingly entertained forty years ago; its open arches remain just as they were, and the old wall still surrounds the garden. Up stairs is the large parlor where we had our gay little parties, with wines, and those delicious curled-up cakes, all stamped with figures, thin as a wafer, crisp and brittle, which seemed to be peculiar to St. Augustine."

"Did you know there was a native artist here?" said John, calling up one morning as he sat on the balcony, Sara and myself endeavoring to write duty letters.

"Painter or sculptor?" I inquired, pen in hand, pausing over an elaborate description of a sunset with which I was favoring a soul-to-soul correspondent. "Let me see: standing on the glacis with the look-out tower outlined against—"

"Sculptor," answered John. "His studio is on Charlotte Street not far from here. Let us walk down and see him."

"Look-out tower outlined against the golden after-glow. Is it worth going to see?"

"Indeed it is. There is a fine design—a lion carved in stone, and also a full-length figure of Henry Clay walking in the gardens of Ashland; and what is more, these statues are on top of the house outlined against—"

"The golden after-glow," I suggested.

"Certainly," said John. "And inside you will find rare antique vases, Egyptian crocodiles, Grecian caskets, and other remarkable works, all executed in stone."

"I have long craved an alligator, but could not undertake the cigar-box discipline," I answered, rising. "A crocodile carved in stone will be just the thing. Come, Sara."

We walked down Charlotte Street, and presently came to a small house with a low wing, whose open shutter showed the studio within. On the roof were two figures in coquina, one a nondescript animal like the cattle of a Noah's ark, the other a little stone man who seemed to have been so dwarfed by the weight of his hat that he never smiled again.

"The lion, and Henry Clay," said John, introducing the figures.

"Passé for the lion; but how do you make out the other?"

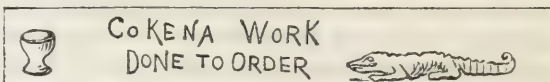
"Oh, Henry seems to be the beau ideal

of the South. You meet him every where on the way down in a plaster and marble dress-coat, extending his hand in a conversational manner, and so, of course, I supposed this to be another one. And as to the gardens of Ashland, as he has his hat on—indeed, he is principally hat—he must be taking a walk somewhere, and where so likely as his own bucolic garden?"

"I shall go back to my after-glow, Mr. Hoffman. Your Henry Clay is a fraud."

"Wait and see the artist, Martha," said Sara. "He is a colored man and a cripple."

We tapped on the shutter, and the artist appeared, supporting himself on crutches; a young negro, with a cheerful shining countenance, and an evident pride in the specimens of his skill scattered about the floorless studio—alligators, boxes, roughly cut vases, all made of the native coquina; or, as the artist's sign had it,



"It must require no small amount of skill to cut any thing out of this crumbling shell-rock," I said, as, after purchasing a charming little alligator, and conversing some time with the dusky artist, we turned homeward.

"It does," replied John. "Ignorant as he is, that man is not without his ideas of beauty and symmetry—another witness to the capability for education which I have every where noticed among the freedmen of the South."

"I too have been impressed with this capability," said Sara—"strongly impressed. Last Sunday I went to the Methodist colored Sunday-school on St. George Street. The teachers are Northerners; some resident here, some winter visitors; and the classes were filled up with full-grown men and women, some of them aged and gray-haired, old uncles and aunties, eager to learn, although they could scarcely see with their old eyes. They repeated Bible texts in chorus, and then they began to read. It was a pathetic sight to see the old men slowly following the simple words with intense eagerness, keeping the place under each one with careful finger. The younger men and girls read fluently, and showed quick understanding in the answers given to the teachers' questions. Then the little children filed in from another room, and they all began to sing. Oh, how they sang! The tenor voice of a young jet-black negro who sat near me haunts me still with its sweet cadences. Singularly enough, the favorite hymn seemed to be one whose chorus, repeated again and again, ended in the words,

"'Shall wash me white as snow—  
White as snow.'"

"The negroes of St. Augustine were formerly almost all Romanists," said John, "and



many of them still attend the old cathedral on the Plaza, where there is a gallery especially for them. But of late the number of Methodists and Baptists has largely increased, while the old cathedral and its bishop, who once ruled supreme over the consciences of the whole population of la siempre fiel Ciudad de San Augustin, find themselves in danger of being left stranded high and dry as the tide of progress and education sweeps by without a glance. The Peabody Educational Fund supports almost entirely two excellent free schools here, one for white and one for colored children; and in spite of opposition, gradually, year by year, even Roman Catholic parents yield to the superior advantages offered to their children, and the church schools hold fewer and fewer scholars, especially among the boys. The Presbyterian church, with its pastor and earnest working congregation, has made a strong battle against the old-time influences, and it now looks as though the autocratic sway of the religion of Spain were forever broken in this ancient little Spanish city."

"At least, however, the swarthy priests look picturesque and appropriate as they come and go between their convent and the old cathedral through that latticed gate in their odd dress," said Sara. "Do you remember, in *Baddeck*, the pleasing historical Jesuit, slender too corpulent a word to describe his thinness, his stature primeval? Warner goes on to say that the traveler is grateful for such figures, and is not disposed to quarrel with the faith that preserves so much of the ugly picturesque."

"The principal interest I have in the old cathedral is the lost under-ground passage which, according to tradition, once extended from its high altar to Fort San Marco," I remarked. "I am perpetually haunted by the possibility of its being under my feet somewhere, and go about stamping on the ground to catch hollow echoes down below. We moderns have discovered at San Marco a subterranean dungeon and bones: then why not an under-ground passage?"

"And bones?" asked Sara.

"No; Spanish jewels, plate, and all kinds of mediæval treasures. I consider the possibility far more promising than Captain Kidd's chest. I have half a mind to begin digging."

"You would be obliged to take the shovel yourself, then, Miss Martha," said John. "Do you suppose you could hire the St. Augustiners to dig, really dig, day after day, Northern fashion? Why, they would laugh in your face at the mere idea. I am inclined to think there would never be another house built here if regular foundations and cellars were required; as it is, they set up the timbers as the children set up their houses of blocks. How clearly that sail-boat is out-

lined against the gray water, like a sketch in India ink! Is not that Miss Carew on board?"

"Yes, with Mr. Mokes," said Sara.

"And Aunt Diana," I added. "I remember now; Mr. Mokes gives a chowder dinner to-day over on the North Beach."

"I would not give much for chowder made by a Mokes," said John, with the scorn of an old camper-out in his voice.

"Oh, Mokes does not make it, Mr. Hoffman. What are you thinking of? Mokes make chowder! By no means. He has his servant and the boatmen to do all the work, and sends over his wines and ice beforehand. It will be an elegant dinner, I assure you."

"On the beach?"

"Yes, on the beach. Unfortunately, tables can not be transported, unless, indeed, Dundreary should arrive with his 'waft.' But the table-cloth will be damask, with a monogram worked in gold thread, and the conversation will be strictly Fifth Avenue-ish, I will answer for that."

"Great is the power of youthful beauty," I said, when we had reached our room again. "Here is Mokes with his money and wines, the Professor with his learning and bones, the Captain with his beauty and buttons, all three apparently revolving around that giddy little cousin of mine. And now comes John Hoffman!"

"With all his ancestors behind him! Has he taken her to the demi-lune yet?" said Sara, opening the *Princess of Thule*, which she read after a dose of Florida history, like sugar after a pill. "Do you know, Martha, I think poor Lavender is rather unfairly treated by the author of this book. He is ordered about by Ingram, and most unmercifully snubbed by Sheila, who, after all, manages to have her own way, 'whatever.'"

Now I had thrown John Hoffman purposely into my list of Iris's admirers in order to provoke something like a denial from Sara—these two seemed to feel such a singular kind of interested dislike toward each other; but my little bait caught nothing; Sara remained impassive.

Toward sunset the same evening we waited on the Plaza in company with the entire population of the town for the distribution of the one mail, accomplished with some difficulty by the efficient, active, Northern postmaster, in consequence of the windows being darkened with flattened noses, and the doorways blocked up, to say nothing of beatings on the walls, impatient calls through the key-hole, and raids round the back way by the waiting populace. Having wrestled manfully for our letters, we all strolled down Tolomato Street, reading as we went. Iris journeyed languidly through the sand; she had received no letters, and she had Mokes on her hands, Mokes radiant with the reflection of his private three-cor-





A FLORIDA CART.

nered chowder party, and the smiles she herself had bestowed upon him over on that wicked North Beach. "Oh, for a horse!" she sighed. "Nay, I would even ride in a Florida cart."

Aunt Diana was weary, but jubilant; she had the Professor and the Trojan war, and did her duty by them. Miss Sharp ambled along on the other side, and said "Indeed!" at intervals. Sara read her letters with a dreary sort of interest; her letters were always from "Ed.," she used to say. John and I, strolling in advance, carried on a good, comfortable, political fight over our newspapers.

"Another cemetery," said Sara, as the white crosses and head-stones shone out in the sunset on one side of the road.

Mokes, stimulated to unusual conversational efforts by the successes of the day, now brought forward the omnipresent item. "This is—er, I suppose, the old Huguenot burying-ground, a—er—a spot of much interest, I am told."

"Yes," replied Sara. "This is the very spot, Mr. Mokes."

"Oh no, Miss St. John," said Aunt Diana, coming to the rescue, "you mistake. This is Tolomato."

"It makes no difference. I am now convinced that they are *all* Huguenot burying-grounds," replied Sara, calmly.

The little cemetery was crowded with graves, mounds of sand over which the grass would not grow, and heavy coquina tombs whose inscriptions had crumbled away. The names on the low crosses, nearly all Spanish, Minorcan, Corsican, and Greek, bore witness to the foreign ancestry of the majority of the population. We found Alvarez, La Suarez, Leonardi, Capo, Carrarus, Ximanes, Baya, Pomar, Rogero, and Hernandez. Among the Christian names were Bartolo, Raimauld, Rafaelo, Geronimo, Celestino, Dolorez, Dominga, Paula, and Anaclata.

"It looks venerable, but it only dates back about one hundred years," said John. "Where the old Dons of two or three centu-

ries ago buried their dead, no one knows; perhaps they sent them all back home, Chinese fashion. An old bell which now hangs in the cathedral is said to have come from here; it bears the inscription, 'Sancte Joseph, ora pro nobis; D. 1682,' and is probably the oldest bell in the country."

"And what was it doing here?" said Mokes, with the air of a historian.

"There was once an Indian village here, called Tolomato, and a mission chapel; the bell is supposed to have come from the chapel."

"Is that the chapel?" asked Mokes, pointing to a small building on the far side of the cemetery. He was getting on famously, he thought, quite historical, and that sort of thing.

"No; that is a chapel erected in 1853 by Cubans to the memory of Father Varela. The old Tolomato chapel was—was destroyed."

"How?" inquired Mokes.

John glanced toward Sara with a smile. "Oh, go on," she said, "I am quite prepared! A massacre, of course!"

"Yes, a massacre. The Indians stole into the chapel by night, and finding Father Corpa engaged in his evening devotions, they slew him at the altar, and threw his body out into the forest, where it could never afterward be found. The present cemetery marks the site of the old mission, and bears its name."

Mokes, having covered himself with glory, now led the way out, and the party turned homeward. Sara and I lingered to read the Latin inscription over the chapel door, "Beati mortui qui in Domino moriuntur." John beckoned us toward a shadowed corner where stood a lonely tomb, the horizontal slab across the top bearing no date, and only the initials of a name, "Here lies T—F—."

"Poor fellow!" said John, "he died by his own hand, alone, at night, on this very spot: a young Frenchman, I was told, but I know nothing more."



"Is not that enough?" I said. "There is a whole history in those words."

"There was once a railing separating this tomb from the other graves, as something to be avoided and feared," said John; "but time, or perhaps the kind hand of charity, has removed the barrier: charity that can pity the despairing, suffering, human creature whose only hope came to this—to die!"

Happening to glance at Sara, I saw her eyes full of tears, and in spite of her effort to keep them back, two great drops rolled down and fell on the dark slab; John saw them, and turned away instantly.

"Why, Sara!" I said, moved almost to tears myself by sudden sympathy.

"Don't say any thing, please," answered Sara. "There, it is all over."

We walked away, and found John standing before a little wooden cross that had once marked a grave; there was no trace of a grave left, only green grass growing over the level ground, while lichen and moss had crept over the rough unpainted wood and effaced the old inscription. A single rose-

bush grew behind, planted probably a little slip when the memory of the lost one was green and fresh with tears; now, a wild neglected bush, it waved its green branches and shed its roses year by year over the little cross that stood, veiled in moss, alone, where now no grave remained, as though it said, "He is not here: he is risen."

"Look," said John. "Does it not tell its story? Why should we be saddened while we have what that cross typifies?"

That evening, happening to take up Sara's Bible, I found pinned in on the blank leaf these old verses:

"There is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found;  
They softly lie and sweetly sleep  
Low in the ground.

"The storm that wracks the wintry sky  
No more disturbs their deep repose  
Than summer evening's latest sigh  
That shuts the rose.

"I long to lay this painful head  
And aching heart beneath the soil,  
To slumber in that dreamless bed  
From all my toil."



THE SUICIDE'S GRAVE.



"Poor child!" I said to myself—"poor child!"

"Who do you think is here, Niece Martha?" said Aunt Diana one morning a week later. "Eugenio; he came last night."

"What, the poet?"

"Yes; he will stay several days, and I can introduce him to all of you," said Aunt Di, graciously.

"I shall be very glad, not only on my own account, but on Sara's also, aunt."

"Oh, Eugenio will not feel any interest in a person like Miss St. John, Niece Martha! He belongs to another literary world entirely."

"I know that; but may not Sara attain to that other world in time? I hope much from her."

"Then you will be disappointed, Niece Martha. I am not literary myself, but I have always noticed that those writers whose friends are always 'hoping much' never amount to much; it is the writer who takes his friends and the world by surprise who has the genius."

There was a substratum of hard common-sense in Aunt Diana, where my romantic boat often got aground. It was aground now.

The next morning Eugenio presented himself without waiting for Aunt Di, and John proposed a walk to the Ponce de Leon Spring in his honor.

"It is almost the only spot you have not visited," he said to us, "and Eugenio must see the sweep of a pine-barren."

"By all means," replied the poet, "the stretching glades and far savannas, gemmed with the Southern wild flowers."

"You have missed the most beautiful flower of all," said Iris, "'the wild sweet princess of far Florida, the yellow jasmine.'"

The Captain was with us, likewise Mokes; but Aunt Diana had sliced in another young lady to keep the balance even; and away we went through the town, across the Maria Sanchez Creek, under the tree arches, and out on to the broad causeway beyond.

"What! *walk* to Ponce de Leon Spring!" exclaimed the languid St. Augustine ladies as we passed.

"They evidently look upon Northerners as a species of walking madmen," I said, laughing.

"It is a singular fact," commented Sara, "that country people never walk if they can help it; they go about their little town and that is all. City people, on the contrary, walk their miles daily as a matter of course. You can almost tell whether a young lady is city or country bred from the mere fact of her walking or not walking."

"Climate here has something to do with it," said John, "and also the old Spanish ideas that ladies should wear satin slippers

and take as few steps as possible. The Minorcans keep up some of the old ideas still. Courtship is carried on through a window, the maiden within, a rose in her hair, and the favorite Spanish work in her hand, and the lover outside leaning on the casement. Not until a formal acceptance has been given is he allowed to enter the house and rest himself and his aspirations in a chair."

"We have adopted English ideas of exercise in New York," said Eugenio, "but they have not penetrated far into the interior as yet, and are utterly unknown south of Mason and Dixon's line. St. Augustine, however, is still Spanish, and no one expects the traditional Spanish señorita, with her delicate slippers, fan, and mantilla, to start out for a six-mile constitutional—it would not be her style at all. By-the-way, I saw a beautiful Spanish face leaning from a window on St. George Street this morning."

"Yes," said Mokes, consequentially. "There are two on St. George Street, two on Charlotte, and one on St. Hypolita. I have taken pains to trace—er—to trace them out; they like it—er—and I have, I may say, some experience in outlines and that sort of thing—galleries abroad—old masters, etc. Paint a little myself."

"Indeed!" said Eugenio. "Original designs, I suppose?"

Oh no; Mokes left that to the regular profession. They had to do it, poor fellows—wouldn't interfere with them.

"Very generous," said Eugenio.

Yes, Mokes thought it was. But gentlemen of—of fortune, you know, had their duties—as—as such.

"How *much* I should like to see your pictures, Mr. Mokes!" said the poet, assuming an air of deep interest.

The highly flattered Mokes thought that "perhaps—er," he "might have one or two sent down by express;" he always liked "to oblige his friends."

"Don't chaff him any more," whispered John, with a meaning glance toward Iris.

"What! not that lovely girl!" exclaimed Eugenio, under his breath.

"Two or three millions!" said John.

"Ah!" replied the poet.

On the red bridge Sara paused a moment and stood gazing down the river. "What a misty look there is away down there over the salt marshes!" she said, "the boats tipped up on shore, with their slender masts against the sky. The river is certainly going down to the sea, and yet the sea-breeze comes from behind me."

"The Sebastian is nearer the ocean up here than it is down at its mouth," said John. "Look across: there is only the North Beach between us here and the ocean."

"Between us and Africa, you mean."



"What is it that attracts you toward Africa, Miss St. John?" asked Eugenio.

"Antony," replied Sara, promptly. "Don't you remember those wonderful lines written by an Ohio soldier,

"I am dying, Egypt, dying;  
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast?"

"Dear me, Miss St. John, I hope you are not taking up *Antony and Cleopatra* to the detriment of the time-honored *Romeo and Juliet*! Romeo is the orthodox lover, pray remember."

"But I am heterodox," replied Sara, smiling.

Beyond the river the road led through the deep white sand of Florida. Iris's little boots sank ankle deep.

"Take my arm," said the Captain.

Now taking the arm means more or less, according to the arm and the way it is offered. The Captain was tall, the Captain was strong, and he had a way with him. Iris was small, Iris was graceful, and she had a way with her. To say that from that moment they flirted boundlessly all the afternoon does not express it. I am sorry to say, also, that John and the poet openly, and Sara and I tacitly, egged them on. The bullion star of Mokes had been in the ascendant long enough, we thought. The Professor had a staff, a trowel, and a large basket for specimens. He made forays into the thicket, lost himself regularly, and Miss Sharp as regularly went to the rescue and guided him back.

"How many old tracks there are turning off to the right and the left!" I said. "Where do they go?"

"The most delightful roads are those that go nowhere," said Eugenio, "roads that go out and haze around in the woods just for fun. Who wants to be always going somewhere?"

"These roads will answer your purpose, then," said

John. "Most of them go nowhere. They did go out to old military posts once upon a time, in the Seminole war, but the military posts have disappeared, and now they go nowhere. They are pretty tracks, some of them, especially the old Indian entrance to St. Augustine—a trail coming up from the south."

Turning to the right, we passed through a little nook of verdure, leaving the sand behind us. "This," said John, "is a hamak; and if I have a pet grievance, it is the general use of the word 'hummock' in its place. 'Hummock' is an arctic word, meaning to pile up ice; but 'hamak' is pure Carib or Appalachian, and signifies a resting or abiding place, a small Indian farm. There is another kind of soil in Florida which has the singular name of 'sobbed land.' This has a rocky substratum, impervious to water, four feet below the surface, which holds the rain-falls as though it—"

"Devoured its own tears," suggested Eugenio. "But where are your flowers, good people? Is not this the land of flowers?"

"No," said John; "that is another mis-



A PINE-BARREN.



take. The Spaniards happened to land here during the Easter season, which they call Pascua Florida, the flowery Passover, on account of the palms with which their churches are decorated at that time; and so they named the country from the festival, and not from the flowers at all. There is not one word said about flowers in all their voluminous old records—"

"Don't be statistical, I beg," interrupted Eugenio. "And are there no flowers, then?"

"Oh yes," answered Sara, "little wee blossoms in delicate colors starring over the ground, besides violets and gold-cups; these are the yeomanry. The Cherokee roses, the yellow jasmine, and the Spanish-bayonets, with their sceptres of white blossoms, are the nobility."

Presently we came out upon the barren, with its single feathery trees, its broad sky-sweep, its clear-water ponds, an endless stretch of desert which was yet no desert, but green and fair. The saw-palmetto grew in patches, and rustled its stiff leaves as we passed.

"I can't think of any thing but Spanish ladies looking out between the sticks of their fans," remarked Eugenio.

"That's just like it," said Iris, and plucking one of the fan-shaped leaves, she gave the idea a lovely coquettish reality. The Captain murmured something (he had a way of murmuring). What it was we could not hear, but then Iris heard, and blushed very prettily. Mokes took the "other young lady," the sliced one, and walked on loftily. She went. The truth is, they generally go with three millions.

"There is something about the barrens that always gives me the feeling of being far away," said Sara.

"The old attraction," replied Eugenio. "'Over the hills and far away' is the dream of all imaginative souls. Do you remember

"'Afar in the desert I love to ride,  
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side?'"

"'There is a happy land,  
Far, far away,'"

I sang.



LOU-EE-ZY AND LOW-II-ZY.

"Yes, that is it," said John, "and even our old friend 'Swanee Ribber' owes his dominion to the fact that he is 'far, far away.'"

A little trail turned off to a low cabin on the bank of a brook; we saw some flowers, and wandered that way for a moment. It was the lonely little home of a freedman, and two children stood in the doorway staring at us with solemn eyes. We bestowed some pennies, which produced a bob of a courtesy; then some jokes, which brought out the ivories.

"What are your names, children?" I asked.

"They's jes Lou-ee-zy and Low-ii-zy," replied a voice from within-doors. "They's twins, and I's took car' ob dem allays."

It was a crippled old auntie who spoke. She told us her story, with long digressions about "ole massa" and "ole miss."

"After all, I suspect you were more comfortable in the old times, auntie," I said.

"What's dat to do wid de acquilisation ob freedom?" replied the old woman, proudly. "De great ting is dis yer: Lou-ee-zy is free, and Low-ii-zy is free! Bot' ob dem! Bot' ob dem, ladies!"

"I have never been able to make them confess that they were more comfortable in the old days, no matter how poor and desolate they may be," I said.

"The divine spark in every breast," replied Eugenio. "But where is the spring, Hoffman? I like your barren; it smacks of the outlaw and bold buccaneer, after the trim wheat fields of the North, and there is



a grand sweep of sky overhead. Nevertheless, I own to being thirsty."

"It is not ordinary thirst," replied John; "it is the old yearning which Ponce de Leon always felt when he had come as far as this."

"He came this way, then, did he?"

"Invariably."

"If I had been here at the time I should have said, 'Ponce' (of course we should have been intimate enough to call each other by our first names)—'Ponce, my good friend, have your spring a little nearer while you are magically about it!'" And taking off his straw hat the poet wiped his white forehead, and looked at us with a quizzical expression in his brilliant eyes.

"It is warm," confessed Aunt Diana, who, weary and worried, was toiling along almost in silence. Mokes was nearly out of sight with the "other young lady;" Iris and the Captain were absorbed in that murmured conversation so hopeless to outsiders; and Spartan matron though she was, she had not the courage to climb around after the Professor in cloth boots that drew like a magnet the vicious cacti of the thicket. Miss Sharp had leather boots, and climbed valiantly.

At last we came to the place, and filed in through a broken-down fence. We found a deserted house, an overgrown field, a gully, a pool, and an old curb of coquina surrounding the magic spring.

"I wonder if any one was ever massacred here?" observed Sara, looking around.

"The Fountain of Youth," declaimed John, ladling out the water. "Who will drink? Centuries ago the Indians of Cuba came to these shores to seek the waters of immortality, and as they never returned, they are supposed to be still here somewhere enjoying a continued cherubic existence. Father Martyn himself affirms in his letter to the Pope that there is a spring here the water thereof being drunk straightway maketh the old young again. Ladies and gentlemen, the original and only Ponce de Leon Spring! Who will drink?"

We all drank; and then there was a great silence.

"Well," said the poet, deliberately, looking around from his seat on the curb, "take it altogether, that shanty, those bushes, the pig-sty, the hopeless sandy field, the oozing pool, and this horrible tepid water, drawn from, to say the least, a dubious source—a very dubious source—it is, all in all, *about* the ugliest place I ever saw!"

There was a general shout.

"We have suspected it in our hearts all winter," said the "other young lady;" "but not one of us dared put the thought into words, as it was our only walk."

The poet staid with us a day or two longer, and charmed us all with his delightful, winsome humor.

"Do you know, I really love that man," I announced.

"So do I," said Iris.

"That is nothing," said John; "he is 'the poet whom poets love,' you know."

"But we are not poets, Mr. Hoffman."

"We are only plebes, and plebes may very well love what poets love, I think."

"But it does not always follow," I said.

"By no means. In this case, however, it is true. All love Eugenio, both poets and plebes."

"He is the Mendelssohn of poets," I said; "and, besides that, he is the only person I ever met who reminded me of my idea of Mendelssohn personally—an idea gathered from those charming 'letters' and the *Auchester* book."

The next evening Eugenio and Sara went off for a stroll on the sea-wall; two hours later Sara came back to our room, laid a blank book on the table, and threw herself into a chair.

"Tired?" I asked.

"Yes."

"It is a lovely evening."

"Yes."

"Did you have a pleasant time?"

"Yes."

I knew that blank book well; it contained all Sara's printed stories and verses; my eyes glanced toward it.

"Yes," said Sara; "there it is! I gave it to him yesterday. I knew he would read it through, and I knew also that I could read his real opinion in those honest eyes of his."

"Well?"

"There isn't a thing in it worth the paper it is written on."

"Oh, Sara!"

"And what is more, I have known it myself all along."

"Is it possible he said so?"

"He? Never. He said every thing that was generous and kind and cordial and appreciative; and he gave me solid assistance, too, in the way of advice, and suggestive hints worth their weight in gold to an isolated beginner like myself. But—"

"But?"

"Yes, 'but.' Through it all, Martha, I could see the truth written in the sky over that old look-out tower; we were on the glacis under that tower all the time, and I never took my eyes off from it. That tower is my fate, I feel sure."

"What do you mean? Your fate?"

"I don't know exactly myself. But, nevertheless, in some way or other that look-out tower is connected with my fate—the fate of poor Sara St. John."

In John Hoffman's room at the same time another conversation was going on.

JOHN. "Has she genius, do you think?"

EUGENIO. "Not an iota."

JOHN. "What do you mean, you iron-





UNITED STATES BARRACKS—A DRESS PARADE.

hearted despot? Has the girl no poetry in her?"

EUGENIO. "Plenty; but not of the kind that can express itself in writing. Sara St. John has poetry, but she ought not to try to write it; she is one of the kind to—"

JOHN. "Well, what?"

EUGENIO. "Live it."

Eugenio went, leaving real regret behind. The crowd of tourists began to diminish, the season was approaching its end, and Aunt Diana gathered her strength for a final contest.

"We are not out of the wilderness yet, it seems," said Sara to me, in her mocking voice. "Mokes, the Captain, the Professor, and the Knickerbocker, and nothing settled! How is this, my countrymen?"

Our last week came, and the Captain and Iris continued their murmured conversations. In vain Aunt Diana, with the vigilance of a Seminole, contested every inch of the ground; the Captain outgeneraled her, and Iris, with her innocent little ways, aided and abetted him. Aunt Di never made open warfare; she believed in strategy; through the whole she never once said, "Iris, you must not," or wavered for one moment in her charming manner toward the Captain. But the pits she dug for that young man, the barriers she erected, the obstructions she cast in his way, would have astonished even Osceola himself. And all the time she had Mokes to amuse, Mokes

the surly, Mokes the wearing, Mokes who was even beginning to talk openly of going!—yes, absolutely going! One day it came to pass that we all went up to the barracks, to attend a dress parade. The sun was setting, the evening gun sounded across the inlet, the flash of the light-house came back as if in answer, the flag was slowly lowered, and the soldiers paraded in martial array—artillery, "the poetry of the army," as the romantic young ladies say—"the red-legged branch of the service," as the soldiers call it.

"What a splendid-looking set of officers!" exclaimed Iris, as the tall figures in full uniform stood motionless in the sunset glow. "But who is that other young officer?"

"The lieutenant," said the "other young lady."

"He is very handsome," said Iris, slowly.

"Yes, very. But he is a provoking fellow. Nobody can do any thing with him."

"Can't they?" said Iris, warming to the encounter. (Iris rather liked a difficult subject.) Then, "Oh, I forgot we were going so soon," she added, with a little sigh. "But I wonder why the Captain never brought him to call upon us?"

"Simply because he won't be brought," replied the "other young lady."

"I will tell you what he is like, Iris," I said, for I had noticed the young soldier often. "He is like the old Indian description of the St. Johns River: 'It hath its



own way, is alone, and contrary to every other."

Review over, we went on to the post cemetery, beyond the barracks, the Captain accompanying us, glittering in gold-lace.

"Were there any encounters in or near St. Augustine during the late war?" began Aunt Di, in a determined voice. Time was short now, and she had decided to cut the Gordian knot of Mokes; in the mean time the Captain *should not* get to Iris unless it was over her dead body.

"No," replied Antinous. "The nearest approach to it was an alarm, the gunners under arms, and the woods shelled all night, the scouts in the morning bringing in the mangled remains of the enemy—two Florida cows."

"A charmingly retired life you must lead here," pursued Aunt Di; "the news from the outside world does not rush in to disturb your peaceful calm."

No, the Captain said, it did not rush much. Four weeks after President Fillmore's death they had received their orders to lower the flag and fire funeral guns all day, which they did, to the edification of the Minorcans, the Matanzas River, and the Florida beach generally.

The military cemetery was a shady, grassy place, well tended, peaceful, and even pleasant. A handsome monument to all the soldiers and officers who fell during the long, hard, harassing Seminole war stood on one side, and near it were three low massive pyramids covering the remains of Major Dade and one hundred and seven soldiers, massacred by Osceola's band.

"There is a dramatic occurrence connected with this story," said Miss Sharp, sentimentally. "It seems that this gallant Major Dade and the other young officers attended a ball here in St. Augustine the evening before the battle, dancing nearly all night, and then riding away at dawn, with

gay adieux and promises to return soon. That very morning, before the sun was high in heaven, they were all dead men! So like the 'Battle of Waterloo,' you remember:

"There was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gathered then  
Her beauty and her chivalry."

I do not think this incident is generally known, however."

"No, I don't think it is," replied John; "for as Major Dade and his command were coming up from Key West and Tampa Bay, on the west side of the State, and had just reached the Withlacoochee River when they met their fate, they must have traveled several hundred miles that night, besides swimming the St. Johns twice, to attend the ball and return in time for the battle. However," he added, seeing the discomfiture of the governess, "I have no doubt they would have been very glad to have attended it had it been possible, and we will let it go as one of those things that 'might have been,' as I said the other day to a young lady who, having been quite romantic over the 'Bravo's Lane,' was disgusted to find that it had nothing at all to do with handsome operatic scoundrels in slouch hats and feathers, but was so called after a worthy family here named Bravo."

The Professor now began to rehearse the Dade story; indeed, he gave us an abstract of the whole Florida war. Aunt Diana professed herself much interested, and leaned on the Captain's arm all the time. Miss Sharp took notes.

"Come," whispered Sara, "let us go back and sit on the sea-wall."

"Why?" I said, for I rather liked watching the Captain's impalement.

"Martha Miles," demanded Sara, "do you think—do you really think that I am going either to stand or stand through another massacre?"

The next morning I was summoned to



MILITARY CEMETERY.



Aunt Di by a hasty three-cornered note, and found her in a darkened room, with a handkerchief bound around her head.

"A headache, Aunt Di?"

"Yes, Niece Martha, and worse—a headache also," replied a muffled voice.

"What is the trouble?"

"Adrian Mokes has gone!"

"Gone?"

"Yes, this morning."

"Off on that hunting expedition?"

"No," replied Aunt Diana, sadly; "he has gone, never to return."

I took a seat by the bedside, for I knew Aunt Di had a story to tell. Now and then she did let out her troubles to me, and then seemed to feel the better for it, and ready to go on for another six months. I was a sort of safety-valve for the high pressure of her many plans.

"You know all I have done for Iris," she began, "the care I have bestowed upon her. Unhappy child! she has thrown aside a princely fortune with that frivolity which she inherits from her father's family. My dear sister Clementina had no such traits."

"Did she really refuse him, then?"

"No; even that comfort was denied to me," said poor Aunt Di; "it would have been something, at any rate. But no; her conduct has been such that he simply announced to me that he had decided to take a leisurely trip around the world, and afterward he might spend a year or so in England, where the society was suited to his tastes—no shop-keepers, and that sort of thing."

"Happy England!" I said; but Aunt Di went on with her lamentations. "He certainly admired Iris, and Iris has certainly encouraged him for months. It is all very well to talk about romance, but Iris is an extravagant little thing, and would be wretched as a poor man's wife; even *you* can not deny that, Niece Martha" (I could not, and did not). "Mokes would have suited her very well in the long-run, and now, by her own foolishness, she has lost him forever. I must confess I felt sick at heart, to say nothing of being chilled to the bone sitting on that damp stone."

"And where were you then?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I thought I would hint a little something to Mokes—delicately, of course—and, as we were walking to and fro on the sea-wall, I proposed strolling into the demi-lune."

"That demi-lune!" I exclaimed.

"Yes; it is quite retired, you know, and I had never seen it."

That demi-lune!

But that was not all I had to lay up against that venerable and mysterious outlying fortification. The next afternoon I myself strolled up there, and passing by the two dragons, their two houses, and the supply

of mutton hanging up below, I climbed the old stairway, and turning the angle, sat down on the grass to rest a while. I had a new novel, and leaning back comfortably against the parapet, I began to read; but the warm sunshine lulled me before I knew it into one of those soothing after-dinner naps so dear to forty years. The sound of voices woke me. "No; Miss Miles is superficial, not to say flippant."

("Decidedly, listeners never hear any good of themselves," I thought; "but I can't show myself now, of course, without making matters worse. If they should come up farther, I can be sound asleep." For the voice came from the little hidden stairway, and belonged unmistakably to our solemn Professor.)

"And Miss St. John is decidedly overbearing," continued our learned friend.

"It is only too true," sighed the voice of the governess. "But those are the faults of the feminine mind when undisciplined by regular mental training."

"I have noticed, however, one mind" (and here the Professor's voice took a tender tone)—"one mind, Miss Sharp, whose workings seem to follow my own, one mind in which I can see an interest, veiled, of course, as is seemly, but still plainly discernible to the penetrative eye—an interest in my Great Work, now in process of compilation. My emotional nature has, I fear, been somewhat neglected in the cultivation of my intellectual faculties, but there is still time for its development, I think."

Miss Sharp, in a gentle, assenting murmur, thought there was.

("So it has come about at last," I said to myself; "and very well suited they are, too.")

"This mind might be of assistance to me in many ways," continued the Professor. "I could mould it to my own. And I can not let the present happy occasion pass without disclosing to you, my dear Miss Sharp, the state of my feelings. Although youthful, Miss Carew—"

"Iris!" I repeated, under my breath.

"Iris!" ejaculated the governess.

"Yes, Iris, if I may use the gentle name," said the Professor.

But I would not let him proceed; I felt for that woman down stairs as though she had been a man and a brother, and I was determined to save her from the rest. I threw my book and a great piece of rock over the side of that perfidious old demi-lune, the startled Professor rushed up the stairs, and there I was, innocently waking up, and regretting that the wind had blown the new volume off the parapet. I took that man's arm, and I walked him home, and I never stopped talking one instant until I had masked the retreat of the governess up stairs to her own room; and then



I went back to Hospital Street and told Sara.

"No doubt she is sitting there now, surrounded by her relics, the vicious-looking roots, the shells, the lumps of coquina, the spiny things, and the bone," said Sara, laughing.

"Don't laugh, Sara; it is too real. She liked that man."

"So much the worse for her, then," replied my companion. "She had better tear out her heart and throw it to the dogs at once."

When Sara answered me after that fashion, I generally let her alone.

"Aunt Diana is really going to-morrow," I said, the next evening, as John Hoffman and I stood leaning on the Plaza railing, waiting for the mail.

"Yes; shall you go also?"

"No; we have decided to remain another week, Sara and I. But I am really surprised; I thought Iris would carry the day; she was determined to stay longer."

"I think I can account for that," said John, smiling. "We were walking together last evening in the moonlight on the seawall, and, happening to stroll into the demi-lune—"

"Oh, that demi-lune!"

"Yes, that demi-lune. There we found the Captain."

"The Captain?"

"The Captain. But not alone. Miss Arabella—Miss Van Amsterdam was with him!"

Now Miss Van Amsterdam was a beauty and an heiress.

The next morning we bade farewell to the departing half of our party. "Do you think that impervious old Professor will try it again between here and New York?" I said, as we strolled back from the little dépôt.

"I doubt it," answered Sara. "He is the kind that goes in ankle deep, and then hesitates over the final plunge. But probably all the rest of his life he will cherish the delusion that he had only to speak, and he will intimate as much to his cronies over a temperate and confidential glass of whisky on winter nights."

"After all, Miss Sharp is worth twenty Professors. How silently and even smilingly she bore her fate! Iris, now, pouted openly over the Captain's desertion."

"She will forget all about it before she is half way to Tocoi, and there will be a new train of admirers behind her before the steamer enters the Savannah harbor," said Sara, smiling.

"Do you know who has been the real heroine of the romance of these last weeks, Sara?"

"Who?"

"The demi-lune!"

Our one remaining week rolled its hours swiftly along. Every morning the Sabre-

boy began the day by ringing his great bell, beginning on the ground-floor, then up the stairs, a salvo in our little entry-way, a flurry around the corner, and a long excursion down the gallery, with a salute to all outdoors on the rear balcony; then counter-march, ringing all the time, back to the second-story stairs, up the stairway, and a tremendous clanging at the three blue doors; then, face about, and over the whole route again down to the ground-floor, where a final flourish in jig time always brought the sleepy idea that he was dancing a double-shuffle of triumph in conclusion.

"I don't know which is the worst," said Sara, "the dogs that bark all night, the roosters that crow all day, the Sabre and his morning clanging, or the cathedral chimes, those venerable and much-written-about relics that ring in the hours like a fire-alarm of cow-bells gone mad."

"Do you know that to-morrow will be Easter?" I said, when we had but two days left. "We must ask Mr. Hoffman to take us out this evening to hear the Minorcans sing; to-morrow we will go to the Episcopal church, and then, on Monday, ho! for the bonny North."

"Very bonny!" said Sara.

"Do you agree to the programme, made-moiselle?"

"All save the church-going."

"We are not Episcopalians, I know, but on Easter-Sunday—"

"Oh, it isn't that, Martha. I don't want to go to church at all. I am not in the mood."

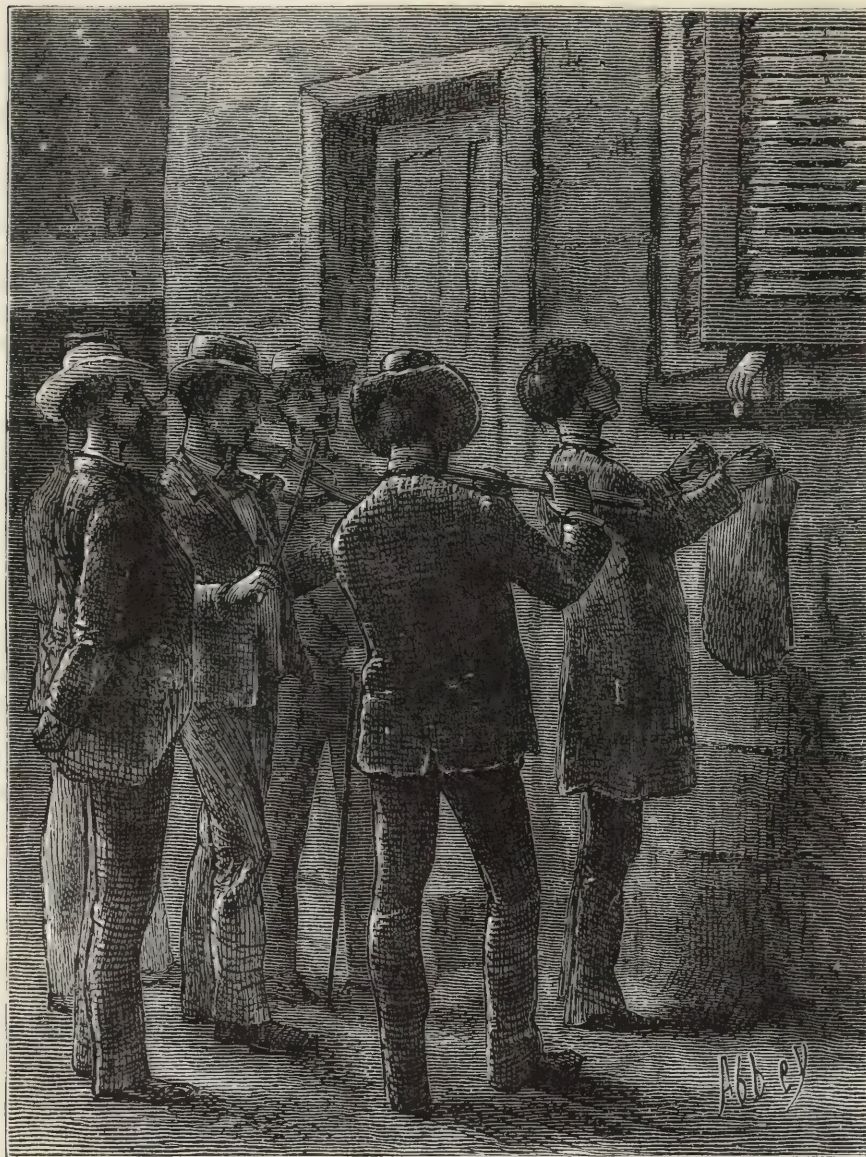
"But, Sara, my dear—"

"Yes, and Sara, my dear! Religion is for two classes—the happy and the resigned. I belong to neither. I am lost out of the first, and I haven't yet found the second. I took this journey to please you, Martha. I don't blame you; it was all chance; but— You think you know all my life. You know nothing about it. Martha, I was once engaged to John Hoffman."

"What! engaged?"

"Yes, for six short months. But it was ten years ago, and I was only eighteen. He had forgotten both it and me, as I could see by his face when you first introduced him on that New York steamer. I am only one of a succession, I presume," continued Sara, in a bitter tone. (I thought it very likely, but did not say so.) "I was at home up in the mountains then, and he came that way on a hunting expedition. It was the old, old story, and I was so happy! I knew little and cared less about his social position. I was educated, therefore I was his peer. But he was stern, and I was proud; he was unyielding, and I rebellious; he wished to rule, and I would obey no one, although I would have given him freely the absolute devotion of every breath had he not demand-





EASTER-EVEN SERENADE.

ed it. We parted, still up in the mountains, where he had lingered for my sake, and I had never seen him since that day until, when fairly out at sea, he appeared on the deck of that steamer. He took the initiative immediately with his calm politeness, and I was not to be outdone. I flatter myself that not one of you suspected that we had ever met before. And now, Martha, not one word, please. There is nothing to say. We shall soon be parted again, very likely for another ten years, as he does not return North with us. Do not fancy that I am unhappy about it. I am like Esther in *Bleak House*, when, after that unwished-for and unpleasant offer of marriage, she nevertheless found herself weeping as she had not done since the days when she buried the dear old doll down in the garden. It is only that the old chords are stirred, Martha dear; nothing more."

When, late in the evening, John sent up word that he was waiting for us, I hesitated; but Sara rose and said, "Come," in her calm, every-day manner, and I went.

"What will it be like, Mr. Hoffman?" I said, as soon as we reached the street, in order to make talk.

"Principally singing," he replied, "according to an old custom of the Minorcans. On Easter - even the young men assemble with musical instruments, and visit the houses of all their friends. Before they begin singing they tap on the shutter, and if they are welcome there is an answering tap within. Then follows the long hymn they call *Fromajardis*, always the same seven verses, with a chorus after each verse, all in the Minorcan dialect. Next comes a recitative soliciting the customary gifts, a bag is held under the window, and the people of the house open the shutter, and drop into it eggs, cheese, cakes, and other

dainties, while the young men acknowledge their bounty with a song, and then depart."

We followed the singers for an hour, listening to the ancient song, which sounded sweetly through the narrow streets in the midnight stillness. My two companions talked on as usual, but I could not. I was haunted by that picture of ten years ago.

Easter-Sunday morning I went to church alone; Sara would not go with me. John Hoffman sat near me. I mentioned it when I returned home.

"I hate such religion as his," said Sara. She was lying on the couch, with her defiant eyes fixed on the blank wall opposite.

"Dear child," I said, "do not speak in that tone. It is ten years since you knew him, and indeed I do think he is quite earnest and sincere. No doubt he has changed—"

"He has not changed," interrupted Sara; "he is the same cold, hard, proud—"

Her voice ceased, and looking up, I saw that she had turned her face to the wall, and was silently weeping.

In the evening I begged her to come with



me to the Sunday-school festival. "It will do you good to see the children, and hear them sing," I said.

She went passively; she had regained her composure, and moved about, pale and calm.

The church stood on the Plaza; it was small, but beautiful and complete, with chancel and memorial windows of stained glass. Flowers adorned it, intertwined with the soft cloudy gray moss, a profusion of blossoms which could not be equaled in any Northern church, because of its very carelessness. Not the least impressive incident, at least to Northern eyes, was the fact that the ranks of the children singing, "Onward, Christian soldiers," were headed by an officer in the United States uniform, the colonel commanding the post, who was also the superintendent of the Sunday-school. And when, in reading his report, the superintendent bowed his head in acknowledgment of the rector's cordial aid and sympathy, those who knew that the rector had been himself a soldier all through those four long years, and fighting, too, on the other side, felt their hearts stirred within them to see the two now meeting as Christian soldiers, bound together in love for Christ's kingdom, while around them, bearing flower-crowned banners, stood children both from the North and from the South, to whom the late war was as much a thing of the dead past as the Revolution of seventy-six.

As we came out of the church the rising

moon was shining over Anastasia Island, lighting up the inlet with a golden path.

"Let us go up once more to the old fort," whispered Sara, keeping me in the deep shadow of the trees as John Hoffman passed by, evidently seeking us.

"Alone?"

"Yes; there are two of us, and it will be quite safe, for the whole town is abroad in the moonlight. Do content me, Martha. I want to stand once more on that far point of the glacis under my look-out tower. That tower is my fate, you know. Come; it will be the last time."

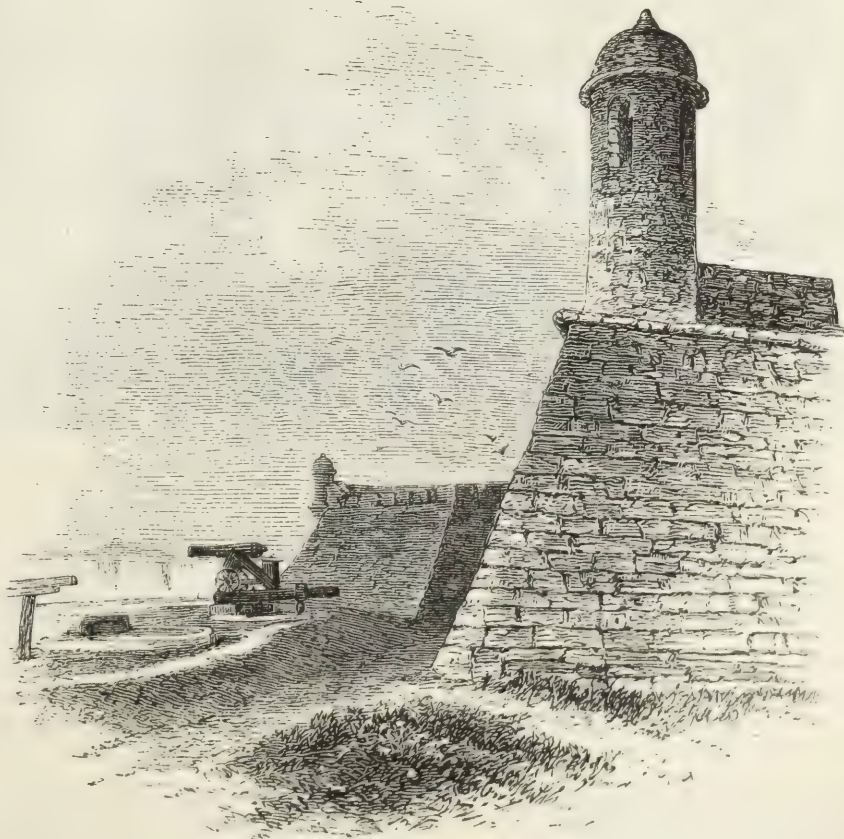
We walked up the sea-wall and out on to the glacis, with the light-house flashing and fading opposite; the look-out tower rose high and dark against the sky. Feeling wearied, I sat down and leaned my head against one of the old cannon; but Sara went out to the far point, and gazed up at the look-out.

"My fate!" she murmured; "my fate!"

A quick step sounded on the stone; from the other side, leaping over the wall, came John Hoffman; he did not see me as I sat in the shadow, but went out on to the point where the solitary figure stood looking up at the ruined tower.

"Sara," he said, taking her hand, "shall we go back to ten years ago?"

And Fate, in the person of the old watch-tower, let a star shine out through her ruined windows as a token that all was well.



THE LOOK-OUT TOWER.





### THE RIVALS.

A KING of a most royal line  
 Stood at his gates, as History saith;  
 He stretched his hand, he made the sign  
 'To put a captive there to death.

As those who can no further fly  
 Turn sharp and grasp the deadly swords,  
 So the poor wretch about to die  
 Abused the king with bitter words.

"What does he say?" the king began,  
 To whom his jargon was unknown.  
 His Vizier, a kind-hearted man,  
 Who knew that language like his own,

Answered him: "'Oh, my lord!' he cries.  
 'Who stay their hasty hands from blood—  
 God made for such men Paradise:  
 He loves, He will defend the good.'"

The king's great heart was touched at this:  
 "'The captive's blood shall not be shed."  
 Then—for a serpent needs must hiss—  
 A rival of the Vizier said:

"It is not decorous that we  
 Whose blood comes down from noble springs—  
 No matter what the end may be,  
 We should speak truth before our kings.



"The man who kneels respited here  
Abused our gracious, clement lord:  
There was no blessing, O Vizier—  
There was a curse in every word!"

Sternly to him the king: "I see;  
You speak the truth, no doubt; but still  
His falsehood better pleaseth me,  
For he means good, and you mean ill.

"If I should punish, as I might  
(Be thankful that I am not just),  
Your head, when I commanded '*Smite!*'  
Would roll before me in the dust!"

## TWO SKETCHES.

### I.—IN THE STREET.

I'M a black pin girl. You know—the kind that tells lies about their mother being sick, or dead, or something, and most on 'em never had no mother.

Ten cents a dozen; but you better wait till it comes night; then you can get 'em 'most any price, 'cause then we always say we ain't made nothing all day, and we're 'most starved for food. I don't care, they don't belong to me; it's Duffy does the buying, and me does the selling. They're awful dull pins. There's a kind comes down to Jacobs's for twelve cents for an awful sight on 'em; them's the kind she gets to sell; and there's a kind comes for two cents a dozen, and she mostly gets about a cent's worth of them for samples. I guess when ladies comes to be a little older than they was, and nobody ain't took and married 'em, they get skittish about pins. That's the sort that calls you "my good girl," and they don't know if you're good, and says, "Let me see 'em." That's why Duffy got samples. Different people buys pins from us street children. I don't think much on 'em any way. There's short fat old ladies that counts 'em theirselves, and asks if you attend worship. Sometimes I try "yes" on 'em, and that mostly pleases 'em; but if I want a sight of the whites of their eyes, I say "no."

School-girls takes a good many. You might think they eat 'em, they do buy such loads. They save 'em a-sewing on strings to hitch up their over-skirts. They have 'em a-sticking all about, and shed 'em as they go along. A lady stopped me. "Why, look a-here," says she; "ain't them elegant! Give me two," says she. "How much apiece?" "Two cents," says I. I bet that woman come from the country: she was dreadful green, any way.

Me and another girl lives with old Duffy; at least, I don't call it much living. I'd a heap rather die with her. Jinny (that's the other girl) sassed her, and didn't get nothing to eat, and she went to a house and begged, and the cook give her cold cabbage. If a cook give me cold cabbage, I'd fire it at her head.

Duffy says mother give me to her. I wished mother hadn't a-been so generous. I stay with her 'cause I ain't got no other place. Sometimes I think I'll take the pins, samples and all, for wages, and sleep nights to the station-house; but Duffy's old man is had up a good deal for variance, I guess they call it, and that's where *he* mostly stops.

If so many goes into the pin business, Duffy better shut up and go home. Why, just on my blocks there's two boys, with their legs broke by drunken fathers, and a *cryer* (them fellers that winks till they do look like they was crying sure enough), and two pardner boys (one on 'em's always been a-knocking of the other down, and took all his money—it's mostly fifteen cents that's took), and me and Jinny. Sometimes she's better than other times, and it's when she's coming out of her fits of goodness that Duffy beats her. I ain't never good. I just keep along about the same, and Duffy's give over beating me. Jinny's awful queer. She calls me Sarah, and my name's Anne, 'cause she knowed a woman that took care of her when she was sick, and her name was Sarah. Nobody never took care of me, so I call Jinny Jinny.

I suppose if I got sick I could go to a hospital. I did know a girl who went there and died onst. Old man Duffy went when he fell off the dock, and she thought she got rid of him sure enough; but he come back all right: I guess she called it all wrong. Any way, he warn't none the worse for it, if she was.

I just have to laugh when I see the folks in the streets scared to death of a little mud. I declare I'm glad I ain't fashionable, so's I don't have to wear a train. One time Jinny and me put on style, with our hair fuzzed up, and went down Broadway like any children. If you get walking behind people, so's to hear what they're a-saying of, it's about the best fun out. All the mothers is so scared of their young ones getting hurted a-crossing of the streets.

"Now, my darling, do be careful, my darling; catch a-hold of my hand, my darling, or you'll be run over."

Seems to me there must be more danger of every thing if any body's somebody's darling. Good laudy! I ain't been run over, and I never took hold of nobody's hand, only onst when Duffy's old man riz an axe and run after her like he was a-going to chop her; then I held on fast enough, and hol-lered.

There's a young lady I know that's the most beautiful thing I ever seen. I wouldn't ask her to buy a pin not to save Duffy's neck. I don't know her to speak to, but she's often down my way going into the big houses. The first time I see her she give me such a turn: she stepped out of her carriage: now it was just like a star coming out of





"SHE PUT OUT HER HAND, AND HE GAVE IT A KISS."

the sky. Her face was shining, and there was a kind of a look to her that made me begin to cry, though she was smiling. She didn't see me then; I don't guess she ever see me, but I follow her round now, and I know the house she lives in.

I was to a big reception one day at dark, and I see her carriage down the line, so I just waited till he drove up, and then I come pretty close, and in a minute out she come. Her face was shining just the same, and a gentleman a-helping her down the steps. I heard him speak to her while he was a-covering of her up warm with the things in the carriage. I heard him say, "Helen, my darling, my good angel," says he. She didn't say nothing, but put out her hand, and he gave it a kiss. Then he slammed the carriage door, and she drove off, and he went back in the house, and in a minute he comes out with a cigar lighted; I see him then, and I know that man—I know him. Down to a place I've went to fetch Duffy's old man home I've seen him as drunk as a fool. They call him Shady down there, and he can talk up as lively as any feller I ever see, and swear with the other men. Is my Star Lady that feller's darling?

That's what he called her, and he's a bad man.

There was one day there'd been a storm of ice and snow, and I hadn't much shoes on me; one was a rubber I found, and the other was a kind of a low shoe that was tied on with a string. My feet kinder hurt, that's true, but I suppose it warn't so bad as if I'd a-been somebody's darling. Any way, I didn't think much about it, only they was bothersome to keep on, 'cause they was big; and along there come a young man with a good warm coat on him, and when he see me we was just in front of a cheap shoe store—the kind where poor folks gets cheated, unless they're Jews. And what's he do but up and took me into that store and got me a whole pair of shoes; and I know he warn't poor, for they was good shoes, and wore me first-rate; and I guess he warn't a Jew neither. When we come out of the store he stopped a minute, and says, "Feel better, little girl?" and he put his hand in his pocket, and out comes a ten-cent silver; and I never thanked him nor nothing, but begun to cry. He was going to put it in my hand, and there come along a carriage, and in it I seen my Star Lady, and he seen her too, and



she knowed him, smiling to him and bowing her head. The silver dropped on to the ice in the street, so's I had to stoop down to get it. He got very white-looking, and stood with his hat off, so's I'd thought he'd have caught his death. He didn't say no more to me, but started off to walk very fast. I never seen him again, but I think of them two, nights when Jinny's asleep, and I think if they was to come together, and I was to see 'em a-going into a church, her all in white, with her face a-shining, and him a-looking so proud of her, with the look on 'em some folks do wear to their weddings, I think I'd give 'em—I'd give— Oh, granny, I ain't got nothing to give but the ten-cent silver he give me, and Duffy's old pins.

#### II.—IN THE HOSPITAL.

She stood in the middle of her room, quite still, with her hands clasped tight together.

"Bear it, bear it," she said, aloud. "You shall not give way," as though she were commanding her own spirit. Then the voice broke, and with a sob she sank down to the floor.

From the fire in the grate little flames shot up gayly, tinging the wall with a rudely glow, and bringing out quaint shadows from the corners. A bust of Clytie that stood high above some book-shelves seemed in the flickering light to change her calm, sweet beauty, and to laugh and grin at the figure lying so still before her.

Twelve strokes chimed from a neighboring church. The Swiss clock on the mantel-piece took up the beat, and the cuckoo popped out of his little window twelve times, and jumped back suddenly, surprised to see the lovely lady who wound him up every week prostrate on the ground. The house was very still. Once a door had opened, and some one, stepping softly, had tried the lock of her room; but the key was turned, and the footsteps glided away again down the hall. The merry fire was tired of flashing and sparkling and playing with the dark, and the room was growing cold, when Helen lifted her head, and, as strength came to her, began putting off the pretty ornaments from her neck and hair. The whole world seemed changed to her, just as her room had changed with the dying fire.

She took off her bright dress, and all her yellow hair was falling about her shoulders, when she sat down on the floor again before the smouldering embers, and let the scene of that evening's sorrow pass before her mind. Let it! She could not cease to see her father's determined face, could not shut from her ears one word that he had spoken, when he drew her so tenderly toward him.

"Helen, my darling," he had said, "a great trouble has come to you. Try to be brave. Oh, if your mother were living now, she would help you better than I can. My

little girl, my Helen, the man you love, the man whom I would have let you marry, is—is—an infernal rascal, Helen!"

She slipped from his protecting arm and stood alone. Then she saw that there were tears in his eyes.

"I don't think I know what you mean. I have never heard you speak so. Is it about Henry? Is it my dear Henry?"

"He can never be any thing to you again, my daughter. He is a villain. Oh, my precious child, my little girl, try to be brave. Don't break down."

He was walking wildly up and down the room. She was standing perfectly still.

"I am trying so hard to understand what you say to me, father. Who says this? why do you believe it?"

"I know it. Money with which I trusted him has gone to the four winds. He is a gambler. He is worse than that."

"What has he done?" She sat down on a chair that was near.

"He has forged my name."

"Where is he?"

"He has left the country; he has run away. I must have been terribly blind and foolish not to understand that man. Your mother would have known. Nothing will be done, nothing will be known of all this but that I have broken the engagement. If my life could have saved you from sorrow, I would have given it."

The poor old father was perfectly unmanned by this blow that had fallen upon his child. She was still calm, and had shed no tear, but the look of anguish on her face seemed to proclaim a broken heart.

She came and leaned over her father where he sat with his head bowed down upon his hands. She raised his face and kissed him.

"Father," she said, "I shall bear this; it will not kill me."

Then she had left him, and seeking her own room, had locked herself in.

She was brave. She tried to let no one see that she suffered; but it was a tragedy in which she was cast for the heroine's part. And her father, who watched her closely, saw that she was growing pale and wan; and so at last he did the only thing he could think of—he sent her to Europe.

She was gone three months with her aunt and two cousins.

Julia and Jane, thinking that experience must make her advice valuable, confided to her constantly their miserable little flirtations. Two other cousins who were in the party, John and James, both fell in love with Helen, and proposed each one to make her his wife. Then she wrote to her father:

"Let me come home. I am a weak and foolish girl to let this trouble so change my nature; but nothing that I used to care for gives me pleasure now. I feel tired and old."



When she was again in her own home, she said, "I suppose you wanted to find what they call distraction for me, and I was nearly distracted"—trying to smile. "It's of no use, papa. The words of that dreadful old song are always singing themselves in my ears to their stupid old tune:

"From sport to sport they hurry me  
To banish my regret,  
And when they win a smile from me,  
They think that I forget."

She began to sing it, but she broke down, and cried instead. Then her father knew that his experiment had not succeeded.

Helen was a girl who would have done well any duty to which she directed her attention. It had fallen to her lot to be a woman of the world, and she had devoted herself to gay society. Perhaps the trial through which she had passed shook some of the chaff out of her nature, leaving what was stronger and more useful; for when she came back to the life that she had left, she was no longer satisfied with it, and she became conscious of a longing for some decided occupation. Until now her life had been perfectly smooth and bright. She had never known want, or sorrow, or disappointment. She had never been very angry even, for her temper was naturally sweet, and her father had stood between her and whatever might harass her. He had also striven to shield her from a knowledge of the misery and the suffering of the world. He loved her better than his life, and he was foolish and sentimental about her. He thought he could keep her fair pure face always as fair and happy, that not even a shadow from the sorrow that belongs to humanity should fall upon her brow; and now that he had failed in this, and his daughter was outgrowing his wisdom, seeking for paths beyond the beds of flowers wherein he would have had her walk forever, he looked on in amazement, with no resource to offer but the amusement that he had given her all ways.

"You want something to do, my dear? Well, suppose you take riding lessons; that will be good exercise, I'm sure."

She arranged for herself a course of reading—a volume of Macaulay's *England* to be taken every week. The task was soon accomplished. She revived her drawing lessons and her singing lessons, and for a time she practiced faithfully; but Helen was not of a nature so essentially artistic that art of itself could form an aim for her. She loved pictures, and she had them about her; she loved music—but all as adornments to her life, not as necessities. Thus there was no real object in any thing she did; she had to create for herself a forced interest in all that she undertook, and she felt that her time was wasted.

Miss Hetty Malcolm was one of the best

women in the world. She was a little lady with that sort of peaceful, gentle beauty that comes to all good women who have passed their youth. She went about the city in her quiet brown dress, and no heels on her boots, doing good every where—sometimes with deeds, sometimes with money, sometimes only with kind words. She had known Helen's mother, and she loved Helen, and knew all about the trouble that had come to her, and she partly guessed, too, at the unrest and longing that the girl felt.

"Helen," said she, "I wish that you loved little children—that you liked to be with them and to amuse them."

"I don't, Miss Hetty. They bother me, and make me cross."

"Have I ever told you about the hospital that my nephew has under his care? There are sometimes fifty little children. There is a great deal of suffering and pain among them, but they are so patient and sweet, it does me good to be near them. And then they are so well and tenderly cared for! Will you go there with me, Helen?"

"Oh, Miss Hetty, I can not; I don't want to do that. But," she added, "I would like to give you some money, if you will let me, for the hospital."

When she was gone Helen sighed. "Ah, how happy and busy Miss Hetty is with all her good works! I wish I knew what there is for me to do. I do hate my life, it is so useless and tiresome; and they all think I am grieving for the past, and it is not that, for I am grieving more for the present. I wish I had been born to a scrubbing brush instead of a silver spoon; then I should have been obliged to work for my living. That would be an advantage. Well, at least I will not sit here complaining to myself. I must go out in the air and take a walk; that may give me something to think about."

It was a clear cold day. Winter had begun, and here and there in the streets on the uneven pavement were treacherous little patches of ice waiting to trip up the unwary traveler. Every thing looked desolate and chilly. A poor Italian woman, with big sad eyes, sat at the corner. She held a sick baby with one hand, while with the other she ground a squalling hand-organ. Helen gave her some money as she passed.

"That seems to be all that I can do," she said to herself; "but that is not work: what does the money cost me?"

She had taken her way through some quiet streets that she might avoid meeting many people, and as she hurried along her eye was attracted by the sign on a house door—"Hospital for Children."

"No, I have no sympathy with children, nor with sick people. I am not kind like Miss Hetty."



Just then from the other side of the street a little ragged girl came running toward her, holding in her outstretched hand a bit of lace that Helen had worn about her neck. She was breathless with her haste, and smiling with unmistakable delight; but as she gained the middle of the crossing a carriage dashed around the corner, and before the driver had seen her or reined in his horses she had fallen beneath their feet. With a horror she could never forget, Helen saw the wheels go over her. In an instant Helen had caught her from under the carriage and carried her tenderly to the sidewalk. She thought the child was dead, and held her with a sort of awe, while slowly from a cut over the pale temple fell drops of blood on Helen's dress.

The coachman had got down from his box, and was trying to explain the case to an officer of the police. A crowd began to collect, many voices talking at once.

"Who did it?"

"Is it her mother?"

"He must ha' been drunk."

"Oh, it's only one of those poor little street children."

"She's dead."

"Where does she live?"

Then Helen remembered the hospital, and, followed by the curious crowd, she carried the child toward the house. Her breath came hard, and as she paused a moment at the foot of the steps the door above opened wide, and a tall young man came quickly out to meet her.

"Oh, Dr. Larned!" she said, with something of the same relief in her heart that Juliet felt when she saw Friar Lawrence standing near her in the tomb.

"I have never," said Dr. Andrew Larned, when he described the scene to a friend—"I have never seen any thing so beautiful as Helen Le Roy, standing pale and stately, with divine pity making tender her perfect face, and in her arms, held so gently, wrapped so carefully, that beggar child."

She followed him into the house, where, in a little room, a low white bed was waiting for some such burden.

"The horses trampled her down. She was running to bring me a bit of lace I had lost, and she fell before my eyes, and I could not help her. Oh, it is so horrible!" said Helen, with a little sob.

"She is not dead. Will you help me, Miss Le Roy?" He looked at her steadily. He knew that if he trusted her with some responsibility, she would conquer her emotion.

"I will do what you tell me."

"You have only to kneel down here and bathe these stains from her face, and here where the cut over the temple is hidden in her hair."

She obeyed him silently.

"I must leave you alone for a few moments, while I call the nurse and get some things that I shall need. Do not be troubled; there is nothing that you can do for her but this." He watched her a minute, and then left the room.

She was bathing the pale face with her deft and gentle hand, and all the time she shed tears, without knowing why she cried, except that in her heart had come a feeling of tenderness and sympathy that in truth was new to her, that seemed to bring the unbidden tears.

As Helen watched she saw that the expression of the child's face had changed, and then the closed eyelids quivered and slowly opened, and two gray eyes regarded her with amazement. She spoke softly, thinking that the child might be frightened at finding herself in this strange place.

"You are with friends, dear; we will be very kind to you."

She seemed not to hear or not to understand, but kept her eyes fixed on Helen's with the same look of wonder, until suddenly a beaming smile shone over her face—a smile of recognition and pleasure—and with a faint, glad voice she said,

"Oh, my beautiful lady! my Star Lady!" and then the light died away, and she lost consciousness again.

Dr. Larned, coming back to the room, found Miss Le Roy still at her post.

"She has spoken. She was conscious for a moment, and she looked at me as though she knew me, and was glad to see me. Oh, Dr. Larned, let me stay here and take care of this poor little girl. If you only knew how I have longed to be useful in some way!" she said, with a sudden frankness that surprised herself. "And perhaps you can tell me—perhaps I can find some work here."

She had risen, and stood before him with the undried tears still upon her cheeks. All good impulses seemed aroused within her, and her face glowed with a living light of charity and hope.

"There is work, plenty of work, among these poor little children; but are you sure, Miss Le Roy—forgive me; but is this what you want to do?"

It was almost cruel to question her so, in the flush of her enthusiasm; but before his doubting speech had time to hurt her a quiet little brown figure came into the room and stood beside Helen. It was Miss Hetty Malcolm, who slipped her kind hand through Helen's arm.

"Of course, Andrew, she wants it, and we need her very much indeed."

So Helen had found something to do. Every day she was at the hospital, caring for the children, soothing those who suffered with her gentle touch and words, amusing the tired ones with little stories and songs,





"IS MY STAR LADY HERE?"

ministering wherever she passed with cheerful looks and kindly influence. The children all learned to love her and to watch eagerly for her coming. Miss Hetty never made any comment, but took it all as a matter of course, and treated Helen as though she had been there forever.

As for Andrew Larned, he always half expected her, and yet it was a never-ending sweet surprise to see at the end of the long sunny room a tall fair girl singing quaint old songs for the listening children; and he would stand a moment silent in the doorway, waiting till the verse was ended and she lifted her eyes to his with a smile.

Down stairs in the darkened room lay the little girl that Helen had carried in her arms. She had never been quite conscious since

that first night when she spoke. Sometimes she had been wild with fever and delirium, and then Helen alone had been able to quiet her. No one else seemed to have any power.

It was in the afternoon. Without, the sun was sparkling on the new-fallen snow, and the street was gay with sleigh-bells and cheerful voices and bright colors; but in the sick child's room all was silent and dim, and Helen, who was watching, could only discern that pale face worn with fever. She was lying so still that a strange anxiety came to the watcher, and when Dr. Larned just stopped a moment on his way up stairs, she was glad to see him. He bent over the child, started, and then gazed more closely.

"She has not moved for an hour. I was



growing anxious when you came in. How is she?"

Dr. Larned came beside her where she was standing.

"Miss Helen," he said, very softly, "she is dying."

The quick tears came to Helen's eyes. She loved this poor child, as we love any being on whom we expend care and sympathy; and there was another feeling, almost of gratitude, that made Helen stoop down and kiss her forehead.

"But for her I should never have come here among the children," she said, simply.

Then there was heard a faint voice, like the voice of a spirit, saying,

"Is my Star Lady here?"

Helen, wondering, but remembering the strange words that she had spoken before, answered, "Yes, I am here."

"Open the window. I want once to see you, near up. Oh, I wish, I wish—" Then, as the mellow sunlight came into the room, she saw Dr. Larned, and suddenly she seemed to gather all her energies, and cried aloud, with a clear ringing tone, "It's him! it's him! oh, glory!" Her voice grew weak, but she went on. "I know you too. You are that good man. I ain't never spent the silver you give me; it's here round my neck; it's for you again." Her voice was failing. "I can't see; gi' me your hands. I guess I'm a-dying; and when I get up there, there ain't only one thing I'll ask—Bless him and my Star Lady, that's come together at last! Amen."

And so their strange unknown little friend died, holding their hands in hers: but her prayer lived after her, and was answered, for these two have been blessed with perfect love and faith, in sweet companionship.

### GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

SLAVERY, during its long continuance, naturally made the Southern States very different from the Northern. The difference was not political merely; it was social, even individual. Things were looked at from another stand-point in the South. Customs and manners, not less than opinions, disagreed; were often at variance with those in the North. This dissimilarity was most striking, on account of their contiguousness, in the Border States. Kentucky, peculiar enough, seemed more peculiar because it lay alongside of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. The passage of the Ohio River well-nigh changed the form of civilization. To be on the north side of that stream was to see the republic at an acute angle; to be on the south side was to see it at an obtuse angle.

The record of Kentucky has always been singular, therefore interesting. Something of the feudal era has been associated with the eccentric commonwealth; and it is hard

to judge of its past without being in sympathy with its people.

One of the foremost figures of his time in that State was George Denison Prentice. Like so many men who have been prominent in the South and Southwest, he was a native of New England, having been born in Preston, Connecticut, December 18, 1802. He is said to have been remarkably precocious, having been able to read freely when but four years old, and to construe and translate Horace and Homer before he was fifteen. Then prepared to enter college, he was too poor to do so, and was forced to teach school—the usual occupation of New England youth—until he could get the means to pay for the completion of a classical course. He became a member of the Sophomore class of Brown University at eighteen, and was graduated three years later. He afterward studied law, and was admitted to the bar, though he never practiced, because he preferred literature to Coke or Blackstone. At the age of twenty-six he set up in Hartford the *New England Review*, a literary weekly, which at once attracted attention, from the strength and grace of its editorials. He had been on the *Review* only two years when he received a flattering and pressing invitation to go to Kentucky for the purpose of writing the life of Henry Clay. Being an ardent admirer of the then eminent statesman, he cordially accepted, resigning the charge of the weekly to John G. Whittier, and set out for Lexington, the home of Clay. The proposed biography was completed in nine or ten months, most of the materials being at hand, and met with a hearty reception from the entire Whig party, whose avowed leader the subject had been for years. Clay himself was particularly pleased with the manner in which Prentice had executed the work. Between the author and statesman sprang up a warm intimacy, a close friendship, which continued through life, Clay always ascribing to Prentice much of the fame he enjoyed.

The success of the biography induced its writer to undertake the publication of a daily newspaper (November 24, 1830) in the interest of the Whig party, and in support of the political claims of Henry Clay to any office he might want. The office he particularly wanted, as every body knew, was the Presidency.

First nominated for Chief Executive in 1822 by the Legislature of his State, supported by Ohio, Missouri, and Louisiana, the narrow escape he had had from a choice by the House of Representatives two years subsequent had filled him with an ambition that was never allayed. After John Quincy Adams's failure to secure re-election in 1828, Clay, who had held the first place in his cabinet, went out with him in the following March, and remained in private life for more than two years and a half. To bring him



forward again, and to repair the injury his reputation, however unjustly, had received from the cry of "bargain and corruption," was the object of the biography, and one of the chief motives in starting the paper in question. His friends were very anxious to return him to the national Senate, to which he had bidden farewell twenty years before. The Democrats, on the other hand, were extremely desirous to elect Colonel Richard M. Johnson, the reputed slayer of Tecumseh, and might have succeeded had it not been for the obstinate and gallant fight Prentice made on Clay's behalf in the *Louisville Journal*—the place and name he had selected for his newspaper enterprise. Johnson was defeated, to the chagrin of his own party, and to the delight of the admirers of the Whig leader. Clay personally thanked Prentice for the efficient service rendered, and in due time took his seat in the body—more august and venerable in those days than it is in these.

When the *Journal* was begun the principal Democratic organ in Kentucky was the *Louisville Advertiser*, under the control of Shadrach Penn, one of the ablest political writers and most skillful polemics in the Southwest. He was a formidable antagonist, having the advantage over the newcomer in years, experience, prestige. The Democrats thought it presumptuous, audacious in Prentice, a stranger and comparatively a mere youth, to attempt to cope with the hardy veteran, the hero of a hundred battles. They spoke of him derisively as a Yankee school-teacher, as an adventuresome clock peddler—every citizen of a Free State used to be so called the other side of Mason and Dixon's line—who had the impudence to come to Kentucky to pinch picayunes and preach Puritanism. He was also mentioned as an advocate of Connecticut Blue Laws, and a dealer in wooden nutmegs—an inherent article of common Southern faith having once been that every Northern man sustained those cerulean enactments, and gained a livelihood by disposing of the ligneous imitation of the kernel of the fruit of the *Myristica moschata*.

Whatever their prejudice, they soon found that Prentice was not to be despised. Penn quickly discovered in the New Englander a foeman worthy of his quill. Many and bitter were their contests, which were carried on for nearly ten years, albeit each of the adversaries privately retained for the other sincere personal respect. The editor of the *Journal* evinced his eminent fitness for his profession. He wrote not only nervous leaders, but telling squibs and pungent paragraphs, which, being something new in journalism, attracted great attention, and were widely copied. He is reputed to have been the originator in the American press of the short and pointed paragraphs now grown

so popular, by which an antagonist may be more readily overthrown than by the most elaborate editorial. Here are some specimens, culled at random:

"The *Eastern Argus* says that the administration goes on swimmingly. It has tumbled overboard, and must go swimmingly or not at all."

"An editor in Indiana threatens to handle us without gloves. We would certainly never think of handling him without at least three pairs, and thick ones at that."

"What would you do, madam, if you were a gentleman?" "Sir, what would you do if you were one?"

"We know some men who, when they are perplexed in argument, get out just as poor debtors sometimes get out of jail—they swear out."

"We have before us a copy of the famous Post-office circular soliciting contributions for the Postmaster-General's picture. On the whole, we are not surprised at his resorting to this expedient. Having expended the last farthing in his possession, what is he to do if he can not run his face?"

"The editor of the *Advertiser* says he was the first to apply to General Harrison the title of 'the Hero of Tippecanoe,' and that he applied it ironically. The title of 'the Lion-hearted' was first given to King Richard by his own harlequin, yet it was worn most proudly. Though given by a fool, it was borne by a hero."

"An exchange has this: 'The editor of the *Journal* said he had caught us; but he finds he has caught it.' Yes, we mistook your gender. We stand corrected."

"It has been thought strange that a dinner to which a man has not been invited is generally the one that sits the hardest upon his stomach."

Each issue of the *Journal* contained from a dozen to forty such paragraphs. Many of them were very bright, while others were labored, often commonplace. All of them, after a year or two, gained great currency as well as popularity, and contributed so much toward the circulation of the paper that it would have fallen off materially without them.

A large number of the paragraphs were deliberately prepared, the point being made first, and the circumstances to fit it invented afterward. Clever journalists are thoroughly acquainted with this process, but with the multitude it passes for spontaneity. He who can throw off smart paragraphs—and almost any adroit scribe can with a little practice—easily acquires the reputation of a wit. Forty years ago that kind of paragraphing was novel in this country, and its daily continuation spread Prentice's fame far and wide; placed him at the head of what the French would style *les discours des bons mots*.

Violent as had been the professional hostility, often reaching personality, between Penn and Prentice, they were completely reconciled by the mediation of a common friend just before the former's retirement from the *Advertiser*. On his departure for St. Louis the editor of the *Journal* paid a sincere and honest tribute to his worth and services, and after his death wrote a noble and touching obituary of the deceased.

For thirty-five years the *Louisville Journal* exercised an extraordinary influence, and was regarded as the ablest newspaper in the





GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Southwest. If it had been published just as it was in any of the leading cities of the East, it would have gained nothing like the reputation that it generally enjoyed. Its power was, to a large extent, in consequence of the time of its establishment and its geographical position. When it was first issued none of the great New York morning dailies were in existence. The *Journal of Commerce* and the *Courier and Enquirer* were the leading newspapers, the present era of journalism, introduced by the *Herald* (1835) and the *Tribune* (1840), not then having dawned. Newspapers, indeed, in any strict sense, were unknown. The period was one of party

journalism, represented, outside of the metropolis, by such presses as the *Boston Courier*, *Baltimore Patriot*, *National Intelligencer*, and *Richmond Enquirer*. The last thing cared for or thought of in those days was news in the present acceptation. In its stead were political disquisitions, partisan attacks, long communications on government or political economy. There was no variety, no freshness, no sparkle. Every thing was protracted, solemn, tedious. Current intelligence was regarded as superfluous, humor as undignified.

The paragraphic style, the keen, sarcastic, witty thrusts so liberally scattered through



the *Louisville Journal*, were therefore most cordially welcomed. The public turned from the pompous essays of the *Courier and Enquirer* and *National Intelligencer* to be entertained, and to laugh at Prentice's biting brevities and acute retorts. While the *Journal* was altogether partisan, its editorials, even when long, were not heavy nor soporific. On the contrary, they were animated with personality, sharpened with bitterness. They were read with gusto; swallowed, so to speak, as a sort of intellectual cocktail, and thoroughly enjoyed from the fiery sting imparted to the palate.

The Whigs in those days were a political force. They embraced a large portion of the wealth and culture of the nation, including many of the principal Southern planters, whose interests and opinions were dominant and dictatorial. The *Journal* was a Whig organ, the special advocate of Henry Clay, the corypheus of the party. Nearly every prominent Whig, in whatever State he chanced to reside, subscribed to and read the paper, thus giving it a national influence and reputation. Its publication in Louisville, one of the largest Southern cities, and the metropolis of Kentucky, the strongest of all the Whig States in proportion to its population, added to its authority and ascendancy. In all that region it had no serious competitor. Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, had no dailies worth speaking of, except the *Gazette* in the second and the *Republican* in the third city, and these were at that time petrified. The dailies in Mobile and New Orleans were of the ancient order; so that the whole field of the Southwest was open to the *Journal*, and energetically was it filled.

Looking back at its issues to-day, they seem any thing but remarkable. They were not well printed, they had no departments, no special dispatches, no regular correspondence until long after its contemporaries in other centres had them. The *Journal*, in truth, was far better before the telegraph and general press facilities than after their attainment. As it had been undertaken to support Henry Clay and the Whig party, it appears to have lost strength as soon as Clay had ceased to be an available candidate for the Presidency, which was in 1848, and to have forfeited its prestige with the disruption of the Whigs, four years later. Prentice plainly belonged to a by-gone epoch of journalism—the epoch of politics and personality—and in this he was deservedly distinguished, one of the very first of his profession. To judge the *Journal* fairly, we should not compare it with the press of the present day, but with the press of the past, extending to the time (1848–49) of the general use of the telegraph. So judged, it will show to advantage. It was poetically just that the great Whig leader and the Whig

party should die in the same year, and not less just that the newspaper which had so zealously and nobly sustained them should, as respects its national influence, have died also. Unquestionably, with the final overthrow of the Whigs and the fall of their standard-bearer, Prentice, then fifty, felt the mainspring of his life weakened, much of his future frustrated. After that the *Journal* continued for sixteen years, and its editor a little longer; but, until the rebellion began, neither it nor he gathered any fresh laurels, and those that had been gathered slowly withered.

The *Journal* won very early a broad literary reputation, at least in the Southwest, on account of the occasional poetical effusions of its chief and the superabundant verses of its contributors. He may be said, in fact, to have been the founder of a rhythmic school—not at all original nor artistic—but still a school, inasmuch as it had any number of imitators. Young women of the Della Cruscan pattern poured forth their aspirations and their sentimental sorrows of measured commonplace in season and out of season. The tuneful contagion spread until every he or she who had lines printed in the columns of the *Journal* was held by the immature to be a poet. Most editors sternly repress the inky fancies of the host of would-be singers; but Prentice deliberately and vigorously encouraged them. He prefaced their ordinary verses with absurdly extravagant commendations; such as,

"This charming poetess, who has the beauty of Récamier and the genius of De Staël, distills her divine soul in these exalted and exquisite strains."

"Who that reads these tender harp-notes of a melancholy and inspired heart but feels how God-like is the gift of poesy, and thanks Heaven that he has lived to hear its so wonderful expression?"

Nay, more; he indited lines to his feminine correspondents, in which he exhausted superlative and hyperbole, while they, as in duty bound, returned the high-flown flattery in kind, referring to him as a bard to whom Homer, Dante, and Shakspeare were as unlettered hinds. The paper was soaked with this prosodial spooneyism. It is wonderful how long it ran, and still more wonderful how the patience of the readers endured. One might think this another phase of the editor's humor; but it was not. He was completely sincere—indeed, enthusiastic toward every jingler foolish enough to intrust poor prose, every line beginning with a capital, to his revising care.

All men have their weaknesses. Poetry, or what he was kind enough to believe such, was one of Prentice's weaknesses. In his youth, and later in life, he had done some very creditable versification, and on that account had been thrust before his time into the Southern Valhalla of song. He is entitled, perhaps, to a third rank among American poets; but, pushed into loftier company,



the disharmony of his surroundings, is unpleasantly apparent. He used to be greatly lauded for the incitement he had furnished to the wooers of the Muses. It is unfortunate that, with all their striving, not a single sister of the Nine was won. Prentice, from his amiability and overappreciation, is responsible for a vast deal of the quantitative fustian that still goes to the provincial press, and, missing its way to the waste-basket, gets to the composing-room.

As may be inferred, the *Journal* chief could not sustain himself in Kentucky, particularly in the past generation, without personal rencontres.

The South has been, and still is in modified degree, a little crazed on the subject of fighting. Touching the bellicose disposition of any Northerner it has been morbidly curious. One of the first questions asked about him when he had come to that section was, "Will he fight?" It was formerly hard for a Southerner to comprehend how a Yankee (meaning any native of a Free State) could be really brave and yet refuse a challenge. Some Northerners emigrating South have become desperate duelists, simply because their courage having been suspected, they felt obliged to go to the field both to prevent themselves from being misunderstood and for the sake of social recognition. It is characteristic of an American, owing to his constitutional cosmopolitanism, to adopt the habits of the country or section he expects to reside in. Therefore, when a Yankee took up his abode in a Slave State, he often found it beneficial to be belligerent, despite any conscientious scruples he might have to the contrary.

Prentice, going to Kentucky from New England, and taking charge of a political newspaper at a time when party feeling was at fever heat, could not have remained in Louisville had he been entirely pacific. Earnestly opposed to dueling save in extreme cases, he apprehended the community in which he was sufficiently well to know that he must show himself ready to fight when occasion required. They who imagined him to be a member of the Peace Society because he came from Connecticut were destined to disappointment. While temperamentally fearless, he did not seek quarrels—at least he said so—though how he could avoid them in a community which cultivated its irritability, and in which fighting had always been the fashion, it is difficult to conjecture. He was challenged by some political adversary whom he had worsted before he had been six months on the *Journal*. He replied then—and he ever maintained the same position—that he did not adhere to the code, and that he would not have recourse to it under any ordinary circumstances; but that he knew how to defend himself if any one saw fit to attack him.

His views on the subject are so clearly expressed in a correspondence which he had many years later (1854) with an aggrieved politician that it is here reproduced. He had gone to Arkansas to further by his presence some railway enterprise. While in Little Rock he printed in the *True Democrat* an article which a resident of that city construed as personally offensive to him. The sensitiveness and ingenuity of the Southerners in this regard was wont to surpass all average comprehension; and Prentice's scripture elicited these representative communications:

"To George D. Prentice, Esq.:

"SIR,—My attention has been directed to a publication in the *True Democrat*, over the signature of 'Arkansas,' and as upon inquiry of Mr. R. H. Johnson, the editor of that journal, I learn that you are the author of the publication in question, I hereby request the immediate withdrawal, over your own signature, of all the personalities directed in that article against me. This note will be handed you by my friend Major Thompson. Pending your reply to this communication, I have the honor to be, etc.,

"M. BUTT HEWSON."

"To M. Butt Hewson, Esq.:

"SIR,—You request me to withdraw what you call the personalities of my article in the *True Democrat* of yesterday. Sir, I have no knowledge whatever of you except from your published writings. In the article you speak of I had, and could have, no intention to apply to you any phraseology not predicated wholly and avowedly on such portions of your writings as I cited. It was not in my thought to pursue you outside of your publication, and assail your private character and conduct. If any of my language seems to you to bear a contrary construction, I disclaim such construction as unworthy myself and, so far as I know, unjust to you. I think this explanation, if any was needed, should be satisfactory to you; and it is all I have to give.

"Yours, etc., GEORGE D. PRENTICE."

"To George D. Prentice, Esq.:

"SIR,—Your note of this date has been handed me by my friend Major Thompson. In reply, I take leave to remark that, as my letter requested a simple withdrawal of the personalities of your publication, I must take leave to add that nothing in the case will meet my wishes short of a plain, direct, unconditional withdrawal of the same. My friend Major T. will hand you this communication. I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obedient servant, M. BUTT HEWSON."

"To M. Butt Hewson, Esq.:

"SIR,—Your note dated yesterday was handed me this morning. I have no other reply to make to it than that which I made to your first. I can not properly say to you that I retract the personalities of my article in the *True Democrat*, for I do not think it contains any. I have distinctly disclaimed any such construction of the language of that article as would imply any imputation upon your personal character or conduct, and I do not recognize any right or reason on your part to ask or expect more of me. This I deem quite as much due to myself as to you.

"Presuming that your notes are written to me with a view to a duel, I may as well say here that I have not the least thought of accepting a challenge from you. I consider my strictures upon your writings entirely legitimate, and, at any rate, the disclaimer that I have made ought to satisfy you.

"I came here from a distant State because many believed I could do something to promote a great and important enterprise; and as I have reason to think that my labors are not altogether in vain, I do not intend to let myself be diverted from them. There are some persons, and perhaps many, to whom my life is valu-



able; and however little or much value I may attach to it on my own account, I do not see fit at present to put it up voluntarily against yours.

"You may, for aught I know, be a man of reputable standing, and I disclaim any refusal to meet you on the ground of your not being a gentleman; but you are not of the order of men whom I should choose to fight, if I fought at all. If you were to kill me, you would kill a man who is the support and stay of his family, and who is extensively regarded as one of the stays and supports of his party, and as the possessor of some influence in the affairs of the country; but I presume that it is of no great consequence to any, except your immediate personal friends, whether you die or live.

"I am no believer in the dueling code. I would not call a man to the field unless he had done me such a deadly wrong that I desired to kill him; and I would not obey his call to the field unless I had done him so mortal an injury as to entitle him, in my opinion, to demand an opportunity of taking my life. I have not the least desire to kill you or to harm a hair of your head, and I am not conscious of having done any thing to entitle you to kill me. I do not want your blood upon my hands, and I do not want my own upon any body's. I might yield much to the demands of a strong public sentiment; but there is no public sentiment that either requires me to meet you or would justify me in doing so.

"I look upon the miserable code that is said to require two men to go out and shoot at each other for what one of them may consider a violation of etiquette or punctilio in the use of language with a scorn equal to that which is getting to be felt by the whole civilized world of mankind. I am not afraid to express such views in the enlightened capital of Arkansas or any where else. I am not so cowardly as to stand in dread of any imputation on my courage. I have always had courage enough to defend my honor and myself, and I presume I always shall have.

"Your most, etc.,                      GEORGE D. PRENTICE."

The *Journal* editor, as usual, had the last epistolary shot; common (the Southerners say mutual) friends interfered, and the matter, to employ the technical phrase, was amicably settled.

During his journalistic career Prentice had at least half a dozen personal combats, in some of which he had very narrow escapes, and in two or three he was slightly wounded. He was a good marksman, and, what is more, entirely cool and intrepid in the presence of danger; so that he had the advantage over excitable, not to say somewhat timorous, men. A willingness, almost an alacrity, to fight when put upon spared him many conflicts; and he often declared if he had not shown a decided disposition to resent insults and to stand by his own words, that he would have had to wear a false nose to gratify his enemies' inclination to pull it. There are men whom it is safe to assault. Prentice was not one of these, and he did not wish to have it so understood.

He was not in the least considerate of the feelings or sensibilities of those persons he had reason to dislike. His opponents did not forbear him, nor did he forbear them. He gave as good as he received, usually a little better. His mode of treating what is named in the South the private quarrels of gentlemen may be judged by this (his) account of an affray in Lexington (July, 1835) among several members of his craft:

"Mr. Trotter, without provocation, attempted to shoot Mr. Clark in the street: the parties exchanged shots twice without effect. Mr. O'Hara, a friend of Mr. Trotter, made an attack upon Mr. Bryant, the associate of Mr. Clark; Mr. Bryant gave Mr. O'Hara an effectual cudgeling, and then laid his cane over the head and shoulders of Mr. Trotter till the latter cried for quarter. There the matter ended, Mr. Clark retiring to reload his pistols, Mr. Bryant to procure a new cane, and Messrs. Trotter and O'Hara to get their heads mended."

Trotter (George James), then the editor of the *Kentucky Gazette*, retorted in his columns upon Prentice in a virulent article, closing with something like these words: "The infamy of George D. Prentice is notorious. He is shunned by all honorable men. The mark of Cain is on his brow."

Prentice's sole rejoinder in the *Journal* was:

"Mr. George James Trotter says that the mark of Cain is on our brow. We don't know about that; but we do know that the mark of cane is on his back."

Of course this made Trotter a theme for laughter, and, burning with rage, he went to Louisville with the deliberate intent to shoot Prentice on sight. Discovering the chief of the *Journal* on his way to the office, he pulled his pistol without notification, and fired upon Prentice, only a few feet distant, wounding him on the breast. Prentice, quick as thought, leaped at Trotter, caught him in his arms, took away his weapon, threw him powerless to the ground, and drew a bowie-knife.

Meanwhile a crowd that had gathered cried out, "Kill the scoundrel! Kill him on the spot!"

Prentice simply said, "I can not take the life of a disarmed and helpless man;" and releasing his hold, put up his knife, and walked away amidst enthusiastic cheers evoked by his magnanimity.

There always were one or two, sometimes three, newspapers in Louisville opposed to the *Journal*. Hardly any of them had long life or assured success, and the result was that they hated Prentice with a feminine intensity. The rival editors were unremittingly at war, generally with their pens, sometimes with their pistols.

William E. Hughes, of the *Democrat*, now gathered to the shades, having wasted all the ink he could afford in a bitter controversy, waited upon his antagonist, and sent up his card.

"Tell Mr. Hughes," said Prentice, "that I will meet him in front of the office as soon as I load my pistols."

In two minutes he was in the street: the journalists exchanged four shots without effect. The police, by some unaccountable accident, interfered, and hostilities were at an end—until the next time.

Colonel R. T. Durrett, the editor of the *Courier* in 1858, now president of the Public Library of Kentucky, had printed, in five or six successive issues, a paragraph intimating



that the conductor of the *Journal* had fallen into the river from the gang-plank of a steamboat while copiously intoxicated.

Though not at all remarkable that any Louisvillian should be temulent—for in those days Bourbon was drunk with the fullest and fieriest freedom—Prentice took exception to the publication, and informed Durrett that if the thing were repeated he should hold him personally responsible.

A threat, even implied, is, to a man of spirit, not pleasant to rest under, and the offensive paragraph again appeared.

The editor of the *Journal* called promptly upon Durrett. The latter was told to defend himself, and the two simultaneously produced revolvers. Two barrels were discharged on each side, and two wounds, not serious, were received by the combatants, which adjusted the trouble, temporarily, to the gratification of the parties immediately concerned.

The adopted Kentuckian always held himself in readiness for encounters. He had good reason to do so, since, during the heat of a political campaign, he never issued a copy of his paper which did not contain, according to the prevalent testiness of that region, provocation sufficient for a dozen affrays.

One afternoon a Frankfort journalist went into his sanctum, and as he had had a controversy with the resident of the capital, he rose from his desk, pistol in hand, saying, "You see I am prepared for you, Sir!"

The Frankforter, who was a good-natured, sensible disputant, laughingly replied, "My pistol is a pocket-pistol," and, producing the same, invited Prentice to take a drink. The invitation was accepted, and tradition has it that the imbibition was often repeated before midnight.

Previous to the war an adage in New Orleans was that it required three men in that city to start a newspaper—one to die of the yellow fever, another to be killed in a duel, and the third to sell out the effects.

In Louisville during the same period each journal would seem to have needed at least two editors—one to write, the other to fight; but the double office was usually filled by the same person. In Prentice's case it assuredly was. He both prepared and carried leaded matter, and no printer was more familiar with shooting-sticks, or knew better how to use them.

His belligerent experiences have been greatly amplified, furnishing the topic of many jests. It used to be said, when a stranger visited Prentice in his sanctum, that he was told to take a seat—that the editor was in the street amusing himself with a little shooting match, but that he would be back in a few minutes to attend to regular business.

Another story was that he invariably

spent three hours in the morning in answering hostile correspondence before sending any copy to the composing-room. Still another idle tale was that, when there was a knock at his door, he answered it with "Come in!" while looking down the barrels of a shot-gun.

The truth is, Prentice was altogether devoid of the smallest apprehension in regard to potential "difficulties," as they are termed down there. He had none of the extreme nervousness generally evinced by fighting men. He was always self-possessed, very quiet, rather preoccupied than otherwise, apt to give any one unacquainted with him the impression of a phlegmatic temperament.

He was of medium height, large-limbed, stooping a little in the latter part of his life; neat though careless in dress; looking more like a rustic shop-keeper than a poet, wit, or urban journalist. His face was plain—homely would not be too strong an adjective—his features somewhat heavy; his eyes small and hazel, very expressive when lighted up by conversation. His head was finely shaped, his brow being broad, noble, intellectual—noticeably at variance with the lower part of his visage. In the office he was usually taciturn, seeming morose at times, though not really so. When spoken to, he always replied with noticeable courtesy; and if he began to talk on any topic he felt an interest in, his entire appearance and demeanor changed. He was irregularly industrious. Few men worked harder when he did work, and few avoided labor more eagerly when labor was not to his mind. He frequently wrote in a single day four or five, even six, columns of the *Journal*; and then he would not write another line for a week. Generally, however, he had performing periods extending from one to three months; after which he would eschew manuscript completely until the toilsome fit returned.

Over twenty-five years preceding his death (that took place January 21, 1870) he had been afflicted with scrivener's cramp. It first attacked him in his right hand; and when he had learned to write with his left, that too suffering similarly, he was obliged ever afterward to depend upon amanuenses. His composition, though ordinarily rapid, was sometimes slow. His style was fluent, and mainly correct, but often verbose and exuberant, from the native tendency of the West and South to tumid rhetoric, prone to be mistaken there for elegance and eloquence.

Prentice, notwithstanding his tumultuous career, his violent controversies, and bitter quarrels, was generous and forgiving, if not amiable. Shamefully and persistently slandered—he admitted that he had faults enough to render malignant invention superfluous—he was ever ready to meet his



enemies half-way in reconciliation, and he rarely remembered injuries where there was any disposition toward atonement.

The noted Mike Walsh and himself had had fierce newspaper bouts, but had never seen each other until they met one day in Washington.

Walsh, eying him, approached and said, "You are George D. Prentice, I believe."

The Louisville editor responding in the affirmative, the *Subterranean* scribe continued, "You've skinned me like an eel, Prentice; but you did it so well that I don't particularly object to it. You're a man of genius and a good fellow, and I want to say that I admire and like you."

The Manhattan agrarian offered his hand, and the biographer of Clay cordially shook it, with the remark, "I think we'll have to toss up, Walsh, to determine which of us is the eel."

One Thomas J. Pew had outrageously abused Prentice both orally and in print, without the smallest justification. Being a believer in the inspiration of the wine of Kentucky (Bourbon), he quaffed it until it put him in the gutter. One day he entered the *Journal* office, and wanted to borrow a dollar of the editor. The unfortunate fellow was foul, ragged, repulsive; but the object of his slanders handed him twenty-five dollars, and besought him to reform.

The rebellion aroused all that was patriotic and noble in the old Whig war-horse. The first gun fired on Sumter rendered him a more ardent and unflinching Unionist than ever. Subscribers withdrew in large numbers. Many of his life-long friends were on the other side; his interests all seemed to point in the same direction. He was entreated, warned, threatened. His two sons, his only children, entered the Southern army. Nevertheless, Prentice's fidelity to the republic could not be shaken, and he fought a heroic fight. To his editorial exertions more than to any other one cause was attributed the non-secession of Kentucky. Though better perhaps for the contest that she should have gone out, his credit for trying to keep her in should be none the less.

When the news of the first battle of Manassas reached Louisville, the excitement was at white heat. The Stars and Stripes had long been floating over the *Journal* office, and at that particular time a carpenter was on the roof of the building to repair the flag-staff. This gave rise to the rumor that somebody was up there to pull down the flag.

The editor, his eyes flashing fire, thundered out, "Go up at once, and throw the scoundrel into the street. If it isn't done in five minutes, by Jove I'll do it myself!"

The order was quickly obeyed, so far as to insure the rapid descent of the guileless mechanic, and his ignominious propulsion down several flights of stairs.

His treatment of angry Confederates is shown by the following correspondence:

"UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, May 17, 1861.

"GEORGE D. PRENTICE,—Stop my paper. I can't afford to read Abolition journals in these times. The atmosphere of Old Virginia will not admit of such filthy sheets as yours has grown to be.

"GEORGE LAKE."

"LOUISVILLE, May 24, 1861.

"GEORGE LAKE,—I think it a great pity that a young man should go to a university to graduate a traitor and a blackguard, and so ignorant as to spell 'Abolition' with two b's.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE."

The close of the war saw Prentice broken in health and spirits. The terrible struggle had buoyed him up, had touched his mind with the ancient fire. His life work was done, and he knew it. Soon after, the *Journal*, effectually an extinction, was consolidated with the *Courier*, and he retained with it a merely nominal connection. His wife, too, died; and he had already lost a son in battle. His dearest friends had slipped away; he had survived his generation; Louisville, Kentucky, the South, had, in more than one sense, undergone a revolution. There was little left to fear, and, worse still, nothing left to hope. Bending beneath the tempests of many years, rent by the force of a thousand contests, it is not strange he walked to the grave with trembling limbs but undaunted soul, murmuring at the last, "I am glad to go!"

## A CRY FROM THE SHORE.

COME down, ye graybeard mariners,  
Unto the wasting shore!  
The morning winds are up—the gods  
Bid me to dream no more.  
Come, tell me whither I must sail,  
What peril there may be,  
Before I take my life in hand  
And venture out to sea!

We may not tell thee where to sail,  
Nor what the dangers are;  
Each sailor soundeth for himself,  
Each hath a separate star:  
Each sailor soundeth for himself,  
And on the awful sea  
What we have learned is ours alone;  
We may not tell it thee.

Come back, O ghostly mariners,  
Ye who have gone before!  
I dread the dark, impetuous tides;  
I dread the farther shore.  
Tell me the secret of the waves;  
Say what my fate shall be—  
Quick! for the mighty winds are up,  
And will not wait for me.

Hail and farewell, O voyager!  
Thyself must read the waves;  
What we have learned of sun and storm  
Lies with us in our graves:  
What we have learned of sun and storm  
Is ours alone to know.  
The winds are blowing out to sea,  
Take up thy life and go!



## RAPE OF THE GAMP.

## CHAPTER XV.

## LE VOLEUR CHEZ LUI.

CHRISTMAS came at last, though Janet had many times thought it would never come; for these few last weeks had dragged out a very lorn and pitiful existence, as far as she was concerned. At last, however, pride, that theological vice, that social virtue, which gives nerve to so many a downcast, faltering knight, came to the rescue of Janet. Miss Lyte was still her father's guest, and intended to remain till after Christmas, meanwhile keeping open an invitation for either Janet or Nelly to return with her to Pitsville at the end of her visit; for Miss Lyte was a pleasant and sociable—alas! I was about to say “old,” of course I mean “middle-aged”—lady, and though belonging to what is called “The Religious World” in that gay and fascinating resort of sinners, still managed to have a few agreeable people about her pleasant Pitsville villa, and was not at all averse to the company of a pretty and well-mannered girl, even if the gentle reprobate had as yet not been brought to see and amend the error of her ways.

Janet thought she would avail herself of Miss Lyte's kind proposal. She would not decide. Poor fluttering, longing, gentle, loving heart! If *he would* not come, she would go, were it merely to show him that she did not care. While she cared so much: *atra cura*—I apologize—while black care sits on her pretty rounded shoulder, and whispers such hard, dissonant phrases into her coral ear that her very gall-bladder seems to have burst and suffused her heart (were such a catastrophe possible) with bitterness. But she *could* not promise. He might come. He might be too busy at the end of the school term. Possibly Albert had offended him. Oh, what vengeance would be sufficient to wreak upon Albert if it were so? Not, of course, to atone for Janet's misery, but merely to requite the injustice, the paltry disparagement, of one so far above it and above its author! Yet Janet did not in her heart believe that Albert could have erected a barrier over which Mr. Lane would not step lightly, without giving it a serious thought. Nor could Miss Lyte by any possibility be an obstruction to him; for she openly professed the warmest interest in and admiration of him. She was never tired of asking Janet such nice questions about him, and encouraging Hubert to speak kindly about his friend and tutor.

But now the vacation had come; indeed, some days had elapsed since the school had broken up, and Mr. Lane had gone to London without even leaving a P.P.C. card at the

door, though usually he was so polite, and so particular in not omitting any courtesy, any token of respect, to Mrs. Browne. So pride came to Janet's aid. She trimmed her feathers, like any one of Mr. Lane's canaries, and made herself gay in what little sunlight the season afforded.

With Christmas came Blanche, Mrs. George Baily, Jun., and Robert Browne, lieutenant and adjutant of the gallant —th, to the bosom of their family. Of Blanche suffice it to say that she was tall and fair, like Janet, but taller, with hair more auburn, a more oval face, and a longer upper lip. Moreover, she had a melancholy air, owing, as the Pedlington quidnuncs averred (though Frank Browne stoutly denied this), to her husband's habitual neglect. Like other established belles, also, Blanche appeared to feel her existence upon the surface of the earth to be a favor ill requited by an ugly planet. But in truth our story little concerns this beautiful though not pre-eminently happy young lady, and we are scarcely justified in taking her photograph on so short an acquaintance.

Robert, familiarly termed “The Robber” (for which endearing synonym the patient reader will presently see a reason), was a gay, burly soldier, with a broad round bronzed face, deep-set gray eyes of the twinkling order, a short light-colored curly mustache, and whiskers to match. He looked particularly handsome with his hat on, did Robert; and perhaps the less said about his hair the better. No male member of this elegant family could baffle baldness after his twenty-first year. Albert and Frank, each in his day, had hearkened to the seductive voice of the hair-dresser, and purchased bottles of miraculous and costly preparations in vain. They had both grown skeptical. As to Robert, he was by nature a Gallio. Let the locks adorn his manly brow, or retire to his ruddy poll. It was all one to him. From the period of legal maturity baldness had crept stealthily upon each of these young men, like punishment upon the evil-doer, with slow but inevitable footsteps. You could trace its gradual progress upon the heads of Robert, Frank, and Albert, according to seniority, while the meretricious character of Mr. Browne's locks had been obvious for more than a quarter of a century. Frank, with his usual happy turn for pleasantry, used to observe that the *capillary attraction* was all on the female side of the family: and happily the girls made up in this respect for the deficiency of their brothers; indeed, the three younger sisters were endowed with their luxuriant tresses in some of nature's most lavish moods.

On Christmas-day the whole of this esti-



mable family adorns itself magnificently (as described in Chapter II.), and repairs to church at a quarter before eleven in the forenoon, as all respectable families in Christendom (no doubt) do. But seeing that all such families in this particular district of this particular borough occupy pews in the body of Mr. Marmaduke's church, and seeing that Mr. Browne's party is swelled by the influx of Miss Lyte, Blanche Baily, and Robert Browne, a question arises—How are all to be accommodated with seats?

Now the younger gentlemen habitually attend the old parish church. It was *the church* long before Mr. Marmaduke, or even his heroes, Wesley and Whitefield, had been born or thought of. Their conservatism was offended by Mr. Key's revival of the ancient Catholic ritual, in which perhaps he was somewhat hasty and impetuous; but nevertheless they stood by the bold little man, and sneered at the old fogies who left the church; and Janet was so charmed with the altar and the surpliced choir, and the music and the increased reverence and devoutness of the service, that latterly she had been their unfailing companion. To-day, with a strange perversity, she wanted to hear Mr. Marmaduke preach ("peach" she pronounced it). But the Robber closed his left eye, twinkled at her with the other, and said that he would back her to go in and win, though Mr. Forsyth, the golden-tongued curate, was considered so eligible by a crowd of fair devotees. Blanche and Nelly also preferred the district church; and it must be admitted that all the cavalry soldiers with their gallant leaders made a handsome show at the latter place of worship, and that the rolling of their drums and squeaking of their fife was a pleasant sound after the evangelist's prolix and monotonous beating of "the pulpit, drum ecclesiastic."

All the ladies, however, could not be furnished with seats even in Mr. Browne's ample pew, so Robert vowed himself ready to escort his "ancient Joan," little thinking that severe relative to be within ear-shot.

"Thank you, Robert," said Joan, with asperity, entering the open doorway of the parlor as he spoke. At her inopportune entry Nelly exploded with laughter, in which Janet imprudently joined. Finally it was arranged that both Mrs. Browne and sister Joan should accompany the younger gentlemen.

"Ancient!" thought Joan to herself, bridle, as she marched along. And only two minutes ago she was thinking how young and fresh her reflection in the mirror looked. "Ancient, indeed! What idle, worthless creatures are military men! *Nothing* to do but to gad about among tittering girls, and say the *most silly* things. And *they* must needs laugh, as if they thought him witty. Absurd chits!"

Then turning to her mother, Joan asked, "Do you know why Janet refused to come to the old church to-day?"

"No, my dear," her mother answered.

"Because the school is broken up, and Mr. Lane is gone away to London," said she of the hawk eye.

Mrs. Browne remonstrated: "But you don't mean to say, my dear, that she goes to church to meet a gentleman, or, indeed, that Mr. Lane would do such a thing. I am sure I think them both incapable of it. I have the highest opinion of Mr. Lane."

"And do you know," continued the betrayer, waxing more wrathful, "why the walk before breakfast has been discontinued?"

"I suppose it was a passing whim, and died out like so many others." And the good lady, having said this, gave vent to her little sigh.

"Albert used to take her round by the cliff every morning; and they used to meet just here, on this very spot. I was in the church-yard one morning, speaking to Graves about dear Alfred's tomb, and I saw them."

"You out before breakfast, Joan?" And Mrs. Browne looked at her eldest daughter with unfeigned surprise.

Joan colored crimson, and then grew pale as marble, biting her nether lip, and resolved to speak no more, having already said so much more than she had intended. Her little triumph in betraying Janet's secret was now subdued with shame, and soon dwindled into a mere speck of spleen; for Mrs. Browne walked on briskly but silently, and smiled with amusement or some pleasurable emotion. The simple trustful mother was merely thinking to herself, "I wish none of my dear girls, rich or poor, a worse husband than Mr. Lane." She did not once think of him as a school drudge, or even as a man poor and strange, but as of one upright and steadfast, on whom man or woman might rely. And so she would have said to Joan, had it not been for a suspicion of jealousy on the part of her eldest daughter, which now for the first time seriously entered her mind. As for Janet, she had enough money to marry a poor man if she wished to do so; and if she had been dowerless, still Mr. Lane had expectations, and was well able to make a good income, or would be so when he had graduated at Oxford. And there was no hurry for Janet to marry: she was a mere child yet.

So Mrs. Browne mused, loving her children too tenderly to wish them married, and hoping that if ever they should leave her it would be with men after her own heart. For all simple and noble characters, or what seemed such to her, this lady entertained a profound respect, and very little for mere incidental rank or wealth; and as the reader has already seen, she regarded Mr. Lane





"I WAS IN THE CHURCH-YARD ONE MORNING, SPEAKING TO GRAVES ABOUT DEAR ALFRED'S TOMB, AND I SAW THEM."

for Hubert's sake. The more she thought of him as Janet's lover, the more sunny bright grew her countenance, as though the angels' song had reached her yester-eve watching over her girls by night; and as if she had indeed come with a heart full of joy and peace to worship the King of kings on this His natal morn.

She took Hubert's arm lovingly; for the stripling was tall, and his mother short. As they entered the sacred building she whispered to Hubert, "Show me Mr. Lane's seat." He passed in before her; and as they

swept round the northeast angle, under the painted window, Hubert, putting his hand on the finial of the bench, turned to her and smiled. So the gentle mother sat in Janet's seat, and prayed fervently for the willful girl and her lover, whoever and wherever he might be.

But as the face of Mrs. Browne had kindled with that celestial light of love, so that of Joan had grown dark, as we say when that light fades entirely out of the human countenance.

"Sister—sold again!" Robert whispered



to Frank, after staring devoutly into the crown of his hat for the space of ten seconds. "Sold again!" The brothers had overheard a part of the conversation between the two ladies, and noticed that their mother was pleased and Joan vexed. The Robber's conscience was quite easy during his devotions, which he performed rigidly, as described in a previous chapter, although in his thoughtless mood he had first aroused that demon anger with which Joan was now possessed. However, the reader must not anticipate any tragical poisonings or poniardings. In a respectable and united family these little domestic skirmishes seldom proceed to more active hostilities. There are very few such cases on record in the archives of the county prison which is situated in the borough of Pedlington.

As you would naturally have expected from this report of the spirit which each lady took into the house of prayer, Mrs. Browne felt happier when they left church, Joan more gloomy. The young men, conscious that they had been doing the right sort of thing in the right sort of way, chuckled with self-satisfaction as they walked home to lunch.

A glorious day was that Christmas-day, frosty and bright. In the afternoon the girls accompanied their brothers for a walk. My Lord Blackpoole's park was thrown open, and they penetrated (by special permission) to "The Happy Valley," an inner circle from which the *plebs* was excluded.

Finches chirped and robins sang in the leafless trees. A tiny half-frozen cascade tumbled over a ledge of rock into a half-frozen lake below. The sinking sun shed a golden glow along the summits of the wood.

"Blissful resort!" sighed the Robber, with a serio-comic and reflective air. "Reminds one of Andromache and Ænone and Aspasia, doesn't it, Frank?"

"Can't say I devote much time to the classics," replied Frank, who was fairly puzzled at Robert's outburst of sentiment.

"Andromache, you see, was Number One," continued the marauder, bestowing a friendly twinkle upon Nelly and Janet, which explained to their keen wit that his classical names were merely facetious adaptations. "When a gay and sportive youth I used to meet that charmer in these classic shades. She too was young and tender. Her mother found us out, wrote an anonymous letter to the governor, and flogged Andromache, which I considered the unkindest cut of all."

The girls voted him to be so ridiculous that he pursued the same vein. "Ænone was Number Two," he said. "She used to wander forlorn in these solitary glens. I happened also to be prowling about these diggings. Consequently we met. She was

the daughter of a river-god, I was told: old Pincott, in point of fact, who preserves four miles of the Thames in Oxfordshire."

"Why, you mean Clementina!" said Janet. "You don't mean to say she used to come out here alone to meet *you*?"

"By the name of Clem was she known to mortals," continued Robert. "I called her Ænone, and these slopes the knolls of Ida. I tumbled into this pool of reedy Simois one evening when picking her forget-me-nots. I caught a cold. She 'caught it' from her governess, and forgot me, and went back to Father Thames."

"Why did you call her Ænone?" asked Nelly.

"Because she was always sighing for Paris, beautiful Paris!" replied the Robber, with another fraternal twinkle.

"How ridic'ulous you are!" exclaimed Janet. The young lady in question was a cousin of the Ormsbys, and had been on a visit to them before Robert went to India. Having at that time just returned from a boarding-school in Paris, she was in the habit of regretting her absence from that gay capital.

Frank was perhaps the only one of the party who fully appreciated Robert's pun at the moment; but Janet and Nelly referred to a classical dictionary before dinner-time, and perused Monsieur Lemprière's version of the story alluded to, which so affected Janet that she forgot all about the Robber and his witticism.

"But who was Number Three with the wonderful name?" asked Nelly, when Robert paused.

"Aspasia!" he exclaimed, smiting his breast. "Her name haunts me still. But that sun-stroke, you know, which I had at Kurrachee—"

"Fiddle-stick!" interrupted Nelly; "Champagne-stroke, you mean." And they all laughed except Robert. For the report of this affliction, though credited by Mrs. Browne, was considered as purely legendary and mythical by the rest of the family.

"That terrible knock-me-down," continued the Robber, quite unabashed, "has deprived me of all recollection of the circumstances which attended my third, last, and most fatal passion."

So saying Robert poked Frank playfully in the side with his elbow, and deftly changed the subject.

"Why don't the men propose? Eh, Nelly? eh, Janet?" he asked. "If you decoy them to this happy valley, how *can* they be obdurate? The very place for softly spoken words, to the sound of falling waters, or the beating of your own hearts."

"Perhaps the men *do* propose, you see," said Janet, archly; "but you can't *tell*, you see. You don't know any thing about it. Does he, Nelly?"



"That's just what I say," pursued Robert. "If the winter wind is less unkind than man's ingratitude, as the poet has unkindly observed of a noble sex, what can equal a woman's heartless frivolity? Think of your brother, the poor, war-stained, weather-beaten soldier, struck down by the tropic sun—"

"Ahem!" coughed Albert; and again they all laughed.

"Or smoking his humble cutty by the midnight camp fire—"

"More in your line," suggested Frank.

"Or shivering in the cold dark trench, or scaling the breach in a storm of bullets, and not a letter came from either of you heartless girls to cheer the soldier in his exile. And then, when Claude Melnotte returns, you laugh and chaff and mock his prematurely gray hairs."

"Bald pate, you mean," retorted Nelly.

"Yes, my Nelly," continued the Robber, baring his manly brow. "Venerable absence of oakum!" Here he passed his gloved hand over the barren surface. "And that which should accompany old age, honor, obedience, and confiding sisters, I dare not look for, but in their place, chaff!"

"Shakspeare! if I am not mistaken," Albert solemnly ejaculated. But the girls were not sufficiently versed in English literature to detect the Robber's garbled and fragmentary quotations. So they were unable to appreciate the covert apology in his last sentence; and Nelly flew at him like a little bantam.

"Then you shouldn't get into debt out in India!" she cried, "giving papa epileptic fits, and making him sell money out of the Funds, when he has spent more on you than on all of us put together. And who do you think is to go barefoot and hungry to pay for *your* cigars, and Champagne, and horses?"

At each of the three closing nouns substantive, Nelly's voice rose to a higher pitch, till she quite squeaked out the terrible word "horses," at the same time threatening her brother with ferocious gestures. It was a cruel attack. Twice, indeed, the Robber had outrun the constable. Each time, when fate was about to overtake him with its sure though limping footstep, a penitent letter had emerged from Mr. Browne's foreign budget. Also a lawyer's summary, containing a schedule of the prodigal's debts, in which the items specified by Nelly had figured to a considerable extent.

The veteran held his ground, however, and went on as if he had suffered no assault: "In their place, chaff! And, as I before hinted, ingratitude, more cutting than the winter wind! Janet relents, I see. The Queen of Hearts protects the Knave."

Janet did understand this last *jeu d'esprit*, and not unnaturally appreciated it fully.

The old bandit was so brave, so magnanimous, so cheery. He wouldn't even break a lance with pretty Nelly, but took her points in his bleeding bosom, and seeing Janet's look of sympathy, turned to her with a funny compliment. Even Mr. Lane could not equal this freebooter at a pinch. And Janet did like people to be ridiculous and to amuse her. It was so tiresome being always dull and cross. The Robber did try to amuse them all, even at his own expense; and it was too bad of Nelly to attack him so fiercely. All men sowed their wild oats—at least so Frank said. But Janet did not believe it, not as Frank meant it; and having consulted her mother on this subject, was confirmed in the impression that it is your rakes and *roués* who spread the report that all men have been, or are, as they are. She knew one who never had been rake or *roué*. Still it was quite a treat to have Robert at home. She had a natural domestic sort of affection for "the silly old thing." "But it is not what I call love," she said to herself. "I think I like him best because he is not here quite so much as the others, and because he thinks less about himself. But he is one of us; and we are all alike. It is all self, after all. I can not reverence such a man, though he is brave and cheery; and if I can't, I won't love."

The ill-used warrior failed to extract much information from Janet on the subject of "Fuller's friend," as he called Mr. Lane. He and Captain Fuller had met before, and now he only knew Mr. Lane as Hubert's tutor, and as one whom Fuller honored with his friendship. But this irritated Janet, for she disliked the cavalryman in spite of his gallantry to her. It was not, as Frank had erroneously conjectured, because Fuller had been a friend of Bedford Lyte's in boyhood, and still entertained a sneaking regard for that reprobate. On the contrary, she put this down to his credit as a token of manliness and fidelity; and indeed she was disposed to give the bearded sex generally a certificate of generosity superior to that of women. But in her own mind she held a secret tribunal with closed doors, more arbitrary than any star-chamber, more implacable than any Vehmgericht. In it she impaneled ghostly juries, employed shadowy counselors, tried, convicted, and pronounced judgment to her own complete satisfaction on the scantiest circumstantial evidence, on concurrences of hearsay and suspicion. *À leur insu* all her acquaintances underwent this fiery ordeal, and often fared iniquitously, being unable to provide for their own defense. Already in her council-chamber had this judicial sovereign pronounced sentence of banishment from her favor upon Captain Fuller and most of his companions in arms. One by one, long ago, each of her brothers had



stood in that cruel dock, against whom the evidence had been more than sufficient. Only their gentleman-like behavior to their sisters had recommended them to mercy, and their sentence had been commuted to loss of respect, while they were retained in partial favor, as it were, on sufferance.

A certain craft or method in Robert's madness amused his sisters in their playful moods. Reports of his desperate frolics in India and elsewhere and too palpable evidences of his extravagance reached the quiet house in Pedlington, together with printed scraps of general orders and copies of dispatches attesting to his many and brilliant services. Foot-notes under the roll of his regiment in the army list proclaimed his feats of valor. Ribbons and medals adorned his manly breast. Since their return from India his regiment had been the envy of a camp, and Robert, the adjutant, had been complimented in person by H.R.H. the commander-in-chief; so that although Mr. Browne had twice been constrained to sell money out of the Funds to pay his debts, Robert was in some sense an honor to his house. Lately this had been recognized by their bachelor uncle, the Squire, who had settled upon the hero an annuity of £200 a year for life. Still he came home in a threadbare shooting suit, with only a few shillings in his pocket, and his old tail-coat in a decrepit little valise. A very tame cat he appeared on these occasions, frequenting, as he said, the ancestral hearth and tapping the paternal swipes. He also preferred the society of his sisters to that of the men at the cavalry dépôt, went any where with the girls or staid at home with them, and furtively showed them his collection of photographs, portraits of strange ladies in marvelous costumes; also among his arcana were curious little square pieces of pasteboard inscribed with certain hieroglyphics and the printed address of a person whom he called "Nunky-punky." As this name was not at all familiar to them, and this confidence was invariably accompanied with a knowing wink, Nelly explained to Janet that "Nunky," etc., was a dealer in second-hand watches and mosaics. They were precluded from consulting Frank or Albert on this doubtful topic, as the campaigner had previously bound them to secrecy. In short, without trespassing the bounds of strict propriety, he treated them with singular confidence and loyal consideration. In return, they laughed at his penitential airs, said that he only staid at home to save his mess bills and shirk his duty, and that as soon as he could draw any more money he would be off to his dissolute companions, gambling and riding and drinking Champagne instead of paying his debts. Nelly added her firm belief was that he had defrauded that mythical relative whose gro-

tesque cards he carried in the pocket where his watch ought to be.

"With all your faults, however, you wicked old Robber," Nelly used to say—"with all your faults, we love you still."

And they were all glad to have him at home on Christmas-day, for his merry eyes could always find something to twinkle at, and they seldom twinkled alone. Janet, as we know, though Robert knew it not, was particularly in need of some one to cheer and enliven her solitude.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### A MASKED BATTERY.

ON that same day of peace and good-will, at eight o'clock in the evening, dinner being disposed of and dessert placed upon the table, Mr. Browne rose, according to an ancient custom in his family, and proposed "Absent friends!"

The governor of the feast, to his wife, who observed him with those loving eyes of hers, looked pale and care-worn, but so stern and resolute a command did the brave old man exert over both features and feelings that all the others thought him gay and joyous.

Now Robert also rose, so that the two gentlemen were on their legs at the same time. Robert read little, but remembered all that he read, and much of what he heard, and was forever quoting some poet or classic prose writer. Now closing one eye, and looking round the table with the other, he amended the toast, "'Friends, lovers, and countrymen,'" he suggested—"especially those interesting persons in the middle."

Mr. Browne gayly took him up. "Absent friends, lovers, and countrymen," he said. Then all the gentlemen stood up and drank the toast in honest port—port which had ripened under the quiet old house for twenty years and more. The ladies also sipped their wine pleasantly.

Now, to the general surprise, Joan came forward. "Suppose," she said, "for a little novelty and a little novel interest, we were to give a name all round?"

"Hear, hear!—name all round!" echoed the Robber.

"Very good," responded Paterfamilias. "I have no doubt it will conduce to general good feeling and mutual understanding." And he smiled at Mrs. Browne, who sat opposite to him in her place at the head of the long table. She also perhaps looked rather nervous, but knew no cause for alarm; and seeing her husband apparently cheered, began herself to look brighter.

They sat at table, going round from left to right, thus: Mr. Browne, Joan, Albert, Nelly, Frank; Mrs. Browne, Blanche, Robert, Janet, Hubert, Miss Lyte. The elder lady



had chosen Mr. Browne's left hand to avoid sitting with her back to the door, saying that the cool air from the hall would not hurt a gentleman's covered shoulders. But the chair on Mr. Browne's right had fallen to Joan, and the Robber ruthlessly whispered to Janet that "Sister was sold again."

"Now then," said Paterfamilias, in that happy vernacular so familiar to English ears—"now then, name, from left to right. I fear I can not give you the pleasure of a surprise. You will all have guessed rightly that I drank to the head of my family—to Uncle Robert, whose absence we all regret."

"Thank you, Sir," Robert the benefited cried out, with some relief, for he had purposed to name his benefactor himself, but considered that his father having done so released him from obligation, and left the field open to adventure.

Every body was looking at Joan, who evidently sat nerving herself for an effort. "Being *ancient*," she said, with a grim smile, "and having no fear of being misunderstood, I drank the health of a gentleman who very naturally admires our dear Janet, and makes no effort to conceal his admiration, and I am sure with a little encouragement would—"

General disturbance and signs of disapproval, in the midst of which Robert shouts, "Shame! shame!—name! name!"

"Oh!" continues Joan, "if I am to be put down in this way, I decline to say any more, except that I always prefer gentlemen who have *no mystery or secrecy* about them—"

"Name! name!" cry Robert and Hubert in a breath.

"Captain Fuller."

Janet blushed angrily, but Nelly, leaning forward and staring at Joan across Albert's white waistcoat, said, "Why, my dear Joan, we have all seen through your little dissimulation long ago, and set you down for a dark gentleman who happens to be as solemn and taciturn as a judge."

"Thank you, Nelly," replied Joan, with a desperate effort to look amused, but losing her color perceptibly, and tightening her lips.

"Order, ladies, if you please!" cried Albert, rising gallantly between the combatants; "I—ahem!—I, as you are all aware, am—a Cipher."

"Hear, hear!" from the other young men.

"I have, as I was about to say, many agreeable acquaintances, and many—ahem!—amiable relatives, but no friends, absent or present, except my father and mother—"

"No, no!" shouted the Robber, with comic indignation.

"Excuse me, Robert," persisted Albert, gently—"no *friends* except the authors of my being."

"Quite a *Dodo Solitarius*," remarked Frank; and again general good humor began to prevail.

"As to lovers," Albert continued, "I have mentioned to several attractive young ladies that if other matters or negotiations of a matrimonial tendency should not turn out according to their wishes and expectations, and if they will favor me with a few lines to that effect, I should be proud to conduct them to the Hymeneal altar—"

"Old polygamist!" interrupted Frank.

"No, Frank," resumed the orator, "*you* certainly should not misunderstand me." And Albert looked impressively at his censor, as though he could say more than he would. But Frank was in no way perturbed. Then Albert resumed, with more care, "Out of four or five young ladies to whom I may have addressed that observation—"

"You said you *had*, just now," Frank calmly observed.

"Out of four or five young ladies," poor Albert persisted, "to whom I *have* addressed that observation, or words to that effect—Let me see—" And he stood for a few seconds, bland, elegant, white-waistcoated, counting his propositions with the fingers of his right hand in the palm of his left. Having thus refreshed his memory, he proceeded: "Out of those five, two are already—ahem!—*more than brides*."

"Hear, hear!" shouted the Robber; and Mrs. Browne and all the young ladies present laughed.

"And, as I should have said before," continued Albert, carefully, and resolved not to be laughed into further inaccuracy, "if matters relating to a prospective matrimonial alliance should not eventuate according to *her* wishes and expectations with either of the remaining three, and that wounded heart will intrust itself to my care, its owner will have no occasion to apply to me that expression (of, I believe, Greek derivation) which Frank made use of, in his light and graceful manner, doubtless misunderstanding the tenor of my words."

"But, my dear Albert," said his mother, smiling upon the panting orator, "what *have* all these revelations to do with the toast?"

"My dear mother," he replied, "you are all so impatient! Impetuosity, I may say, characterizes this age, this borough, even this happy and united family." (Again Mrs. Browne's watchful eye caught, or fancied that it caught, the shadow of some coming calamity on her husband's countenance. But Albert went on without apprehension.) "The ladies to whom I have ventured to allude, being either already more than brides" ("Hear, hear!"), "or about to become the brides of happier men, can scarcely be spoken or thought of as my '*lovers*.' I have already explained that I am without absent '*friends*.' Being, therefore, without absent friends or lovers, I drank—ahem—"

"Out with it, old Circumlocution!" cries Robert.



"I pledged my countrymen."

And Albert sat down in the glow of rhetorical success, wiping his denuded brow with one of those fine cambrie "hankshifs" which poor little Janet had lavished her money and labor upon for him during those halcyon days when they had walked arm in arm of a morning, like brother and sister dwelling together in unity. There were a dozen of them, at £4 16s. per dozen; and in the corner of each she had embroidered a Cipher so beautifully that Ludlam, Hill, or Harborough might have sold the handkerchiefs for a sovereign apiece.

Nelly, being called upon in her turn, and having duly blushed, laughed, shrugged her pretty shoulders, and put the tip of her tongue out, observed to an orange on her plate that she drank to her lovers.

"Now this is becoming too general," said Frank, rising. "I think it was a shame of Albert, considering his years and wisdom, to begin it. Nelly may be excused for following suit on account of the universality of her taste. I believe that's the correct expression. I tell her she is like a comet, you know, which has a considerable following or tail, but can not describe a regular orbit, or seem to do so, whichever may be the case with the stars."

Here Frank paused, and the Robber remarked, parenthetically, for Nelly's comfort, that the Milky Way was supposed to consist entirely of comets. It was all one to Nelly. She had never heard of that luminous track before.

"This," resumed Frank, "has been a day of revelations. Robert has already, during our afternoon ramble, given us a most affecting narrative of three of *his* first loves; and now—"

"Order!" Robert exclaims; "order! Not three of."

"I stand corrected," said Frank. "He confesses to none since Number Three. 'Of his three first loves,' I should have said. And now Albert, our family Lothario, in graceful periods, and with a touching melancholy, like the dying perfume of a crushed flower, admits that in the course of a long and laborious career he has contrived to spare five delicious moments to love, and left three disconsolate hearts to bewail those *engrossing cares*"—here Frank paused, but nobody saw the joke, so he went on, with disgust—"which have snatched him from their embraces. Without any more palaver, then, I drank to Miss Ormsby."

"Which?" asked Robert, lifting his glass.

"Clara!"

"Hear, hear!" the gentlemen all replied.

"The White Camellia," said Nelly, demurely sipping her wine.

"As lady-like a girl as any in Pedlington," remarked Mr. Browne, graciously. For still the stout old Briton held his ground.

"Proud of your approval, Sir," said Frank, again in quite a Christmas humor. "Now for it, mamma!"

Mrs. Browne, like Nelly, showed a pretty little indisposition to confess, but at last said, in a low, clear voice, and with a pitiful face, "I fear it may not be right. But you know it was the first glass of wine I drank since God took him. And I pledged our dear boy who is no longer on earth."

Perhaps the good lady attributed so much of sadness and constraint as she saw in her husband's face to some recollection of this trial. As she spoke the memory of all went back to last Christmas-day, when Mrs. Browne had refused her annual glass of wine; and back from that to a sadder day in the autumn of that year, when the news arrived that death had laid his silent finger upon a son of their house while a stranger in a foreign land. But they soon rallied. Fifteen months will heal most domestic wounds. The bounteous Hours overlay old ruins with so many gracious growths of moss and herb and floweret. Or else the envious Hours, sullen at our old regrets, encumber their relics with new waste and loss and ruin, so that grief is swallowed up in grief, and the old regrets have lost their power to move us.

"I am sure Mr. Key would not think it wrong, mamma," urged Nelly. "He invokes the saints, you know; and I think he prays to the Virgin Mary."

"Fie, fie, my dear!" said Mrs. Browne, holding up an admonitory finger. She was surprised to see no displeasure on the pale distraught face opposite to her, removed as it was by the whole length of the table, yet never absent from her tender observation.

Here Frank drawled out, as he cracked a filbert, "It would be rather good to tell old Marmaduke that mamma was penitent, and wanted absolution." And the horror-struck face of that minister presented itself to the imagination of his hearers, thus reviving their merriment.

Blanche next in her turn naturally said that she had pledged her absent husband, George Baily. And Robert, who happened at that moment to look toward his father, saw such an expression of pain on his countenance that he forgot all the funny things he was about to say. But attributing his father's emotion to the memory of the lost, and hoping to rouse him, he rallied, and resolved to drive dull care away.

Rising, and winking at Albert, he began: "I am no orator, as Brutus is. Nor" (turning to Frank) "have my manners Antinous's easy sway. I may have loved in days of yore, and may not. Heroes are but men—"

"Oh, oh!" from Frank and Albert. Scornful laughter from the girls.

"As Frank justly observes, however, I have already alluded to those attachments



which were early lodged against my account in the bank of love."

"Bravo!" cries Frank, generously forgiving the marauder for having passed by his engrossing pun.

"Since which period of juvenile misfortunes," continues Robert, "the insolence of Jacks-in-office, and 'the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes,' have nearly driven the weary veteran to 'his quietus make with a bare bodkin.'"

"Shakspeare; Hamlet's soliloquy!" Albert gravely explains, proud of his acquaintance with the Elizabethan poets.

Then the Robber, with a quaint grin at Albert, resumes:

"The Sun of Kurrachee, however" ("Oh! oh! Hear!"), "that fiery luminary which flooded me in the land of Vishnu, scorched the soldier's brain, but left his affections untouched. And as a burned child dreads the fire, so a wounded heart shuns the wiles of alien sirens. Janet, my sympathetic gentle sister, is now enthroned where Sophonisba or one of the other two nameless ones wields the sceptre over Albert. No rival shall displace my peerless Janet." ("Em—'em!" from that young lady.) "But of friends and brothers in arms, men formidable in the battle-field, unwearied in a campaign, but in peace quiet, gentlemanly men—"

"So I should say," Frank interposes.

"Quiet, gentlemanly men, of rather sedentary habits than otherwise—"

"Van John and écarté," Frank suggests.

"Of rather sedentary and literary habits—of such friends I have a goodly company, whose absence from this paternal mahogany I deplore. These I pledged in the ancestral port, and also that little remnant of my humbler fellow-countrymen, the rank and file of the gallant—th who survive the foeman's spear and the fiery darts of Phœbus."

"Quite a Marc Antony," says Frank, approvingly, as the warrior, sitting down, turns to his neighbor, and says, "Now for your secret, my Queen of Hearts."

Janet makes a little movement as if about to speak; then, catching a look of triumph in Joan's eye, changes her mind suddenly, and says, "I won't tell."

Her nature and habit, though not confiding, were utterly truthful. In a difficulty evasion never occurred to her mind. And it was by reckoning on her straightforward habit that Joan had calculated on dragging her secret to light.

"Come, my dear!" said mamma, encouraging her.

"Let pussy's head peep out," said Mr. Browne, kindly, and looking at her with unusual interest. "Let pussy's head peep out. What color is it?"

Looking at her father, she was struck with the earnest, anxious gaze he was directing toward her. She really wished to speak out

candidly; but Sister's hard cold eye, and clouds of chaff or expostulation darkening the prospect, drove her within herself. Again she said, "No; I won't tell."

"It's my turn now," blurted out Hubert. "And if a girl doesn't like to tell who she is thinking about, I don't see why she should be bullied. But I'll tell you all who I drank to: Mr. Lane, the jolliest fellow I ever knew, and best friend I ever had. And if you'll pass the decanter, Sir, I'll give him another bumper."

At this point Janet's hand slipped under the table, and catching Hubert's as he sat down, squeezed it with ecstasy.

"Take another yourself, I suppose you mean," replied papa. The good man was holding out vigorously, for his wife's and children's sake, and perhaps also in courtesy to his guest. "But the bottle goes round the other way, my boy."

"The Black Tulip," said Nelly, sipping her wine. We have before mentioned the quaint love of contrast which induced her to confer this title upon Mr. Lane.

"I should not call Mr. Lane exactly 'a jolly fellow,' Hubert," said his mother; "although your regard for him does you credit."

"But he is a jolly fellow," urged Hubert. "He taught me to row properly and to swim. I should never have won that medal but for him. And you should see the boys' faces up at his class! Instead of looking cowed and stupid, as we used to do with Doctor Oldham, they all look as jolly as sand-boys."

"Ahem!" Albert argued—"may I inquire whether hilariousness (if there is such a word; and I beg Hubert to observe that I have no desire to carp, but that I ask for information, not being myself a scholar of profound erudition)—is hilariousness *particularly* conducive to scholarship?"

"I don't know," Hubert replied. "Pulling a long face over a sum won't make the answer come right. I know *that*."

"No," said Albert, smiling with an air of absolute conviction; "no: certainly *not*."

But as the question hovered about the domain of social ethics, Frank was moved to assert himself and maintain his autocracy. "I have a great regard for Lane myself," he said—"a very great regard. Indeed, I asked him to dine here to-day." (Janet furtively started.) "But his constitution seemed to require a severe course of chanting and psalm-singing, and he is gone up to what they call 'A Retreat,' at the house of a parson in London, a friend of Key's, quite a horse-doctor at that sort of treatment, I should say. And with all due respect to Hubert's mature judgment and penetration, I think Lane is, like most religious men, of rather a melancholy turn, and as proud as Lucifer."

The revelation of Mr. Lane's proceedings and the profundity of Frank's observations



induced a pensive pause, after which the Robber said, "Not being posted in the biography of Lucifer, my son Berty, you may consider yourself shut up by the family Oracle. But you're right about not pulling a long face. A man who looks as if he were going to be hanged for sheep-stealing *will* in all probability terminate his career in that agreeable manner."

In consideration of their dislike to new Acts generally, Robert's legal brothers passed over this little inaccuracy in his argument. It was only a trifling anachronism: hanging had been the penalty for that felony up to the year of grace 1835. Then Mr. Browne, turning to the lady on his left, said, with forced gayety,

"Last, but not by any means least. What absent friend held the place of honor in Miss Lyte's regard?"

It now appeared that an unmarried lady of maturer years than Janet or Nelly might feel embarrassed at such a question. Miss Lyte visibly hesitated, and manifested distress. Then looking round the table with an appealing glance, but avoiding Mr. Browne's eye, she said, "It may be well in the end, though it is very painful to me to speak plainly now. And I beg you all to remember that 'charity covereth a multitude of sins.'" A silence fraught with wonder fell upon them all. Then the lady went on: "Unlike Albert, who has so many relatives and so few friends, you must remember that while I have many kind and excellent friends (among whom I hope *always* to reckon all of you), I have only one relative living; and I not unnaturally drank to my absent nephew, Bedford Lyte."

The pallor of Mr. Browne's countenance became absolutely livid. Mrs. Browne stared at him, and quaked with fear. Blanche flushed with anger. Nelly pouted, and turned her glass upside down in her plate. The young men preserved an ominous silence.

The hostess, after a few moments' unavailing terror, caught her guest's eye, rose, and the ladies quitted the room.

Albert bowed them out with stately ceremony, closed the door noiselessly, and returned daintily to his chair. But no sooner was he seated than Mr. Browne, with his most artificial smile, made them a silent bow and also left the room.

"By Jove!" said Robert, "I thought the poor old dad would have had another fit. How suddenly she unmasked her guns! Berty, my boy, cut up and see whether the governor's in the drawing-room, and bring us word what's going on."

Hubert withdrew.

"What *can* be her game?" the Robber inquired of Frank.

"Game?" repeated Frank, savagely, and with a furious gesture. "Game? Why, to

fetch this scamp back from the Antipodes, make a will in his favor, and set some speculating attorney on to contest Captain Lyte's. A pretty fellow to cram down all our throats on a Christmas-day! I wish Balbry had killed the confounded rascal!"

Now Albert felt some inexplicable desire to take this prodigal's part. "Perhaps," he timidly suggested—"perhaps Miss Lyte may be of opinion that her nephew has already suffered enough in loss of fortune and reputation for his share in a certain deplorable transaction."

"Serve him right," retorted Frank. "His share, indeed!"

"And you will allow me to observe, Frank," Albert continued, waxing warm with his subject, "that possibly—mind, I decline to say more than possibly—the lady may have been partially to blame."

"Shame! shame!" shouted the Robber, more than half in fun, and hoping to provoke a quarrel between Albert and Frank.

"Excuse me, Robert," replied Albert, roused by opposition. "I am not aware that any member of this family ever saw Bedford Lyte, or had any reason to think ill of him until that catastrophe happened. He bore an excellent repute at Harrow. The contest between Baily and him was a fair issue, fought openly before the whole school; and no doubt Baily tried to thrash him, though he unfortunately failed. Dr. Phelps and Captain Fuller and Mr. Key were all his friends, and if I am not mistaken there is a Latin proverb implying that a man's friends afford some indication to his character. So far we can not fairly condemn Lyte. But we all did see the young lady. We know that her home was distasteful to her; and we may have noticed a certain ease in her manner with gentlemen."

Frank now broke in angrily. "This is what I call a mean, cowardly attack," he said; "trying to take away the character of a beautiful and innocent girl, as Miss Baily certainly *was*, when she has come to grief and has no one to defend her."

"I beg your pardon, Frank," rejoined the elder. "I only wish to hold the balance evenly between two persons. Wrong there was. Why should we put it all into one scale? Do we know any thing for certain?"

"No one ever denied that that fellow seduced and deserted her," said Frank.

"Nor do I positively deny it," said Albert. "Indeed, I admit that he has allowed judgment to go by default. And Baily has always implied that he was guilty. But I think, Frank, that as a partner in a legal firm of some standing, *you* might hesitate to condemn a man without positive evidence, and on the report of an enemy. And this I *will* say, while we are discussing a subject painful to us all: I should be very sorry for





"SHE SAYS THAT BEDFORD LYTE NEVER RAN AWAY WITH ELEANOR AT ALL."

a sister of mine to be as easy in her manner with gentlemen as Miss Baily was."

"Hear! hear!" cried the marauder, thundering on the table with his knuckles, and making all the glasses jingle. "A most outrageous little flirt she was!"

Albert had already said more than he wished to say, though on mature reflection during the last few weeks he had concluded that Bedford Lyte had been served with scanty justice, and that there remained another version of the old sad story which it would be well for all persons concerned to hear. From first to last it had been taken for granted that the absent man was charge-

able with Miss Baily's ruin. He had suffered severely in consequence, though the *a priori* evidence was against the general verdict. The Bailys, father and son, had maintained an impenetrable reserve on the subject. Nor had Lady Balbry, the mother of the unfortunate baronet, spoken; though by proving Lyte's guilt she might have cleared her son's reputation; and the Bailys might in the same way have justified the severity of Captain Lyte's will. But Albert remained silent, and surprised at his own generous advocacy of a detested name; and presently Hubert returned, with a flushed countenance.



"Here's a go!" observed that scion of a legal house. "Miss Lyte is telling them a fine cock-and-a-bull story up stairs; or else the story we have always believed is a pack of lies. She says that *Bedford Lyte* never ran away with Eleanor at all; that Sir Thomas Balbry had more to do with her ruin than any one else. And the old lady took hold of my jacket, and *made* me stay to listen to her. And she has shown them all a letter from Lady Balbry which has made them believe every word she says."

"Did you see it?" Robert asked.

"Yes; but I hadn't a chance of reading it. Blanche and Janet were poring over it together, and Blanche is as pale as a ghost."

"Is the governor up stairs?" asked Frank.

"No," Hubert replied. "But the worst of it is, Janet vows she will give all her fortune to *that* Bedford Lyte as soon as she comes of age."

"I'm hanged if she does," says Frank, with considerable emphasis, and leaves the room, grinding his teeth.

## THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE REPUBLIC.

[Third Paper.]

### MECHANICAL PROGRESS.—II.

#### IRON.

EARLY memorials point to the use of stone and flint, of copper and bronze, before the era of iron commenced, though the extraction of iron from its ore and its forging into shape antedate the historic period. Moses and the Hebrew chroniclers, 1450–700 B.C., Job, Homer, Ezekiel, Hesiod, Aristotle, Thucydides, Xenophon, Diodorus, and Pliny refer to the metal. It has been found by Belzoni, Vyce, Abbott, and Mariette in positions which indicate its use at the building of the Pyramids and the erection of the Sphinxes, and by Layard at Nimroud. The production of iron in large quantities is, however, quite recent, and the casting of it was an unexpected result incident to the enlargement of the furnace, the increased power of blast, and perhaps in part to the working of certain ores which were not so tractable under rude methods.

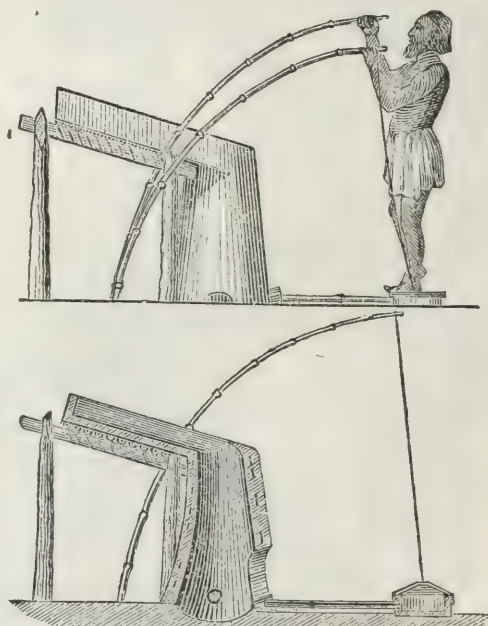
Pure iron is almost infusible, and the ancient processes succeeded in reducing the metal to a spongy condition, the impurities being removed by fluxes in the form of a slag, and by subsequent hammering and reheating. The product was a steel, and was produced in one process from the ore. In many parts of the world very widely separated the same means were used. In small cold-blast furnaces rich ore is heated in contact with incandescent charcoal, the viscid mass being hammered to remove earthy impurities. This plan is yet practiced in India, Africa, Malaya, Madagascar, and formed the

"Mass of iron, shapeless from the forge,"

offered by Achilles as a prize at the funeral games of Patroclus, recorded in Homer's *Iliad*.

Dr. Livingstone refers to the iron-smelting furnaces of the tribes encountered in his *Expedition to the Zambesi*. The articles produced by these peoples are hammers, tongs, hoes, adzes, fish-hooks, needles, and spear-heads. The *assagais* of the Caffres

are made of iron similarly procured, and of excellent quality. The *wootz* of India is still produced in the manner partially described by Aristotle when speaking of India, and by Diodorus Siculus, referring to the iron ores of the island of Ethalia.



IRON FURNACE OF THE KOLS, HINDOSTAN.

Our illustration represents a blast-furnace of the Kols, a tribe of iron smelters in Lower Bengal and Orissa. The men are nomads, going from place to place, as the abundance of ore and wood may prompt them. The charcoal in the furnace being well ignited, ore is fed in alternately with charcoal, the fuel resting on the inclined tray, so as to be readily raked in. As the metal sinks to the bottom, slag runs off at an aperture above the basin, which is occupied by a viscid mass of iron. The blowers are two boxes with skin covers, which are alternately depressed by the feet and raised by the spring poles. Each skin cover has a hole in the middle, which is stopped by the heel as the weight of the person is thrown upon it, and is left



open by withdrawal of the foot as the cover is raised.

Various modified in detail and increased in size, these simple furnaces are to be found in several parts of Europe, the Catalan and Swedish furnaces resembling in all probability those of the Chalybes, so famous in the time of Marathon (490 B.C.), and those of the *fabrica* or military forge established in England by Hadrian (A.D. 120) at Bath, in the vicinity of iron ore and wood. The brave islanders met their Roman invaders with scythes, swords, and spears of iron, and the export of that metal from thence shortly afterward is mentioned by Strabo.

During the Roman occupation of England some of the richest beds of iron ore were worked, and the *debris* and cinders yet exist to testify to two facts—one, that the amount of material treated was immense; the other, that the plans adopted were wasteful, as it has since been found profitable to work the cinders over again.

During the Saxon occupation the furnaces were still in blast, especially in Gloucestershire.

The early Norman sovereigns were so intent upon skinning the Jews and Saxons that it became dangerous to succeed in any business, success inviting the barons to plunder. Accordingly we find in the time of King John that iron and steel were imported from Germany.

The business lumbered along for some centuries, the government tinkering at it now and again, the exportation being prohibited in the fourteenth century, and the importation of iron in the fifteenth century.

The direct method of obtaining wrought iron from the ore prevailed until the commencement of the fifteenth century, and then gradually gave way to a less direct process, but one more convenient in the handling of large quantities. Furnaces, operating by the aid of a strong blast, to melt the iron and obtain *cast iron*, which is carbureted in the process, were in use in the neighborhood of the Rhine about 1500. A second process in a *forge* hearth was used to eliminate the carbon and other impurities, and the result was *wrought iron*.

The statement is shortly made, but it took several centuries to accomplish it with wood, and several other centuries to devise means for substituting pit-coal for charcoal.

In the reign of Elizabeth blast-furnaces were of sufficient size to produce from two to three tons of pig-iron per day by the use of charcoal. In the small works the iron was made malleable before being withdrawn from the blast-furnace, and in larger works was treated by the refinery furnace.

Wood becoming scarce, and a number of furnaces having gone out of blast, in 1612 Simon Sturtevant was granted a patent for thirty-one years for the use of pit-coal in

smelting iron. Failing in his proposed plans, he rendered up his patent in the following year. Successive persons applied for a patent for the same, the government continuing desirous of encouraging the development of home resources. Dudley in 1619 succeeded in producing three tons of iron per week in a small blast-furnace by the use of coke from pit-coal. The parties who yet possessed plenty of wood, and with whom the production of iron was fast becoming a monopoly, urged the charcoal burners to destroy the works of Dudley, which was done. Dudley's patent was granted for thirty-one years, which would bring it to 1650, the time of the Protectorate, when England had a ruler fit to succeed Queen Bess. The celebrated statute of King James, limiting the duration of patents to fourteen years, was passed in 1624. Dudley's petition for an extension was refused.

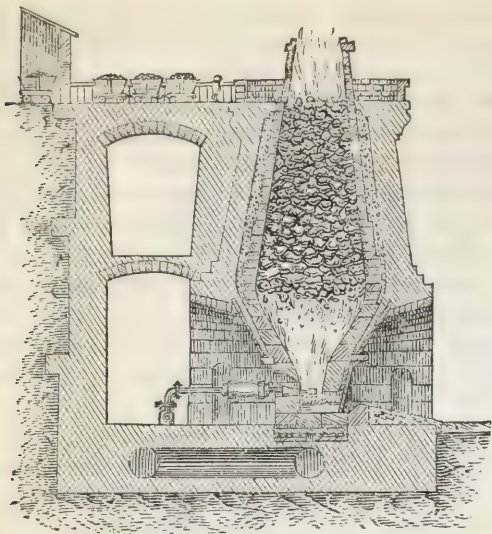
Iron of poor quality continued to be made in districts where wood was scarce, and of good quality from charcoal in places where forests yet remained. The demand for iron continuing to grow—a natural effect of advancing civilization—iron was imported from Sweden and Russia in large quantities and of excellent quality. The forests of these countries gave them a natural advantage over England, whose forests had by this time become thinned out, so that the use of wood for iron smelting had been forbidden by act of Parliament in 1581 within twenty-two miles of the metropolis or fourteen miles of the Thames, and eventually was prohibited altogether.

The art of making iron with pit-coal and of casting articles of iron was revived by Abraham Darby, of Colebrookdale, about 1713, and was perseveringly followed, although it was but little noised abroad. In the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1747 it is referred to as a curiosity.

The extension of the iron manufacture dates from the introduction of the steam-engine, which increased the power of the blast, and the blowing engines, driven by manual, horse, or ox power, were henceforth operated by steam-engines. The dimension of the blast apparatus was increased from time to time, and about 1760 coke was commonly used in smelting. In 1760 Smeaton erected at the Carron Works the first large blowing cylinders, and shortly after Boulton and Watt supplied the steam-engines by which the blowers were driven. Neilson, of Glasgow, introduced the hot blast in 1828. Aubulus, in France, in 1811, and Budd, in England, in 1845, heated the blast by the escaping hot gases of the blast-furnace. In the smelting of iron four tons weight of gaseous products are thrown off into the air for each ton of iron produced.

As a means of estimating by comparison the value of the hot blast, some facts may be





MODERN BLAST-FURNACE.

mentioned. Mushet states that at the Clyde Iron-works, before the introduction of the hot blast, the quantity of materials necessary for the production of one ton of pig-iron was,

Calcined ore.....	1¼ tons.
Coke.....	3 "
Limestone.....	½ ton.

In 1831, when the system was coming into use, the blast being *warm*,

Calcined ore.....	2 tons.
Coke.....	2 "
Limestone.....	½ ton.

In 1839, with a hot blast,

Calcined ore.....	1¼ tons.
Coke.....	1¼ "
Limestone.....	½ ton.

The saving in fuel being nearly one-half.

In addition may be mentioned the fact that anthracite coal and black band ore are intractable under the cold blast, but the former yields an intense heat and the latter a rich percentage of good iron with the hot blast.

The Calder Works in 1831 demonstrated the needlessness of coking when the hot blast is employed.

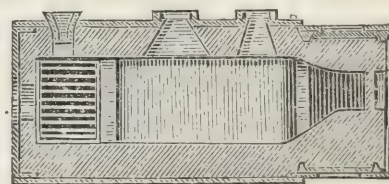
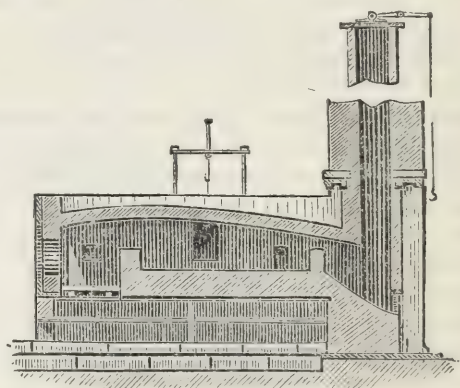
Experiments in smelting with anthracite coal were tried at Mauch Chunk in 1820, in France in 1827, and in Wales successfully by the aid of Neilson's hot-blast ovens in 1837. The experiment at Mauch Chunk was repeated, with the addition of the hot blast, in 1838-39, and succeeded in producing about two tons per day. The Pioneer furnace at Pottsville was blown-in July, 1839.

The first iron-works in America were established near Jamestown, Virginia, in 1619. In 1622, however, the works were destroyed and the workmen with their families massacred by the Indians. The next attempt was at Lynn, Massachusetts, on the banks of the Saugus, in 1648. The ore used was the bog ore, still plentiful in that locality. At these works Joseph Jenks, a native of Hammer-smith, England, in 1652, by order of the Prov-

ince of Massachusetts Bay, coined silver shillings, sixpences, and threepences known as the "pine-tree coinage," from the device of a pine-tree on one face. The coinage of these pieces by Massachusetts excited the ire of the king, who, as Junius said to the Duke of Grafton, "left no distressing examples of virtue even to [his] legitimate posterity." The king indignantly declared to Sir Thomas Temple that they had invaded his prerogative by coining money. Sir Thomas, who was a real friend to the colonies, took a piece out of his pocket and presented it to the king. "One side was a pine-tree of that kind which is thick and bushy at the top. Charles asked what that was. 'The royal oak, Sir, which preserved your majesty's life!' The king resumed his good humor, calling the colonists a 'parcel of honest dogs.'"

By dint of successive efforts, cast iron was produced in something like sufficient quantities to meet the demand, the furnaces enlarging as the blowing engines increased in power.

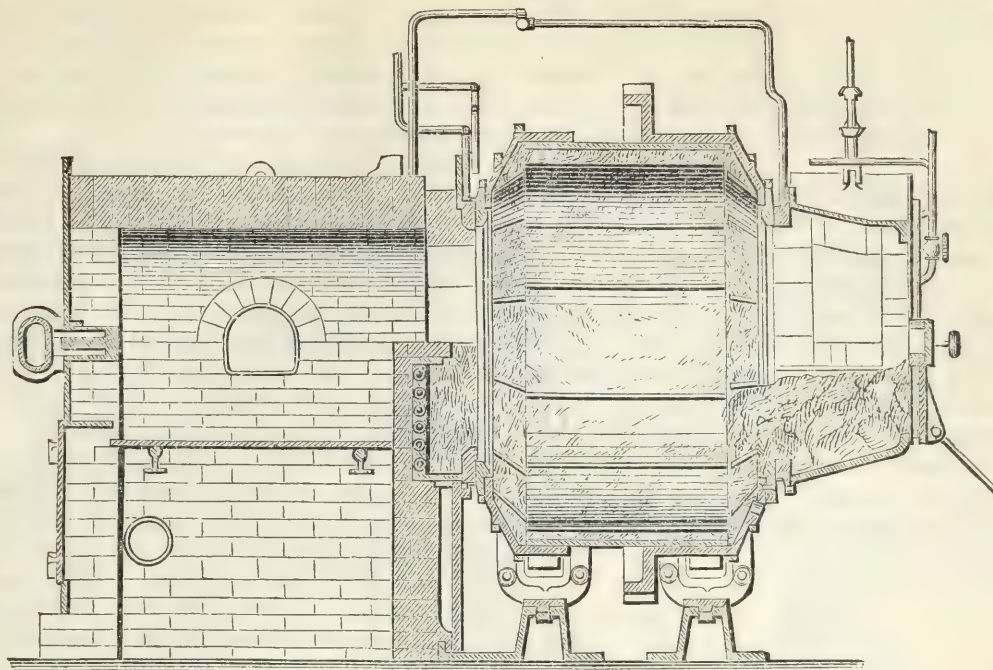
The next step was to simplify and expedite the processes by which the cast iron was made malleable. In 1780, two years before the conclusion of the peace between Great Britain and the Federal government, Henry Cort invented the puddling furnace, which he patented in 1784, and which revolutionized the business of making malleable iron.



PUDDLING FURNACE.

The charge of iron, say 540 pounds, is placed on a hearth in a reverberatory chamber whose bottom and sides are lined with refractory slags rich in oxide of iron. When the iron is melted, the slags rise through it and float on the top. The oxygen in the silicates combines with the carbon in the iron, decarbonizing it, the puddler stirring it vigorously to bring the carbon and other impurities of the iron in contact with the





DANKS'S MECHANICAL PUDDLER.

oxidizing flame. The iron granulates and throws off carbonic oxide, and eventually agglutinates, or, as the puddler says, "comes to nature." A deoxidizing flame is then used to protect the iron while it is being made into balls, which are shingled or squeezed to remove slag and compact it for rolling. The bed of Cort's furnace was of sand. Rogers, some years afterward, made the bottom of iron, and lined it with cinder.

The operation of puddling is a great tax upon the strength and endurance of the men, both on account of the violent labor and of the exposure to the intense heat of the furnace.

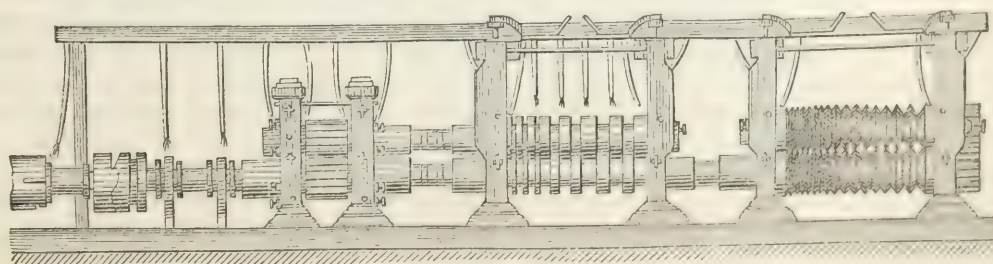
Mechanical puddlers have been substituted for hand labor with some success. The rotating hearth of Danks, of Cincinnati, has attained more celebrity in this country and in England than any other furnace for that purpose. The barrel-shaped chamber lined with refractory material is placed between the furnace and the chimney, and the iron, after it has become melted, is rolled round and round as the chamber revolves, and thereby all parts are in turn exposed to the action of the flame.

The *ball* from the puddling furnace is dragged or rolled to the steam or trip hammer or the squeezer, where it is compacted

and has the dross driven out of it, making a *bloom*. In this condition it is shipped from some iron-works, while others carry it a step farther before putting it upon the market.

Here occurred the next great necessity. Was the bar-iron always to be brought to shape by the hammer alone? Again Cort came to the rescue with the invention of the mill with grooved rollers, which he patented in 1783. The yearly value of this improvement in England and the United States amounts to hundreds of millions of dollars.

Years after the death of the unrewarded Cort the rolling-mill was made to form plates for armor of ships of war. In 1842 the late R. L. Stevens, of Hoboken, New Jersey, commenced the construction of an iron-clad war vessel under an agreement with the government, which has not yet been completed. In 1855 some armor-clad floating batteries were used by the French in the Black Sea. The *La Gloire*, launched in 1859, was plated with rolled iron of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches thickness, and was the first large iron-clad. The first English armored vessel, the *Warrior*, had the same thickness of armor. The thickness has since been much increased: the *Bellerophon* has 6 inches, the *Hercules* 9, *Peter the Great* (Russian) 12 to 14. The plating of the *Monitor* turret was 9 inches, the

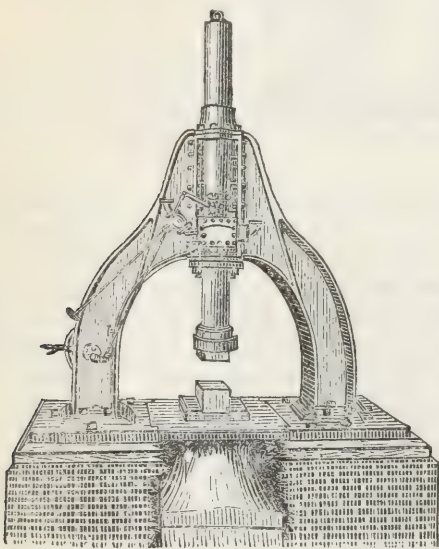


ROLLING-MILL FOR IRON BARS.



*Weehawken* 11, laid on in several thicknesses. Armor plating has been rolled in England of 15 inches thickness, carried by the *Glatton* turret. The turret of the *Peter the Great* is 16 inches—one thickness of 14 and one of 2 inches.

While the capacity of the rolling-mill has seemed adequate to all calls, the business of the forge has also had its grand achievements, resulting from the use of the steam-hammer. This was invented by Nasmyth about 1838, and patented in 1842. It is true that there existed a description of Devereau's hammer in 1806 which recited the main features, but it seems to have excited no attention, and to have been followed by no hammer. To Nasmyth we are indebted for it; even he had to work against



NASMYTH'S DOUBLE-FRAME STEAM-HAMMER.

prejudice, which prevented its being used in England until after it had been tried in France by some more appreciative persons, whose attention had been in some way directed to it.

The helve of the steam-hammer is the piston-rod of an overhead steam-engine, by which it is lifted. To drop it, the steam which lifted it is allowed to escape from below the piston, and the force of the blow is, in some hammers, increased by admitting the steam above the piston, which adds the force of the steam to that due to the weight and fall of the hammer. The sizes vary, having a very wide range, the weight of the hammer varying from 50 pounds to 80,000 pounds, the stroke from six inches to six feet. They are single or double acting, have single or double frame, according to size, and all have a capacity for giving a blow of any required fraction of their full power, and using any part of their range of stroke. The anvils are made as heavy as 250 tons weight.

The series of operations is here complete down to the point of shaping the metal while hot by rolling or by forging; but a great and hitherto unrealized improvement was

sought by which the metal might be purified by chemical means. Inventors in Europe and America attacked the problem, but it was reserved for Bessemer to give it form, substance, and success.

The process consists in placing a charge, say five tons, of molten iron in a vessel placed on trunnions, and known as a *convertor*, the bottom of the vessel having channels to admit in divided streams a blast of air which passes through the melted metal, its oxygen entering into combination with the silicon, carbon, phosphorus, sulphur, etc., forming gaseous compounds, which are liberated and driven up the chimney. The iron is melted in cupolas and tapped into the convertor, which is a pear-shaped vessel about fifteen feet high and nine feet diameter, hung upon trunnions, to one of which the apparatus is attached which rotates the vessel in a vertical plane; through the other trunnion passes an air-pipe which is continued down the outside of the vessel and opens into a chamber at the bottom which communicates with the main chamber through 120 holes, each three-eighths of an inch in diameter. These holes are in fire-bricks, and the vessel itself is lined with refractory material.

The vessel is turned partly down, the mouth being presented upwardly to take its charge from a ladle suspended from a crane and sweeping in the arc of a circle between the cupola and the convertor. The blast is then turned on, the vessel righted, the air pressure preventing the iron entering the blast holes, and the spout being presented to a canopy which leads the evolved gases up the chimney: this is shown at *a b*, page 217. The silicon of the pig-iron oxidizes first without very intense flame, but as the carbon begins to burn the heat rises to 5000° Fahrenheit, and the light is so brilliant as to cast shadows across sunshine. In fifteen or twenty minutes the marvelous illumination ceases more suddenly than it began, and this change in the flame indicates the critical moment of the elimination of most of the carbon. The blast is stopped, the convertor turned on its side, and six hundred pounds of melted spiegeleisen are turned in. The reaction is instantaneous and violent. The manganese of the spiegeleisen combines with any sulphur that may remain in the bath, forming compounds which pass into the slag. It also decomposes in the slag silicates of iron, taking the place of the iron and returning it to the bath. Finally, the carbon and manganese together reduce the oxide of iron formed during blowing, and which would affect the malleability of the iron. This done, the monster, as if weary of swallowing boiling iron and snorting fire, turns its mouth downward and disposes of its contents into a kettle upon a turn-table. This act is shown at *c d*. The ladle on its turn-



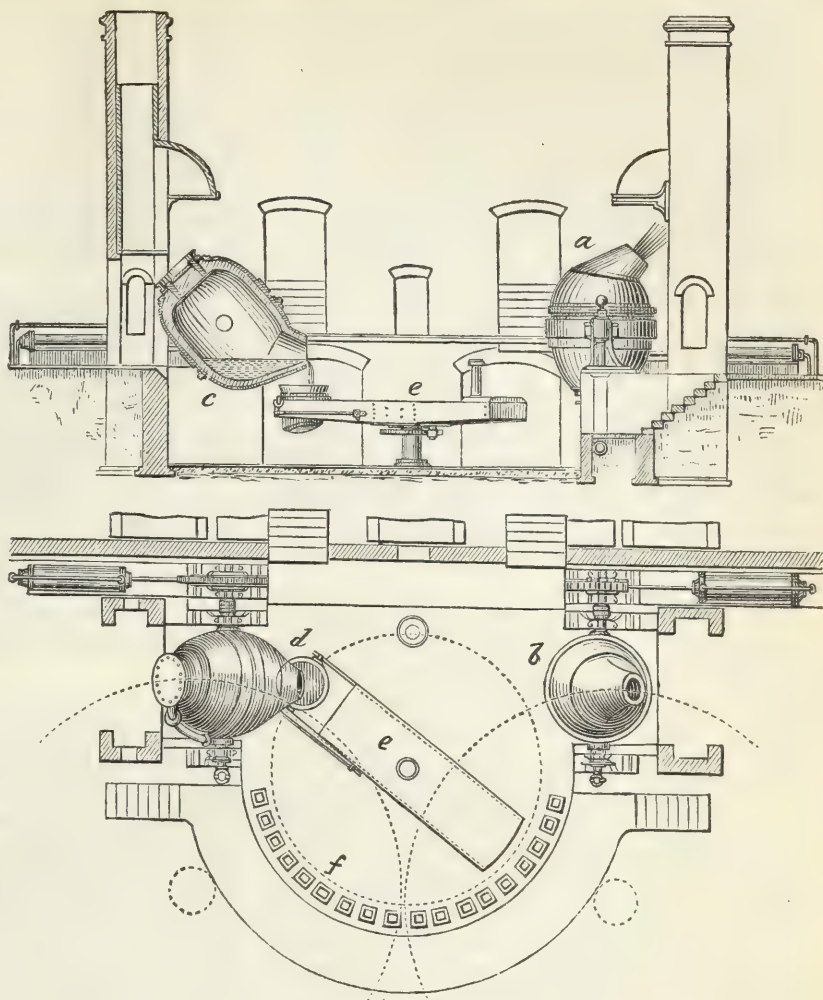
table *e* is then swung over the moulds *f*, ranged round the semi-circular pit like a row of Ali Baba's wine jars, each capable of holding a bandit. The glowing metal is drawn into the moulds from a tap hole in the ladle, and as each mould is filled the molten metal is covered with a steel plate and a packing of sand. When the ingots have solidified they are tipped out of the moulds and carried away by tongs or traveling cranes to the shops, where they are hammered or rolled into the required forms of bars, rails, plates, and what not. The product is usually a grade of steel, though the quality may be varied by changes in the details of the process.

Like Arkwright, Bessemer has become very wealthy, and for every dollar he has made, his country has been enriched by hundreds.

The actual working process in America has been materially improved by Mr. Holly, who is consulting engineer of the principal Bessemer works in this country.

This was a great improvement for most purposes over the old process of cooking the iron in the puddling furnace to deprive it of its silicon and carbon, tilt-hammering the ball to a bloom, rolling the bloom to a bar, cutting the bar in pieces, and building it with charcoal solidly into a cementation furnace, where it might absorb carbon to constitute it steel. This old process is still pursued for the finer qualities, the blister-steel produced from the cemented bar being several times worked before it becomes the best cast steel for our finest cutlery. The process of making cast steel was invented by Benjamin Huntsman, of Ottercliff, near Sheffield, England, in 1770, so that this great invention comes practically within the century. The blister-steel is broken into pieces, fused in crucibles of refractory clay or graphite, made into ingots in cast-iron moulds, and then rolled.

But the convenience of casting iron into shape, instead of laboriously forging it into the varied and sometimes difficult forms required, is so great that a process for making cast-iron articles malleable became a great



BESSEMER PLANT.

necessity. This was invented in Sheffield by Samuel Lucas, and patented by him in 1804. The process is as follows: The castings are inclosed in iron boxes, and surrounded with pounded iron-stone or some of the metallic oxides, as scales from the forge, common lime, or other absorbents of carbon, used either together or separately. The boxes are placed in the furnace, subjected to a strong heat for about five days, and allowed to cool gradually within the furnace. The time and other circumstances determine the depth of the effect. Thin pieces become malleable entirely throughout, admit of being readily bent, and may be slightly forged; thicker pieces retain a central portion of cast iron, but in a softened state, and not so brittle as at first. On sawing them through, the exterior coat of soft metal is perfectly distinguishable from the remainder.

In the processes of hand forging, annealing, and tempering we have nothing to claim over the methods or the productions of former ages and other nations, such as the Arabs and Persians.

As with the processes involving the *production* and *refining* of iron, and the shaping of the heated metal by *casting*, *forging*, and *rolling*, so with the shaping of the cold met-



al by *turning* and *planing*—all the important improvements are within the century. The lathes and boring-machines of the time preceding Watt were rude and small affairs. The steam-cylinder invented by Papin about 1690, and first used successfully by Newcomen and Calley in 1711, was so ill bored that its piston required to be covered with water to prevent leakage of air downward, and hence the Newcomen engines were always vertical. Watt's first engine, with a cylinder eighteen inches in diameter, was built at Kinneal in 1770. In 1775 he entered on a partnership with Boulton, who took a two-thirds share in the patented engine, which worked with one-quarter the fuel used by the Newcomen engine performing similar work. Boulton was a man worthy of the occasion, and the works at Soho equal to the demand.

The mature conceptions of these great mechanicians required a far finer style of execution of work, and a set of workmen arose who introduced exactness and system into the shop. Ramsden, about 1770, invented the micrometer-screw dividing-engine for graduating astronomical and surveying instruments, and reduced the error in ascertaining longitude by the Hadley quadrant to one-fiftieth. Bramah, in 1784, produced his lock, which was in its day a marvel of skill and finish; also the hydraulic press and the numbering machine for bank-notes and pages of account-books. Boulton and Watt, in 1788, were celebrated for the perfection of their mint apparatus, coining the silver of the Sierra Leone Company, the copper of the East India Company, and sending two complete mints to the Emperor Paul I. of Russia. In Bramah's workshop Clement and perhaps Maudslay were trained, one the inventor of the planing-machine, the other a builder of marine engines, who gave them shape when as yet steam navigation was in its infancy. Roberts of Manchester gave his attention to the perfecting of machinery for working in fibre, Whitworth especially to machine-tools and instruments for measuring with mathematical accuracy. We shall have occasion to mention presently the perfecting of the modes of manufacture, and to show the part America took in the matter.

The first turning-lathe was vertical—the potter's wheel—and was employed upon plastic material. After many centuries of use in this way, the spindle was made horizontal, and it was employed on wood. Its use on metal is comparatively modern. The screw lathe is still more recent. One is described in a French work of 1578, and another in an English work of 1694. They were, however, rather bench tools for watch-makers and jewelers than machines. The work of originating correct screws, and perfecting the screw-cutting lathe, was taken in hand by Plumier

1701, Ramsden 1770, Robinson of Soho 1790, Donkin, Allan, Roberts, Whitworth, and others. The new era of the lathe commenced when the *slide-rest* was added. This was the invention of General Sir Samuel Bentham, about 1791. His particular *forte* was in wood-working machinery, but the slide-rest once invented would be readily adapted to the metal lathe, and the *slide lathe* soon followed.

The application of a *screw* to the *slide lathe* so as to render it capable of both *sliding* and *screw-cutting* was the next important improvement, and a great amount of time, perseverance, and capital was expended in endeavoring to perfect this portion of the lathe.

After this the *surfacing motion* was introduced, and also the use of a shaft at the back of the lathe, in addition to the regular screw, for driving the sliding motion by rack and pinion, instead of both the motions of sliding and screw-cutting being worked by the screw alone.

Thus step by step improvements were gradually brought forward; the fore jaw and universal chucks and other important appliances were added so as to render the lathe applicable to a great variety of work, even cutting spiral grooves in shafts, scrolls in a face-plate, skew wheels, and also turning articles of oval, spherical, and other forms. Whitworth's duplex lathe, with one tool acting in front and the other behind the work, was invented for turning long shafts, cast-iron rollers, cylinders, and a great variety of work where a quantity of the same kind and dimensions has to be turned.

The planing-machine was an outgrowth of the slide lathe. Instead of the object turning upon centres against a tool, it is dogged to a traversing-table and moves against the tool in a right line. This machine-tool has dispensed to a great extent with chipping and filing, and is at the bottom of all successful fitting of machinery. It is next in importance to the lathe. It was invented about 1820, several excellent mechanics having about the same time worked at and solved the problem—Clements, who was a workman in Bramah's shop, Fox of Derby, Roberts and Rennie of Manchester. Bramah had, as far back as 1811, employed the revolving cutter to plane iron, adapting to metal the form previously used on wood-planing machines; this is the milling-machine lately so much improved and so deservedly esteemed.

The first planing-machines were moved by a chain winding on a drum; the rack and pinion, and eventually the screw arrangement, were substituted. Clements's machine, described in his letter to the "Society of Arts" (vol. xlix., p. 157 *et seq.*), included the reciprocating bed, guided and moved horizontally and automatically with a greater or lesser stroke. It had two cutters capable



of being directed backward and forward, and at different elevations, so as to cut at each motion of the bed. The cutters were fixed in a sliding head, and were shifted automatically at the end of each stroke, horizontally or vertically. The cutters could be canted to any angle to plane either side of the work. It was, in fact, the planing-machine of the present day.

The next great improvement in the machine was the "Jim Crow" planer of Joseph Whitworth, of Manchester, 1835. This has the self-reversing cutter, which "wheeled about and turned about and did just so," operating both backward and forward with one tool without waste of time.

Other adaptations known by special names can not be overlooked. The *jack*, a small machine, named from its quick, handy ways and compact form. The *slotting*-machine and the *key-grooving* machine, by Roberts of Manchester, have mortise chisels reciprocated vertically by an eccentric, while the wheel to be slotted is laid horizontally on the lathe and fed toward the cutter between each stroke. The *milling*-machine has been referred to. It is only of late that it has been esteemed as it deserves and made much use of. The *shaping*-machine is one in which the object is chucked on a mandrel, the tool traverses above the work in a line parallel with the axis of the mandrel; the latter being slightly rotated between each stroke constitutes the feed, and the result is a circular or curved shape attained by straight cuts.

The machine-tools of the present day are a marvel, and the work turned out by them excels in quality and quantity any thing conceivable by the worthies of the first part of the present century. Watt, for instance—to select the most prominent of the men who combined to revolutionize the world of industry while smaller men were making all the noise in the manufacture of "holy alliances" which hardly survived their framers—Watt would have been infinitely gratified and astonished at the development and perfection of the machine-tools of the present day. He would see in them the cause and the effect; the ponderous and yet delicate machines driven by the engines which they had created; the tools the makers and yet the agents; the engines the movers of the tools by which they came to exist; their growth parallel in fitness, proportion, and magnitude, which are the elements of beauty, grace, and majesty.

A word as to the constitution of the machines themselves, of the means by which they are fashioned and adapted to perform their specific duties with smoothness, directness, and economy of power.

The system of making the component parts of a machine or implement in distinct pieces of fixed shape and dimensions, so that

corresponding parts are interchangeable, is known as *assembling*. The term is, however, more strictly applicable to their fitting together after being separately and accurately made according to fixed patterns, and constantly compared by gauges and templates which test the dimensions.

This system of interchangeability of parts was first introduced into the French artillery service by General Gribeauval, about 1765. He reduced the gun-carriages to classes, and so arranged many of the parts that they could be applied indiscriminately to any carriage of the class for which they were made. The system was afterward extended into several of the European services and into that of the United States.

The first fire-arm attempted to be made on this system was the breech-loader of John H. Hall, of North Yarmouth, Massachusetts, 1811, of which 10,000 were made for the United States, \$10,000 being voted the inventor in 1836, being at the rate of one dollar per gun. Some of them were captured in Fort Donelson, February 16, 1862. They were probably the first breech-loading military arms ever issued to troops.

The extent to which the system of gauges was actually carried with the Hall arm is not accurately known, but it is doubtless true that the principle was first brought to a high state of system and accuracy by Colonel Colt, of Connecticut, in the manufacture of his pistols. Among the most important of the extensions of the principle has been the making of special machines to fashion particular parts, or even special portions of individual pieces, so that each separate part may be shaped by successive machines, and bored by others, issuing in the exact form required.

This plan requires large capital, and will not pay unless a great number of similar articles be required, but has been extensively introduced into this country, and from hence into England, and to some extent on to the continent of Europe. All the government breech-loading fire-arms are thus made. The greater number of the military arms of Europe and Egypt are thus made in the United States for the various countries. The Snider gun, a modification of an American model, is made at the Enfield Arsenal, England, on special machines made for that purpose in duplicate at the Colt Works, Hartford, Connecticut. Pratt and Whitney, of Hartford, are just completing for Germany a full set of special machines and gauges for the manufacture of the Mäuser rifle, adopted by Prussia for the confederate German States.

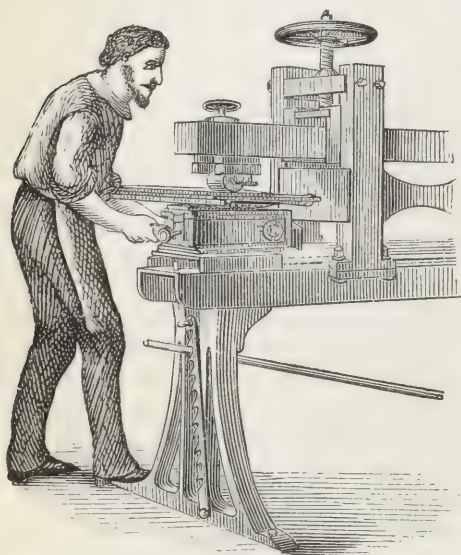
The first watch made on this plan was the "American" watch of Waltham, Massachusetts, the system extending down to the almost microscopic screws and other small parts. All the prominent sewing-machines



are so made; the same with Lamb's knitting-machine, and probably others. Many kinds of agricultural implements, including plows, harvesters, threshers, and wagons, are made of interchangeable parts. The system has been carried into locomotive building; about seven grades of engines, it is understood, are employed on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, corresponding parts of a given grade being precisely similar, so as to fit any engine of the class. This is the American system of *assembling*.

While upon the subject of instruments of precision, one or two instances may be given where the result was a marked success and affected large interests.

The American system of bank-note engraving is the invention of Jacob Perkins, of Newburyport, Massachusetts, in 1837. Previous to his time the engraving, whether of ornament or lettering, had been simply cut by hand upon the plate, which was then printed in the copper-plate press. Perkins's system is to engrave the design on separate



PERKINS'S TRANSFERRING PRESS AND ROLLER DIE.

blocks of softened steel, which are subsequently hardened. Each block so engraved is used to make a raised impression on a softened steel roller, which is rocked upon it under very heavy pressure. The roller is then hardened, and is used as a roller die to impress the steel plate from which the notes are printed. Each part of the face and back of the note is upon one or another of the roller dies, whose separate impressions upon the plate combine to make up the whole design, roller after roller being used after adjustment to its proper place over the plate. The table is provided with complete adjustments of peculiar delicacy.

The invention was introduced into England by Perkins, but did not become popular. In Ireland it fared better. In this country it is supreme.

Postal and revenue stamps are so made in

all instances. England makes them for the varied and widely separated nations of her vast empire. America, which originated the system, makes them for other nations in all quarters of the globe. The postal stamp itself, though now a necessity, is an affair but of yesterday, as it were, and was an outgrowth of cheap postage, for which let us thank Divine Providence and Rowland Hill.

Another triumph of the century is the watch. The invention of the compensation-balance of John Harrison covered the period 1728-1761. He died in 1776. Arnold and Earnshaw brought it to something near perfection. Harrison's fourth chronometer was sent in a man-of-war to Jamaica, which it reached five seconds slow. On the return to Portsmouth, after a five-months' voyage, it was one minute and five seconds wrong, showing an error of sixteen miles of longitude, and within the limit of the act of Parliament of Queen Anne, passed in 1714. This amount of accuracy has since been very much exceeded. He received the grant of £20,000 in installments, the reward of forty years' diligence.

The American system of watch-making, by gathering all the operations under one roof, making the parts as largely as possible by machinery, each part being made in quantity by gauge and pattern, and the pieces afterward *assembled*, dates back to 1852, but was afterward perfected, and the number of parts reduced from 800 to 156. In the year mentioned A. L. Denison and three coadjutors started the business in Roxbury, Massachusetts, thence moved to Waltham, Massachusetts, where the business now occupies a large factory, employs 700 hands, and turns out 80,000 watches annually. This is the pioneer establishment. Others are in operation at Elgin, Illinois; Springfield, Massachusetts; Newark and Marion, New Jersey.

Achromatic lenses were first made by John Dollond, of London, 1758. The discovery rendered the telescope of high powers possible. Without going into the optical principles involved, it may be stated that with refracting telescopes before Dollond an instrument of quite moderate magnifying power was 100 feet long. The equatorial of the Washington Observatory is the largest refractor in the world. It was made by Alvan Clark and Sons, of Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, the glass being cast by Chance and Co., of Birmingham, England. It was mounted in November, 1873, is thirty-two feet long, and, last and most important of the statement, it has an objective of twenty-six inches diameter.\*

With two other instruments of precision

\* An illustration of this equatorial may be found in *Harper's Magazine* for March, 1874, p. 535.



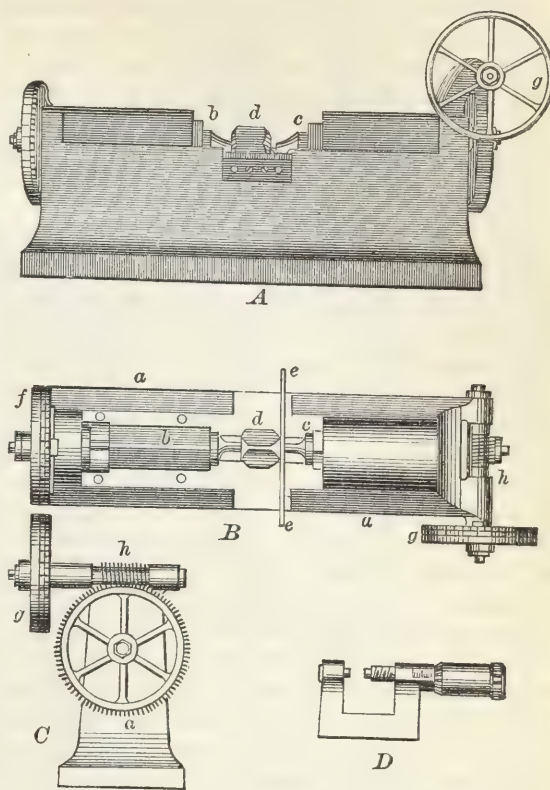
we may close this part of the subject, both means for accurate measurement :

1. The *contact level* invented by Repsold, of Hamburg, in 1820, as improved by Würdemann, of Washington. It is an adaptation of the spirit-level, for the production of exact divisions of scales, and for the determination of very minute divisions of length. It consists of a delicate level pivoted at its middle and across its length with a small tilt weight at one end, which tips always in one direction. From the centre of the level downward extends a short rigid arm, with a plain polished surface perpendicular to the chord of the level against which the contact is made. The carrier of this instrument is either fixed or mounted in a slide governed by a micrometer screw. If, now, the end of a rod terminating in a hardened steel point be advanced horizontally till it bears against the contact arm, the level will gradually assume the horizontal position, and the movement of the bubble, as indicated by the scale upon the glass, will depend upon the relation of the radius to which the level tube is ground and the length of the contact lever. If the latter be half an inch long, and the radius of the glass tube be 400 feet (levels for astronomical purposes are ground to a sweep of 800 and 1000 feet radius), the relation between the lever and radius is as 1 to 9600, and as  $\frac{1}{50}$  of an inch can be readily read from the lever scale,  $\frac{1}{480000}$  of an inch ( $9600 \times 50$ ) will be the difference in length which each such division on a scale indicates.

2. Whitworth's micrometer gauge is capable of measuring to  $\frac{1}{1000000}$  of an inch. The principle of its action may be readily understood by the micrometer screw D, which is a pocket instrument made to measure to  $\frac{1}{10000}$  of an inch. The screw has fifty threads to an inch, the head having twenty divisions on its circumference; consequently a turn of the head through one division advances the screw  $\frac{1}{50} \times \frac{1}{20} = \frac{1}{10000}$  of an inch.

The millionth measuring instrument, shown by three views, A, B, C, has two head stocks with a V groove between them, in which the square bars *b c* are laid, as is also the standard of the bar *d*, of which the length is to be tested. The sides of the groove and of the bars are worked up to as true a plane as possible, and are kept at right angles to each other. The ends of the bars are also made square with their sides, and brought to true planes, the ends being canted to present circular instead of square faces.

Through each head-stock runs an accurately pitched micrometer screw, by which *b* and *c* are driven along the groove. The screw on the side of *b* has exactly twenty threads to the inch, and is turned by the wheel *f*, the circumference of which is divided into 250 parts. Consequently, by



WHITWORTH'S MILLIONTH MEASURING GAUGE.

turning the wheel forward one division the bar is moved  $\frac{1}{50000}$  of an inch.

The other screw has a similar thread, is driven by a worm-wheel of 200 teeth, into which gears a tangent screw *h*, having fixed upon its stem the graduated wheel *g*. The circumference of this wheel being also divided into 250 parts, a movement of one division corresponds to a traverse of  $\frac{1}{20} \times \frac{1}{200} \times \frac{1}{250} = \frac{1}{1000000}$  of an inch on the bar *c*. Fixed pointers enable the exact movement of wheels *f* or *g* to be read off, so that this extremely minute difference in the length of any bars may be detected, provided the micrometer screws exert an equal pressure in every case.

This equality of pressure is secured by a very simple and beautiful arrangement. Between one extremity of the steel bar under comparison and the sliding bar a small steel piece with true parallel sides is introduced. This piece is called the *feeler*, and its ends, *e e*, rest upon two supports on the sides of the bed. When little or no pressure is exerted on the bar *d*, the feeler falls back of its own weight if one of its ends is raised. A slight pressure prevents this falling back, and the friction between this piece and the ends of the bars becomes a very delicate measure of the pressure to which it is subjected.

#### ENGINEERING.

How shall we condense within the limits of the section of an article even a list of the engineering devices and expedients which distinguish the century nearly closed from



any which has preceded it? The pyramids, temples, and obelisks of Egypt, the graceful architecture of Greece and of the Freemasons of the Middle Ages, the Roman roads and aqueducts, make the fame of the past. The present has a new set of devices, and its modes and structures are utterly beyond the conceptions of ancient times.

We will pass over the works which differ in no essential respect from those of the past. Quays, sea-walls, and breakwaters were familiar to the Mediterranean nations, and our canals differ from those of the ancients only in having locks—not a small advance, by-the-way, and one for which we are indebted to the Italian engineers, the brothers Domenico. The canal of Sesostris—re-opened by Pharaoh Necho about 605 B.C., again by Ptolemy Philadelphus 300 B.C., once again by the Caliphs, and abandoned when Vasco da Gama circumnavigated the Cape of Good Hope—conducted the water of the Red Sea to the Nile near Belbeys, the Bubastis Agria of the Romans. It was ninety-six miles long. The track of the present Suez Canal only follows the former course to the Bitter Lakes, and then passes to Port Said on the Mediterranean. The sand and earth of the old canal were drearily excavated by fellahs who toiled with wooden shovels and baskets. The steam-dredges of M. De Lesseps were sixty in number, of two kinds, and deposited the 400,000,000 cubic yards of mud and sand on banks at a regulated distance from the canal.

The Pharos of Alexandria, said to have been 450 feet high, was a beacon to the roadstead of Alexandria. This city was built by what might have seemed the whim of a man who in the plenitude of his power came to Rhacotis, a place occupied by a little group of hovels, and spread his Macedonian cloak on the ground for the plan of a city to bear his name. He saw it rise in his mind's eye, and gave his directions for the avenues, the Serapæum, the Bruchion, and other public buildings, took up his line of march for the teeming East, and never saw Alexandria. Yet posterity approved his judgment, and his city has embalmed his name.

One of our contributions in the line of light-houses is the dovetailed block system introduced by Smeaton in 1760 at the Eddystone, copied by the Stephensons at Bell Rock, in the Frith of Forth, and at the Skerryvores, and still later at Wolf Island. Others are the screw-pile and the truss-frame systems, which are convenient in many places where the column of masonry is not suitable. Farther, the mode of lighting is much more eminently superior to the past than is the mere structure. When Smeaton had finished the Eddystone it was lighted by twenty-four tallow-candles stuck in a hoop. Even the Tour de Corduan, put

up with so much expense in 1610 at the mouth of the Garonne, was for a long time lighted with burning logs in a large crescent. The catoptric system of lamps with parabolic reflectors was introduced into the Tour de Corduan soon after the invention of the circular-wick and centre-draught lamp by Argand, of Geneva, in 1784—a lamp which made the effective illumination of light-houses possible.

The dioptric system, by lenses, was attempted in England at the South Foreland light in 1752 and the Portland light in 1759, but failed for want of skill. It was revived and improved by Fresnel in 1810. It was adopted in the Lundy Island light in 1834, and is the best light, having several grades of size, according to importance of position.

In pile-driving we have better machinery than the Romans, who, however, made good work in bridges built on piles, and in constructing coffer-dams for building stone piers in river-beds. Elm piles driven by the Romans at London were in good order when removed to build the abutments of London Bridge in 1829. Cæsar threw a pile and trestle bridge across the Rhine in ten days. Trajan's bridge across the Danube was 4770 feet long, having twenty semicircular arches of 180 feet 5 inches span each. The piers were of stone, the superstructure wood. There were also many bridges in Rome.

For working beneath the surface of the water we, however, have several methods unknown to the ancients, and, indeed, only used to valuable purpose within the century. The first use of the diving-bell in engineering was by Smeaton in 1779. It had been used for a century or two as a curiosity or in reclaiming sunken treasures, and had been much improved by Halley and by Spalding in 1774, before it came into Smeaton's hands.

The *pneumatic caisson*, which now forms so important an aid in sinking piers to solid foundations beneath river-beds, is the invention of M. Triger, of France, where it was first used in sinking a shaft for a coal-pit through a stratum of quicksand to reach the coal-measures in the vicinity of the river Loire, in France. It consisted of a tube made in sections, so as to be extended as the shaft deepened. The lower end was open, and divided by a floor with a tightly fitting trap-door from a middle chamber, the ceiling of which had a similar door. By means of an air-compressing pump the water was kept out of the lower chamber, where the men worked, and the buckets were handed up through the floors to the top, the middle chamber forming an air lock, which was alternately in communication with the working chamber below and with the air-chamber above it.

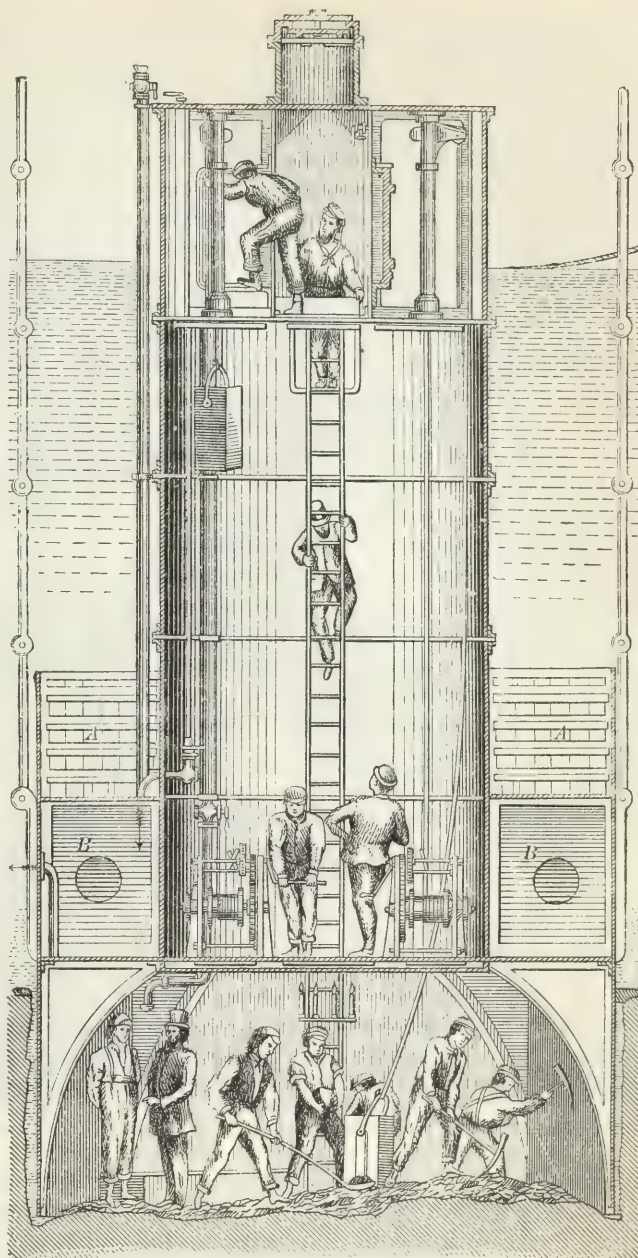


The figure shows a caisson used some years afterward in building the piers of a bridge at Copenhagen, Denmark. A much improved and extended plan was adopted by Captain James B. Eads in building the river piers of the Illinois and St. Louis Railway Bridge across the Mississippi; and by Colonel W. A. Roebling for the piers of the suspension-bridge across the East River, New York. In each of the last-mentioned cases the caisson is a very heavy structure, designed when it reached the solid rock to remain there, be built up full of masonry or concrete, and then support the pier which was built upon it as it descended; the Triger caisson, after its function as a pneumatic excavating chamber was completed, formed a lining for the shaft in a treacherous soil; the Copenhagen caisson was lifted as the pier built at the bottom progressed upwardly.

The next illustration shows an East River caisson. The mode adopted for getting rid of the excavated material in the New York caisson is the invention of M. Fleur St. Denis, chief engineer des Chemins de Fer de l'Est, in France. It consists of a water-shaft whose lower end is submerged in water in a basin, and which is traversed by a dredging bucket or grapple, according as mud or rock has to be raised. The condensed air in the other part of the interior of the caisson keeps water excluded, and makes it habitable for the workmen.

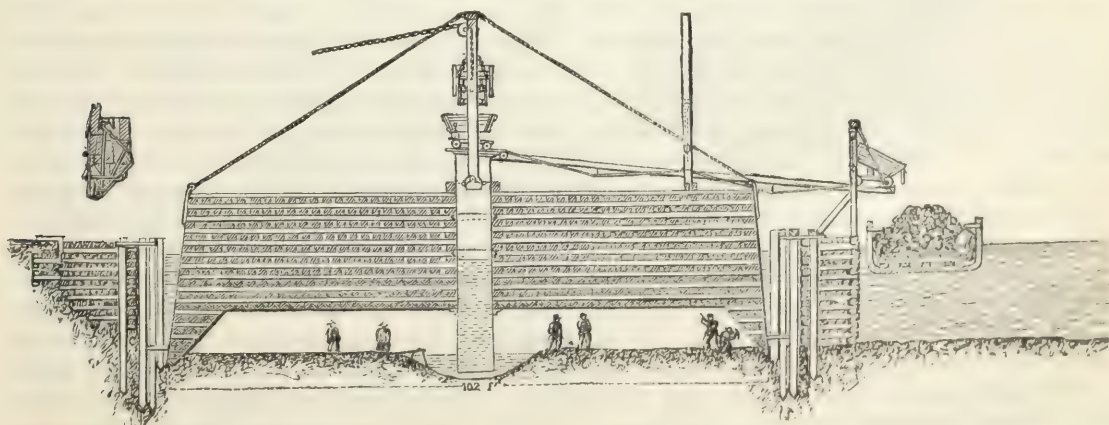
In the St. Louis caisson the sand, mud, and stones as large as a hickory-nut were driven out of the collecting basin in the floor of the working chamber by means of a powerful jet of air which lifted a column of water in a tube, and with it the finer excavated material, the pipe discharging it over the side into a lighter.

The docks of some principal sea-ports are



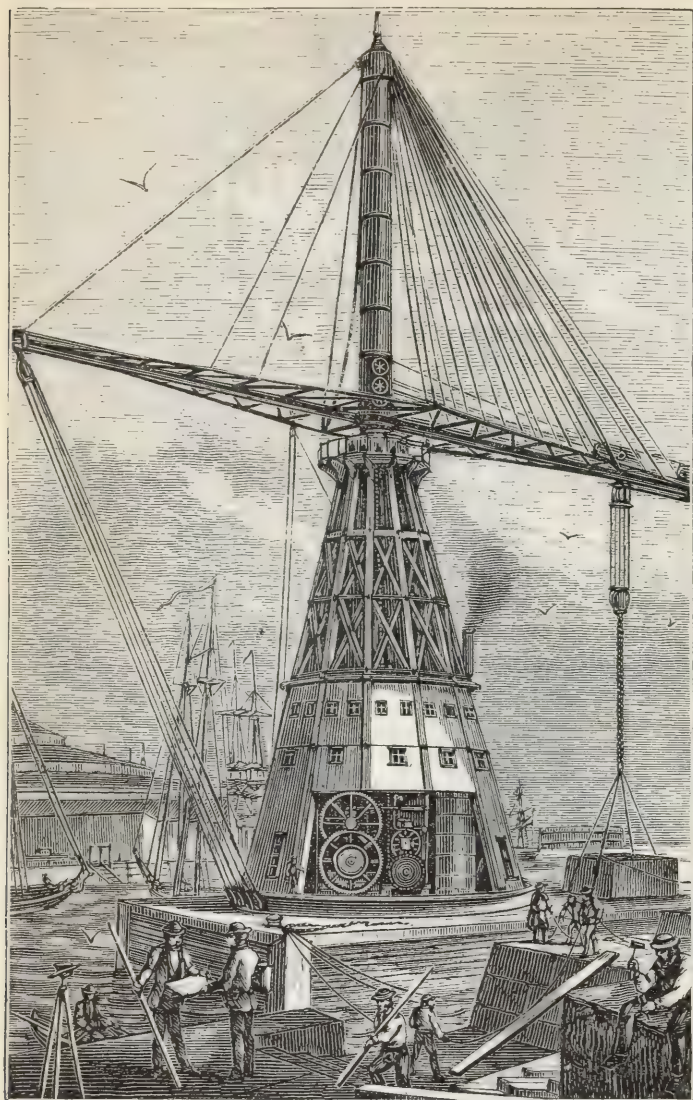
CAISSON AT COPENHAGEN.

a marvelous feature both in character and in extent. London and Liverpool are celebrated for tidal docks. The first named had a particular object in grouping the merchantmen of special trades together in ba-



CAISSON OF THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE, NEW YORK.





FLOATING DERRICK, DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC DOCKS, NEW YORK.

sins where the access between vessels and warehouses might be free, and within walls which were guarded by the custom-house authorities. It was also desirable to produce more wharf room. The high tides of the Mersey render the port of Liverpool very inconvenient for river and lighter work, and make tidal basins a necessity. The quays of Montreal are the best in America.

The large floating derrick of the New York Department of Public Docks picks up a block of 100 tons, is towed to the place of deposit, and then lowers the block into the position it is to occupy in the new river wall.

The dry-docks of the principal naval stations of the world are a great engineering success, and would have vastly astonished Archimedes, who had no resource but a bank of earth to embay his vessel, and then pump out the pond.

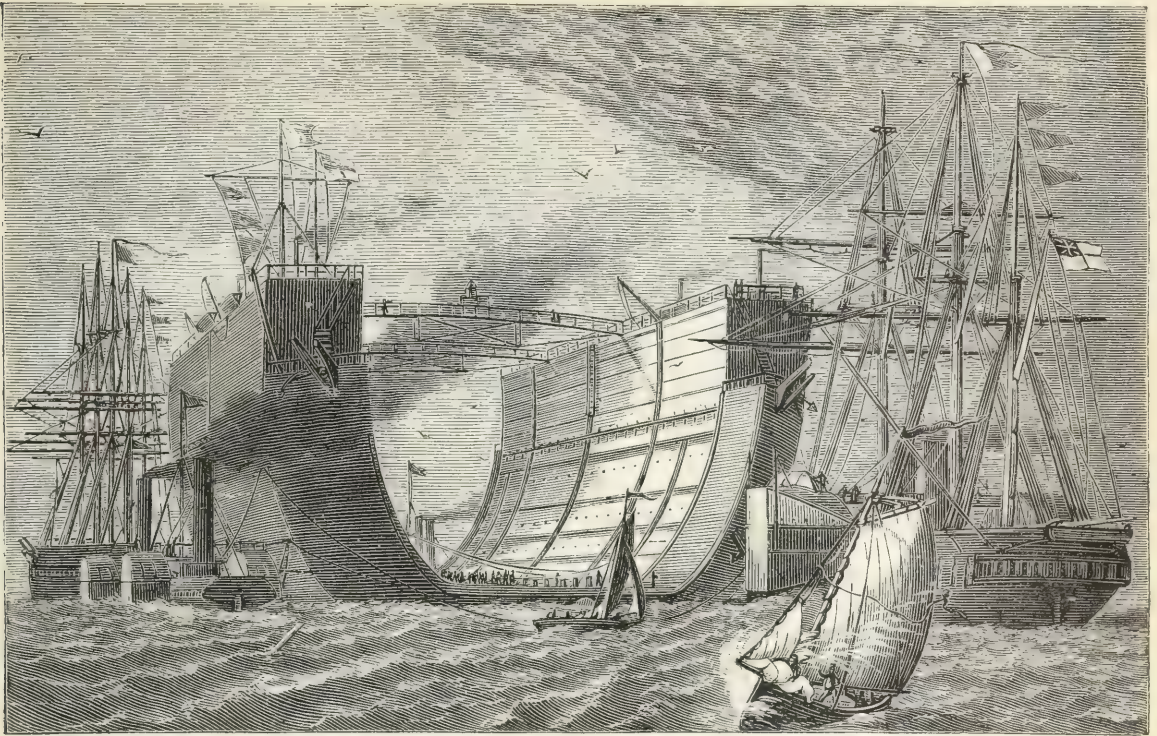
The floating dock *Bermuda* is an iron vessel of a rectangular shape, with a rounded bow and a strong caisson gate at the stern. The vessel has a double skin, with a large intervening space. Into the inner basin a ship is floated while the dock is partially submerged; the caisson being closed,

the water in the dock and space intervening between the two skins is pumped out so that the interior may be dry to allow work on the vessel, and the jacket may have sufficient flotative power to carry its load.

The *Bermuda* was built in England and was towed to Bermuda by war vessels. This dock cost \$1,250,000, and has the following dimensions: extreme length, 381 feet; width inside, 83 feet 9 inches; depth, 74 feet 5 inches. The weight is 8350 tons. The dock is U-shaped, and the section throughout is similar. It is built with two skins fore and aft at a distance of twenty feet apart. The space between the skins is divided by a water-tight bulkhead, running with the middle line the entire length of the dock, each half being divided into three chambers by like bulk-heads. The three chambers are respectively named "load," "balance," and "air" compartments. The first-named chamber is pumped full in eight hours when a ship is about to be docked, and the dock is thus sunk below the level of the horizontal bulk-heads which divide the other two chambers. Water sufficient to sink the structure low enough to permit a vessel to enter is forced into the balance chambers by means of valves in the external skin. The vessel having floated

in, the next operation is to place and secure the end caissons, which act as gates. When the water is ejected from the "load" chamber, the dock with the vessel in it rises, the water in the dock being allowed to decrease by opening the sluices in the caissons. The dock is trimmed by letting the water out of the "balance" chamber into the structure itself. The inside of the dock is cleared of water by valves in the skin, and it is left to dry. When it becomes necessary to undock the vessel the valves in the external skins of the "balance" chamber are opened in order to fill them, and the culverts in the caissons are also opened, and the dock sunk to a given depth. From keel to gunwale nine main water-tight ribs extend, further dividing the distance between the two skins into eight compartments; thus there are altogether forty-eight water-tight divisions. Frames made of strong plates and angle-iron strengthen the skins between the main ribs. Four steam engines and pumps on each side—each pump has two suctions, emptying a division of an "air" chamber—are fitted to the dock, and these also fill a division of the "load" cham-





FLOATING DOCK "BERMUDA."

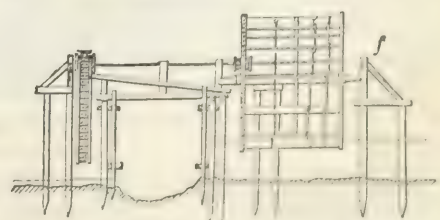
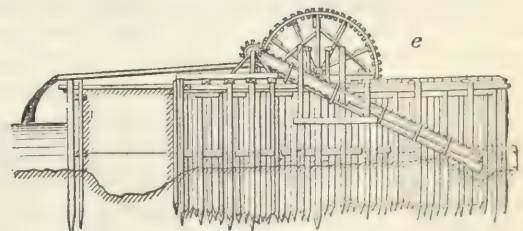
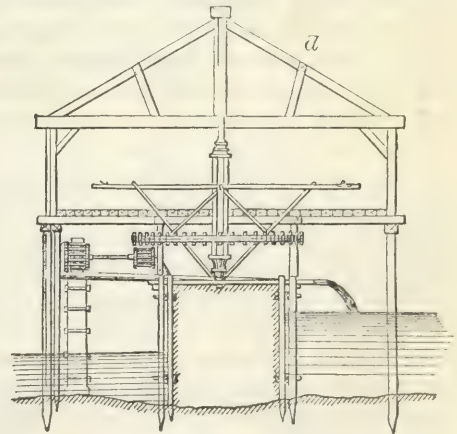
ber. When it becomes necessary to clean, paint, or repair the bottom of the dock, it is careened by the weight of water in the "load" chambers of one side, and the middle line is raised about five feet out of water. The *Royal Alfred*, bearing the flag of the admiral on the station, and weighing 6000 tons, was lifted by this dock, her keel resting on a central line of blocks arranged on the floor of the dock, the ship being shored up with timbers all around the top sides.

Steam-pumps are important among the engineering devices of the day. The necessity of pumping water from mines, from ponds in draining, or from sunken vessels, coffer-dams, or wet excavations, has given great importance to that special application of the steam-engine.

The Cornish engine has already been referred to, but there is a host of machines for use on shipboard, for wrecking, at railway watering stations, and used by manufacturers who require water in large quantity.

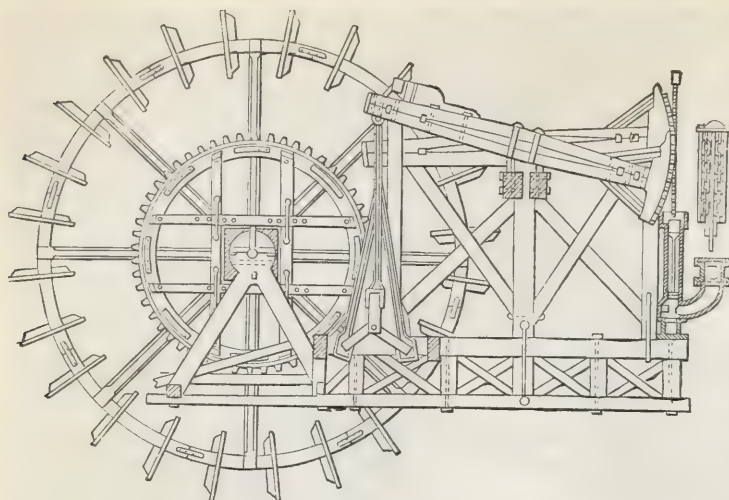
Perronet was the greatest engineer of his time, the builder of the famous bridge of Neuilly, and many other structures in France, the finest of their day, some of which yet remain witnesses to his skill and perfect taste. It is understood that his masterpiece, the bridge of Neuilly, was partially destroyed by the French during the German invasion, to render it impassable to the enemy. This was the first level bridge. The Waterloo Bridge, by Rennie, is even a more magnificent example. This is mentioned to introduce the fact that the chief engineer of the *ponts et chaussées* in the reign of Louis XVI. had no better contrivance for pumping out

his coffer-dams than a chain-pump—the old *noria*, the *na úra* of the Arabs, "the wheel broken at the cistern" of Eccles., xii. 6. Better made, it is true, but the same otherwise. Perronet's chapelets (*d*)—so called because



PERRONET'S CHAPELETS (CHAIN-PUMPS) AT ORLEANS, FRANCE.





CURRENT WATER-WHEEL, LONDON BRIDGE, 1731.

the buckets were strung along on a band like the beads of a rosary—were worked by horsepower at Orleans, twelve at a time being employed, making 140 revolutions per hour. The pallets acted as buckets, and passed at the rate of 9600 per hour: *e* and *f* are views of another chapelet of Perronet, driven by a water-wheel in the stream outside the cofferdam. The current water-wheels used for raising water for the city of London, 1731, were under the arches of London Bridge, and gave way to the Boulton and Watt engine.

For drainage purposes with moderate lifts we have much improved lately, and principally since 1840, about which time the centrifugal pump came into notice, the first form being an inversion of the turbine, the wheel being driven by steam to raise the water in the vertical chute.

In the fens of Lincolnshire for low lifts the scoop-wheel is much employed. At Haarlem Lake, Holland, are the largest pumping-engines in the world, perhaps. They are three in number, have annular cylinders of twelve feet diameter, with inner cylinders of seven feet diameter. One engine works eleven pumps, and the others eight each. Each engine lifts sixty-six tons of water per stroke to a height of ten feet; when pressed each lifts 109 tons per stroke to that height. Running economically, each lifts 75,000,000 pounds of water one foot high for ninety-four pounds of Welsh coal. The net effective force of each is 350 horses; the consumption of fuel is two and a quarter pounds per horse-power per hour. The surface drained by the three engines is 45,230 acres, an average lift of the water, depending on the state of the tides, being sixteen feet. All other drainage enterprises sink into insignificance beside those of Holland. They include an area of 223,062 acres drained by mechanical means.

Prominent among the engineering enterprises of the day are the tunneling of mountain chains and the removal, by drilling and blasting, of submarine obstructions.

It is just about 250 years since gunpowder was first used in blasting by the German miners in Hungary; now it seems strange that any great enterprise in rock should be attempted without it. The patient labor of the men who chiseled their way through a mile of rock near Vicovaro in making the second Roman aqueduct, the Anio Vetus, is rather sad than exhilarating when we consider the unpaid labor of the poor slaves who hewed out the tunnel.

Two vast jobs of tunneling ranges of mountains have lately been completed—the Mont

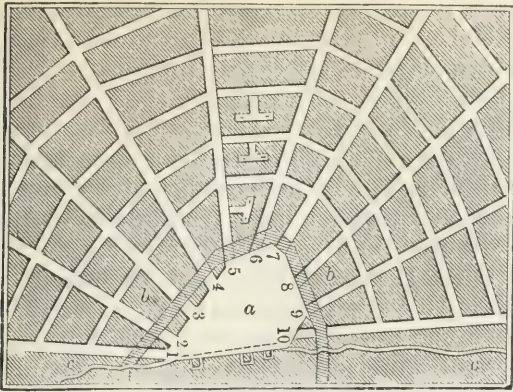
Cenis and the Hoosac tunnels. Another, larger one is in progress—the St. Gothard. In each case the work was done, or is being done, by drills operated by compressed-air engines, the escaping air at the workings being an element of great value, as it provides fresh air at that point and establishes an outward current.

This whole business of exhausting air, compressing air, and using the comparative vacuum or the positive pressure, is very new. It is true, Otto Guericke had an air-pump in 1650, and Samuel Pepys says, February 15, 1665, of his visit to the Royal Society at Gresham College, "It is a most acceptable thing to hear their discourse and to see their experiments; which were this day on fire, and how it goes out in a place where the ayre is not free, and sooner out where the ayre is exhausted, which they showed by an engine on purpose."

These were but chamber experiments, and air used in an engine can not probably be traced back of Glazebrook's English patent of 1797, which had the principal features of the modern approved forms. Stirling's engine, 1827, was used at the Dundee Foundry, Scotland, for some years. Medhurst patented in 1799 the device of condensing air to be used at the workings into reservoirs at the bottom of the shaft by engines at the surface. Bompas had an air-driven carriage in 1828. The rock-drills at the Bardonneche end of the Mont Cenis tunnel were driven by air compressed by a curious apparatus devised by Sommeilleur, the volume of air compressed daily being 826,020 cubic feet, giving 137,670 feet at the drills under a pressure of six atmospheres. Air-pumps condensed the air at the French end of the tunnel.

Air, steam, and gunpowder are working hand in hand through the mountains and under the water. Now 18,500 pounds of gunpowder in three charges, simultaneously fired, tear at one crash 400,000 tons of chalk from the face of Round Down Cliff,





HEADING OF THE EXCAVATION, HALLETT'S POINT REEF, EAST RIVER, NEW YORK.\*

near Dover; now twenty-three tons of powder in kegs heave the roof from the previously excavated cavern 50 by 140 feet beneath the Blossom Rock in the harbor of San Francisco. Jumper drills have long been pegging away at the works in the East River, where dangerous rocks and reefs are being removed to a safe depth, or cut away to improve the approaches or prevent dangerous currents and eddies. The works at Hallett's Point are among the most important of these, and here the headings are driven radiating like the sticks of a fan, and are joined by cross galleries which leave square pillars to support the rock ceiling on which the sea beats. The galleries are numbered, and embouch into a common area (a), whence the excavated material is lifted by cranes; c is the shore line. The roof will come off some day with a bang, and the fragments will fall into the pit, and may be removed thence by grappling.

Closely allied to this work is that of boring Artesian and oil wells. These also seem to belong to us of "the latter days," although it has always been the case that wells dug in some strata become Artesian. If the source of supply be high enough, they run over, as at Artois, from whence they are named.

If the Chinese of the province On-Tong-Kias did really bore the flowing wells to a depth of from 1500 to 1800 feet, we must admit that we have but few to exceed that depth. London's Trafalgar Square wells are only 393 feet; they soon reach water seams in the chalk. The well at Calais, France, is 1138 feet; Donchery, Ardennes, 1215 feet; Grenelle, 1802; Passy, 1913; brine well at Kissingen, 2000; Belcher's sugar refinery, St. Louis, 2197. The Columbus, Ohio, 2700 feet, and St. Louis County Farm, 3235 feet, are failures as Artesian wells.

\* Most of the illustrations for this article, from page 221 to page 230, are borrowed from *Knight's Mechanical Dictionary*, published by J. B. Ford and Co., New York.

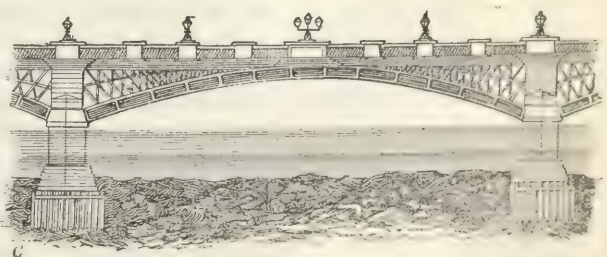
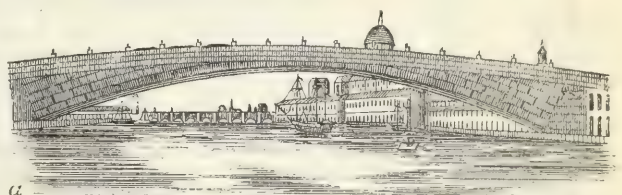
Iron has entered largely into modern structures, and the time seems near at hand when important buildings will be made of brick, iron, and cement. Sir Joseph Paxton made a long step ahead in 1851, when he constructed of iron the building to which England invited the representatives of all nations. The constructors of iron houses in our cities must abandon the attempt to imitate in iron the shapes which are proper to such materials as brick and stone.

The great success, so far, is in roofs. Those of the Grand Central Railway Dépôt, Forty-second Street, New York, and the St. Pancras Station of the Midland Counties Railway, England, are eminent instances. The former was constructed by Buckhout, and is 652 feet long, 199 feet 2 inches between walls. It covers about three acres. The St. Pancras Station has a span of 240 feet, a length of 690 feet, covering five platforms, ten lines of rails, and a cab stand twenty-five feet wide.

The use of iron in structures marks the work of the century. Engineers have in their adaptation of the new material contrived a new set of forms and parts, and made an entirely new set of calculations. The genius and skill were not wanting before, we may say, but the previous century had not the iron in quantity.

Bridge-building affords a remarkable group of structures in iron. There are four forms, the *arch*, *truss*, *suspension*, *tubular*. The projects become more and more bold.

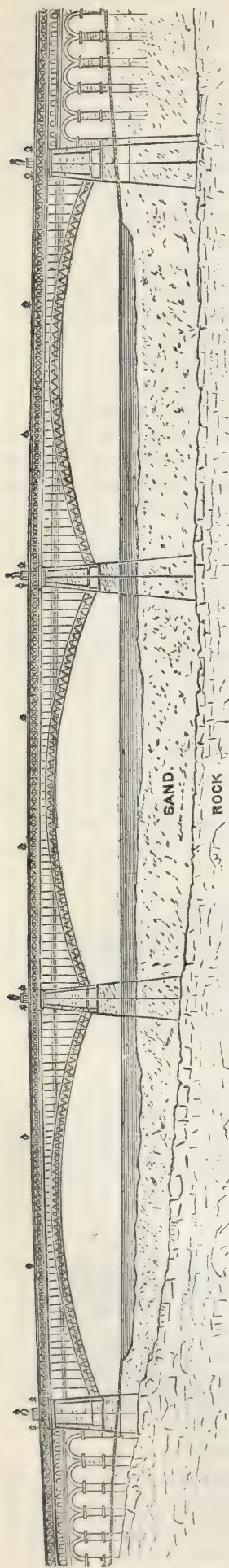
The first iron bridge was one of cast-iron



IRON ARCH BRIDGES.

a is a representation of the cast-iron arch bridge of 600 feet span projected by Telford for crossing the Thames. b was a bridge of cast-iron sections, 500 feet span, proposed by Telford for the Menai Straits in preference to the suspension-bridge of 570 feet span decided upon by the committee. c, the middle arch of Southwark Bridge, 240 feet span.





THE ILLINOIS AND ST. LOUIS BRIDGE ACROSS THE MISSISSIPPI.

sections across the Severn at Colebrookdale, in England, erected in 1779 by Darby and Wilkinson, unless we may mention a foot chain-bridge seventy feet long across the Tees in 1741, and credit the chain-bridge in a mountain pass at King-tong, in China. In 1796 Wilson erected an iron arch bridge 100 feet above the water over the Wear at Sunderland. In 1818-25 Telford spanned the Menai Straits by his so-called *chain-bridge*. Iron rods with coupling links form the catenary. Southwark Bridge (c) over the Thames is or was a structure of three arches of cast-iron voussoirs, and was erected in 1819.

The highest bridge in the world is the Verugas Viaduct, on the Lima and Oroya Railway, in the Andes of Peru. It is 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, 575 feet long, and formed of three iron truss spans on iron piers.

The bridge lately built across the Mississippi at St. Louis has a compound system of steel tubular arches supporting the truss and road-beds. It has three spans of 497, 515, and 497 feet respectively. The middle arch has but one fellow in

the world, that of Kuilinburg, in Holland. Its engineer is Captain Eads, and it has lately been opened amidst great rejoicing. It has a double-track railway upon the lower level, and a roadway thirty-four feet wide and two footways each eight feet wide upon the upper level. The Illinois roads which converge upon this viaduct have freight dépôts near the water, but the passenger trains pass through a tunnel 4800 feet in length beneath the river-side part of the city, and reach the up-town dépôt. Each span consists of four arches, having two members each, an upper and a lower one. Each member is of two parallel cast-steel tubes nine inches in exterior diameter set closely together, and each made in four segments, whose junctions form ribs. The upper and lower members are eight feet apart. The whole structure is stiffened by systems of diagonal, vertical, and horizontal braces.

The arch formed a very important member of many wooden bridges, and still does of some iron trusses.

Another tubular arch bridge is that of the Washington Aqueduct across Rock Creek, erected by General Meigs. It has a span of 200 feet and a rise of twenty feet, and consists of two ribs, each composed of seventeen cast-iron pipes, flanged and bolted together. The pipes are lined with staves to prevent freezing, and have a clear water way of three feet six inches. Through them passes the water for the supply of the city of Washington.

The Fairmount Bridge across the Schuylkill is 100 feet wide, was built by the Phoenixville Bridge Company, and is the finest example of an iron truss bridge in this country.

Those Chinese prevent many a broad and full statement by having anticipated the Western barbarians in so many things: gunpowder, the mariner's compass, movable-type printing, paper of rags, glazing of pottery, silk, and boring for gas and brine. Suspension-bridges also have been long used in China and Thibet. One noticed by Turner, near Tchín-Chien, was 140 feet long, on four catenary chains; one in Quito, observed by Humboldt, was of rope four inches in diameter, made of agave fibre; one in Aligpore, in Hindostan, is 130 feet in length, and made of cane with iron fastenings; Hooker notices several in Nepaul; Scamozzi refers to suspension-bridges in Europe in 1615.

The suspension-bridge was waiting for iron. The first iron suspension-bridge in Europe, possibly in the world, was a chain-bridge across the Tees in 1741. Telford threw one across the Menai Straits, 570 feet, in 1820; it is of rods with coupling links. The Fribourg Bridge, 880 feet, was erected in 1830. The Niagara Railway Bridge, 821 feet, was erected by Roebling, 1855. The

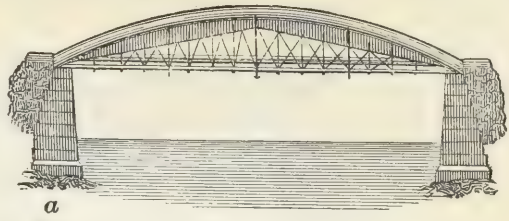


Wheeling Bridge, across the Ohio, 1010 feet, erected by Ellet, was blown down. The Cincinnati Bridge, across the Ohio, was constructed by Roebling in 1866. It is 1057 feet between piers; each cable has 5180 wires, each laid with a given strain to bear its part of the load. This was a grand conception. The weight of wire is 1,050,183 pounds. The new Niagara Bridge, just below the basin of the falls, is 1264 feet span, 190 feet above the water, and was erected in 1869.

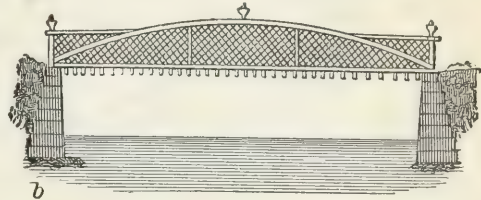
We are now waiting for the completion of the New York and Brooklyn Bridge, 5862 feet between termini, 1600 feet between river piers, and 80 feet wide.

The tubular bridge erected at Conway, Wales, preceded that over the Menai Straits. Succeeding them is the Victoria Bridge across the St. Lawrence River at Montreal. The principle of all is the same: a tube of rectangular section forming a hollow girder. The material is cast and wrought iron, so disposed as to secure the valuable features of each kind. It was demanded that trains should be permitted to cross each way simultaneously at full speed on the two tracks; that it should be 100 feet above the water; that no centring should be used to temporarily obstruct navigation. Stephenson made the first estimates, and Fairbairn brought into use his great knowledge in the strength of materials and skill in the disposition of parts to bear strains to which different portions of a structure are subjected. The tubes are respectively 260, 472, 472, and 260 feet, the larger ones weighing about 4,032,000 pounds each. The tubes were built on floats, towed to their positions, raised by powerful hydrostatic jacks, the masonry being built beneath them as the lifting proceeded. The jacks rested on beams on the ledges of the towers. The lifting chains weighed 224,000 pounds each, and were of six-foot sections, which were taken out, a section at a time, after each lift was made, and the tube rested on the masonry beneath it while the piston of the jack descended ready for another lift. The pressure of the water beneath the ram was  $2\frac{1}{2}$  tons per square inch. The tubes were lifted 100 feet above tide-water, ascending in high perpendicular grooves in the faces of the towers, which were closed up by masonry as the lifting proceeded. It was opened for traffic in 1850.

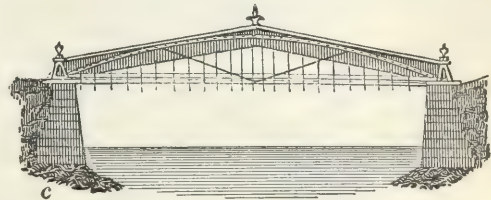
The Victoria Bridge at Montreal had no such extremely heavy work. It is 176 feet less than two miles long, having twenty-five spans, the centre one 330 feet, the others each 240 feet long. The centre span is 60 feet above the summer level of the water, and has a slight descent toward each end. The cost was £1,250,000.



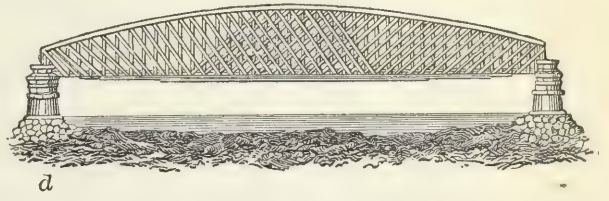
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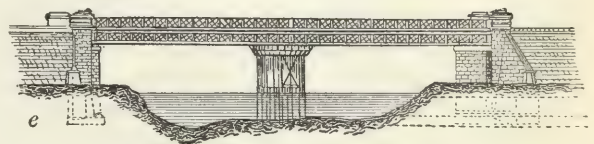
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c



d



e

IRON TRUSS AND LATTICE BRIDGES.

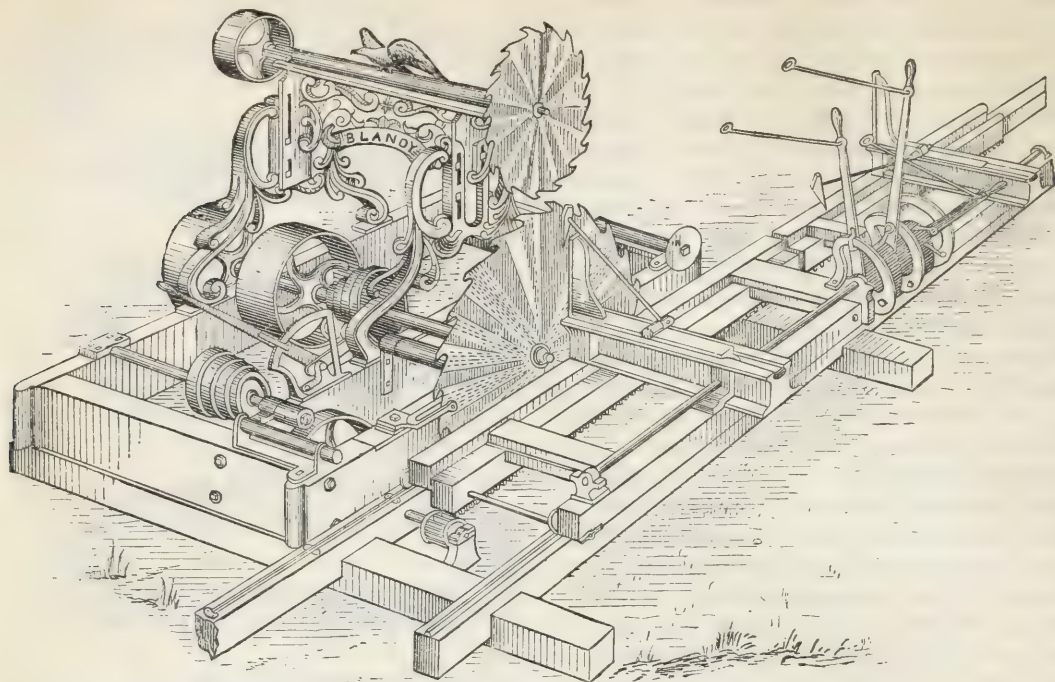
*a, b, c,* are forms of trusses for moderate spans. *a*, rectangular-tube bridge. *b*, iron arch and lattice girder bridge. *c*, strut girder bridge. *d*, the principal span of the Kuilinburg Railway bridge over the Leck, a branch of the Rhine. It has nine spans; the one shown is 515 feet total length, 492 feet clear span. Its only rival in length is the middle span of Captain Eads's bridge across the Mississippi at St. Louis. *e* is a truss bridge over the Avon in England, the mid length resting on a cluster of screw piles.

But one of the bridges mentioned above was standing when the old bell of the red brick house in Philadelphia rang out, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land and to all the inhabitants thereof!" The solitary exception was the chain-bridge across the Tees. This bridge has long since passed away, was but a solitary precursor of the coming age of iron bridges, and in mode of structure chains have given way to wire, first of iron, then of steel.

#### WOOD-WORKING.

In no department of mechanical progress has the advancement been more thorough than in the machinery for the working of wood. Up to the beginning of the last quarter of the eighteenth century what were the tools and modes of the wood-worker? With the axe, adze, pit-saw, whip-





PORTABLE CIRCULAR SAW.

saw, handsaw, chisel, and rasp excellent work was done; but it may be said that, with the exception of a few saw-mills, there was no machinery for wood-working. How infrequent were the saw-mills may be gathered from the fact that one established in England in 1663 by a Dutchman was abandoned from fear of personal violence on the part of the populace, and in 1767 one at Limehouse, in the eastern part of London, was destroyed by a mob of sawyers who considered their craft in danger.

The writer distinctly recollects when logs and tree trunks were habitually sawed from end to end, to work them into dimension stuff, by two sawyers, one standing on the log and the other in a pit beneath with a veil over his eyes to keep out the sawdust. And what a hard-working, sad, drunken set these sawyers were, and how the top-sawyer bossed the wretch in the hole, who pulled down, while he above, with shoulders like an Atlas, swung his weight upon the handles above! This lasted well into our century; but now we have a host of saw-mills of various kinds working on the most extensive scale at the great lumbering centres, and machines for special work in all cities where the stuff thus roughly "got out" into square stuff or merchantable lumber is sawed into plank, dimension lumber, slats, scale-boards, veneers, and what not.

The circular saw was introduced into England in 1790, but its inventor is not known. General Sir Samuel Bentham, the most renowned of all inventors of wood-working machinery, and to whom we shall have to refer several times, patented in 1793 the bench, slit, parallel guide, and sliding bevel

guide. The machine has now attained an excellence and completeness which leave little to be desired.

In the stationary form of the machine the saws are either single or in gangs. The portable kind has an upper saw to complete the kerf made only partially through the larger logs by the lower saw. Such is known as a *double saw*. The log carriage travels on ways, the feed being by a pinion meshing into a rack beneath the carriage.

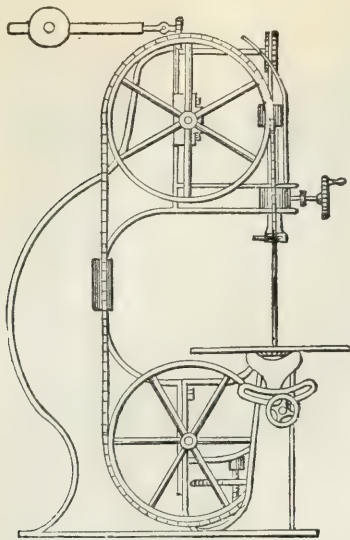
After the cut the head-blocks are simultaneously moved up, bringing the log a distance nearer to the saw equal to the thickness of the board desired, plus the width of the kerf made by the saw. Very rapid and handy are these saws, but the men of '76 never dreamed of such a thing. We had rude gate saws driven by flutter wheels, or geared up for motion from a larger wheel. There was then no premonition of the saw-mills which hum in all our ports and buzz in all the forests of the land.

The veneer saw, a peculiar adaptation of the circular saw, with thin segmental teeth on a thin hub of large diameter, was invented by Bramah.

Nor must we forget the scroll-saw, also named a jig saw from its rapid vertical motion. It has a narrow thin blade which eats its way in a wonderful manner through the stuff which is moved against it, sliding on the surface of a flat table through which the saw reciprocates. The band saw is for the same purpose, but is a steel ribbon with a serrated edge, and runs on two band wheels, one of which is driven by the steam-power.

The planing-machine for wood assumed





BAND SAW.

three shapes before it settled into its present preferred form; indeed, there are yet two kinds. General Bentham's machine, patented in 1791, was like an immense plane pushed over the surface of the board. Bramah's machine, 1802, is what is called the *traverse planer*, the cutters being on the lower edge of a revolving disk, which revolves with its vertical arbor above the board, which passes beneath it. The more common and generally useful form of the planing-machine has revolving cutters on horizontal axes, which work the top of the board. By an extension of the principle another cutter may work the lower surface, and two others on vertical axes dress the edges, or square stuff may be dressed on all sides, or one or more of the cutters may have such conformation as to plane mouldings on the stuff.

This is the moulding-machine, whose usefulness it is hard to exaggerate, but the admirable Bentham and the equally useful and perhaps equally brilliant Bramah would

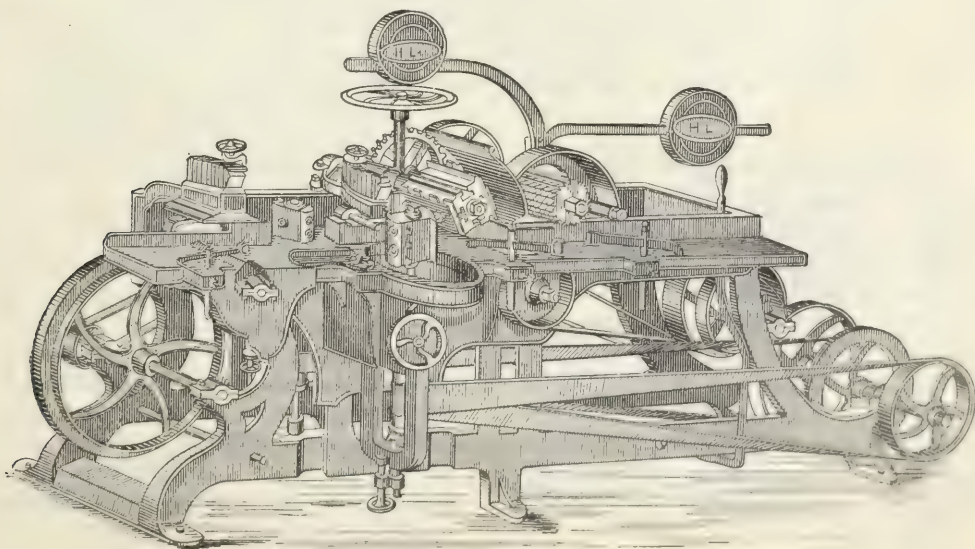
gaze with keen zest upon the outgrowth of their genius and pains.

Another form of moulding-machine has a vertical shaft, with cutters of the conformation required protruding through a table, so as to work the edges of the stuff brought against them, directed by the hand or by a guide.

The joiner, or *general wood-worker*, is another of the late additions to the shop. The number of years it has been in use can almost be counted on the fingers of the two hands. Though the term may not have been so intended, yet it is well placed, for it holds a very commanding rank. It planes flat, moulding, and beaded surfaces; it rips or crosscuts; it bores and counter-bores; it mortises and tenons, executes squaring-up, grooving, tonguing, rabbeting, mitring, chamfering, and wedge-cutting; it is a jack-of-all-work, the handy man of the shop, with unflagging energy and singular versatility. It well represents the mature mind of the ages, being a *multum in parvo*, the combination of a set of separate machines, possessing the attributes of each, which it is ready to turn to account at any time, not always together, but in rapid succession at short notice.

The mortising-machine may have had a precarious existence before General Sir Samuel Bentham, but we have no trace of it. Bentham describes the self-acting machine in his patent of 1793. His description includes the operation by which a hole previously bored is elongated by a chisel into a slot, and also the mode of making the mortise by a rotating cutter during the traverse of the work. He also had a pivoted table for oblique mortising, and a double or forked chisel for making narrow parallel mortises.

Brunel's machine for mortising the shells of ships' blocks was made for the British Admiralty in 1804. The block is chucked



MOULDING-MACHINE.

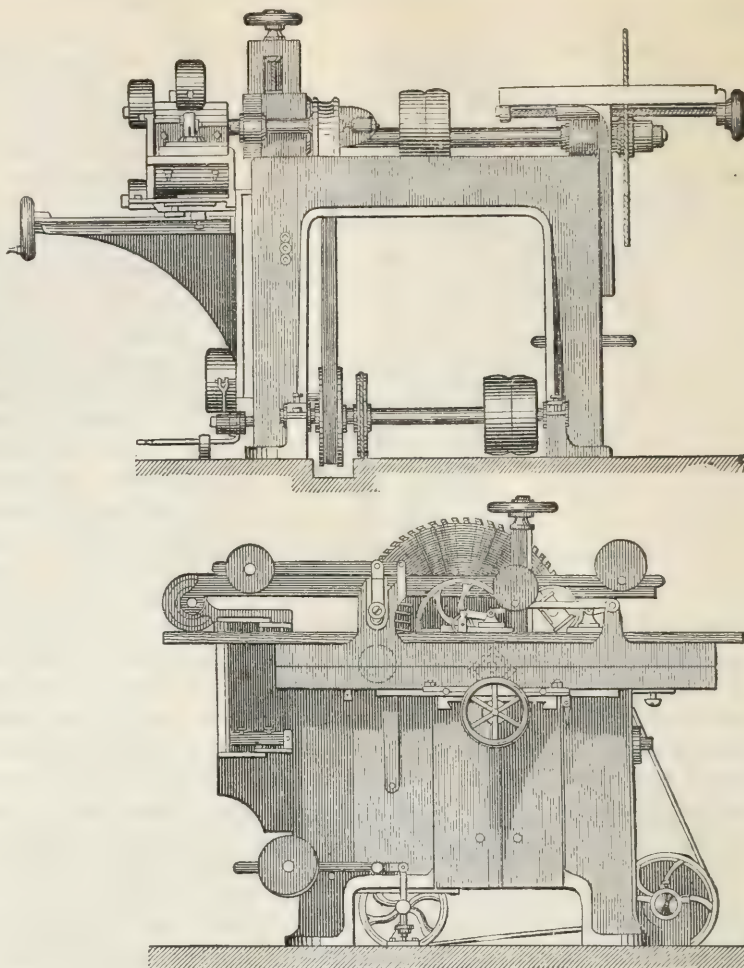


in a carriage, and has an automatic feed movement by means of a screw. The chisel (or chisels for blocks with more than one score) is in a vertically reciprocating slider in the frame above.

The latest improvements in mortising-machines have much increased their capacity and range of work, special machines being made for various duties. One principal feature is that for bringing the chisel into action and determining its depth of stroke by simply pressing upon a treadle, the chisel being quiescent as soon as the foot is lifted, and this without disconnection with the motor.

The wood-turning lathe preceded that of metal many centuries, as that for clay long preceded the wood lathe. We pass at once to the lathe for turning irregular forms, invented by Thomas Blanchard, of Boston, Massachusetts, in 1828, and since much improved by himself and others.

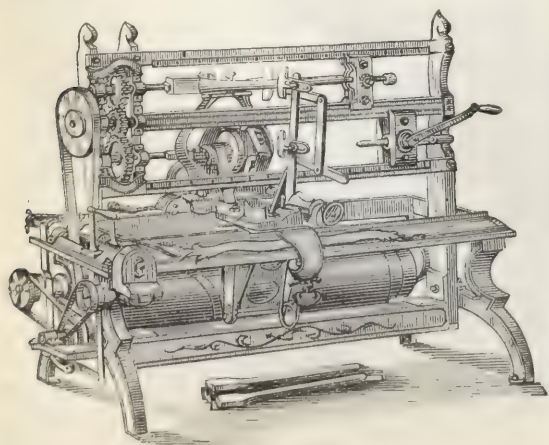
It is made for turning spokes, axe-handles, gun-stocks, and various other crooked and difficult shapes. The illustration shows it as adapted for turning spokes. These have very different shapes at different parts of their lengths, and spokes for different kinds of vehicles require very different shapes and proportions. Like the job of standing the egg on end, suggested by Christopher Colon to his curious friends, it is very easy to understand when explained; but it was a very ingenious contrivance and a great acquisition. The model is placed upon a slowly rotating mandrel at top; a tracer rests against each side of it, and governs the motions of the cutter frame, causing the



GENERAL WOOD-WORKER.

revolving cutter to advance or recede to or from the stuff which is chucked between the centres of a mandrel below, and caused to rotate in correspondence with the model above. The cutter frame has a longitudinal motion along the frame, its cutter passing from end to end of the stick, and cutting more or less deeply in exact conformity with the model above. The piece to be cut is not shown in position, as it would hide the view of the cutter head.

WASHINGTON, D. C. EDWARD H. KNIGHT.



BLANCHARD'S SPOKE LATHE.

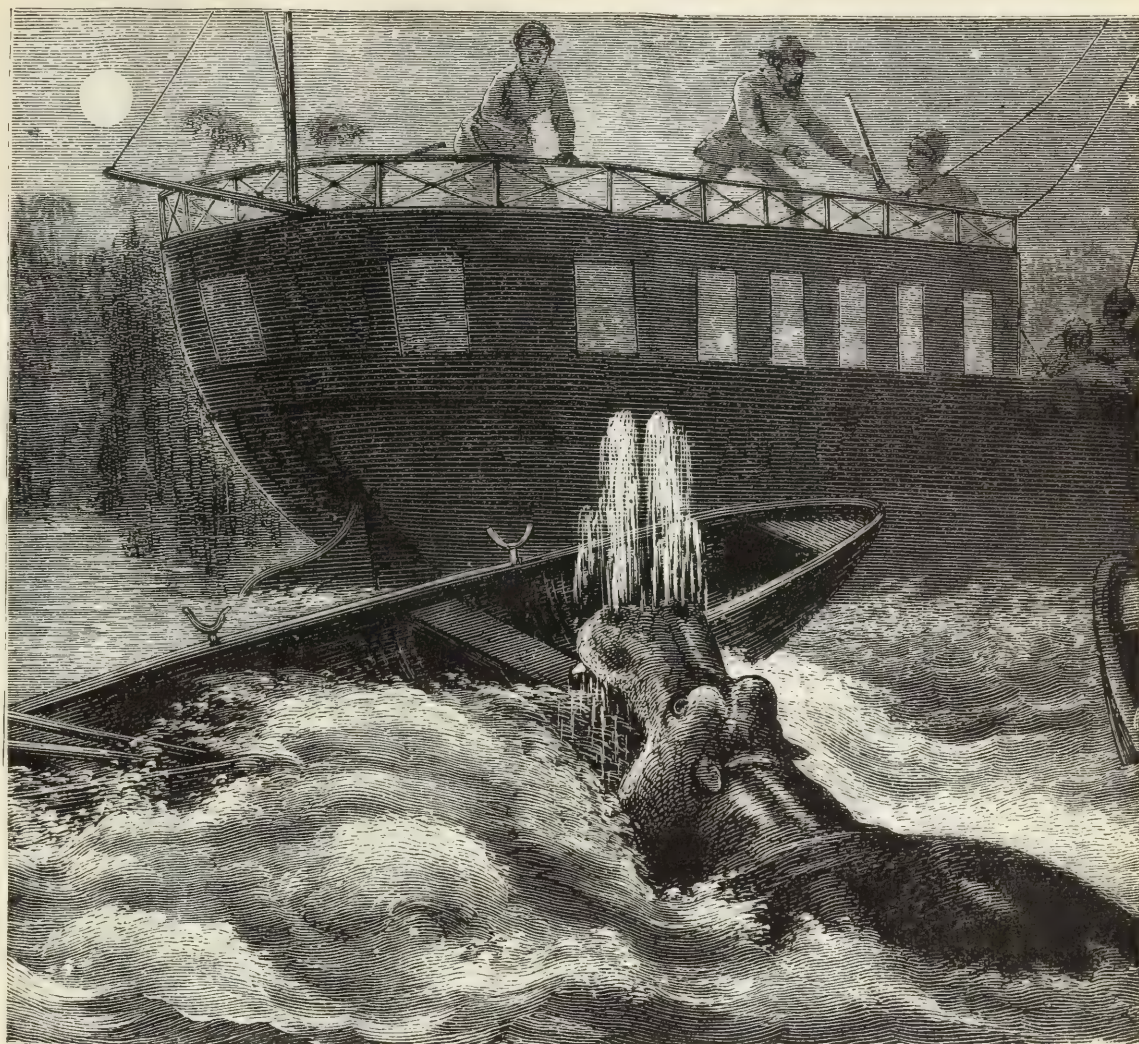
## LOVE'S IMAGINATION.

A LITTLE WESTERN FLOWER.

THERE is a pretty herb that grows  
In the every where.  
The chilliest wild winter snows,  
The roughest saucy air,  
It hath a way to dare;  
And kissed by warmest wind that blows,  
It blooms as fairy-fair.  
Yet though it be on every side,  
No mortal knows where it doth bide.  
One seeks in vain till locks be gray;  
And one upon some lucky day,  
Unheeding, finds it in his way.  
Hast found the wildling, my Lucille?  
Ah, do not pluck it, Sweet;  
If but one dainty touch it feel,  
It withers at thy feet!



## ISMAILĪA.\*



A NIGHT ATTACK.

ONE of the most important expeditions ever undertaken into the regions of Central Africa was that intrusted by the Khedive of Egypt to the command of Sir SAMUEL W. BAKER in 1869. Its object was not the exploration of unknown regions. It was organized as the first practical step toward the suppression of the horrible traffic in human flesh which for unknown ages has desolated the richest lands of Africa. In his former journeys Sir Samuel had traversed countries of extreme fertility in Central Africa, with a healthy climate favorable for the settlement of Europeans, at a mean altitude of 4000 feet above the sea-level. This large and almost boundless extent of country was well peopled by a race who only required the protection of a strong but

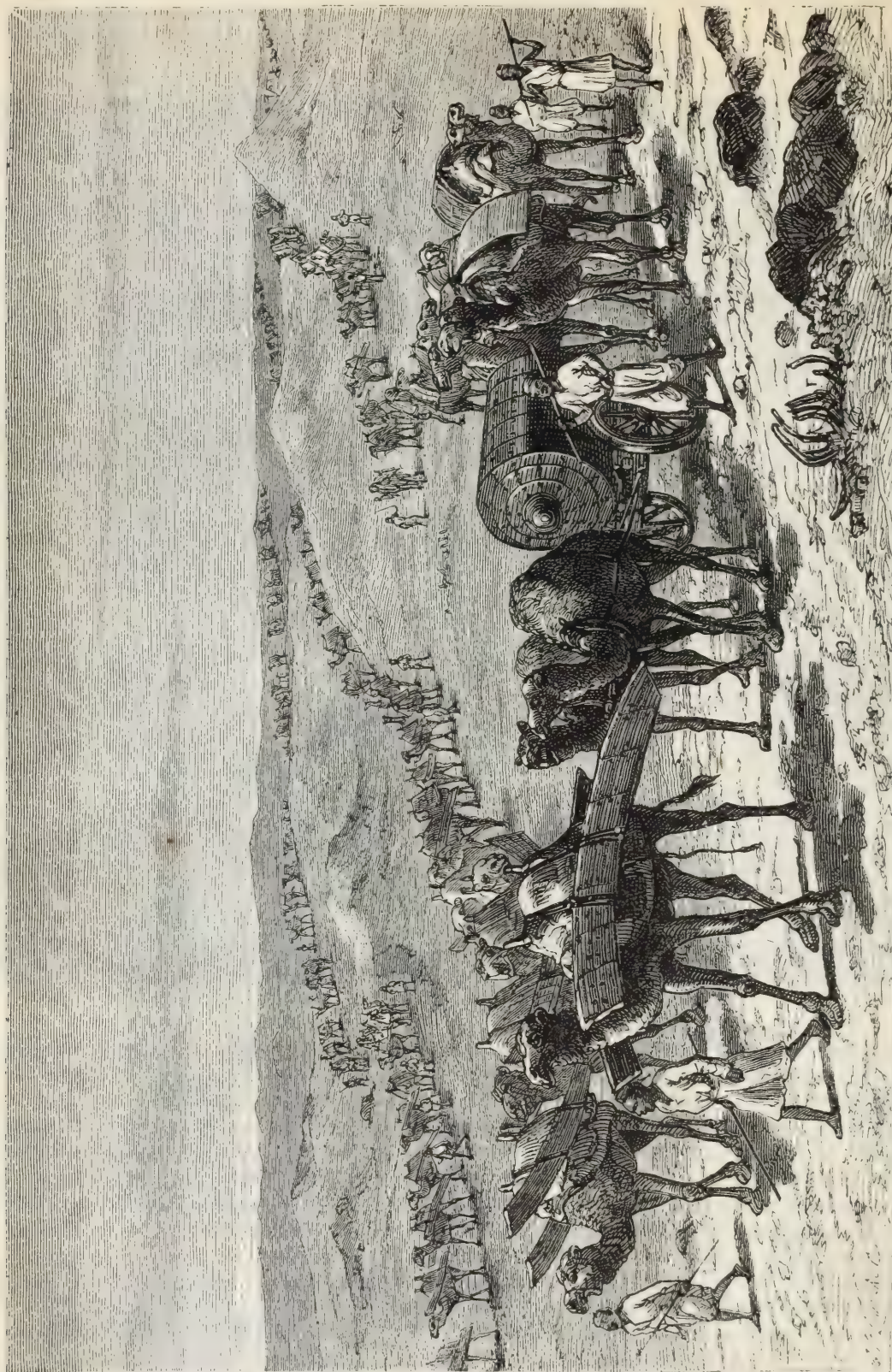
paternal government to become of considerable importance, and to eventually develop the great resources of the soil. He found lands varying in natural capabilities, according to their position and altitudes, where sugar, cotton, coffee, rice, spices, and all tropical produce might be successfully cultivated; but those lands were without any civilized form of government, and "every man did what seemed right in his own eyes."

In this chaotic state of society the slave-trade prospered to the detriment of all improvement. Rich and well-populated countries were rendered desolate; the women and children were carried into captivity; villages were burned, and crops were destroyed or pillaged; the population was driven out; a terrestrial paradise was converted into an infernal region; the natives, who were originally friendly, were rendered hostile to all strangers, and the general result of the traffic in human beings could only be expressed in one word—ruin.

The slave hunters and traders who caused

\* *Ismailia. A Narrative of the Expedition to Central Africa for the Suppression of the Slave-Trade, organized by ISMAIL, Khedive of Egypt. By Sir SAMUEL W. BAKER, Pasha, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.G.S., Major-General of the Ottoman Empire, etc., etc. With Maps, Portraits, and Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers.*





CAMEL TRANSPORT OF STEAMERS AND MACHINERY.

this desolation were for the most part Arabs, subjects of the Egyptian government. These people had deserted their agricultural occupations in the Soudan, and formed companies of brigands in the pay of Khartoum merchants. The largest trader had an army of 2500 Arabs in his pay. These men were organized under a rude military fashion, and armed with muskets. They were divided into companies, and in many cases were officered by soldiers who had deserted from

the Egyptian army. It is supposed, indeed, that about 15,000 of the subjects of the Khedive, who should have been employed in working and paying their taxes in Egypt, were engaged, directly or indirectly, in the slave traffic of the White Nile. The traffic was regularly organized. Each trader occupied a special district, where, by a division of his force in a chain of stations, each containing some three or four hundred men, he could exercise a right of possession over



a certain amount of territory. In this manner enormous tracts of country were occupied by the armed bands from Khartoum, who could make alliances with the native tribes to attack and destroy their neighbors, and to carry off their women and children, together with vast herds of sheep and cattle. One trader alone, by the name of Agād, ruled by force of arms over a tract of territory covering nearly ninety thousand square miles. No other trader would interfere with him so long as he kept within his own bounds; within that his companies of brigands could pillage, burn, and massacre at will. A very powerful trader would sometimes make excursions into the territory of a weaker neighbor, but in general a sort of robber courtesy was observed.

It is impossible to know the actual number of slaves taken every year from Central Africa. Sir Samuel thinks that at least fifty thousand are captured and held in the camps of the slave-traders, or sent overland to the coast. The loss of life attendant upon the capture and subsequent ill treatment of the slaves is frightful; while the result of this forced emigration, combined with the insecurity of life and property, is the gradual depopulation of vast tracts of territory within the infested districts. The natives must either submit to every species of cruelty and wrong, leave their homes for distant regions, or ally themselves with their oppressors in warring upon other tribes. The result is devastation and wide-spread ruin.

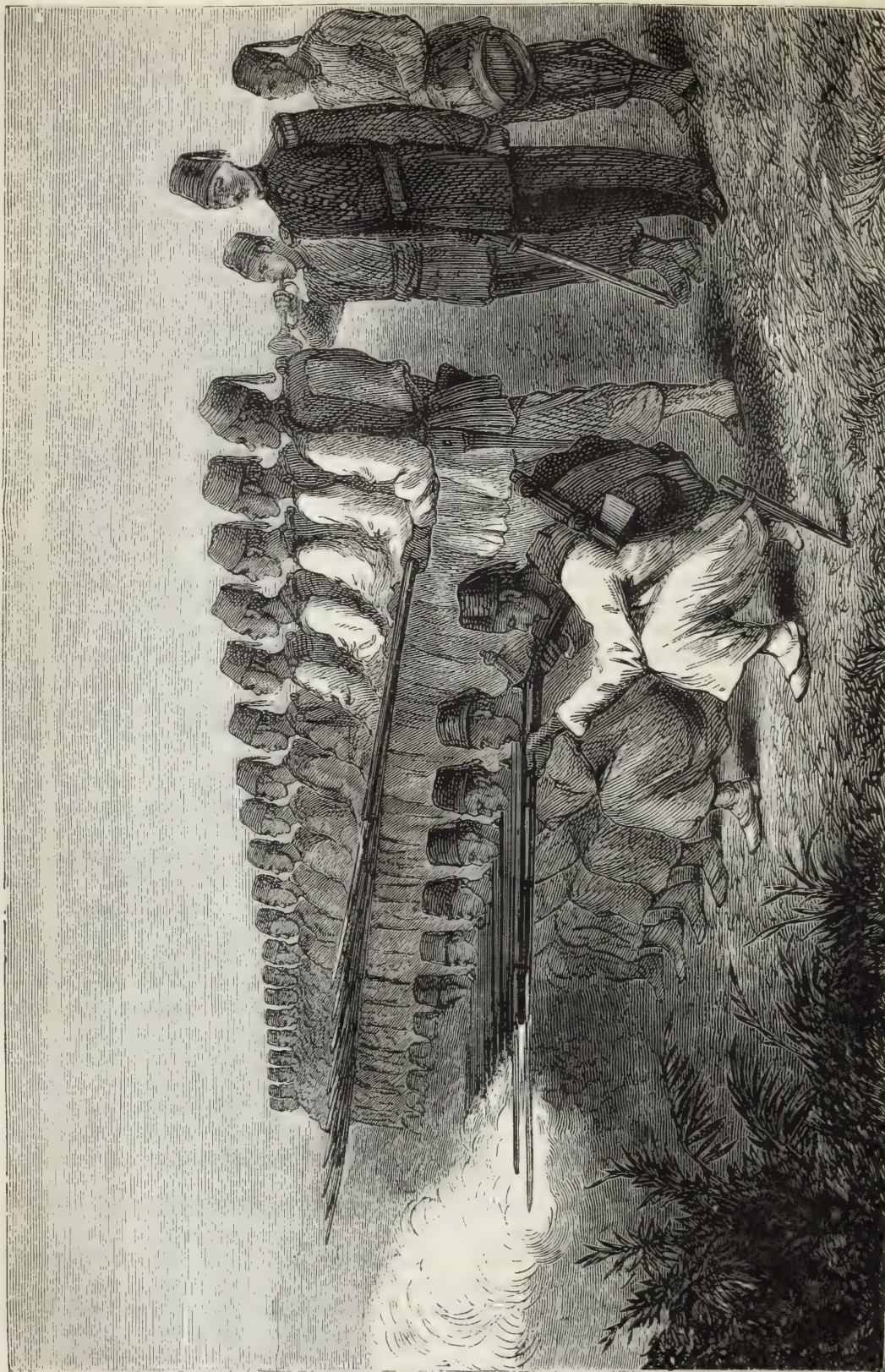
To put an end to these horrible atrocities, Ismail Pasha, the present Khedive of Egypt, resolved to enlist the services of Sir Samuel as the leader of a strong military force against the slave hunters and traders of the White Nile. The objects of the expedition, as set forth in the Khedive's firman, were, 1st, to subdue the countries lying south of Gondokoro; 2d, to suppress the slave-trade, and introduce a system of regular commerce; 3d, to open to navigation the great lakes of the equator; and 4th, to establish a chain of military stations and commercial dépôts, at intervals of three days' march, through Central Africa, taking Gondokoro as the base of operations. The supreme command of this important expedition was confided to Sir Samuel for four years, commencing April 1, 1869. He was invested by the Khedive with absolute power, even that of death, over all under his command, and over all the countries belonging to the Nile Basin south of Gondokoro. To effect the objects contemplated by the Khedive, it was necessary to organize the expedition on a grand scale. Steel steamers for the navigation of the Albert Lake had to be conveyed from England, and transported in sections on camels over a long stretch of territory. It was necessary to establish a firm government in countries that hitherto had been

without protection, and a prey to lawless adventurers. This could be accomplished only by a large military force, provided with transports and stores, and with materials and supplies for fortified camps. In every expedition the principal difficulty is the transport. "Travel light, if possible," is the best advice for all countries; but in this instance it was not possible, as the object of the expedition was not only to convey steamers to Central Africa, but to establish legitimate trade in the place of the nefarious system of pillage hitherto adopted by the so-called White Nile traders. It was therefore absolutely necessary to start with a large stock of goods of all kinds in addition to machinery and the steamers. Sir Samuel's outfit included a paddle steamer of 251 tons, 32 horse-power; a twin screw high-pressure steamer of 20 horse-power, 108 tons; a twin screw high-pressure steamer of 10 horse-power, 38 tons; two steel life-boats, each 30 feet by 9, 10 tons each. In addition to the steamers were steam saw-mills, with all necessary machinery, including heavy boilers. All this bulky and heavy material had to be transported by camels for several hundred miles across the Nubian Desert, and by boats and camels alternately from Alexandria to Gondokoro, a distance of about *three thousand miles*.

The military arrangements comprised a force of 1645 troops, including a corps of 200 irregular cavalry and two batteries of artillery. The infantry were two regiments supposed to be well selected. The black or Soudani regiment included many officers and men who had served with Marshal Bazaine in Mexico. The Egyptian regiment turned out to be for the most part convicted felons, who had been transported for various crimes from Egypt to the Soudan. The artillery consisted of bronze rifled mountain guns, the barrel weighing 230 pounds, throwing  $8\frac{1}{4}$ -pound shells. The expedition was also supplied with 200 rockets, 3-pounders, and fifty Snider rifles, with 50,000 rounds of ammunition.

Khartoum, on the Nile, about 1450 miles above Cairo, was selected as the place of rendezvous and final departure. Here a fleet of nine steamers and fifty-five sailing vessels, the latter averaging about fifty tons each, was ordered to be in readiness for the arrival of Sir Samuel. A part of this fleet, consisting of six steamers and thirty sailing vessels, started from Cairo, conveying the whole of the merchandise. Not daring to trust any part of the steel steamers to this route, the vessels being liable to all kinds of mishaps, Sir Samuel had them conveyed, under his own superintendence, by way of the Suez Canal and the Red Sea, to Souakim, whence he crossed the desert to Berber, on the Nile, a distance of 275 miles, and thence reached Khartoum by steamer.





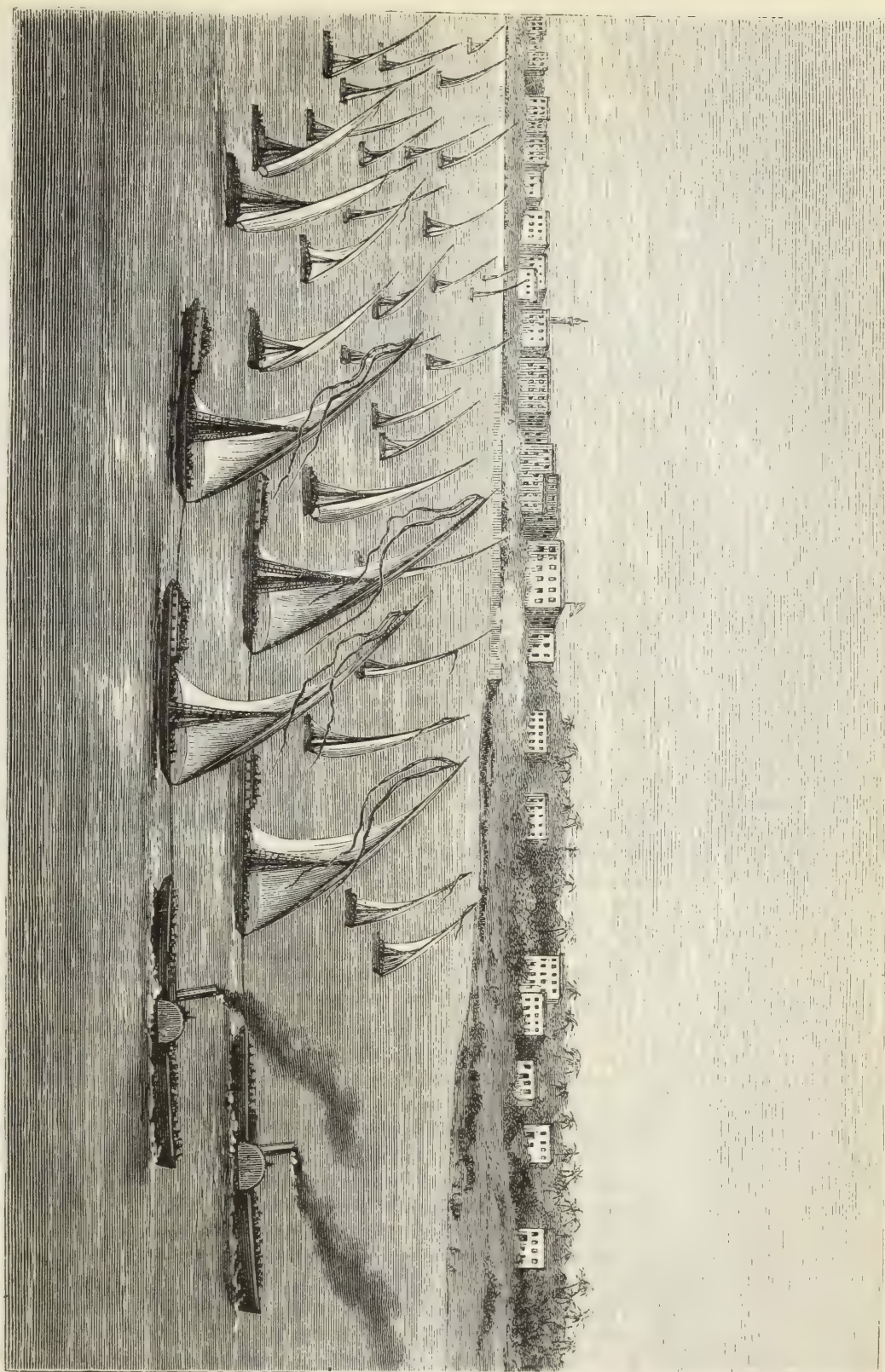
THE FORTY THIEVES.

At Khartoum many vexatious delays occurred. There was great opposition to the expedition on the part of influential traders. They had induced all the boatmen in Khartoum to run away, supposing that without boatmen the expedition could not start. Sir Samuel employed the police authorities to hunt up men, and at length the necessary crews were secured, all unwilling and refractory, and of the worst possible material.

The irregular cavalry was found to be utterly worthless, and the whole corps was sent back. Sir Samuel had twenty-one good horses that he had brought from Cairo, and these, together with the horses belonging to the officers, were all that could be conveyed in the transports. Forty-six men had been selected from the two regiments to act as a body-guard. They formed a fine company, composed of equal numbers of black and



DEPARTURE FROM KHARTOUM.



white soldiers, and were armed with Snider rifles. They were commanded by Sir Samuel's aid-de-camp, Lieutenant-Colonel Abdel-Kader, and Captain Mahomet Deii. This company of picked men, who performed most efficient service during the expedition, received the name of "The Forty Thieves."

At length, on the 8th of February, 1870, Sir Samuel's preparations were completed. The bugles sounded the signal for departure. The troops hurried on board their respective

transports. Then came the official parting. Sir Samuel had to embrace the governor of Khartoum, then a black pasha, a *rara avis in terris*, and a whole host of beys, the affecting ceremony concluding with a very fat colonel whom the disgusted Englishman could not properly encircle with his arms. A couple of battalions lined the shore; the guns saluted as the expedition started on its voyage. Some of the steamers and sailing vessels that were to bring stores from Cairo



had not arrived, and the flotilla consisted of two steamers, respectively of thirty-two and twenty-four horse-power, and thirty-one sailing vessels, with a military force of about 800 men. The powerful current of the Blue Nile swept the fleet quickly past Khartoum, and having rounded the point, the expedition was headed up the grand White Nile. Sir Samuel and Lady Baker, who, as usual, accompanied her husband on this expedition, had quarters on board of a diahbeeah, which was towed by one of the steamers. Leaving the sailing vessels to make their slow headway against the strong current, the steamers pushed ahead to Fashoda, the government station in the Shillook country, 618 miles by river from Khartoum. At this place a month's rations were taken on board, and the steamers started for the Sobat junction, about sixty-six miles further on by river. The junction was reached on the 16th of February. The volume of water brought to the Nile by the Sobat is immense, and the power of the stream is so superior to that of the White Nile that as it arrives at right angles the waters of the Nile are banked up. The yellow water of the Sobat forms a distinct line as it cuts through the clear water of the main river, and the floating rafts of vegetation brought down by the White Nile, instead of continuing their voyage, are headed back, and remain helplessly in the back-water. The sources of the Sobat are still a mystery; but there can be no doubt that the principal volume must be of mountain origin, as it is colored with earthy matter, and is quite unlike the marsh water of the White Nile.

Between Khartoum and the Sobat junction the White Nile is a magnificent river; but on passing to the south of the great affluent the traveler enters upon a region of immense flats and dreary marshes, through which the river winds its labyrinthine course. This region extends about 750 miles, to Gondokoro. The vegetable dam formed above the junction of the Bahr Giraffe, thirty-eight miles above the Sobat junction, has made the further navigation of the White Nile impracticable. Sir Samuel found that the immense number of floating islands that constantly pass down the river had gradually choked the passage that once existed under the vegetable dam. The entire river had become a marsh, beneath which, by the great pressure of water, the stream oozed through innumerable small channels. In fact, the White Nile had disappeared. A vessel arriving from Khartoum in her passage to Gondokoro would find, after passing through a broad river of clear water, that her bow would suddenly strike against a bank of solid compressed vegetation. This was the natural dam or sudd that had been formed to an unknown extent: the river had ceased to exist. The dense spongy mass that

filled the river-bed acted like a filter. The earthy deposits grew to be immense mud banks and shoals, which were soon covered with a rich tropical vegetation.

At the time of Sir Samuel's expedition this accumulation was of unknown extent, and, like the Arab slave-traders, he was forced to seek a passage by way of the Bahr Giraffe, a branch of the White Nile. On the 18th of February the rear vessels of the fleet arrived, and the voyage was again resumed. Towing was difficult, owing to the sharp turns of the river. The Bahr Giraffe was about seventy yards in width, and at that season the banks were high and dry. Navigation was frequently impeded by dams of drift vegetation, through which a passage had to be cut with swords. One of these dams, through which a canal about 150 yards long was hewn, is thus described in an extract from Sir Samuel's diary, under date of February 28: "It is a curious collection of trash that seriously impedes navigation. The grass resembles sugar-canes; this grows from twenty to thirty feet in length, and throws out roots at every joint: thus, when matted together, its roots still increase, and render the mass a complete tangle. During the wet season the rush of water tears off large rafts of this floating water-grass, which accumulate in any favorable locality. The difficulty of clearing a passage is extreme. After cutting out a large mass with swords, a rope is made fast, and the raft is towed out by hauling with thirty or forty men until it is detached and floated down the stream. Yesterday I cut a narrow channel from above stream in the hope that the rush of water would loosen the mass of vegetation. After much labor, at 12.30 P.M. the whole obstruction appeared to heave. There was soon no doubt that it was moving, and suddenly the entire dam broke up. Immense masses were carried away by the rush of water and floated down the river."

A singular adventure occurred at one of these dams. While the men were digging out the steamers, which had become jammed by the floating rafts, they felt something struggling under their feet. They immediately scrambled away, just in time to avoid the ugly head of a large crocodile that broke its way through the tangled mass in which it had been held a close prisoner. Though freed from its uncomfortable position, the monster had not fallen among friends. The black soldiers, armed with swords and bill-hooks, made a bold onslaught upon him; and that evening the savor of his flesh went up from the cooking pots of the Soudani regiment.

But new difficulties were in store. After passing the vegetable dams, the expedition reached shallows, with barely sufficient water to float the vessels over. The river had in many places disappeared, and the fleet





CROCODILE MOBBED IN THE SUDD.

had been forced through narrow, devious channels, through ditches cut with swords, and through a succession of marsh-like lakes, at the rate of about a mile a day. At length, on the 1st of April, fifty-two days after the departure from Khartoum, the flotilla stuck fast in the mud. It was the dry season. The river would not rise until December. Nothing could be done but retrace the route, and wait at some convenient station until the rainy season had made the river again navigable. The sailors and troops composing the expedition were delighted. They hoped Sir Samuel would return to Khartoum and abandon the expedition. He had other plans in view, but wisely kept them to himself. After vainly exploring several channels, and becoming convinced that his best course was to retreat, Sir Samuel ordered the fleet to be headed toward Khartoum. After some days of hard labor the channel of the Bahr Giraffe was again reached—the point where the labor of cutting through the marsh-like lakes had commenced. A great change had taken place in the character of the river. The narrow and choked Bahr Giraffe had disappeared, and the wonder-struck explorers gazed upon broad sheets of clear open

water, extending as far as the eye could reach, where only a few days before there was nothing but a boundless plain of marsh grass, with not a drop of water visible. These sheets of water, marking the course of the river, were separated by dams of floating vegetation. The volume of water was large, and the current had a rate of about three miles an hour. Nevertheless, although in open water, the expedition was virtually imprisoned in a kind of lake, shut in by a series of thick dams. "It is simply ridiculous," says Baker, "to suppose that this river can ever be rendered navigable. One or two vessels, if alone, would be utterly helpless, and might be entirely destroyed, with their crews, by a sudden change that might break up the country and inclose them in a trap from which they could never escape." Sir Samuel waxes eloquently wroth over the impediments with which he meets. After describing the process of cutting through several of the dams, he says: "The river is wider than when we last saw it, but is much obstructed by small islands, formed of rafts of vegetation that have grounded in their descent. I fear we may find the river choked in many places below stream. No dependence can ever be placed





DRAGGING A STEAMER THROUGH THE SUDD.

upon this accursed river. The fabulous Styx must be a sweet rippling brook compared to this horrible creation. A violent wind acting upon the high waving mass of sugar-cane grass may suddenly create a change; sometimes large masses are detached by the gambols of a herd of hippopotamuses, whose rude rambles during the night break narrow lanes through the floating plains of water-grass, through which the action of the stream may tear large masses

from the main body. The water being pent up by enormous dams of vegetation, mixed with mud and half-decayed matter, forms a chain of lakes at slightly varying levels. The sudden breaking of one dam would thus cause an impetuous rush of water that might tear away miles of country, and entirely change the equilibrium of the floating masses."

At length, on the 11th of April, clear water was again reached, and the flotilla was





A HIPPOPOTAMUS KILLS THE BLIND SHEIK.

laid up for a few days at the station of Kut-chuk Ali, one of the principal slave-traders of the White Nile. From this place the expedition proceeded down stream to a point on the river below the Sobat junction, where Sir Samuel selected a spot for a permanent fortified station, which could be used as a base of future operations. The under-wood that covered the bank was cleared, and the large trees that bordered the river were taken possession of as shelter for the tents. The camp, named Tewfikéyah, after the Khedive's eldest son, Tewfik Pasha, was soon in complete order, and in a few days Sir Samuel was ready to receive a visit from Quat Kare, the true king of the Shillooks, in whose territory the camp was situated. The king had been driven from power through the intrigues of his enemies, and a pretender named Jangy reigned in his place. Quat Kare came to Sir Samuel for redress. The old king entered the camp, accompanied by two wives, four daughters, and a large retinue. Like all the Shillooks, he was very tall and thin. His wardrobe looked scanty and old, and he was presented with a long blue shirt, which reached nearly to his ankles, and a red scarf for a waistband. When dressed he sat down on a carpet provided

for the occasion, and invited his family to sit near him. There was profound silence for some time. The old king looked calmly round upon the scene, but did not speak. At length Sir Samuel broke the silence by asking him whether he was really Quat Kare, the old king of the Shillooks, whose death had been reported. Instead of replying, he conferred with one of his wives, a woman of about sixty, who appeared to act as Prime Minister and adviser. This old lady immediately took up the discourse, and very deliberately related the intrigues of the Koordi governor of Fashoda, which had ended in the ruin of her husband. It appeared that the Koordi did not wish that peace should reign throughout the land. The Shillooks were a powerful tribe, numbering upward of a million; therefore it was advisable to sow dissension among them, and thus destroy their unity. Quat Kare was a powerful king, who had ruled the country for more than fifty years. He was the direct descendant of a long line of kings, therefore he was a man whose influence was to be dreaded. The policy of the Koordi determined that he would overthrow the power of Quat Kare, and after having vainly laid snares for his capture, the old king



fled from the governor of Fashoda as David fled from Saul and hid in the cave of Adullam. The Koordi was clever and cunning in intrigue; thus he wrote to Djiaffer Pasha, the governor-general of the Soudan, and declared that Quat Kare, the king of the Shillooks, was *dead*; it was therefore necessary to elect the next heir, Jangy, for whom he requested the firman of the Khedive. The firman of the Khedive arrived in due course for the pretender Jangy, who was a distant connection of Quat Kare, and in no way entitled to the succession. This intrigue threw the country into confusion. Jangy was proclaimed king by the Koordi, and was dressed in a scarlet robe, with belt and sabre. The pretender got together a large band of adherents who were ready for any adventure that might yield them plunder. These natives, who knew the paths and the places where the vast herds of cattle were concealed, acted as guides to the Koordi, and the faithful adherents of the old king, Quat Kare, were plundered, oppressed, and enslaved without mercy, until Sir Samuel came to their protection. It was arranged that the king should wait patiently till the matter could be brought before the proper authority. A grand feast followed the reception. Quat Kare was also treated to a shock from a magnetic battery, which he took with a stoical expression of countenance.

A tragical incident occurred not long after the establishment of the camp. There was an old blind sheik who frequently crossed the river to visit the new-comers. One day he was returning with his son, when the canoe was charged by an angry hippopotamus. Seizing the frail bark at the end where the sheik was sitting, the monster crunched it to fragments between his ponderous jaws, and so crushed and lacerated the poor old man that, although rescued by his comrades, who hastened to his assistance, he died during the night. The hippopotamuses were often the source of great annoyance, and sometimes of danger, to the expedition. One beautiful moonlight night, when the flotilla was quietly at anchor in a lake close to the White Nile, one of these monsters made a most determined attack upon the diahbeeah belonging to Sir Samuel. The vessel was close to a mud bank covered with high grass, and about thirty yards astern of her was a shallow part of the lake, about three feet deep. A light boat of zinc was full of strips of hippopotamus flesh, and the dingy was fastened alongside. Every one was soundly sleeping, when, says Sir Samuel, "I was suddenly awakened by a tremendous splashing close to the diahbeeah, accompanied by the hoarse wild snorting of a furious hippopotamus. I jumped up, and immediately perceived a hippo, which was apparently about to attack the vessel.....My servant, Sulei-

man, was sleeping next to the cabin door. I called to him for a rifle. Before the affrighted Suleiman could bring it, the hippopotamus dashed at us with indescribable fury. With one blow he capsized and sank the zinc boat, with its cargo of flesh. In another instant he seized the dingy in his immense jaws, and the crash of splintered wood betokened the complete destruction of my favorite boat.....By this time I had procured a rifle from the cabin, where they were always kept fixed in a row, loaded and ready for action, with bags of breech-loading ammunition on the same shelf. The movements of the animal were so rapid, as he charged and plunged alternately beneath the water in a cloud of foam and wave, that it was impossible to aim correctly at the small but fatal spot upon the head. The moon was extremely bright, and presently, as he charged straight at the diahbeeah, I stopped him with a No. 8 Reilly shell. To my surprise, he soon recovered, and again commenced the attack. I fired shot after shot at him without apparent effect. The diahbeeah rocked about upon the waves raised by the efforts of so large an animal. This movement rendered the aim uncertain. At length, apparently badly wounded, he retired to the high grass. There he lay by the bank, at about twenty-five yards' distance, snorting and blowing."

Thinking the creature must be dying, Sir Samuel went to bed, but in about half an hour was awakened again by another furious charge. A rifle-ball in the head rolled the monster over, and he floated helplessly down stream. This time he surely must be dead. To the amazement of all, he presently recovered, and only gave up after receiving several bullets in his body. On the following morning a post-mortem examination showed that he had received three shots in the flank and shoulder; four in the head, one of which had broken his lower jaw; another had passed through his nose, and passing downward, had cut off one of his large tusks. Such determined and unprovoked fury as was exhibited by this animal had never been witnessed—he appeared to be raving mad. His body was a mass of frightful scars, the result of continual conflicts with bulls of his own species; some of these wounds were still unhealed. There was one scar about two feet in length, and about two inches below the level of the surface skin, upon the flank. He was evidently a character of the worst description, but whose madness rendered him callous to all punishment. The attack upon the vessels was probably induced by the smell of raw hippopotamus flesh, which was hung in long strips about the rigging, and with which the zinc boat was filled. The dead hippopotamus that was floating astern lashed to the diahbeeah had not been molested.



In August, 1870, Baker started from Tewfikéyah to explore the sudd, or obstructions of the main Nile, in the hope of discovering some new passage forced through the vegetation by the stream. Taking a steamer, with his own diahbeeah and a tender in tow, he left the station on the 11th, and in thirteen hours reached the old sudd, about twelve miles beyond the Bahr Giraffe junction. It was soon apparent that nothing could be done with the means at hand. The great river Nile was entirely lost. It had become a swamp. It was impossible to guess the extent of the obstruction; but Baker was confident that it would be simply a question of time and labor to clear the original channel by working from below the stream. The great power of the current would assist the work, and with proper management this formerly beautiful river might be restored to its original condition. It would be impossible to clear the Bahr Giraffe permanently, as there was not sufficient breadth of channel to permit the escape of huge rafts of vegetation, occupying the surface of perhaps an acre; but the great width of the Nile, if once opened, together with the immense power of the stream, would, with a little annual inspection, assure the permanency of the work.

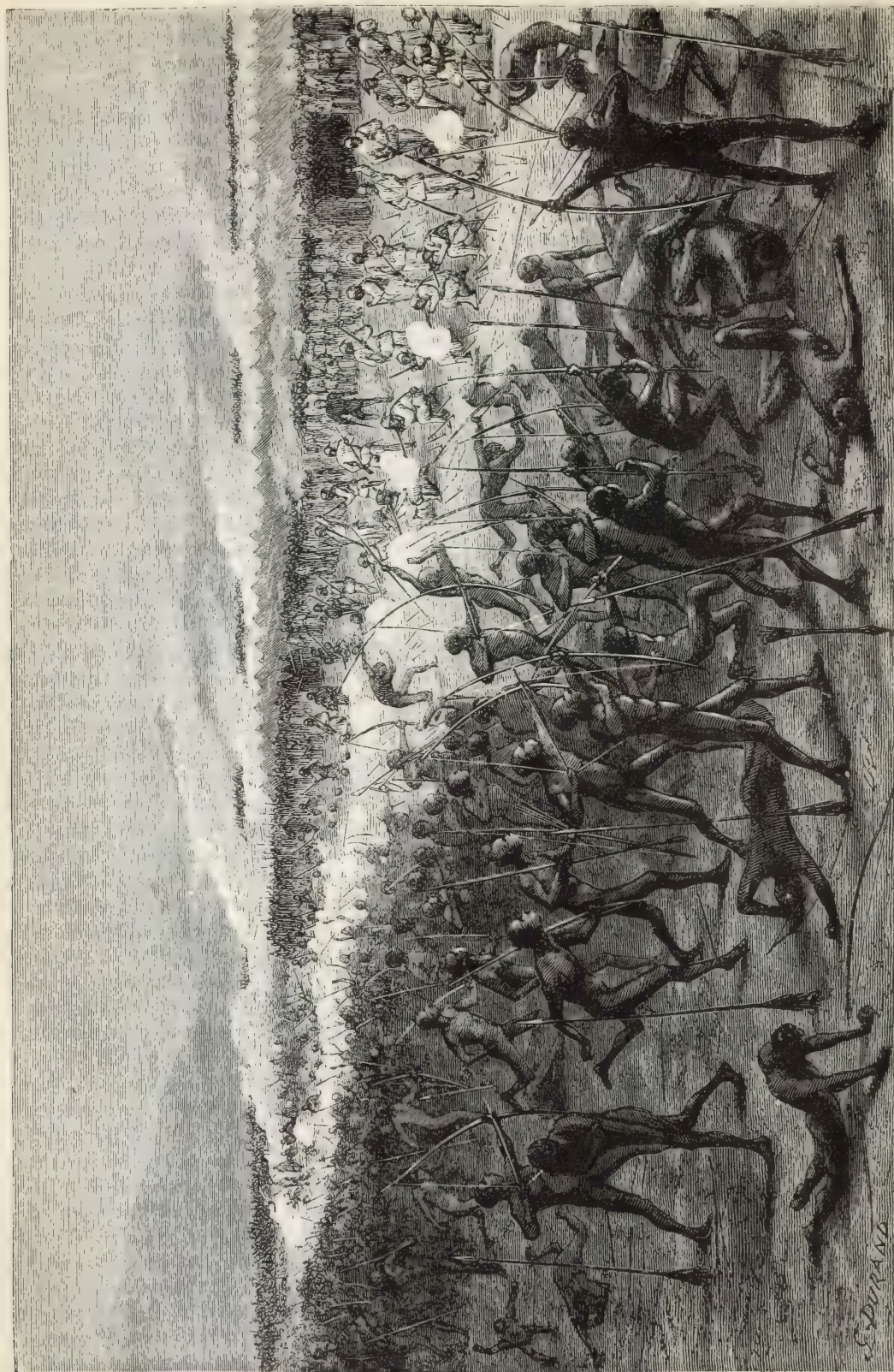
Sir Samuel therefore determined to return to Khartoum to arrange for a special expedition to take this important work in hand. He reached that place in the latter part of September. After many vexatious delays, occasioned by the opposition of the slave-traders, he succeeded in completing his arrangements, and returned to Tewfikéyah. This station was now dismantled and abandoned for the more advantageous position at Gondokoro, once the seat of an Austrian religious mission. The fleet arrived at this station on the 15th of April, 1871. Great changes had taken place in the White Nile since the time of Baker's last visit. The old channel, which had been of great depth where it swept beneath the cliffs, was choked with sand-banks. New islands had formed in many places, and it was impossible for the vessels to approach the old landing-place. The fleet therefore dropped down the stream, and landed at a spot on the east bank where the ground was high and well shaded. Once a traders' settlement had flourished there, of which only half a dozen broken-down old huts remained. The whole face of the country was sadly changed. Formerly pretty native villages were scattered over the landscape beneath clumps of trees, and the country was thickly populated. But every thing was altered. There was not a village on the main-land. The pretty settlements had all been destroyed, and the inhabitants killed or driven for refuge to the numerous low islands in the river, which formed their natural defense. These

were thronged with villages, and the soil was under good cultivation.

Immediately on landing Sir Samuel sent for the chief of the Baris, Allorron, who was promised protection if he and his people would return to the main-land and become true subjects to the Khedive. In return his people must cultivate corn, and build the huts required for the troops on their arrival. Allorron was profuse in promises and protestations of good-will. But the next day he declared that his people could not prepare the materials for the camp. The neighboring tribes were hostile, and he could not venture out to collect bamboos. He was told that if he refused to obey orders the troops would be sheltered in the villages. Allorron was very sulky and sullen. He was a big and savage-looking brute of the lowest description, his natural vices having been increased by association with the slave-traders, with whom his tribe was in league. Many of his people were serving in the pay of Abou Saood, a noted slave-hunter. It was well understood by the various tribes that if Sir Samuel succeeded in establishing himself firmly at Gondokoro the trade in slaves would be broken up, and that the traffic in ivory would be regulated by law. The alliance with Abou Saood had proved disastrous to the Baris tribe. The Loquia, a powerful tribe only three days' march to the southeast, had lost slaves and cattle through Abou Saood's raids; and when his bands had quitted Gondokoro for their own station in the interior, Loquia had invaded the unprotected Allorron, and had utterly destroyed his district on the eastern main-land. For many miles the country resembled a lovely park. Every habitation had disappeared, and the formerly populous position was quite deserted by the surviving inhabitants, who, as already stated, had taken refuge in the islands, or on the west side of the river. At this season the entire country was covered with a tender herbage—that species of fine grass, called by the Arabs "négheel," which is the best pasturage for cattle. Allorron's people dared not bring their herds to pasture upon this beautiful land from whence they had been driven, as they were afraid that the news would soon reach Loquia, who would pounce unexpectedly upon them from the neighboring forest.

Sir Samuel took possession of the deserted country, and proceeded to lay out a camp and to cultivate the ground. Every hut had its own neat garden. Very soon ten acres of corn were above-ground, copious rains having started the seed like magic. The Baris remained sullen, and refused to assist in bringing material for the huts; and though they now ventured to send their herds to pasture on the main-land, they would sell neither sheep nor cattle,





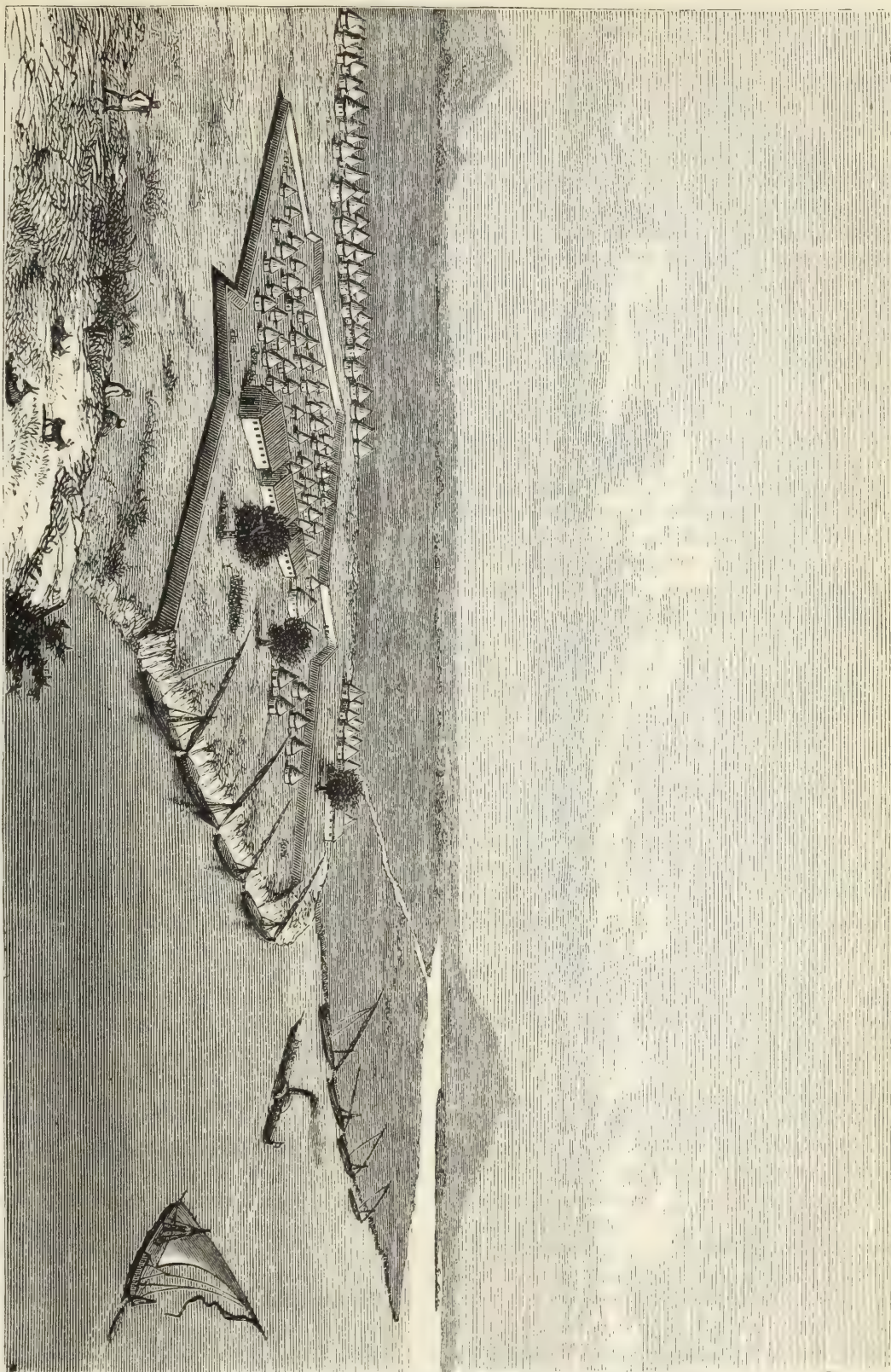
NIGHT ATTACK ON THE CAMP.

hoping to starve the troops into the abandonment of the country. But this was not in Sir Samuel's programme. On the 26th of May, 1871, he took formal possession, and, in the name of the Khedive, declared the country annexed to Egypt. The ceremony was quite impressive. A flag-staff eighty feet high had been erected on the highest point of land overlooking the river. Twelve hundred men, including soldiers, sailors in uniform, and servants and camp followers in

their best clothes, were on the ground. Sir Samuel's staff for the occasion was composed of his aids-de-camp, Lieutenant Baker, R.N., Lieutenant-Colonel Abd-el-Kader, together with three other officers and Mr. Higginbotham, the civil engineer of the expedition. The formality of reading the official proclamation describing the annexation of the country to Egypt in the name of the Khedive took place at the foot of the flag-staff. At the termination of the last



ISMAILIA.



sentence the Ottoman flag was quickly run up by the halyards, and fluttered in the strong breeze at the mast-head. The officers with drawn swords saluted the flag, the troops presented arms, and the batteries of artillery fired a royal salute. A military review concluded the ceremony.

Allorron and his people still remained hostile, and Sir Samuel was obliged to confiscate some of their cattle to obtain food for his men. Several times the Baris at-

tacked his camp at night, and in numerous instances surprised and murdered his sentries at their posts. The most serious encounter was a night attack on the camp which took place July 21. The Baris had made friends with their old enemies, the Loquia, and the combined forces of the two tribes surprised the camp, and would have destroyed it had they been able to penetrate the thorn fence by which it was surrounded. Sir Samuel was now compelled to take the



offensive. A series of expeditions was organized against the Baris and their allies. The result of these movements was the submission of the hostile tribe.

It was now determined to undertake an expedition into the country south of Gondokoro, or Ismailia, as the station was named in honor of the Khedive, for the purpose of subduing the great slave hunter and trader Abou Saood, and annexing to Egypt the territory over which he held the sway of a robber chieftain. The strength of the expedition had been greatly reduced by the treachery of the Egyptian colonel Raouf Bey, who had been left in command at Gondokoro. This officer, in spite of positive orders that none but the really sick should be allowed to return home, had sent to Khartoum great numbers of troops who were in sound health, leaving only 502 officers and men, including drummers, buglers, clerks, etc., with fifty-two sailors. Thus an expedition that should have comprised 1645 men was reduced to so insignificant a force that it appeared impossible to proceed into the interior. The Baris were still hostile and threatening, the slave-hunters' companies were treacherous, and yet the slave-trade was to be suppressed and the equatorial districts annexed with less than one-third of the force required. Abou Saood had apparently gained his point. It was believed that with so small a force Sir Samuel could not travel far from head-quarters. His term of service would expire on 1st April, 1873; he had only one year and four months remaining, and in this short time it would be impossible to accomplish his object.

Urgent requests for reinforcements had been sent to Khartoum, but as there was no certainty about their arrival, it was necessary to make arrangements for the proposed expedition with the force at hand. Gondokoro was well fortified and provisioned. A reconnaissance of the country immediately south of the station showed that the natives of that region were peaceable and well disposed, and ready with promises of assistance. Meanwhile Abou Saood, who had witnessed the departure of the soldiers for Khartoum, and knew the weakness of the remaining detachment, started for his stations in the distant south, where he intended to incite the natives against the government, and thus frustrate the proposed expedition. He had never before traveled inland. For many years he had been in the habit of arriving at Gondokoro from Khartoum with the annual fleet sent out by the slave-trader Agād, bringing new levies of brigands and fresh supplies of arms and ammunition. He would then remain several weeks at Gondokoro, receive the ivory and slaves collected from his various stations in the interior, and return with his spoil to Khartoum. Now, however, he had one grand object in view—

to prevent the advance of the expedition. It was therefore necessary that he should visit his stations and warn his people to withhold their slaves and ivory until the hated "Christian Pasha" should be recalled on the expiration of his term of service, when the old condition of affairs would return. Undismayed by the difficulties in his way, the "Christian Pasha" pushed on his preparations with great vigor, and on the 22d of January, 1872, was ready to start. An account of the new expedition and of the results of the whole undertaking will be given in another paper.



## THE STORY OF THE THREE BEARS.

For Little Folks.

FROM ROBERT SOUTHEY'S "THE DOCTOR."

"A tale which may content the minds  
Of learned men and grave philosophers."

GASCOYNE.

ONCE upon a time there were Three Bears, who lived together in a house of their own in a wood. One of them was a Little, Small, Wee Bear, and one was a Middle-sized Bear, and the other was a Great, Huge Bear. They had each a pot for their porridge; a little pot for the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and a middle-sized pot for the Middle Bear, and a great pot for the Great, Huge Bear. And they had each a chair to sit in; a little chair for the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and a middle-sized chair for the Middle Bear, and a great chair for the Great, Huge Bear. And they had each a bed to sleep in; a little bed for the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and a middle-sized bed for



the Middle Bear, and a great bed for the Great, Huge Bear.

One day, after they had made the porridge for their breakfast, and poured it into their porridge-pots, they walked out into the wood while the porridge was cooling, that they might not burn their mouths by beginning too soon to eat it. And while they were walking, a little old Woman came to the house. She could not have been a good, honest old Woman; for first she looked in at the window, and then she peeped in at the key-hole; and seeing nobody in the house, she lifted the latch. The door was not fastened, because the Bears were good Bears, who did nobody any harm, and never suspected that any body would harm them. So the little old Woman opened the door and went in; and well pleased she was when she saw the porridge on the table. If she had been a good little old Woman, she would have waited till the Bears came home, and then, perhaps, they would have asked her to breakfast; for they were good Bears—a little rough or so, as the manner of Bears is, but for all that very good-natured and hospitable. But she was an impudent, bad old Woman, and set about helping herself.

So first she tasted the porridge of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hot for her; and she said a bad word about that. And then she tasted the porridge of the Middle Bear, and that was too cold for her; and she said a bad word about that too. And then she went to the porridge of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and tasted that; and that was neither too hot nor too cold, but just right; and she liked it so well that she ate it all up: but the naughty old Woman said a bad word about the little porridge-pot, because it did not hold enough for her.

Then the little old Woman sat down in the chair of the Great, Huge Bear, and that was too hard for her. And then she sat down in the chair of the Middle Bear, and that was too soft for her. And then she sat down in the chair of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, and that was neither too hard nor too soft, but just right. So she seated herself in it, and there she sat till the bottom of the chair



came out, and down came hers, plump upon the ground. And the naughty old Woman said a wicked word about that too.

Then the little old Woman went up stairs into the bed-chamber in which the Three Bears slept. And first she lay down upon the bed of the Great, Huge Bear; but that was too high at the head for her. And next she lay down upon the bed of the Middle Bear; and that was too high at the foot for her. And then she lay down upon the bed of the Little, Small, Wee Bear; and that was neither too high at the head nor at the foot, but just right. So she covered herself up comfortably, and lay there till she fell fast asleep.

By this time the Three Bears thought their porridge would be cool enough; so they came home to breakfast. Now the little old Woman had left the spoon of the Great, Huge Bear standing in his porridge.



**“Somebody has been at my porridge!”**

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice. And when the Middle Bear looked at his he saw that the spoon was standing in it too. They were wooden spoons; if they had been silver ones, the naughty old Woman would have put them in her pocket.

**“Somebody has been at my porridge!”**

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice. Then the Little, Small, Wee Bear looked



at his, and there was the spoon in the porridge-pot, but the porridge was all gone.

*"Somebody has been at my porridge, and has eaten it all up!"*

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Upon this the Three Bears, seeing that some one had entered their house, and eaten up the Little, Small, Wee Bear's breakfast, began to look about them. Now the little old Woman had not put the hard cushion straight when she rose from the chair of the Great, Huge Bear.

**"Somebody has been sitting in my chair!"**

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And the little old Woman had squatted down the soft cushion of the Middle Bear.

*"Somebody has been sitting in my chair!"*

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

And you know what the little old Woman had done to the third chair.

*"Somebody has been sitting in my chair, and has sat the bottom of it out!"*

said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

Then the Three Bears thought it necessary that they should make farther search; so they went up stairs into their bed-chamber. Now the little old Woman had pulled the pillow of the Great, Huge Bear out of its place.

**"Somebody has been lying in my bed!"**

said the Great, Huge Bear, in his great, rough, gruff voice.

And the little old Woman had pulled the bolster of the Middle Bear out of its place.

*"Somebody has been lying in my bed!"*

said the Middle Bear, in his middle voice.

And when the Little, Small, Wee Bear came to look at his bed, there was the bolster in its place; and the pillow in its place upon the bolster; and upon the pillow was the little old Woman's ugly, dirty head—which was not in its place, for she had no business there.

*"Somebody has been lying in my bed—and here she is!"*



said the Little, Small, Wee Bear, in his little, small, wee voice.

The little old Woman had heard in her sleep the great, rough, gruff voice of the Great Huge Bear; but she was so fast asleep that it was no more to her than the roaring of wind or the rumbling of thunder. And she had heard the middle voice of the Middle Bear, but it was only as if she had heard some one speaking in a dream. But when she heard the little, small, wee voice of the Little, Small, Wee Bear, it was so sharp and so shrill that it awakened her at once. Up she started; and when she saw the Three Bears on one side of the bed, she tumbled herself out at the other, and ran to the window. Now the window was open, because the Bears, like good, tidy Bears, as they were, always opened their bed-chamber window when they got up in the morning. Out the little old Woman jumped; and whether she broke her neck in the fall, or ran into the wood and was lost there, or found her way out of the wood and was taken up by the constable and sent to the House of Correction for a vagrant as she was, I can not tell. But the Three Bears never saw any thing more of her.





## A MODERN LOHENGRIN.

## I.

CHRISTMAS-DAY is not always ice-mantled, with merry voices ringing out on the crisp air, and sleighs gliding over the snow-muffled pavement to the music of their own chiming bells. At least Elsa Schumann did not find *her* Christmas of this description. The wintry grass in the squares was of a sickly green hue, the pavements were muddy, and a fog crept through the streets, clinging with unpleasant touch to the garments of pedestrians. Elsa did not care. She had little to expect; but a song of Fatherland welled up from her heart to her lips while she made her simple toilet.

In the Fitzroy Hammond mansion Christmas occasioned only a genteel rustle, as became a highly aristocratic establishment, with marble halls, carved stairways, and satin hangings. Mr. Fitzroy Hammond, having a more starched and iron-gray aspect than usual, presented Mrs. Fitzroy Hammond with a new India shawl; while she, in return, gave her lord a gilt-bound edition of Walter Scott, which would look well in the library. As for the young Hammonds, they received the gifts heaped upon them languidly. These faded young creatures had exhausted the pleasures of possession at a very early age—nothing less than a diamond necklace or a blooded horse excited their interest. Godfrey Hammond, eldest son and heir, twirled a check, found beneath his plate, between his fingers, with a murmured acknowledgment. Miss Blanche, aged sixteen, held up her turquoise ear-rings with a peevish expression, aggrieved that they were not emerald pendants. Miss Augusta, twenty-nine, sallow, sharp-featured, and eager, with a sparkling vivacity of manner, skipped to the nearest mirror to try the becoming effect of a lace shawl.

Elsa Schumann, timid foreigner, wearing her eighteen summers with a certain staid sobriety gathered from experience, was given a brown gown of unquestionable ugliness, suited to her condition in life. She glanced rather wistfully at the tinkling ornaments of her betters. How would the lace shawl look thrown over her own golden hair after the fashion of the Genoese ladies? And the turquoise ear-rings surely matched her blue eyes. Mrs. Hammond gazed down on Elsa from the immeasurable heights of her own greatness. She had a position to maintain, an example to set. Travel had taught her that a German governess was required as well as a French maid in the mosaic pattern of a perfect household.

Going up stairs, Elsa was accosted by Clarence:

"I say, Fräulein Elsa, here's my old watch. The governor gave it to me last year, you

know. You may have it. I don't want it any more, really. I am tired of it."

"You must pardon me if I decline," said Elsa, with heightened color, and passed on, leaving the youth speechless with astonishment. Oh, blessed gift of tact in generosity!

These events chilled the girl. Her lip quivered and her eyes filled when she reached her room. She felt so lonely! Somewhere in the wide world the German festival of Christmas was being celebrated at that very moment, and her heart yearned for the genial warmth, the homely merriment, of the holiday. Then her glance fell on a bit of green pasteboard, and the sunshine returned with that swift radiance known only to eighteen. The bit of pasteboard had been recklessly purchased instead of a new bonnet; it represented a mine of wonders, a golden key to a fairy casket, for simple Elsa. In a word, it was an opera ticket bought with her own scanty earnings; for Mrs. Hammond, in that household rule on which she prided herself, exercised a truly commendable thrift in the matter of wages.

"I must still wear the old hat, and the feather is faded," laughed Elsa.

"Going to a *matinée*!" exclaimed the Misses Hammond. "We never think of such a thing on a holiday. It's so common, and people would imagine that we had nothing better to do." Having favored her with this pleasant view of the subject, the Misses Hammond suffered their little governess to escape into the street.

Free for hours! There never was a *matinée* which involved so much anxiety. Elsa's ticket bore the number 204. What if 204 were a seat behind a pillar? Supposing that a thief should snatch the precious card from her hand? Then the prima donna might have been taken ill, or the opera-house have caught fire. Dear me! how the evil thoughts multiplied as Elsa hastened along. The opera-house still stood, and, engulfed in the maelstrom of a crowd that surges madly through those corridors in a panic of haste for which there is no known reason, Elsa at length discovered that 204 was not behind a pillar, the prima donna was not ill, and the orchestra was already, with preliminary tuning, preparing to yield the girl the feast for which her soul craved.

This little Elsa was the embodiment of a musical nature. A barrel-organ could occasion her as acute pain as the violin of a *maestro* keen pleasure. Grandfather Schumann used to compare humanity with various instruments, which sounded the discords of many tones here on earth in the preparation of a perfect harmony in heaven. Yes, infancy was pleasant for Elsa under Grandfather Schumann's wing. He did not suffer her to miss the dead parents. They lived in a garret of a quaint old house, and there was a linnet in a cage, and two flower-



pots on the window-sill, while the sunshine poured in gloriously. The linnet chirped, Elsa and the plants grew, until the small chubby girl could be perched on the piano stool to take her first music-lesson from her delighted relative. One would have guessed that the old man was a musician from the thin nervous hands, the abstracted gaze of the kindly blue eyes, the slumbering enthusiasm of the fine face, ready to awaken at the voice of genius. Those were happy days, and you must not imagine that the residents of the garret were humble because they were poor. There are such nice gradations of poverty. In the spring the Schumanns strolled forth on fine Sundays to view the castle built by their ancestor the Baron, and although it had passed into other hands with the crumbling of family fortunes, they felt the utmost satisfaction in gazing at the distant turrets. Small wonder if Grandfather patted the little Wolfsohns' heads condescendingly: the Wolfsohns had always been green-grocers. Their mother shrugged her broad shoulders. "Let the poor soul cherish his family pride. I only wish it made the pot boil," she said.

Elsa believed in Grandfather, and this faith was an elixir of life in his withered veins. So the plants grew, and Elsa grew, Grandfather earning his pittance at the theatre; but when the plants blossomed, and Elsa also bloomed into maidenhood, a letter came from America, from an old comrade, urging Grandfather to seek the New World, where his talents must meet with a more liberal compensation. Forthwith arose a *château en Espagne* before their vision. They would emigrate to the land of promise, which flowed with milk and honey for overpopulated Europe. Grandfather would give concerts, aided by the old comrade, and earn a fine sum for Elsa, who could then become a pupil in the Liepsic Conservatory.

Farewell to the garret, the dear town of one's nativity, the Baron's castle, and the kind, plebeian Wolfsohn neighbors, grown beautiful in the sorrow of parting. The roseate cloud castle lured them across seas, a fragile old man and an ignorant young girl, then faded from a stormy sky. The old comrade had suddenly departed to the far West; and Grandfather had entered a city where there were ten thousand other music-teachers at least. In the bewildering haste of a strange land he knew not which way to choose, and with an unknown tongue torturing his ear, and the dread of leaving Elsa alone oppressing him, the worst misfortune befell the girl: Grandfather sickened and died. Terrified by her solitary condition, she crept humbly beneath the shelter of the Fitzroy Hammond roof.

Soft, low strains were breathed forth by the orchestra, the curtain rose, and from that moment Elsa Schumann ceased to have a

separate identity from the other pale, lovely Elsa before her. The trance was rapture the most exquisite; she seemed to leave her paltry daily life far below, as she rose to celestial heights. The thought did float idly through her brain that it was wonderful people could be spiteful and penurious, instead of exalted by the most generous and noble motives. With dilating eyes, leaning slightly forward, and swayed by every emotion portrayed before her, Elsa moved in spirit among court ladies and gorgeously clad knights. Oh, the purity and innocence of the wrongfully accused maiden, and the dark malignity of her accuser! Was there not conviction in the very tones of her voice, soaring bird-like above the sombre notes of her enemies? It was terrible, altogether terrible, to the every-day Elsa in the dress circle, that the king lent ear to the wicked Otrude! She could have joined her own supplications with those of her namesake standing meekly before the throne, when the trumpets sounded their peremptory summons for any champion to appear who would defend the cause of shrinking womanhood.

A suspense of intense anxiety, embodied in growing terrors, while the challenge slowly died away in chilling, awful silence. Would no one respond? Elsa on the stage waited with suspended breath; her shadow self in the audience flushed, paled, and waited with her. Again the trumpets pealed forth their defiance. The Elsa on the stage cast an upward glance of agonizing appeal; the sensitive face of the spectator assumed a pathetic expression, and tears rolled down her cheeks, not without exciting an amused smile from those neighbors who had outlived sensation, or were born with sordid souls. Then a splendor dawned over the winding river, bringing the growing wonder of a hope, and in that radiance the knight Lohengrin appeared in the swan boat. Beowulf, chieftain of the Western Danes, his ensign flaming like a meteor, his sark of netted mail, once sailed over the swan path in a beautiful boat; but surely no hero was ever like this one.

With plumed crest towering above base humanity, and garments that broke into pale lights as he moved, Lohengrin seemed, in his unearthly beauty, to have descended from some luminous distant planet. Supernatural revelation in the rescued Elsa's eyes was mirrored back in the awe of the other Elsa, as the weird spiritual swan song thrilled on the ear, and she also bowed the knee in joyful recognition.

Suddenly a small flaxen head drooped confidently on the shoulder of our heroine. Elsa patted the rosy cheek, and for the first time observed her surroundings. Under other circumstances she would have found pleasure in studying the faces about her. When Wagner spoke to her in those full,



interwoven chords of harmony she had no outward sense for casual observation. She now discovered that a family occupied places on her right, of which the sleeping boy was a member, consisting of five other children, ranging in size like a flight of steps. The funny little faces, chubby and good-natured, were copies in miniature of the maternal countenance. A cotton velvet bonnet, surmounted by a large yellow bird, was perched on the back of Frau Mittler's head, while her ample person seemed to have caught all the ribbons not necessary to the decoration of her offspring. She beamed at Elsa; but what with her noisy flock, the loss of umbrellas, and the misplacement of programmes, she was sufficiently occupied. The good woman's idea of Christmas was to bring each little Mittler to the fountain of music.

"If the child annoys you, I shall have pleasure to take him," said a voice at Elsa's elbow, with a foreign accent. A young man occupied the seat on her left, who was undeniably shabby in attire. Elsa had not been reared in the school which judges a man by his coat. She saw only an abundance of fair hair tossed back carelessly from a high brow, a smooth, beardless face, and a pair of brilliant, piercing eyes, which scrutinized her with sudden interest. What was there in the steadfast look? Neither bold curiosity nor admiration, but something intangible, almost abstracted, as if she were associated with a distant object. And indeed at that very moment the stranger mentally exclaimed, "Ah, my maiden, what would I give to transfer your face to my canvas just as it is!"

Elsa dimpled into ready smiles. "Do not disturb him," she said, patiently. "He does me good."

It would appear that the little governess in her faded hat had attracted the notice of quite a different personage also. This was an elderly man of elaborate toilet, with bald head and mottled countenance, who stared at her critically through his eyeglass until the shabby youth turned sharply and compelled him to avert his gaze.

Although she was able to resume the thread of the opera when the curtain again rose, Elsa was aware of a disturbing element in the subtle consciousness that a young man sat beside her, with brilliant eyes into which she might look with intuitive trustfulness. For his part, the stranger studied her profile in furtive glances, pondering how to gain another full view, the better to impress her features on his memory. The elderly fop adjusted his eyeglass, and turned toward Elsa with his supercilious half-smile once more. Thus her thoughts were tossed, like a shuttlecock, from romance to reality; the pressure of the child's head on her arm reminded her that she was no longer suffering with the other Elsa, but rather contempla-

ting a charming picture from a remote distance. The parquet formed a vast gulf between them, and across it she might gaze with a longing sadness, as if the utterance of her own soul was frozen. If the good God would send into her small humble life a knight Lohengrin, glorious in strength and beauty! The wish was a dazzling, almost formless, idea, taking no such material shape as of a living husband, but rather a vision to bless and hallow her existence, then pass away in its own effluence.

The small Mittler was lured into cross wakefulness by a sedate little sister with a lollipop; and then, after much energetic nodding across six flaxen heads on the part of Frau Mittler, the paper of lollipops was tendered to Elsa, and further smiling indicated that the shabby young man was included in this hospitality. An interchange of confidences ensued over the lollipops between Elsa and her neighbor, when the delightful fact was revealed that they were both German. Frau Mittler watched them with the eyes of sentiment, remembering the day when her Fritz took her to the Prater.

That was all. The subject of lollipops becoming exhausted, Elsa was again caught up in the rapture of sound, and this shyness between the young people deepened to reserve as the precious moments slipped by.

All earthly delight must fade, and even the Christmas *matinée* came to a close. Elsa, with a pang of regret, saw the swan boat advancing like a slow, sure fate, and heard the tender farewell of the knight as he separated from his despairing bride. Then the curtain swept down, sudden gloom quenched the house, and with a start she returned to the fact that the audience was soberly putting on overcoats and furs. The lyre of a great master had portrayed a pathetic legend; the dream was rudely dispelled. Elsa found herself outside in the early winter twilight. Somebody was speaking in her ear. It was the elderly fop, standing before the open door of his coupé. She looked up into his face with a puzzled wonder, an expression that changed to sudden terror as she wrenched away her arm from his touch. Was she alone in that crowd of human beings? amidst the Babel of voices would her cry be stifled? The shabby young man darted forward, dealt the elderly fop a blow which caused him to reel into the arms of his groom, and, taking Elsa's hand, drew her away.

"Look at me," he said, rapidly. "How much am I already indebted to you?"

"It is I who am the debtor," said Elsa, trembling, and shrinking closer to him as she glanced nervously over her shoulder.

At the Fitzroy Hammond mansion they parted. Elsa frankly gave him her hand; he pressed it slightly; then the great door



closed, including her in warmth and light, while he was left in outer darkness. Each regretted that no mention had been made of further acquaintance, and Elsa's value was enhanced in her champion's estimation by the bitterness of an indefinable disappointment.

A Christmas banquet was in progress. Elsa rejoiced at being late, for her position was a painful one, which placed her above the servants and inferior to guests. Old Peter, the pompous butler, made a place for the tardy governess at a little table in the pantry, where she felt much more at ease than she would have done at the large table. Peter plied her with rare dishes. She could peep through the window into the dining-room, which formed an attractive scene of mirrors, flashing lights, crystal, and silver, the flower pyramids vying with the rich dresses of the ladies in rainbow tints, and all the tiresome chat about politics or the opera was subdued to a murmur. Elsa feasted with lords and ladies. If she closed her eyes, the Knight of the Holy Grail passed like a vision through her mind. Finally, Peter smuggled her in a glass of wine. Elsa rose to her feet.

"I drink to *my* Lohengrin." Then she added, thoughtfully, "That young man wore no overcoat. He must be very poor." The German governess, entertaining the guests of her own fancy in the butler's pantry, enjoyed Mr. Fitzroy Hammond's hospitality more than did any other visitor.

Afterward the genteel company required music, and Fräulein Schumann was requested to take her place at the piano, after the Misses Hammond had rattled off several *pièces de salon*. Timidly, rather than with the *aplomb* appreciation would have given her, Elsa glided into Chopin's B Minor Sonata, with the buzz of conversation sounding in her ears like the droning of bees.

"Play something lively," demanded Mr. Hammond, who voted the Philharmonic a bore.

Wearily the governess's fingers led the dance for an hour, as couple after couple whirled into the circle. Nobody thanked her, or noticed that she was young and pretty, every pulse bounding in sympathy with the airy motion of her companions.

In the mean while the young man, Wilhelm Trost, after gazing dreamily at the door through which his fair companion had vanished, turned slowly away. At the street corner he encountered Frau Mittler, driving her six chickens before her. The good woman accosted him as if he were a brother, instead of a total stranger.

"I saw it all," she panted. "That villain tried to carry off the young thing before our eyes, and she such an innocent! I could do nothing, because Gottlieb fell under the horses just then."

Wilhelm felt cheered by this homely presence; he lifted the guilty Gottlieb and carried him to his destination, which proved to be a small shoe shop on Eighth Avenue. He escaped from the hospitable invitation to enter and take supper only by promising to come another time, and to consider Frau Mittler always as a friend.

"One can see what will come of the meeting to-day," she remarked, pensively, as he departed.

Wilhelm hastened away, consumed by an excitement which sent the blood through his veins in a tumult. What cared he for supper? His artist soul had been fired to enthusiasm; he must strive to fix the image which troubled him before it faded. Elsa's face, without being the most beautiful he had ever seen, supplied a want which had perplexed him. As he sprang up the stairs of a dark, lofty building, he murmured, "Terror was the look needed." His eye glittered, he paced the narrow studio to calm his irritability. If it were only day! On the easel was a canvas revealing the shadow of an outlined work.

Elsa played, with aching fingers, for those to whom she was solely a part of the instrument; the young man, with haggard features, watched for the dawn.

## II.

Wilhelm Trost toiled through the cold winter and bleak spring, stimulated by a hope to endure the privations of poverty. Fortune had also cast him, a waif, on a foreign shore. He was an artist—a genius that must grope toward its end, placed in any circumstance of life—and he had expected speedy recognition in the New World. Born in an old town framed in vineyards, the Rhine had sung his cradle song, weaving strange fancies into the dreams of infancy with the liquid murmur of its voice. Then the boy brain strove to reproduce its fleeting images, fingers seeking pencil or chalk as naturally as the flowers climb by clasping tendril and budding spray to the sunshine. Mother found herself limned on the door with startling fidelity, while the whiteness of paper was never safe from the raids of juvenile talent, which scattered broadcast over the page boats, horses, and castles.

The Abbé La Caille, first astronomer of his age, when ten years old was flogged by his father, the parish clerk, because he staid in the church tower late to study the stars; Sir Joshua Reynolds was continually reproached by his parent for the idleness that made him only sketch; Alfieri's uncle suppressed for twenty years his poetical gift; the tutor of Port Royal thrice burned the romance of Racine.

Thus our young Wilhelm was a dunce, a drone, a worthless fellow, until the day came when he quitted home in grief and wrath



with his portfolio over his shoulder. Making his way over the seas, he timidly put forth his wares, and small notice did they receive from the hurrying multitudes. To be a foreign artist was an advantage: it only required a European reputation to have preceded him to insure a fortune. As it was, certain dealers made the most of the situation. They bought Wilhelm's little pictures for a small sum, when hunger compelled him to yield, and sold them again as rare gems.

April the 6th found the young artist putting finishing touches to the canvas which was to make him famous. He had grown pale and thin since Christmas; his evenings were devoted to copying documents for his landlord as a means of paying the rent. The photographer came in and looked at the work.

"Good!" he said. "Let us hope that the great ones at the Exhibition will have their wits about them."

The photographer was a pale man, wearing spectacles, apt to be cynical since his business had ebbed away to more fashionable quarters.

A rustle of feminine drapery, and the French milliner of the first floor entered the studio. Ah, ciel! but the new picture was beautiful. There would be nothing in the gallery to equal it. Madame rolled up her fine black eyes, shook hands with the artist, and departed gayly, leaving him the better for her praise.

A yearning homesickness may have induced his choice of subject. It was the legend of the lovers who wandered on the Danube bank on the day before their wedding, where the blue forget-me-not grew, dipping its foot daintily in the wave. The maiden had desired to possess a clump of the innocent blossoms, which were there to receive a dreadful christening, and the youth, in gathering them, had fallen into the river. "*Vergiss mein nicht*," he sighed, tossing the flowers on the bank, and sank beneath the waters.

In the picture the setting sun flooded the upper air with molten gold, the terror-stricken maiden was transfigured by this glory, and all nature caught the glow; and below rolled the river in sullen shadow, bearing the sinking lover to his doom. The face of the girl was that of Elsa Schumann when she sprang away from the elderly fop at the door of the opera-house—sudden pallor, startled bewilderment, and fear struggling for mastery; while the face in the water, already grayed by death, was the artist's own.

Never satisfied with the finish given to his work, Wilhelm finally sent the picture away. Would it be admitted to the Exhibition? The artist had staked every thing on this effort, had strained every nerve to reach the goal of his aspirations. Failure

meant sinking back into the drudgery of working for dealers. Success? "Bless thee for the salvation of a poor wretch!" he said, tenderly, touching a floating tress on Elsa's head with his brush. It seemed to him as if she had gone forth to plead his cause for him. Then succeeded days of painful suspense, of feverish expectancy. Wilhelm neither ate nor slept. At one moment he longed, in the tortures of extreme sensibility, to learn the worst; the next he prayed wildly that the gates of hope should not be forever closed against him by the return of his picture. In the night he spent hours dictating to himself notes of refusal more cruel than were ever penned by mortal secretary.

The photographer preached philosophy while gloomily awaiting customers; the French milliner made a cup of coffee, to cheer Wilhelm, with her own deft brown fingers.

At last news came. The picture would be hung. Elsa's face had not petitioned to strangers in vain.

On the 15th of the month the Exhibition opened. The Fitzroy Hammonds were there, pausing before such works as a celebrated name attached pronounced worthy of praise, but they evinced an extraordinary timidity about expressing an independent opinion, fearing to make a fatal blunder. Mr. Fitzroy Hammond had one of the finest picture-galleries in the city. The family procession was closed by Miss Blanche in the custody of her governess. This chaperonage kept Miss Blanche in leading-strings, and gave Miss Augusta the field. Elsa enjoyed herself after her fashion, possessing the happy gift of Goethe's Will-o'-the-wisps of extracting gold from the tiniest vein of the metal. She peeped over heads.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and became crimson. It seemed to her as if all these strangers must see her face reflected in that on the wall.

"What is the matter?" inquired Blanche, sharply.

"Nothing." Elsa, diverting her charge to a flower study, paused before her portrait. "*Vergissmeinnicht*!" And the lover in the water was her neighbor at the opera! How often she had thought of him since! Moved by an irresistible impulse, she turned, and saw him in a distant doorway intently regarding her; then Blanche dragged her on, talking volubly about a school-mate's Paris bonnet.

The crowd ebbed and flowed; music floated on the air. Mr. and Mrs. Hammond were discussing a Zamacois with the millionaire, Mr. Bullion, and far from the maternal eye the youngest daughter of the house of Hammond was flirting with a college fledgeling. Where was staid chaperon Elsa? Talking with a pale young man in the corridor, who had held her hand rather longer than was



absolutely necessary in the first surprise of recognition. All shyness had melted away; indeed, Elsa felt impelled to additional cordiality in praise not only for the sweet flattery of having her own features remembered, but because of the comments she had heard made on the picture.

"I stay here and watch the faces. I dare not venture nearer," he said.

Elsa found herself quite grave and elderly in her sentiments toward this countryman; she would gently heal the wounds dealt to his sensitive pride, if possible. The plumes of Mrs. Hammond's bonnet recalled her to her senses. "I must join my pupil," she said, hurriedly.

"Shall I never see you again?"

"Perhaps," with a demure, laughing glance. "Be courageous."

"Since you bid me hope, I will."

Midsummer in the dusty, sultry city. The Hammond house was muffled in holland, with chandeliers tied up in gauze bags, and curtains drawn, that all the world might read, Out of town. The ladies were at Saratoga; only Elsa Schumann wandered listlessly through the deserted rooms. Mr. Hammond toiled at his desk with furrowed brow; Elsa studied life from the window of her little room, which overlooked the rear of other houses. She felt like the Peri outside each domestic Paradise. How did it happen that a ray from the great sun of the universe had reached her? The influence of Wilhelm Trost had climbed to her thought, as it were, like the wistaria on the house wall. More than once a little cluster of forget-me-nots had been given to Elsa by black Peter, whose respect for her was considerably increased by these attentions on the part of a young man. When Mr. Hammond dozed in the hot library, Elsa sat in the bow-window of the dining-room, talking to a shadowy form in the street. What confidences were then exchanged by overburdened young hearts! Did not Elsa hear about that home by the Rhine? And did not Wilhelm hear about the garret where she was dedicated to music and the Leipsic Conservatory?

"If we had never left it!" sighed Elsa. Then a hand stole up from the darkness below and found her own.

"We should never have met," returned Wilhelm, reproachfully.

When Mr. Hammond's presence prevented these interviews, the young man leaned against the opposite railings, and Elsa spoke with him through the piano, striking chords of tender melody in his own soul, which brought the balm of consolation. He had a great sorrow: the Exhibition had closed without the sale of his picture. Want often assailed him, and he must have sunk into the apathy of despair had not the living Elsa come to his aid. Love exalted

and reanimated him, clothed him in enchanted armor to defy adversity.

"The night is deliciously cool after the rain," he said, beneath the window. "Do come to the Park."

"I am afraid madame would object," hesitated Elsa.

"Let us take a chaperon, then. I have it! Do you remember the good soul who sat beside you at the opera? We will ask her to accompany us."

Mr. Hammond had joined his family. The temptation was great, and the diversion surely an innocent one. In an evil hour Elsa yielded. To roam in the long avenues and branching paths, beneath the stars, was bliss without alloy, even in company with jolly Frau Mittler and her phlegmatic Fritz. Here the hope trembled from one breast to the other of a future union. Wilhelm looked into Elsa's eyes with the shock of a sudden consciousness, realizing that they were more than friends—lovers, necessary to a mutual well-being. Treasure the hour, young lovers, on the brink of a rude awakening!

Luggage in the hall announced the unexpected return of Mrs. Fitzroy Hammond and retinue. Haggard and dusty with travel, she accosted guilty Elsa.

"Where have you been?"

"In the Park with—friends," was the faltering response.

"You went away with a young man, and have been absent three hours. I never permit such things. It does not look well."

"Madame," interposed Elsa, with kindling eyes, some of the Baron's pride coming to her rescue, "I can not allow myself to be thus reproached."

"Then consider yourself dismissed," retorted the lady, tartly, possibly suffering from indigestion. Mrs. Hammond braced herself with the conviction that she was not one of those American matrons who permit familiarity in inferiors.

"I will go to-morrow," gasped Elsa, feeling the world grow suddenly very dark. This came of stealing forth to play!

Next day found Elsa seated in Madison Square, telling her woes to Wilhelm. It was not an altogether desirable spot for confidences; but what could be done if one had been turned out-of-doors? The sun poured down intense heat, the pavements blistered the feet, the children that flitted over the grass in June like butterflies were gone. The Irishman lounging on the next bench, having wearied of staring at his own boots, stared at Elsa with vague curiosity. She did not mind quitting the Hammond mansion; but to be told to go!

"Elsa, will you marry me now?" No one shall abuse little Elsa. In the home he will prepare for her, where undivided happiness shall reign, she must be queen.



"Not yet." She shrank, abashed, from the proposition.

Frau Mittler, large-hearted, if cramped by worldly circumstance, did not fail distressed innocence, but welcomed Elsa to her domain, including shop, children, sour-kROUT, and beer.

Christmas comes again in the guise of a royal bride, wearing robes of unsullied ermine and gems of icicles. The song birds have vanished; but for our Lohengrin the swan boat, dim, mysterious, an unseen presence, is drawing near. He has fought the battle, so poor in detail, so noble in aim, and laid aside his weapon. The studio is barren, his very couch a mean pallet; but there is a wedding-ring on Elsa's finger, and in

her heart she may wail, with that other Elsa, "*Mio sposo!*"

There is triumph in the fading eyes as he murmurs, "The money will take you to Leipzig. I always meant it for that."

Mr. Fitzroy Hammond has played his part in the tragedy by purchasing the picture "*Vergissmeinnicht*," without knowing the painter in the transaction. Frau Mittler stands by the door sobbing audibly.

"He needed bread more than once," says the photographer.

Nearer comes death over the swan path, and pauses at the threshold for the precious freight. Where shall we find our Lohengrin, except as a stainless soul that has gained immortality?

## THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.

By EMILIO CASTELAR.

[Fifteenth Paper.]

### III.—THE GERMANIC PEOPLES.—(Continued.) RELIGIOUS IDEAS.—VIII.

THE eighteenth century had completed its work in founding democratic education, which in subsequent times was to bring forth its necessary results. The beginning of the nineteenth century was marked by a shameful reaction. It is not in our power to change certain social laws, whose reason our intelligence does not comprehend, but whose fatal force we feel. The French revolution had had, like humanity, its paradise; 1789 will always be the date of this marvelous time. All hopes smiled upon it, all hearts saluted it, all thinkers saw infinite horizons filled with light. But progress does not pursue a straight line. Humanity does not advance regularly. Revolutions are succeeded by reactions, as if the world were a pendulum. There are in society forces which impel it forward, and others which pull it backward. There is steam and restraint, as in our locomotives. As a general rule, the philosophers are those who drive forward, without regarding obstacles, forever following an ideal plan. But statesmen are those who restrain, having to realize their plans, and needing for that purpose much time and space, because the world which we have to deal with is occupied by ancient institutions, often strong and deep rooted. New ideas have, therefore, their inconveniences, the new life its weakness, and it is with new institutions in society as with new beings in nature—they are liable to sudden death. Thus the French revolution brought with it the evil of demagoguery, that is to say, an excess of democracy. The kings, who hated equally democracy and demagoguery, sought in the errors of the latter the pretext to destroy the rights of the former. When war broke

out, democracy was forced to go to war. Going to war, it became military. Becoming military, it had to give itself a chief, and this chief restored the monarchy as a punishment of demagogic sins, and dethroned the kings to punish the sins of the monarchy. Germany was conquered. The kings had wished to keep their people slaves, and slaves have no sentiment of patriotism. The great revolution had only gilded with its rays the summits of intelligence. The philosophers, the kings of the understanding, comprehended that it was necessary to convert abstractions into social realities, to leaven with ideas the daily bread of the peoples. The hereditary kings understood also that to create soldiers it was necessary first to create citizens, and that the divine principle of liberty alone had creative force. Promises of reform fell from the throne during the war of independence, promises which were recalled or forgotten after victory. The tyrants broke the faith they had promised and sworn to the dead, to those who had fallen contented, not only for the political father-land, but also for the ideal father-land of right. The only result of the war of independence was the reign of the Holy Alliance, an ignominy as shameful as the conquest.

Then came a religious reaction. Many believe that these misfortunes were due to the neglect of the Protestant religion. Hence came a mysticism which took possession of all minds. From this came singular and incomprehensible results, like, for instance, the *Genius of Christianity*, a book of excellent literary style, and of no scientific value. But hands were raised to heaven imploring peace and pity for the world. A multitude of sophistries aided the political reaction. There are similar eras in history. When



the ancient civilization fell, more through its internal rottenness than through the assault of the barbarians, the priests all at once returned to the temples of the gods, opened them once more, showing the porches without offerings, the altars without victims and without fires, attributing to the decay of faith the decay of power and of victory. Thus the antique was again brought before the modern world. The power and the social forces of the ancient religions, with all their symbolism, were again brought forward. But others were not satisfied with this archaeological reaction in the mere sphere of science. They wished to bring reaction through science to life. There were those who held that souls might be separated from their bodies and live by themselves, returning when they chose to the earth; that the belief in ghosts was perfectly legitimate. Others still more demented tried to prove that phantoms were as numerous and as actual as human beings, and that one might distinguish the condemned souls from the beatified, because the former were green and the latter yellow. The nineteenth century began mournfully. From those lofty heights where the ideas of right and of justice shone, where the idea of humanity and the universal spirit had birth, it had fallen into the depths where the lepers of the Middle Ages grovelled with their nervous infirmities, their motiveless terrors, their senseless apparitions, their dreams of madness, contradicting nature, conspiring against progress, and insulting to God.

In this religious crisis there appeared two schools, which, outside of their theological character, were to have a powerful influence in the political movement. One of them was the school of Jena, and the other of Tübingen. Both wished to revive the religious spirit, and for that purpose wished to eliminate from religion all that could offend the universal character or belief of the nineteenth century. There is in religion an element which has always been necessary and indispensable, and which is yet the rock upon which all its apologists have come to wreck, the element of miracle. If you sustain it, it is impossible to come to an understanding with an age so advanced as this in physical and natural science, and if you eliminate it, it is impossible to sustain a religion born of miracle, promulgated and diffused by miracle. These difficulties presented themselves to the eyes of the thinkers of both these schools. Those of Jena contradicted or resolutely denied miracle, or explained it in such a manner by natural means that it vanished and disappeared. Those of Tübingen showed a more conciliatory spirit, comprehending that they would despoil religion of its essence in robbing it of miracle.

The first tendency, that which extirpates the miracle from nature and from religion, is called the rationalist tendency. The most warlike among the rationalist theologians is the celebrated John Frederic Röhr, who, from the end of the last century to the middle of this, fought with an energy which bordered upon rudeness all those who supported what he called the mythological part of Christianity. In the eyes of this severe writer the angels who surrounded the cradle of the Saviour and awoke the sleeping shepherds, the flight into Egypt through the grace and the special protection of Providence, the jars of Cana in which water was turned into wine, the miraculous multiplication of the loaves and fishes, the walking of Christ over the tempestuous waters of the sea, the stones which were rent with the agony of His hour of death, the women who had heard the story of His resurrection, the meeting with the disciples after He had burst his shroud, the apotheosis on Mount Tabor illuminated by a strange new light from heaven—all this miraculous part of Christianity is purely fantastical, created by the necessities of preaching, and believed by the superstition of the time. Reason, and reason alone, should be the criterion in religious as in scientific matters. All which is repugnant to reason as false should be rejected from theology as irreligious. Religion has for its sole ministry in history the establishment of morality in life. The substance of Christianity reduces itself to various essential dogmas—the existence of God and His attributes, the spirituality of the soul and its immortality. Christology, with all its miracles, is merely a legend full of beauties, but lacking in truth, fitted to diffuse a doctrine among youthful peoples of ardent blood and passionate heart and exalted fancy, for whom belief, like the universe, is full of marvels. But we children of reason, possessors of liberty, princes of science, for whom nature has gained in sublimity all that it has lost in fantastic marvels, and for whom history has gained in grandeur what it has lost in miraculous interventions—we do not require that Christ should bear above His brow the mystic aureole of the supernatural. It is enough for us to follow Him and believe Him; to imitate His spotless life, His heroic death, the stainless morality of His actions, the unshadowed purity of His principles, the poetry which falls from His lips upon the thirsting earth and the desolate conscience, and which raises, like vapors warmed by the sun, all souls desirous to know the truth and to lose themselves in the loving bosom of the Eternal.

The man who tried with most energy to explain rationally the pages of the Gospel was Dr. Paulus. His father was so given up to the exaggerations of mysticism that



he was regarded as mad by a great part of the world, and as a heretic by the Church itself. Paulus therefore decided, with a just repugnance to the education he had received, never to neglect reason and its inspirations either in philosophy or theology, or any other human science. Pure in life, severe in morals, of an ardent liberalism, a partisan of justice as much in religion as in politics, he followed out his ideas with singular constancy to the very hour of his death. He did more than Röhrl: he attempted to explain all miracles according to historical and natural laws. His principle of criticism is the following: Only that is certain in historical reality which is possible in speculative reason. Consequently every thing which can be admitted as a miracle must be explained as natural. According to the exegesis of Paulus, the angels of Bethlehem were phosphorescent apparitions like those which shine in the long nights of winter in pasture lands; the miraculous cures were the effect of medicines either unknown to or forgotten by the evangelists; the expulsion of devils was by natural remedies for insanity; the resurrection of the dead was the resuscitation of cataleptic or lethargic patients; the miracle of Cana an after-dinner jest of a merry wedding-day; the march of Jesus over the waves the faulty translation of the particle *ἐπι* in the Greek, which means "about" as well as "upon;" and the transfiguration of Christ on the mystic heights of Tabor was a series of magnetic nervous hallucinations, natural enough in Oriental climates and among fasting men.

The two thinkers whom we have mentioned personify the living ideas of the theological school of Jena. In the school of Tübingen, while the essence of rationalism is not lost, the principle of supernatural revelation is more carefully guarded. It is true that nothing contrary to reason is to be admitted, but it is also true that reason never would have arrived at its present maturity without the two revelations of the Bible and the Gospel, just as man does not arrive at his complete development without first being nourished in the womb of his mother and after birth fed at the maternal breast. Revelation, therefore, a supernatural revelation, is necessary for the light of the intelligence and the morality of life. Christ is man and God at once. His life is consequently human and divine, His teaching appropriate to all time and to the historic moment in which He appeared. His purpose was the perfecting of man; and perfection consists in receiving all His doctrines, and concentrating them as in a focus in our intelligence, in regarding and studying and meditating upon His actions, and reproducing them, as in a mirror, in our life.

The chief idea of the school appears nevertheless a little vague and lacking in color,

insisting as it does that the most essential thing in Christian doctrine is to believe that Christ is more than we, and that He is not we nor we He. Thus the school of Tübingen counsels religion without superstition, faith without mysticism, piety without exaggeration, and self-sacrifice without monastic penances, the worship of the past without the spirit of the reaction, hope in the future without demagogic Utopias, reason without rationalism, and religion without exclusive devotion to the supernatural and the theological.

This tendency would naturally engender a species of superior eclecticism and a close union between the extremes of the school of Jena and of Tübingen. As there are therefore many theologians who represent the school of Tübingen—and the one who most justly personifies its theory is the theologian Steudel—there are also many theologians of the compromise we have mentioned, and its fairest representative is the theologian Wethe. His first principle, by which all his doctrine is explained, consists in the recognition of another criterion in addition to the rational—a criterion which may be called that of the sentiment and of the heart, and which teaches us through a species of inexplicable magnetism which has something of the supernatural and the divine. His historical method is that which condemns and extirpates miracle. It is useless to discuss the books of the Old Testament, as there are no means of ascertaining either their authenticity or their date. The last books of the Pentateuch were written in the time of Josiah, and the author of the Chronicles recomposed and edited the Book of Kings and of Samuel for the benefit of theocracy. The Psalms of David are not all the work of the prophet-king, nor have they all the Messianic character which a narrow *a priori* criticism has attributed to them. He thus applies to the history of religion the same method which Niebuhr applied to the Roman history and Wolf to the history of Homer. You may imagine how much of reality would remain in this history of religion when examined in the spirit which sees in the early annals of the Eternal City mere fragments of a lost epic, and in its kings symbols of ideas and classes at war, and in that spirit which, taking account of the immense difference between the civilization of the *Iliad* and that of the *Odyssey*, effaces from reality the person of Homer, the poet of the people, blind as poesy, musical as inspiration, who goes from door to door and from town to town repeating to the sound of his harp, in melodious verse, the exploits of gods and men, creating the immortal soul of ancient Greece. Though it may be that in this compromise the dogmatic system and the divine character of Christ may be preserved, the historical and traditional por-



tion of Christianity must be immediately lost.

The chief of the religious compromise between the school of Jena and the school of Tübingen possessed, profoundly rooted in his conscience and heart, liberal ideas and sentiments. These were the melancholy years which followed the reaction of 1819, when the Holy Alliance of the kings and emperors of the North held its sinister dominion over the world. The Congress of Aix, the sequel of the Congress of Vienna, the forerunner of the Congress of Verona, the disastrous councils of dying tyranny, had buried all the hopes of Germany. As the kings had no longer need of the people to combat the genius of conquest and war, they fettered them anew at the foot of thrones and altars. This work of universal slavery and reaction was headed by the Czar of Russia, at one time the dreamer of liberal revolutions, at another the hard-hearted executioner of democracy and liberty. The youth of Germany, who, taught by their poets and philosophers, dreamed of social regeneration, raged furiously against the policy of kings, resolved to redeem the people from their yoke. Alexander had as his consul-general in Germany, richly salaried, continually consulted, Kotzebue, a German writer of indisputable merit, of remarkable fecundity, excelling in lyric poetry, notable in dramatic; of a bitter, dextrous, critical faculty; a veteran combatant in polemic warfare, but despicable in character; sold to the enemies of liberty and the country; fickle in ideas—liberal for a moment when the voice of God was heard in his conscience, absolutist when the gold of tyrants seduced his appetites; devoted in Germany to the injury of the nation, to libeling its most renowned sons, to calumniating the German youth, to sustaining that wretched policy filled with sensual mysticism and designed to imbrute the coming generation. The German youth had a greater abhorrence of this creature of kings, this German-born Russian, than for the kings themselves, or for the earthly god of kings, the Emperor of all the Russias. A young student became maddened with the gall of this national wrath. Young but studious, with ideas confused but liberal, with patriotic but exaggerated sentiments, having read and admired the severe type of Brutus in ancient history, he believed himself of his own right judge of tyrants and their accomplices, minister and executioner of the sentence pronounced against them by human and divine justice, and, invoking the name of the country, he resolved to die for it. With a resolution sharpened upon his cold and rigid will, he made ready a dagger and proceeded to Mannheim, where he entered the house of the apostate poet and stabbed him to death at his feet, believing himself more sacred from that moment, a worthier

member of humanity, a holier child of God. This crime struck the royalists with horror, and greatly injured the cause of the people. It can never be justified. It was a crime, and as a crime should be forever condemned by the human conscience and execrated in human history. But oppressed peoples' oppressed consciences are in the habit of appealing to crime to break their fetters, and at certain moments the most honorable hearts feel an inexplicable tenderness for these great criminals. It was so with Wethe. To console the mother of young Sand, who was executed on the gallows, he said to her that, though the act in its moral character was objectionable, considered in itself and achieved by a pure and pious youth, one of liberal convictions and of confidence in the future, it was a promise of better times for the country. This letter caused his dismissal from his professorship. The theologian continued to devote himself to the conciliation of reason with revelation, of faith with liberty, of democracy with the Gospel. In 1842 he died, without having interrupted for a single moment his sublime work. The following words of Wethe are worth remembering: "I have sowed the seed, but I know not when the grain will ripen. How rare is the faculty of comprehending and applying what we learn in life! I have lived in troubled times, which have seen the union of believers broken. I have mingled in the struggle and the contest in vain, for I could not bring it to an end. I have fought for justice and for liberty, and I shall still fight. For me this struggle was a necessity of the heart. I have suffered much, but I should still be glad to suffer more for justice and liberty."

#### IX.

The period which we are describing is undoubtedly one of the most fruitful in great teachings, in gigantic intellectual efforts, and in authors of the first consequence, as well for richness of ideas as for beauty of style. After having first attempted to harmonize reason and revelation, they afterward tried to harmonize the two churches which divided Protestantism. As Wethe headed the work of conciliation between the two schools of Jena and Tübingen, Schleiermacher led the work of harmonizing the two Protestant churches—a work known under the expressive name of the Evangelical Union. You can not open a book of Protestant theory or criticism without finding in it the highest praise of the orator, philosopher, and apologist of whom we are speaking. His passage over Germany left ineffaceable traces in the German conscience. The pious applaud his pure conceptions of religion, and the style, at once sober and eloquent, in which he expressed them. Philosophers praised the



pure independence of his thought and the candid ingenuity with which he formulated and diffused it. The men of letters admired that oratorical power which appeared to enjoy, like the Apostles at Pentecost, the gift of tongues. The historians paused before that crisis which he determined and signalized as one of the grandest and finest phases of the German spirit. He is one of those figures which are seen, like lofty mountains, from great distances and from many different points. The political movement itself is connected in various respects with his name and his influence, as he protested against the tyranny of the conquerors, and vindicated the liberty of the Germans, proposed the separation of church and state, contended that as the priests could not assume the crown of the kings, they should contend against the kings elevating their thrones above the altars of the priests, and never ceased to pay the most devoted worship, heart and conscience and life, to the fundamental idea of liberty.

Undoubtedly Germany has reason to be proud of his ideas and of his works. While the war of independence was going to wreck in the disruption of the German states and in irreconcilable hatreds among its chiefs; while the liberty promised as a great hope was vanishing like a vain dream; while Austria was doing the work of enslavement, and behind Austria rose like a phantasm the Czar of all the Russias, directing the kinglets of Germany as if they were his vicars in the church, his vassals on the throne, and his sergeants in the army—while all these ignominies surrounded her with grief and anxiety, the vernal flower of poetry, the elevation of music which united the voices of the spirit with those of nature like an echo of heaven, the speculations of her great thinkers who boldly sought the abyss of the spirit as if to compel the revelations of the infinite, the eloquence of her theologians who bore the soul upon the flashing wings of their speech to the summits of the moral world and the confines of the intelligence, where only a miraculous intuition could reach, the discoveries of innumerable savants, astronomers, mathematicians, who penetrated the universe as if to co-ordinate it with the marvelous series of their ideas, and to illuminate and vivify it with the fire of their science—all these intellectual prodigies announced that sooner or later such a mighty fecundity of thought must bring in a great political posterity, and that all these scattered systems must one day be crystallized into endless progressive institutions.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there began in France, in Germany, in Italy, and even in Spain a religious reaction. In France Châteaubriand wrote the *Genius of Christianity*, and in Germany Fred-

erick Schlegel the *History of Literature*, in which he exalted above every thing else the religious and catholic criterion of taste. In France Lamennais wrote the essay on Religious Indifference, and in Germany Schleiermacher wrote his discourse on Religions. Gervinus, in the nineteenth volume of his great history, has made a comparison between these two renowned writers. In fact, both are priests, both theologians, both eloquent, both possessed of the spirit of their time, and devoted to the religious reaction, both surrounded by earnest disciples; but the Frenchman proceeds from faith to rationalism, and the German from rationalism to faith. The Frenchman begins by attacking the pantheistic schools, and afterward is whelmed in the ocean of pantheism. The German is educated in the pantheistic schools, confounds himself in nature, and thus sees God in the movement of his idea within his conscience, as in the movement of the bough agitated by the breeze. He does not distinguish between the dew of heaven silvered by the light of dawn and the dew of poesy illuminated by inspiration. A Spinozist at first, he afterward distinguishes and separates man from nature and nature from God, the creative personality of Christianity. The Frenchman execrates his age because it admits neither the moral direction nor the political presidency of the Pope, and passes rapidly from this theocratic outburst to pure democracy. The German, much severer, much more acquainted with society and history, never vacillates in these fundamental points, and always unites his reason and his faith, his worship of the living God with the worship of liberty. Lamennais had passed his youth on the coasts of Brittany, in view of the sea, secluded in the church, always on his knees before the altars, his flesh mortified by penance, and his understanding by discipline and scholasticism, far from the world and from men, in close communion with God; while Schleiermacher, during his youth, in spite of the care taken by his parents to guard him from the currents of the age, passed through an orgy of ideas, falling and rising a thousand times, but ready to enter all temples, to interrogate all priests, to know and critically dissect all idols, to attack with his appeals and clamors all mysteries, to wander from the pure orthodoxy of his education to the extreme piety of the Moravian Brothers, and then to the burlesque skepticism of the students of Halle, and from this skepticism to the serene and tranquil faith of the Hebrew families, and from this faith to the fables and fancies of the romanticists, and thence to the deep pantheism of Spinoza, where the two ideas of human liberty and the divine personality are fused and disappear, and thence to that religious orthodoxy which was to be the



support, the consolation, and the hope of innumerable pious souls.

Of devout education, feeble health, mystic tendencies, nervous temperament, great literary and scientific culture, inclined to the company and spiritual converse of women, it has been said that the Protestant theologian possessed a feminine genius. By the exquisite sensibility of his heart and beauty of his style he would merit this epithet, but he also deserves the name of a manly genius if we regard the valor and tenacity with which he defended his ideas. Surrounded on every hand by the inundation poured by the Napoleonic war all over Europe, lifted up as preacher and prophet in his professor's chair, which towered above this inundation like a rock above the sea, he protested energetically against the conquest, in the sphere of thought and with the arms of speech, declaring that the conqueror intended to destroy the rich variety of modern life, the rights of man, nationality among peoples, and Protestantism in the universal church. And to resist with more force this species of Roman or Carolingian empire, which was repressing the tumult of the modern spirit in Gothic forms, he aspired to unite the two Protestant churches which divided the reformed religion in Germany.

The purpose of the king lay also in this direction. He was a man of more learning than talent, more religious than political doctrine, a theological writer who delighted in publishing treatises on its gravest problems, and who, armed with his absolute authority, and desirous of using it as an instrument of traditional religion, labored constantly to unite the two Protestant churches. He despised as trifling the scruples of the clergy and the fidelity of the believers, composing helter-skelter bonds of union between the churches, and drawing up codes and liturgies, which he tried, by way of experiment, in the military churches, to extend them afterward to the highest spheres and widest spaces of the national church, but all without thought or gravity or judgment. The great theologian, for whom religion was a matter of conscience and not of state, a ministry belonging to thinkers and not to kings, seeing his Majesty of Prussia, superficial in all his purposes and pedantic in his shallow knowledge, entering the conscience as if it were his own domain, and fortifying himself there as if his haughty personality were an idea and a dogma to convert the Church of God into a bureau of the monarchy, turned angrily against the king, condemned his tendencies, spoke eloquently against these absurd aggressions, united the clergy in his turn, and with the dignified attitude of Ambrose of Milan against the arrogance of Theodosius of Rome, he forbade all the powers of earth to enter into the heaven guarded by God,

into the conscience and the spirit. It is true that he did not maintain this position firmly to the end, and that while he rejected the first royal liturgy, which greatly resembled the Catholic mass, he admitted the second one, drawn up in view of the discussion of the difficulties excited in the contest. So that at last the union was accomplished not through the artificial combinations of authority and of the state, but through the efforts of many illustrious thinkers, who desired to give to the people a spiritual common country before giving them a united father-land.

What gives to Schleiermacher his highest reputation is his dogmatic theology. We have said that his first great work consisted of two discourses on religion. He there maintained with great energy that neither miracles nor prophecies were essential to religion, that religion did not even require the idea of the personal God, that the secret of its existence consisted in that impulse of all created beings to seek instinctively a creator, in that attraction which the infinite exercises, and will always exercise, over every thing finite. Therefore the priesthood does not, in his view, consist in its ordination and its privileges; the priest exists in every man, clergy or lay, who seeks God to absorb Him in the conscience, who loves God to imitate Him in life. Every human being has within himself two opposite activities, which attract and complete each other like the two hostile electricities—the selfish activity, through which he tends to maintain himself in his own individuality, and another humanitarian activity, through which he tends to sympathize with the universe. As material nature is subject to the empire of contrary forces, so is the spirit. Through one of those forces he trusts and commits himself entirely to his own will, and thus assimilates every thing to himself; but he soon finds himself solitary in his grandeur, suffocated in his loneliness, and tends to unite himself with something greater than himself, and to identification with the infinite. There are those who despise all which is universal, losing themselves in a gross sensuality, as if the world were a seraglio; but there are others who forget themselves, their individuality, their liberty, and their conscience, and adhere to a superior authority and force, as if the world were a sepulchre. It is necessary to avoid both these extremes, and to condense these two activities, and penetrate the individual with the universal. There are privileged natures in whom the two activities are united. These are the true priests. But the world goes forward to destroy privileges in society as in nature, and when all are impressed with the necessity of concentrating in themselves the universal and the individual, all will be equally



priests, sons and disciples of God. Religion is therefore not science, nor thought, nor knowledge, nor even morality. It is the tendency of man to the infinite. In this way the German theologian approached Spinoza, through this diffusion of the infinite in the veins of humanity, and through this tendency of humanity to assimilation with the infinite; through this idea that knowledge is the existence of things in the understanding, and that things are the expansions of the understanding in space; and through these ideas that art is the human fancy in objects, giving them number and music and measure and color, and that objects are the radiations of fancy as the worlds and the suns of our own sentiments reflecting themselves in the cosmos; that the unity of reason and of nature is eternal; that every man should feel himself between the two infinities as the beginning and end of all things, as the alpha and omega of all sciences, and regard himself in the universe as in a mirror, and embrace the God of the universe, life and death, the "stupendous whole," in his conscience.

It has been said that religion began in terror; that the thunder and the lightning, the hurricane and the hail-storm, were the first revelations. If this were so, religion would diminish as science increases and nature is subjugated. But no; religion began where love begins and terror ends. Religion does not consist in the contemplation of the beauties of nature—the dawn and the twilight, the chorus of birds, and the shadows of the landscape; nor in the contemplation of the sublime—the height of the mountains contrasted with our stature, the hurricane and the tornado contrasted with our strength, the worlds and the suns which people infinity, and with which the seconds of our existence bear no comparison. That which is essentially religious in nature—the holy spirit which issues from its breast—is the regularity of its laws, innumerable and eternal, and the supreme intelligence which these laws proclaim.

To feel the universal life in one's own, to be religious, every man must tend to convert himself, through whatever means are within his reach, into a compendium of humanity, because the perfect man will never be found in the individual, but in the species. He will never be revealed in the brief period of personal existence, but in the immense life of humanity, which is like a consummate artist, creating and distributing new forms, always more perfect, evoking from the conscience ideas with their natural richness and their proper character, living and developing perpetually in history, in that struggle of contrary elements where at last progress conquers all resistance, life vanquishes death, civilization barbarism, liberty slavery, right tradition, that we may

arrive at a clear knowledge of ourselves, and warm our brief existence in the sun of the infinite, and contemplate in its essence the spirit and the thought which rule and regulate the universe.

Religion is not a science, and consequently it can not come into opposition with psychology, nor with physiology, nor any other science. Religion does not need that prophecies should be fulfilled, that miracles should be performed, that supernatural revelations should come, or that superhuman inspiration should fall from heaven on the brow of its teachers and masters. It is enough that its spirit should tend to communication with the Infinite, to free itself from bounds, and ascend to the illimitable and absolute; for human nature, determining to work with whatever it comprises of divine, and freeing itself from external and material nature, proves clearly that in every man there is a hidden priest of God, and that grace is in its final results nothing more than harmony between religious revelation and the interior inspiration. Schleiermacher therefore says that religion, not being a doctrine, can neither be taught nor learned, but solely evoked, awakened, in man. The only thing which he is inclined to preserve of ancient historical theology is the mission of Christ. But Christ does not redeem because He is the descendant of David and the child of Mary, the Word incarnate in our nature: He redeems through His knowledge of the divine, which raises Him above error and sin and all limitations, and makes Him the perfect and eternal type of humanity, which is in itself, and through its own will, incapable of good, and needs the Divine grace and effluence, its inspiration and its aid, to sustain and save it.

The Protestant theologian also advocated certain ideas in the sphere of politics. His detestation of religious intolerance, and the motto of each church that outside of its pale there is no salvation, are ideas and sentiments which should be counted among his services for liberty. In the problem of the union between the two Protestant sects, his ardor in combat, his eloquence and activity, were devoted to the complete separation of church and state and the denial of the authority of the monarchy over the eternal rights of conscience. Professor August, of Bonn, therefore demanded measures of coercion against the audacity which would not recognize in the King of Prussia the legitimate heir of the liturgic privileges of Constantine and Charlemagne, and Marheineke, the disciple of Hegel, denounced him as a seditious republican, while Superintendent Ammon requested assistance from the King of Saxony to bring the new Arian to terms. The great authority which the illustrious theologian gives to the conscience and its laws, the principle that every man has with-



in himself the source of religious ideas, the little value he allowed to tradition, and the great value he ascribed to the virtue of right, will always rank him among the defenders and propagators of liberty in the world.

Schleiermacher's works excited many noisy and grave discussions. He had not immediately broken with any of the tendencies of his age, neither with rationalism, which eliminated miracle, nor with Spinozism, which rejected the personality of God, nor with the romanticists, who abjured liberty, nor with the supernaturalists, who abjured reason. Thus the orthodox accused him of pantheistic tendencies, the liberals of supernaturalism, accommodated to the fatality of circumstances more than to the dictates of his conscience. The most impartial saw in him a mixture of faith and skepticism, which at one time drove him into the scrupulous piety of the Moravian Brothers, at another time launching him into the ironical doubts of the students of Jena. Philosophers themselves, whom he had served by proclaiming the independence of human thought, reviled him for the efforts he made to exclude philosophy from all theological jurisdiction, while the problems of the existence of God, of His nature, of His attributes, of His relations with the world, of the intervention of Providence in history, if they mean any thing, are problems essentially philosophical and scientific. Seeking to save the person and the work of Christ, he could not decide in favor of the school which sustained the authenticity or the legitimacy of the gospels, nor for the schools which criticised the narrations of the sacred books. He was also far from being clear as to the important problem whether the people should be intrusted with the treasure of all acquired truths, or kept in holy ignorance. The man who called upon all conscience to participate in the divine idea, and who saw in every being athirst for the infinite a priest of God, and in nature and in history equally sacred temples—this man fell from that speculative democracy into a practical oligarchy, maintaining that only a few privileged persons ought to know and guard the truth. But in spite of these vacillations and errors it can not be denied that he contributed powerfully to awaken the idea of the divine among men, and that he thus contributed to elevate the sentiment of right, which is the eternal foundation of democracy in the world.

#### X.

It was impossible that a writer of the merit and tendencies of Schleiermacher should not have many ardent disciples. First among them is the gentle Neander, the Melancthon of this Luther, who, through his poetry, his delicacy, his historical knowledge, was

destined to fill a great lack in the science of his illustrious predecessor. The son of a Jewish family, a Hebrew himself in religion, with all the solid Jewish faith, he was converted to Christianity and baptized. From that moment he devoted himself to a ministry for which his race appears to show little aptitude—that of the historian. The Jews find difficulty in comprehending ancient history, because they refer every thing to the exclusive privilege which, in their opinion, their theocratic race received directly from God; and they comprehend modern history still less because they do not reach the sentiment of the work of Christ through their lack of the faith of Christian peoples. But Neander freed himself from this egoism of race, and regarded history like a man of the world. One of his first publications was a curious monograph relating to the great reactionist of antiquity, the Emperor Julian. Few persons have left profounder traces than this extraordinary man. Though he died young, after a brief reign, his name shines with immortal splendor in history as having attempted a work superior to human power—a work of resurrection. A clear intelligence, a character hardy and tenacious, a heart panting for immortality and glory, a fancy open to all inspirations, a memory full of all ideas, a talent universal in its tendencies and flexible in its rich variety, a profound philosophy, an artist of the first order, an eloquent orator, a warrior worthy of the primitive days of Rome, a Greek in his cultivation of beauty and of art, a Christian in the purity of his life, a stoic in the austerity of his morals, his soul embraced the spirit of the civilization about to perish, and, seeing that this civilization had given birth to gods and heroes and philosophers and the greatest poets of the world, he desired at any cost to save it, and to resuscitate the great Pan, dead and buried through a blind mysticism, to restore to the waves of the Grecian sea its singing nereids, to the cape of Mycenæ and the isles of Parthenope their mysterious sibyls, to the Ionian Archipelago its marble temples, to the woods and forests the echoes and the prattle of their fauns, to the fountains the melody of their nymphs, to the wide universe the voices of its gods; and knowing that for this purpose there was no reliance upon the force of arms, nor the authority of the Cæsars, nor the blaze of fagots, nor the teeth and claws of the beasts of the circus—for though he sometimes persecuted, he never persecuted systematically nor with real savagery—he opposed the Nazarenes with an irony worthy of Lucian; he brought together all the ancient ideas, and especially that of Plato, with an eloquence worthy of Plotinus, to give to his gods the elixir of immortality. He consecrated himself completely to the restoration of paganism, and



failed; for there is no force so great, no genius so luminous, nor power so absolute, that it may check the current of ages, or delay the transfiguration of the conscience, or cheat the laws of history.

The most significant historical work of Neander is his sketch of St. Bernard, the ideal monk, as Luther calls him, whose very physiognomy is a portrait of the Middle Ages; who prefers the democratic theocracy to the feudal monarchy; who restrains in Abelard the first impatience of human reason to emancipate itself prematurely; who reorganizes the monastic orders to give them a more spiritual character; who awakes the lethargic peoples, petrified with penance, to launch them in the Crusades, and by this means to reveal, as if by miracle, the existence of liberty. Rich, powerful, possessed of wide domains, born in the fertile land of Brittany, he despised dignities, property, wealth, for the rude gown of the monk, for the wandering life of the apostle, for intellectual and religious converse with the poor and oppressed, for the pleasure of combating the pride of the strong and the powerful. Pale as death, emaciated as a skeleton, without any life but that which shone in his sparkling eyes; ecstatic to such a point that he sometimes lost the power of taking food, as if he only fed upon ideas and drank inspirations; so absent-minded that he would for entire days know nothing of the places he passed through or the persons he talked with. The people hung upon his speech, and kings upon his writings; the pope he protected was adored, the warrior he cursed was defeated; the town which he patronized was saluted by the world; the war he condemned was suspended, the peace he disapproved was disturbed; the man who listened to him followed him to the desert, to the valley of bitterness, to bury himself alive in the cloister, or to rush recklessly into battle. If he wished it, the armies of France went out of Champagne; King Louis repented his policy; the Emperor Conrad abandoned the affairs of his empire to go to the defense of the church; two hundred thousand men—shepherds, who left their flocks and came down from the mountains, peasants and serfs, who arose as if resurrected from their fields, great and rich men, who abandoned their palaces—all as if impelled by a certain madness of heroism and of martyrdom, leaving behind them wives and children and homes, went they knew not where nor why, not obeying the will of God, but the word of St. Bernard.

Neander is the author of other works not less worthy of mention—upon the Gnostic schools, those serpent tempters of Oriental naturalism who tried to seduce the regenerate Eve, the Christian Church; on Origen and Tertullian, the first sweet as the honey of Hybla which fed the Grecian poets, the

other impetuous and ardent as the simoom winds of the African desert; on the history of the church, a monumental work, interrupted by his death at the period of the Reformation, and which separates with careful criticism and profound piety all there is essential in religion from all that is accidental in the development of time. The object which most claimed the attention of Neander, and which in turn has drawn upon him the severest criticism, is the history of the so-called Apostolic Century—the first. And, in fact, the historian does not treat this century with sound criticism. He rejects the profound examination of texts, seems to care little for the authorities of his narrative, and follows the method which he calls the psychological, as if, instead of dealing with real beings, he were dealing with abstract ideas. In this way he takes away its real interest from the first century, which was occupied by the differences between the great founders of Christianity; between Peter, who was devoted to the pure Jewish sentiment, and comprised the church in the synagogue, and desired that Christianity should be the fulfillment of the Messianic hopes, and Paul, who, being a Greek, a Jew, and a Roman, and, before all, a man, opens the gates of the church every where to the ancient peoples; between St. James, also a careful defender of the first rudimentary theological sentiment, and John, who, being originally a Jew, saturated with the Apocalyptic theories which had their source under the lash of Nineveh and Babylon, opens his soul to the Greek speech, and conveys the Alexandrine word in luminous Platonic pages to the Christian Gospel. But all these efforts had for their object to unite all the disciples under the loving wings of one sole idea, that of Christ. The peevish critics, who rise up against all great men, have ridiculed the sentimentalism of Neander, calling his system “pectoral theology,” because he thought that in the breast, in the heart, true faith and theological science had their origin. *Pectus est quod facit theologum.* Nevertheless his history, impregnated with the divine, his spiritualism, founded on reason, his disinterestedness and pure morality, his deep and vast knowledge, his spotless life, give to this virtuous man and gentle writer one of the truest and most glorious palms which have been gathered in the combats and victories of German thought.

In the school of Schleiermacher there were, as in that of Hegel, a Right, Centre, and Left. The first devoted itself completely to the doctrines of the master. The second created a more rationalist ideal, and the last entirely rejects the miracles and the supernatural. All these schools, nevertheless, were unable to escape from the capital points which had been formerly discussed, and which reduced themselves, first,



to the consideration of Christianity as a work of miracle, and of the direct and indirect intervention of God in history and in life; second, to consider Christianity, in opposition to the former point of view, which was that of supernaturalism, as a work of the general laws which govern history, as a teaching destined to separate itself in time from every thing which might be in it contrary to human reason, a purely rationalist thought; third, to consider Christianity as a mere moral law, with no other object than to discipline the will and reform the life, which is a purely philosophical view; fourth, to consider Christianity as a redeeming force which distributes the grace of God in the conscience of man, which is the idea of Luther; fifth, to consider Christianity as the union of man with God, as the unity of the divine and the human, as the glorification of created beings, in and through Christ, which is the point of view of Schleiermacher. In spite of the tendencies of this great theologian and his liberal spirit, his most illustrious disciples were not faithful to his teachings when the supreme political crisis arrived. Nietzsche joined the conservative party, and Ullman the reactionists.

#### XI.

The reaction found its ideal and its doctrine principally in the school called the New Orthodoxy, which wished at one blow to suppress the whole eighteenth century, modern philosophy, and historical criticism, and return to the conception of Christ and grace and sin and liberty held by the sixteenth century.

The tendencies of the school of Schleiermacher, and especially of his disciples of the Right, were to undue exaggeration, and consequently to the production of the religious reaction which servilely assisted the political. The nineteenth century, as if deserting the principles of the eighteenth, came to life among conspiracies and prayers. The war of independence in Spain, which had served as a rule and guide to all other peoples, superficially studied, appeared like a miracle of the ancient religious faith. The political casuists did not see that Napoleon was victorious when he fought with kings, and beaten when he encountered peoples in battle. The error of the most liberal Protestants, who had converted their doctrine into a patrimony of intelligent aristocracies, bore promptly its bitter fruit, and made it necessary to awaken the religious sentiment in a people stupefied with material dreams, just as it was necessary to arouse the early barbarian invader with materialist doctrines, supernatural miracles, and legendary books, and with every thing that indicates the infancy of civilization and poverty of conscience. And thus, as De Maistre employed all the forces of his

rude logic and all the weight of his severe style to return to the theocratic ideal of the Middle Ages, the orthodox Protestants employed all their energy to return to the pure ideal of the Renaissance and of Luther.

The kings favored not only graciously but heartily these abjurations of our century. The return to the temples of the past was like a return to the throne of the kings. The slaves of hereditary faith did not think, nor reason, nor protest, but bent their necks to the monarchical yoke more kindly after having resigned themselves to the religious yoke. Lawyers, poets, philosophers, journalists, liberally paid from the royal revenues, baptized the ancient revolutionists whether they would or no, as they say that Ximenes baptized the Moors in Granada, pouring the water on their heads, and causing them to put on Christian robes, without asking them what they did with their will or their conscience. Besides, as under the ashes and the cinders of Vesuvius the ancient cities were preserved because they were away from the air, the pietist schools had been preserved intact under the ashes of religious revolution, free from modern ideas, full of reactionary inspirations in every sphere, trembling beneath the idea of their guilt, enemies of all the modern poetry, disposed to excommunicate all modern science, condemning reason as error, the will as evil, and dragging themselves in fervid idolatry before the material sense of the Bible, refusing to see any thing which did not tend to the absurd restoration of the ancient kings upon their ruined thrones, and of the ancient priesthood over the emancipated conscience. Adorers of the Holy Alliance, pietists intolerant of Gutenberg and Basle, theologians salaried from Berlin and Dresden, old Lutherans who had closed their spirits to the air of modern life, emissaries of Metternich sent to subjugate souls as they had formerly subjugated bodies—all the birds of night came together to pervert the conscience of nations.

It appears impossible, but a man who was born with all qualities necessary to captivate the people, more of the tribune than the theologian, and a tribune of the club and the street—a rude peasant from the west of Holstein, son of a carpenter, and himself a mill hand, strong in character, energetic in will, humorous in his language, sometimes a poet who never lost the serenity of common-sense, a priest, a lawyer, a doctor, an apothecary, gifted with paradoxical genius, rich in brusque antithesis, placed himself at the head of the religious reaction. He called reason Antichrist, as the ancient Christians had called the Neros; he called the free conscience rebel and mutineer against God, and said that a pulpit raised by the old religion had no right to turn against it. He maintained that over



the bones of Luther there was to be consummated the adultery of the church with the spirit of the age, and rejected every natural explanation given to the Bible, saying that the literal word of God was alone worthy of faith. He considered every constitution as an insult to logic, and every intermediate power between the governor and the governed a disturbance of society, every popular republic as the most odious of institutions, and all popular deliberation and legislation the most arbitrary of tyrannies. The limit of human perfection was the Protestant religion and absolute monarchy. After this there is nothing extraordinary in our Catholic reaction and the return to the thirteenth century, in the apotheosis of the Pope, in the restoration of hell, in the brutal frankness in which the reaction among us invited the conscience to sleep in the ark where it had remained safe and immovable for the space of nineteen centuries. The religion of the Reformation, of the conscience, of liberty, of individual interpretation of the evangelical writings, had fallen into that abyss of slavery where the neo-Catholics had before tumbled. Hengstenberg supported the religious and political reaction with less enthusiasm, but with more knowledge and ability, than the impetuous Harms. The Bible is adored by him in the materialist sense of the ancient Jews, and with the savage intolerance of modern Catholic inquisitors. His vocation was journalism. Insulting, shameless, libelous, and brutal, he pursued all freethinkers into the retreats of private family life, dragged them forth to the pillory, relying upon the complicity of the political authorities, and there, holding them silent and defenseless, cursed, buffeted, and insulted them. If you imagine a Veuillot without his talent and his style, you will have a faithful image of this evangelical writer. He spat upon classic literature, full, as he said, of paganism; he confounded democracy with demagoguery; he called modern France frivolous and trifling; he denied all authority to reason and all virtue to right; declared contemporary science more fatal than the cholera morbus; he called the theology of sentiment a rehabilitation of the flesh—and all under the banner of the strictest Lutheranism, and with the firmest intention to restore pure religion. And the religious reaction was not enough for him; he also sustained the political reaction in its most insensate form. The commandments committed an unpardonable neglect in ordering us to honor father and mother without adding equal respect to the king and the queen, because, in the opinion of this pious Christian, the king and the queen are our parents; they have given us their blood; they have nourished us at their breasts; they conduct us through life, and assure us eternal peace in death. He thought

it was insupportable tyranny to be obliged to pray for the Chambers, according to the precepts of the constitution and the orders of the king, and, above all, for the popular Chamber, born of free thought and political revolution, grudging their tributes to the monarchy and exciting passions among the people, full of reformers who are all crazy demagogues. The clergy ought only to pray for the Upper House, for the Lords, for those country gentlemen who preserve the sanctity of land, those feudal cavaliers who maintain the slavery of the soil, those romanticists who worship the Holy Alliance, those Lutherans who would set fire in all the universities to the images of the goddess Reason, and all those philosophers which are her false and corrupt priests. The separation of church and state is the worst of errors. The kings need the church as the heaven where the sceptre of their authority is shaped. The church needs the kings as the ministers who shall open for it with their staves and their sabres the road for the temporal dominion of the world. These insensates could give themselves up to these follies and deny the free conscience without understanding that they were denying God, could suppress free-will without seeing that they were suppressing man. Their rage, their madness, their denial of right, their struggles against progress, their barbarous conspiracy for oppression, showed with what reason, with what right and truth, the eighteenth century had uttered and sustained the saving principle of the absolute incompatibility between intolerant churches and modern liberties.

## A GALA NIGHT IN RUSSIA.

By THOMAS W. KNOX.

IT was my fortune to be in St. Petersburg at the time of the marriage of the Grand Duke Vladimir, second son of the Emperor Alexander II., to the Grand Duchess Marie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. The programme of a royal or imperial wedding is generally an extensive affair, and the higher the rank of the contracting parties the more imposing are the ceremonies. In the present instance the bridegroom went with an imperial train to the Russian frontier, and there met and welcomed the bride. He escorted her thence, not to St. Petersburg, but to Tsarskoe Selo, the palace which was the favorite resort of the Empress Catherine II., of illustrious and scandalous memory, and has ever since been maintained and occasionally inhabited by the imperial family. Here the fair Marie was welcomed by the emperor and empress, and several festivals were made in her honor. For nearly a fortnight she remained at Tsarskoe Selo, and in all this time was not permitted to see the great city, only a few miles distant, which was to be her future



home. Her entry was to be made a matter of ceremony: a day was appointed, and a programme arranged in which each person connected with the affair should know his or her exact and particular place. From a window overlooking the Nevski Prospect—the Broadway of St. Petersburg—I witnessed the grand procession which escorted the bride from the railway station to the Church of our Lady of Kazan, and thence to the Winter Palace, where on the following day the twain were doubly united, in accordance with the ceremonies of the Russian and Lutheran churches. After the wedding there were illuminations of the city and suburbs, and a gala spectacle at the opera-house; and thus ended the festivities connected with the marriage of the august pair.

On Thursday and Friday evenings of that memorable week the streets and houses of St. Petersburg had an extra dress of gas-light and candle-light, and the principal avenues were so crowded with the rejoicing populace that locomotion was a matter of great difficulty. I have been in a great many popular assemblies, and had my share of elbowing and foot-crushing, so that I consider myself somewhat an adept at the business. Consequently I entered without fear into the sea of humanity that covered the sidewalks of the Nevski, and surged and-rippled at times half across the roadway. A few minutes were enough for me, and I was glad to get out. I never saw a denser crowd, and one that compressed itself so closely when there was no special object to be gained by compression. My sides were indented with all sorts of elbow-marks, and more than once my foot was made the *point d'appui* of some healthy but inconsiderate *moujik* who wished to secure greater elevation, and consequently a better view of what he could see perfectly well without the trouble of tiptoeing. With difficulty I emerged from the crowd into the roadway, and here a new trouble arose. Droskies innumerable were rattling up and down the Nevski, not at the dignified pace exacted by law in most of our great cities, but at the very best trotting speed of their horses. In St. Petersburg you can see fast driving in its perfection. There is no law regulating equine speed in urban districts, and if you want to show off your animal you are not restricted by the rules that obtain in Central Park. When the streets are clear, or filled only with the ordinary throngs, this is well enough; but when day has yielded to night, and an imperial wedding has brought thousands of people into the principal avenue, it would not be injudicious to tone down in some degree the vehicular locomotion. As I fought my way from the crowd to the roadway of the Nevski, I incurred the risk of being run over, and more than once the skirts of my

coat were brushed by the whizzing droskies. I edged along very much as one works his way between the surf and an overhanging cliff, and did not breathe easily till I obtained refuge in a sheltered portico. Even there breathing had its disadvantages, as I was in close proximity to an assortment of natives whose sheep-skin coats had been worn a decade or so, and were evidently unsaturated with Cologne-water. The newest of Russian leather is famous for its peculiar smell. What, then, may you not expect of leather garments that have seen summers and winters of service, and that, too, of the most continuous kind?

The street illuminations on both these evenings were disappointments compared with what may be seen in other great cities on occasions of importance. Here and there, but nearly always on public buildings, the initials of bridegroom and bride were wrought into a monogram of gas jets, and sometimes they were accompanied by the initials of the emperor and empress. Many shop-keepers and householders brought out the letter A in gas jets—a regulation thing that has doubtless done duty on every birthday and name-day of the emperor, and may continue to appear, let us hope, for many years to come. On the lamp-posts along the Nevski the lamps were removed by the simple process of unscrewing, and in their places were screwed stars and circles, and a variety of shapes that combined both the star and the circle. These were also regulation affairs, and gave the display a cut-and-dried appearance. In some of the windows there were rows of candles; but except in a few instances there were not enough of them in a window to do more than make the darkness visible. It was to be supposed that the Winter Palace and the semicircular row of buildings opposite would be brilliantly lighted; but to the surprise of most strangers there was no display there, and but for the candles in a few of the rooms the home of the emperor conveyed the impression that the whole family was out or had gone to bed.

We were a party of four, and on returning to the hotel we passed a unanimous vote that St. Petersburg did not know how to illuminate. It was announced that there would be an illumination on Saturday evening at The Islands, the popular resort of St. Petersburgians during the summer season, and rumor whispered that it would be a grand affair. We had been so disappointed with the urban display that we concluded the suburban one would be a positive bore, and determined not to go. But our kind friend, Consul-General Pomutz, had engaged a carriage for us, and at the appointed time it was at the hotel door, and as we were in for the hire of the vehicle, we thought we might as well take it out. The



latter part of August at St. Petersburg was like early November in New York, and we found that our heavy overcoats were none too thick for the night ride. We dashed over the Neva and along the winding road leading past the church where Peter the Great lies buried, and were soon among the trees that cover the islands, and make the groves which the natives love and frequent. The roads here are in excellent condition; they twist about in a very natural, cow-path way, and every few minutes you find yourself crossing a bridge spanning one of the numerous branches of the Neva. There are many cafés and restaurants on the islands, and there are also numerous cottages, which are the summer residences of well-to-do citizens, and remind you of Long Branch and Newport. In winter all this region is well-nigh deserted, but in summer it is a scene of gayety, especially on the bright nights of June and July. The gayety was at its culmination on the night of the great festivity.

We were more disappointed with the illumination at the islands than with that in the city, but the disappointment was an agreeable one. We expected a little, and we found a great deal. Beyond exception, it was the finest display that any of us ever saw or ever expect to see. Along the roads there were rows of lights, so that we had no need of moon or stars to show us the way, nor yet of the long twilight, which here continues all through the summer night. The opulent inhabitants had vied with one another to make their houses as bright as possible. Every window was half ablaze, and every house front and roof and chimney was outlined with lights. The trees were full of festoons of Chinese lanterns of all the colors known to the kaleidoscope, and on many of the limbs there were globes of glass—red, yellow, blue, and green—each with a light inside, and so suspended as to appear like a new kind of fruit, and in an abundance that suggested a bountiful season. At the very entrance of the islands we passed the country residence of Count Gromoff, one of the wealthy aristocrats of St. Petersburg, and found the whole establishment transformed into a palace of fairy-land. The garden was fairly sparkling with light; not a tree or bush had been neglected; and it seemed as if half the stars in the sky had fallen and found a lodgment there. In the centre of the scene were the burning monograms of the emperor and empress and of the newly wedded pair, and in front of them was a mass of tropical plants shading the marble busts of Alexander II. and his consort. Above and behind these there rose an imperial mantle surmounted with a crown, and forming an appropriate background to the luminous front. The palatial cottage was outlined with thousands of lights, and alto-

gether the Gromoff exhibition was far ahead of any spectacular display ever witnessed on the metropolitan or any other stage. The manager who could reproduce it might be certain of a long and profitable run, provided he could lead the discriminating public to appreciate its merits.

This was the beginning. I can hardly say that the display improved as we went on, but can conscientiously affirm that it maintained the promise to the end. There was such a throng of carriages that our pace was reduced to a walk before we reached the Gromoff cottage, and from there onward we were literally kept at a walk. The police required the line to be in constant motion; and if we sometimes halted a moment to look at some unusually fine display, a gruff and emphatic "*Poshol!*" from the lips of a policeman reminded our driver of his duty. Twice we turned into openings in the forest; but this was contrary to rule, and we were speedily hunted out and put into line again. Altogether we had two or three miles—possibly four or more—of driving among houses and trees decked with lights in a very exhaustion of human ingenuity. Now and then we skirted the water or caught glimpses of the arms of the Neva, and here again the decorators had been at work. Boats were numerous on the river, and each was brilliant. Boat-houses and bath-houses were scattered at frequent intervals along the banks, and each of these was bright with glow. Far away you could see the outline of each building, and could trace it as distinctly as though it were but a few yards before you. Beautiful effects were formed by the blending of different colors, and before we had half finished our circuit we admitted most emphatically that St. Petersburg does know how to illuminate.

To describe in detail would be to repeat to satiety. You can, if you choose, imagine two or three hundred lines (and make it a thousand while you are about it) filled with the nouns and adjectives that are most conspicuous in the two or three paragraphs that precede this. Then you can add a few thousand carriages to fill the roads, and a few tens of thousands (and don't be economical of them) of people on foot to line the roads and fill up any nooks and corners that need filling. Scatter some bands of music along the road (they needn't be very good ones), and in a good many places you must hang out the Russian and Mecklenburg flags. At open places in front of some of the cafés you may put groups of peasants rather picturesquely arranged, and, to add a little activity, you may have some of the groups dancing to Russian music. On the balconies of the houses you may put groups of well-dressed persons—the owners of the houses and their guests—and if you make some of the groups rather too dense for comfort, you won't be



out of the way. But don't make the blunder of a German party from our hotel. They mistook one of the well-filled houses for a restaurant, coolly entered the dining-room, and called for something to eat. The proprietor signed to his servant to supply them, and they did not learn their mistake until they called for their bill, and were told there was nothing to pay, as the house was private, and the master was happy to be of service to strangers.

You may throw over the whole scene a cloudless sky, lighted with a moon near the full, and studded with stars glittering with the brightness peculiar to these high latitudes. And no matter how late you remain on the ground you may touch the northern horizon with a mellow twilight that shows where the sun is creeping slowly along from where he set yesterday to where he will rise to-morrow. Had we been here two months earlier, we would have found the twilight strong enough to read by at midnight, and only a few short hours intervening between one day and the next. And if we stay until next December in St. Petersburg we shall find these short nights grown so long that we must light our candles at half past two in the afternoon, and shall need them in the morning until nearly ten o'clock. Summer and winter in the north present great contrasts.

About nine o'clock the police compel the carriages to crowd close to the sidewalk and leave the roadway free. Then shouts are heard in the distance, and run like a wave along the crowd—shouts that betoken the devotion of the people to the emperor and his family. Here they come, preceded by a brilliant array of Circassian guards and officers of the household cavalry. There are two open carriages, containing the imperial family and their guests, the father and mother of the bride; and then come several carriages of a pattern peculiarly Russian, though somewhat resembling an Irish jaunting-car. The occupants are seated back to back, with their feet about twelve inches from the ground, and the carriages can carry eight or ten persons with ease. These vehicles contain the members of the imperial court and the diplomatic corps, all in grand uniform, and the rear of the column is brought up by more mounted guards. The cortège moves rapidly—no policeman suggests that the emperor's carriage shall go at a walk, or move otherwise than as its occupant pleases—and is greeted and followed by the cheering of the multitude. At the end of one of the islands a tent had been erected for the imperial party, and here they sat while a pyrotechnic display was let off on the opposite shore. The show was said to be very fine: for my part, I only saw what rose above the trees, and that was not a great deal. I presume, and certainly hope,

that the imperial party saw more of the pyrotechnics than ours did. The police ruthlessly kept our carriage in the line at the road-side, and would not even let us fall in between the Circassian guards and the carriage where rode his imperial majesty. But then, you know, police are always unreasonable.

We drove back to the city over the road which the imperial cortège occupied a few minutes before us, and as the crowd was not quite through with its enthusiasm, we obtained a few cheers, which are hereby gratefully acknowledged. Thankful for past favors, we solicit a continuance of the same. Our dreams were disturbed by visions of illumination on land and water, and one of the party solemnly declared that he waked twice with the impression that his head was Mount Vesuvius in a state of perpetual eruption; and, moreover, he had taken no beverage stronger than tea for more than twenty-four hours!

Early on Sunday evening we put on our best clothes to attend the gala spectacle at the opera-house. It is no easy matter to obtain a ticket to this affair, which is a matter of invitation and very select, and had it not been for the kindness and exertion of our consul-general we should have been out in the cold. Our dress suits were hauled out of trunks and carefully brushed, and when our toilet was complete we were not unfit for presentation to the heiress of a millionaire. Two of our party had no crush hats—indispensable here to accompany a dress suit—and consequently had to borrow. The hats they secured were a trifle antiquated in pattern and a few sizes too small for the heads of the would-be wearers, but they were all right when closed and concealed under the arm. We started early and walked to the opera-house, riding being out of the question with hats like those. My two friends walked with the stateliness of a negress carrying a basket of eggs on her head, but in spite of all their care the hats had two or three unlucky falls. As we neared the opera-house we found crowds on the sidewalks looking at the gorgeous personages who were riding past. Officers in full uniform were most conspicuous and most numerous; persons in civilian dress were few and far between. It was half an hour too early for the imperial party, and I presume that by the time they came the crowd had increased to many thousands.

It was *infra dig.* to come on foot, at least I suppose so, as the first line of police, through which the officers passed without question, would not admit us until we displayed our tickets. We showed them again at the foot of the stairs leading to the third tier, and again to a richly dressed personage, who might have been a major-general, but was only a flunky. He showed us to our places,



and took our overcoats to hang in the hall. We retained our hats, and my friends were happy now, as their head-pieces, when shut up and out of sight, were just as good as mine. We were in a box in the third tier, and had partly taken the front seats, when a Russian party arrived to occupy the remainder. They appeared just a little chagrined, but we didn't, and in a few minutes were in a pleasant conversation with one of them, who wore the uniform of a general, and spoke French, as do most educated Russians, with ease and correctness. He pointed out several distinguished personages, and gave us a variety of information about the assemblage and the individuals composing it.

There were few people present when we arrived, but the house filled rapidly, and by eight o'clock, the time fixed for the spectacle, there was not a vacant place except in the imperial box, where a single servant was arranging the seats and burning a small brazier of incense, as if to fill the locality with sweet odors. The house was built a long time ago (in 1784), and is not equal to the Grand Theatre at Moscow, La Scala at Milan, San Carlo at Naples, or the Academy of Music in New York, so far as size and effect are concerned. Its interior has been changed several times, and I am told that the house will soon undergo a fresh restoration. There are five ranges, including the *bel étage* and the gallery, and it is said that the house can contain three thousand persons—a statement which I am inclined to doubt. The stage is large, and is said to be one of the best equipped in Europe. The government gives a large subvention for the support of opera, and the money which *prime donne* have taken from the capital would amount to an almost fabulous sum. Patti can command higher figures here than elsewhere, for the reason that the director of the opera can afford to pay her more. What matters a few thousand pounds when the government foots the bills? Not only does the government pay heavily for the support of the opera, but it maintains a school for the education of actresses and danseuses. The Foundling Hospital furnishes most of the latter, and as their education begins when they are five years old, continues till they are appointed to situations in the theatre at the age of sixteen, and further continues with six hours daily practice during all the time they hold the situations, it is no wonder that the dancing in the St. Petersburg ballets is the best in the world. The *corps de ballet* receives new recruits every year from the Foundling Hospital to fill the places of the many who retire after only short terms of service, some of them to marry and some to do otherwise.

There was a general buzz of conversation all over the house, the predominance of

voices being masculine, for the same reason that white sheep eat more hay than black ones—because there are more of them. The parquet is entirely filled with the sterner sex; almost all are officers of some kind or another—generals, colonels, chamberlains, or high dignitaries in the imperial service. All are in full uniform, and sport their decorations, which are so profuse in quantity and rich in quality as to make each row of seats resemble the show-case of a jewelry store. Some of the older officers have their breasts fairly covered, and it is fortunate that they do not live toward the age of Methuselah, or we might see the stars and crosses covering their backs and creeping down their legs. The “swabs,” as irreverent sailors sometimes designate epaulets, are large and glittering, gold-lace abounds on all the uniforms, especially on those of the chamberlains, whose coats have a jackdaw sort of gaudiness, and the general effect is that of great richness. In the boxes nearly all the front seats are occupied by ladies in full evening dress; behind them are their cavaliers or others sitting or standing, some in uniform and the rest in full evening costume. I don't think a man would be admitted here in a black frock-coat, even though he had a dozen tickets; and if he did manage to enter he would soon be ashamed of himself.

The imperial box faces the stage; its floor is level with that of the first range of boxes, while its top pierces the second range. About twenty minutes past eight there is a commotion and buzz of whispers; all eyes are turned to the imperial box, and at the same time every body who has been sitting rises respectfully and faces the spot where the emperor is expected to appear. Preceded by General the Count Adlerberg, Minister of the Imperial Household, a man with a strong, well-knit frame, and a serious face adorned with heavy whisker and mustache, the emperor, in the uniform of a general of the Guards, comes to the front of the box, followed by Vladimir and his bride. A hearty and prolonged but at the same time decorous and well-ordered cheer greets the party, and simultaneously the orchestra strikes up the imperial hymn, whose stately measures resound through the building and fill every nook and corner. The party bows its acknowledgment of the reception, and is speedily seated; each person knows where to sit, and so there is no confusion. The emperor is in the centre; on his right is the young bride, looking rather flushed and not altogether at ease; and then comes Vladimir, looking just a shade uneasy than the lady he has sworn to protect. Next to him is the Czarevna—once the pretty Princess Dagmar—perfectly collected and evidently happy; and next to her the Czarevitz, who chats with his wife more than would be ex-



pected of a man so long married as he has been. A post intervenes between his position and mine, so that I get only an occasional glimpse of him; but I don't care so much to see him as to see his wife. Vladimir's bride is good-looking, solid, well-formed, with plump and finely rounded shoulders; a neck neither long nor short; regularly formed features, with the exception of the nose, which has a slight tendency to pugginess. With her evening toilet, a coronet of diamonds, and a string of diamonds around her neck in which each stone appears as large as a walnut, she is prettier than when I saw her two weeks before at the frontier, where she arrived in a plain traveling dress of brown hollands. Say what you will, a princess appears more like a princess when dressed like one than when attired like an English governess or a New York shop-girl. As I saw Vladimir's bride at the frontier I don't think many men would propose to her, but as she looks to-night at the opera she would not want for offers. Many a man would be willing to encumber himself with the princess just for the sake of the diamonds on her neck and head. The loot of that young woman, who probably never earned a sixpence in her life, would set up a first-class hotel, including all the furniture and table-ware.

Vladimir's fat and rather meaningless face is between that of his wife and the Czarevna. The latter has no lack of diamonds, and evidently of the first water; but sparkle as bright as they may, they can not surpass the beauty of her keen, clear, and flashing eyes. Less inclined to stoutness than the bride, she does not display such a plumpness of shoulder, and her neck rises more swan-like, and gives fuller play to her finely formed head, with its curly hair and Grecian outline of face. No wonder the emperor likes her, and no wonder the Russians like her. I like her, and I am neither emperor nor any other Russian, and never exchanged a thousand words with her in my life. It is hinted that she has a temper of her own, and it is just possible that if I knew her better I shouldn't like her so well. Familiarity, etc.—you know the old adage.

The Czarevitz, in the few glimpses I have of him from behind the post, has rather a grim look, and does not appear over-amiable. He is growing a mustache and side whisker, and has not succeeded in hirsute culture so well as has the Grand Duke Alexis, but better than Vladimir, whose mustache was so slender that after much coaxing he cut it off a month or so ago, and will postpone a new one until he can do better. The Romanoffs are not a hairy-faced race; the present emperor has the best beard and mustache known in the family since the days of Pierre le Grand. As he

sits there under the eyes of the assembled three thousand he appears perfectly self-possessed, chats with the young bride on his right hand, and with her mother (or rather step-mother) on his left. He uses his opera-glass freely, now looking to one part of the house, and now to another, and occasionally he pauses to speak to the Grand Duke Constantine, who sits behind him. His eye is calm and clear, he holds his head erect, and while manifesting none of the stiffness, none of the awful dignity, pertaining to stage monarchs or justices of the peace in rural districts, he shows that he is every inch a king. And I shouldn't blame him if he should sometimes play big Indian or heavy swell. A man who is absolute ruler over seventy millions of people and one-eighth of the habitable globe has a right to put on airs.

The empress is not here to-night; her health is poor, and she appears rarely in public. At the emperor's left is the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg—a plump, well-built woman, only four years older than her step-daughter, who is not unlike her in appearance. There is a post between me and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, so that I can not once see him; but it is of no consequence, as he doesn't belong to the imperial family, and is only here by invitation, like myself. Beyond him is the Grand Duke Michel, brother of the emperor, and governor of the Caucasus. Beside him is his wife—a rather sharp-featured woman in comparison with the bride, and paying little attention to her soldierly and sedate husband. The second line in the imperial box I can not see distinctly, and the only notable personages it contains are the Grand Duke Constantine, brother of the emperor and grand admiral of the Russian navy, and the Grand Duke Alexis, about whom so much is known in America that I need not describe him. He looks more like his uncle, by whose side he sits, than like the emperor, the resemblance being largely due, no doubt, to the similarity in cut and color of their beards. Constantine has the Romanoff features quite as marked as has the emperor, but his face lights up oftener, and he turns more frequently to speak to those near him. The emperor, as before stated, wears the uniform of a general of the Guards, the Czarevitz wears that of a general of cavalry, Constantine that of an admiral, Alexis that of a naval captain, Vladimir that of a colonel of infantry, and Michel that of a general of Cossacks. All are bright with decorations and gold-lace, and I do not think I ever saw a more gorgeous picture than was presented in that box after the party was seated. Remember the party—remember that the women were mostly pretty and the men handsome, that all were richly dressed, and had more diamonds and deco-



rations about them than any of us ever hope to have, and what more could you want for a tableau? There were more princes and grand dukes in the rear of the box, but I make no account of them, as I couldn't see them from where I stood.

As soon as the imperial party were seated every body else sat down: it would have been great rudeness for any body to sit while they were standing; and if the emperor had risen at any time during the performance, it would have been the etiquette for every other person in the house to follow his example. This is the case every where, no matter where the emperor may be, and the rule of etiquette includes all the members of the family. Royal and imperial personages are no doubt greatly bored by the constant ceremony going on around them, and most of them would be glad to escape at least a portion of it. The Empress Catherine succeeded in doing so to some extent when she built the Hermitage, or small palace which adjoins the *Palais d'Hiver*. She arranged a series of frequent reunions, and the rules governing them were conspicuously placed at the entrance of one of the principal halls, where they may still be seen. Here are some of these rules:

"1. Let each one who enters here remove his rank, his hat, and above all his sword.

"2. Leave at the door your dignity, your pride, and every sentiment that resembles them.

"4. Remain standing or sitting, or promenade, as you like, without regarding any one."

The fourth rule did away with the necessity for all to rise when any member of the imperial family passed through the hall, and was no doubt a great relief to all concerned. A gentleman who has lived in St. Petersburg for some time, and has the entrée of the court, tells me that one evening he happened in a little circle which contained the Grand Duchess Marie, sister of the emperor. Conversation went on quite rapidly, and the grand duchess was in the best of spirits. After a time she said, in the most friendly way:

"I have a favor to ask of all of you. I want to join that party on the other side of the hall, and I don't want to make a commotion that will break up the conversation. If you rise when I do, they will, of course, see it. Now I want all of you to keep your seats, and I think I can get there without disturbing them."

Of course every body obeyed the injunction, and paid no apparent attention to her departure. She succeeded very fairly in her effort, as she managed to get quite in the midst of the party before she was discovered. She dropped into a seat with a merry laugh before more than half the number were able to assume an upright position.

Not many years ago an American minister when presented to the emperor coolly

sat down while his majesty remained standing, and furthermore placed an antiquated and by no means comely hat on the table between them. They carried on a brief conversation in this way. The emperor made no sign of affront at the time, but a remark which he subsequently dropped showed that he was not unobservant of such a gross infraction of etiquette.

All the gala spectacles at the opera-house have not been as pleasant as this one. The audience has been for many years in the habit of cheering when the imperial family enters, and the emperor is evidently satisfied that it should do so. Several years ago—I think it was on the occasion of the marriage of the Czarevitz, but am not certain—the master of ceremonies, who had charge of the opera-house, caused a printed notice to be placed in every seat in the building to the effect that it was not in accordance with strict etiquette to cheer, and therefore the practice should be discontinued. The audience would rise and bow when the imperial family entered, but would do no more. The emperor came with his party, and brought forward the bride to the front of the box. He expected a loud and hearty cheer, and stood fairly amazed at the apparent coldness of the assemblage. Every body was bowing decorously, but the silence was as complete as if the persons present had been summoned to a funeral. The emperor's annoyance was so great that he left at the end of the first act. The officious official lost his place, and nobody has since attempted to tell the audience what it shall or shall not do.

In a few minutes the curtain rises, and as we glance around the house we see that every body is on his good behavior. Two or three have leveled their glasses at the imperial box—evidently they are strangers and unaware of the custom, and before many minutes they have taken the hint and desisted. Every body sits erect, and the rows of seats look like those of a well-drilled school when heads are up for recitation purposes. You can hardly find a better-looking, better-dressed, and better-behaving audience, go where you will. One of my friends suggests that we can make a sensation by hanging our boots over the edge of the gallery, *à la Bowery*; I quite agree with him, and offer him a new hat to do it, but he declines. On the whole, I am glad that he did, as there would have been more attention paid to our box than would have been agreeable. What the result would have been I am unable to say, as nobody ever performed the boot trick in the St. Petersburg opera-house on a gala night.

The opera invariably selected for the gala night is *Djissn na Tsaria*, or, "A Life for the Czar." It is a work by Glinka, Russia's most celebrated composer, and is famous for



the beauty and sweetness of its melodies, which are all national. The plot of the opera runs upon the devotion of a peasant who saves the life of the Czar Michel by losing his own. The Czar is on his way to Moscow, and a detachment of Poles are attempting to intercept and kill him. They are on the right road, but a peasant who knows their object tells them they are going wrong, and offers to conduct them. They accept his offer, and he leads them to the middle of a forest, and finally announces that the Czar is safe and they are lost in the wood. In their fury they kill him; but of course he dies happy, and is speedily revived with brandy and soda in his dressing-room or at a neighboring restaurant.

Only the first act was given to-night. The scenery was well set and handled, and the movement of the piece was as easy as that of a comedy after it has had a steady run of a fortnight or more. The second act has more musical vigor than the first, and I regretted that it was not given; but, after all, it was not the music that we came for, and it really makes little difference what they give us. All the time from the rise to the fall of the curtain the audience sat almost without movement, and gazing at the stage as though at the theatre for the first time in their lives. There was not the faintest sound of applause, not a hand was clapped against another, not a stick or umbrella pounded the floor in delight, not a boot fell heavily on the planks, and not a voice indulged in a "Hi-hi." It was decorum theatricalized.

As soon as the curtain fell every body rose and faced the imperial box; the party there rose and retired, and we were at liberty to stand at ease. The door of every box opened, and at each was a servant with a tray of ices, which were served to all who would accept them. It was hinted that we had better descend to the buffet on the first floor. We did so, and found what one of our party irreverently denominated a "free lunch." There were ices, cakes, fruit, and various odds and ends of solids; and there were tea, coffee, Cognac, soda, Seltzer water, sherry, and Champagne for the lubrication of the solids. Scores of liveried servants were busy with glasses and plates and cups, and the place seemed to be doing a good business. There was an abundance of every thing, and I was told that there were tables in all the anterooms, so that every body could be properly refreshed. It was the emperor's treat, and I am bound to say that it was well managed. I wouldn't object to his standing treat every time I go to the opera. A part of the time the room was rather crowded, but every body was polite, and there was no inconvenience. The diplomatic corps were there in full force, as the buffet happened to be just off their row of boxes; and a fine appearance they present-

ed in their brilliant dress. Turkish, German, Persian, Austrian, Japanese, and I don't know what other nationalities were there, and all appeared on the best of terms. The land of the free and the home of the brave was represented by a *chargé d'affaires*, who looked very insignificant in his plain black suit without a single decoration of any sort. For all that his dress showed to the contrary, he might have been a waiter in a restaurant or an undertaker's lieutenant; and I don't wonder that some of our representatives abroad are out of humor with a costume that does not reveal their consequence. Our consul-general towered up finely in the uniform which four years of service and five bullet wounds give him a right to be proud of, and the simple neatness of his costume was strikingly apparent in comparison with the gaudy array of the Russian officers, who were thick as politicians at a caucus or Benedicks at a bachelors' club. The Turk was richly arrayed, and of course wore his fez, as did the Persian his tall shapka. The Japanese have a very neat dress, quite European in style, and the only fault one could find with it is its tendency to peacockiness.

We had half an hour for refreshment, and then a bell sounded the retreat. We returned to our places, so that all could be standing when the imperial party re-entered. They were seated exactly as at first, the audience again sat down, the music began, and the curtain rose. Our party was this time in the rear of the box, as the Russians had returned from the buffet before us, and concluded they had as good a right to front places as we had. "*Qui va à la chasse perd sa place*," said the general, with a smile, soon after we entered. I returned his smile and said, "*Peut-être la chasse vaut mieux après on a gardé longtemps la place*," to which he assented, and turned to look again at his sovereign.

The curtain rose upon a ballet, of which I could see very little, and that only by craning my head forward over those in front of me. The little that I saw was superb in every way: *mise en scène*, faces, forms, figures, dress, and dance, all were perfection. The ballet was short. As the curtain fell every body rose and faced the imperial box as before, its occupants bowed an adieu, the cheer that was given at their entrance was repeated, the orchestra played the imperial hymn once more, and when the last of the party had disappeared the audience was at liberty to disperse. We found our overcoats and our wonderful hats, and returned to the hotel on foot as stiffly as we had come. We were rather "set up" at having been the guests of the emperor, and discussed the propriety of exacting in future not less than two shillings (in coin) from every man that ventured to shake hands with us.



## THE MAN WHO WAS LIKE SHAKSPEARE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

AUTHOR OF "ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," "IN SILK ATTIRE," ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE DOCTOR DREAMS.

ON the 24th of December last year Dr. Maurice Daniel left his home in Brompton, London, for his accustomed after-breakfast stroll. First of all he walked down to Chelsea Bridge, and had a look at the gray river, the gray skies, and the gray shadows of London in the distance. Then he wandered on until he found himself at Victoria Station. Apparently having no business to do there—or any where else, for the matter of that—he turned, and proceeded to make the best of his way back to his own house.

Now it happened that he strayed into a somewhat narrow and dingy street, the narrowness and dinginess of which he did not perceive, for his mind was occupied with his familiar hobby, which was phrenology. This hale old gentleman of sixty-five had himself some notion of completing the labors of Gall and Spurzheim, and had already collected some variety of materials in his odd little hermitage at Brompton. He was thinking of all these things in a somewhat absent way, when his attention was suddenly drawn to a small shop in this gloomy thoroughfare through which he was passing. It was a tailor's shop. There were no signs of a large trade in the place; in fact, one could only tell that it was a tailor's shop because the tailor himself was visible through the dirty window, seated on a board, and industriously plying needle and thread. It was the appearance of this man that had startled Dr. Daniel out of his reverie. The tailor bore an extraordinary resemblance to the Droeshout portrait of Shakspeare, insomuch that the old gentleman outside could only stand and stare at him. There were points of difference, of course. The head was narrower than Shakspeare's, but the forehead was quite as lofty. The hair was red. What the tailor's eyes were he could not see, for they were fixed on his work; but they were probably light blue.

"Comparison and causality enormous," the old Doctor said to himself. "Hope and wonder also large. Number and time deficient. Language, I fear, not much to speak of. But what a head—what a brain! Fifty-five ounces, I will take my oath—six ounces over the average of the European male. Why, Lord Campbell had only fifty-three; and then the splendid possibilities that lie in the difference! What is Bain's phrase? that 'while the size of brain increases in arithmetical proportion, intellect-

ual range increases in geometrical proportion.' Here is a man with brain-power sufficient to alter the history of a nation."

The old Doctor walked on, dreaming harder than ever. And now there arose in his mind a project, of which the origin was twofold. The night before he had been reading in his bachelor study a heap of Christmas literature that had been sent him by his sister, an old maiden lady, who lived mostly at Bath, and who took this means of marking her friendly sentiments toward her brother. She was not a sentimental old lady, but she was correct and methodical in her ways, and believing that Christmas literature was proper at Christmas, she had dispatched to her brother a fairly large quantity of it. Having received the gift, he was bound to make use of it; so he sat down after dinner by his study fire, and pored over the stories, old and new, that she had sent. He began to feel that he ought to do something for Christmas. He did not wish to be classed among those persons who, in the stories, were described as sordid, mean, black-hearted, and generally villainous because they were indifferent about Christmas, or unable to weep over it. Moreover, Dr. Daniel was really an amiable old gentleman, and some of the stories of charity touched him. He was determined that nobody should say he was a Mr. Scrooge, if only he had an opportunity of doing anybody a good turn.

Now, as he walked home to Brompton this forenoon, that vague desire of doing some benevolent deed co-operated with his deep-laying interest in phrenology to lead him to a daring resolve. Although not a very wealthy man, he was pretty well off, and always had sufficient funds in hand for an exceptional call. He would now, he said, try what could be done with this poor tailor. He would give to that splendid brain its opportunity. Who could tell how many village Hampdens and mute inglorious Miltons had not been lost to this country simply because we had no sufficient system of national education, by which the chance of declaring himself was elsewhere given to any capable youth? There could be little doubt but that the tailor was a victim to this lack of early instruction. In making his acquaintance, in becoming his patron, in placing before him opportunities of acquiring the power of expression, a good deed would be done to the poor man in any case, while there was also the beautiful and captivating hope that in course of time a great genius would reveal himself to his



country, all through the kindly ministrations of a philosopher who should be nameless.

Inspired by this hope to overcome his natural shyness and timidity, Dr. Daniel came out again in the afternoon, and made his way down to the tailor's shop. The man still sat there—more ignoble drudgery could not be imagined. The doctor entered.

"I did not observe your name over the door?" said he, hesitatingly, to the tailor, who had turned quickly round, and was staring at him with a pair of small, piercing, light blue eyes.

"'Tis George O'Leary, Sor," said the tailor, looking rather afraid.

The Doctor's hopes were slightly dashed: the man was an Irishman. But then, he instantly reflected, Ireland had not yet produced her Shakspeare; perhaps this was he.

"An Irishman, I presume?"

"Yis, Sor," said the tailor, somewhat recovering from his astonishment, and proceeding to get down from the board. "Is there anny thing, now, that—"

"Oh yes," cried the old Doctor, immensely relieved to find a subterfuge suggested to him. "I wanted to see if you would repair some things for me. Dear, dear me, and so you are an Irishman! I am sure I don't know what I wish done to them. Could you call this evening on me, about half past eight? Oh, I don't wish you to work to-morrow—far from it; but I should like to have the things taken away. Could you oblige me, Mr. O'Leary, by calling yourself?"

That evening Mr. O'Leary, wearing an elegant black frock-coat and a beautiful bright green neck-tie, was shown into the Doctor's study, where the old gentleman was seated by the fire, with a decanter of port and a couple of wine-glasses on the table.

"Now, Mr. O'Leary," said this cunning old gentleman, with a fine affectation of manner, "I have my ways, you know, and I never do business with any man without having a glass of wine over it. Sit down and help yourself. 'Twas my grandfather left me that; you needn't be afraid of it. And how long have you been a tailor, Mr. O'Leary?"

"Is it how long I have been a tailor, Sor?" said Mr. O'Leary, helping himself to the port, and taking care to have the glass pretty well filled; "why, Sor, since ever I could spake, barrin' the five years I was in the army, until me father bought me out."

"You have been in the army too? Don't be afraid to try another glass of that port, Mr. O'Leary."

"Well, sure enough, 'tis Christmas-toime, Sor," said Mr. O'Leary, turning to the table right willingly.

Matters having been thus satisfactorily settled, the wily Doctor gradually began to get out of O'Leary all the facts concerning his history which he chose to tell. The Doc-

tor's housekeeper had certainly brought in a number of old and shabby garments, which were flung on a sofa hard by; but the Doctor made no reference to them, while his guest seemed sufficiently pleased to sit in a comfortable arm-chair, with a decanter of port-wine at his elbow. Perhaps it was the wine that had made him a trifle garrulous; but at all events he talked about himself and his various experiences of life with a charming frankness. Here was a man, the Doctor said to himself, of infinite observation. Cuvier, with his sixty-four ounces of brain, could only stow away facts about birds, beasts, and fishes; here was a man, with probably nine ounces less, who had stored up invaluable experiences of mankind, their habits, customs, and humorous ways. O'Leary was as much at home among the fishermen of his native village as among the democratic tailors of London. At one time he was describing his life in the army, at another telling how he had served as a gamekeeper when trade was bad. The more loosely his tongue wagged, the more daring became his epithets; but the Doctor was aware that Shakspeare himself had not always been cautious in his language. But when O'Leary came to describe his present circumstances, he grew less buoyant. Affairs were not going well with him. He could barely screw the rent of that humble shop out of his earnings. And then, with some shyness, he admitted the existence of a young woman who had a great interest in his welfare, and he said he thought they would never be able to get married if his small business did not improve.

"Ah, you have a sweetheart," said Dr. Daniel, slyly. "I dare say, now, Mr. O'Leary, you have written some bits of poetry about her, haven't you?"

"Is it poethry?" said O'Leary, with a loud laugh; "'tis a mighty quare sort o' poethry, Sor, an' no mistake; but, oh yes, Sor, I've sent her many's the bit o' poethry, and 'tis very fond of it she is, Sor."

The old Doctor's face gleamed with delight; step by step the whole affair was marching on well. His fairest hopes were being realized.

"I have a great interest in literary matters, Mr. O'Leary, and I should like to see some of your poetry, but I fear I could not ask you to show me any of the verses you have sent to your sweetheart. Is there no other subject, now, that you have thought of trying? A man of your quick observation ought to aim at something better than sewing clothes. Do I speak too plainly?"

"Divil a bit," said Mr. O'Leary, frankly.

"And, to tell you the truth, I should be glad to do any thing in the way of helping you that I could. I don't say give up your trade at once; that is a dangerous step. To attain eminence in literature you require



long and careful preparation—a wide experience that is only to be gained by diligent study of men in all walks of life—a freedom of expression only to be acquired by practice. And these things, Mr. O'Leary, are only the railway lines. The brain is the engine. You have got a good head."

"There's manny a stick has been broken by coming against it, Sor," said O'Leary, modestly.

"I do not wish to raise false hopes," continued the Doctor, feeling it his duty to express a doubt which he did not himself entertain for a moment; "but this I may say, that I am interested in you, and am willing to help you if I can. You may take these clothes, Mr. O'Leary, and look over them at your convenience. I am in no hurry for them. But if within the next few days you care to write a few verses, just to give one a notion of the bent of your mind and of your faculty of expression, I should be glad to see them."

"About what, Sor?"

"Any thing, any thing," said the Doctor. "Obey the free impulse of your own imagination. By the time you see me again I shall be able to tell you more definitely what I propose to do for you; but in the mean time I think you ought to keep the matter to yourself. Do you understand me?"

"Indeed I do, Sor," said Mr. O'Leary, getting up, and discovering that either the port-wine or the Doctor's plan had rather confused his head. However, he got the clothes together, thanked the Doctor most profusely, and left.

That night Dr. Daniel went to bed as happy as a man could be, and all night long he dreamed of brilliant receptions, of public meetings, of Queen's drawing-rooms, and more than all of his own great pride and glory in introducing to the world a new Shakspeare.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE FIRST TRIAL.

THREE days thereafter the Doctor received a letter, and as he opened it an inclosure dropped out. It contained Mr. O'Leary's first experiments in professional verse writing. The Doctor seized it with avidity, and would have read it forthwith, but, being a methodical man, he placed it on the table, and read the letter first.

Mr. O'Leary was a bad penman; it was with much difficulty that the old gentleman could make out the sense of the rambling lines. But when he did so, he was pleased. O'Leary confessed that he had not the impudence to bring his verses personally to the Doctor. He knew they were worthless. He was ashamed of them; he even fancied he could do better. And then he added some-

thing about the condition of the Doctor's coats and trowsers.

Here is the first composition, which the Doctor now proceeded to read, with some necessary alterations in Mr. O'Leary's spelling:

"The moon was clear, the stars were white,  
The wind blew o'er the sea,  
When Mary left her cottage home  
To go on board with me.

"Alas! the ship was going fast,  
The storm did rage and roar,  
And Mary stood upon the deck  
And looked back to the shore.

"The moon was covered with the dark,  
The wind did blow aloud;  
She struck a rock and straight went o'er,  
And all on board were drowned."

"The poetry of the simple and uncultured mind," said the Doctor to himself, "naturally takes the lyrical form. Nations begin with *Chey Chase* and end with *Hamlet*. In this artless composition the chief feature is its simplicity and directness of phrase. The stars are white; the ship goes fast; the girl, the central figure, stands upon the deck and looks back to the shore. It appears to me that there is genuine poetic sentiment in this very reticence of phrase, and in the stern sincerity and conciseness of the narrative. The professional critic, some disappointed poetaster, would remark, of course, that '*drowned*' does not rhyme with '*aloud*;' he would also make merry, doubtless, over the fact that if all on board were drowned, the narrator, being himself on board, would not have lived to tell the tale. But such is the criticism that stifles genius in its cradle. We can not expect to have our young poets express themselves according to their inspiration, if we proceed to treat them with a godless banter. What I perceive in this composition of Mr. O'Leary's is a most promising naturalness and simplicity, coupled with a good deal of melody, especially in the first verse. Let us see what he has done with his remaining effort."

Mr. O'Leary's second composition had evidently been written in compliance with a suggestion of the Doctor that a true poet should deal with the actual life around him—that he should tell us what he sees, and put into powerful verse the experiences, fears, and hopes of his fellows. Here it is:

"'Tis the gray of the evening in Vauxhall Road.  
Alas! what sounds do I hear?  
A crowd is around the public-house door;  
It is a quarrel, I fear.  
He is drunk; he doth lift up his hand!  
In vain the policeman doth run!  
Before he arrives the woman is struck down,  
And all the mischief is done!"

The Doctor was not so sure about these lines. They contained, he reasoned with himself, a perfect picture of the scene which the poet had attempted to describe. But there was a want of form, of method, of melody, apparent in the lines. They want-



ed the sweet idyllic charm of the verses describing Mary as she stood on the deck of the ship. But was he not himself responsible for this composition's failure? He had thoughtlessly discoursed to O'Leary about the virtues of realism. He had endeavored to guide and direct the poetic instinct instead of leaving it free choice. Now the bent of O'Leary's mind was clearly synthetic and romantic; he would not follow in the wake of Crabbe and Wordsworth. Doctor Daniel would omit further consideration of the lines about the Vauxhall Road. He would pin his faith to the charming ballad about Mary.

He sent a message to O'Leary that he wished to see him that evening. When O'Leary entered the study he was inclined to be at once bashful and nervous; but his patron speedily re-assured him.

"You know," said he, with a smile—"you know, Mr. O'Leary, I did not expect you to be able to write poetry all at once. I merely wished to see if you had any leaning that way; and I must honestly say that there is a good deal of promise about the little ballad you sent me. Whether you may develop any very special gift remains to be seen; but if you care to make the experiment, I shall be willing, as I told you, to help you as much as I can. You must read and study the great fountain-heads of poetry; you must have leisure to go about and observe all varieties of men and things; you must have your mind relieved from anxiety in order to receive without dictation the materials for contemplation. I suppose you have few books. Have you read Shakspeare?"

"Is it Shakspeare?" said O'Leary, doubtfully. "Well, Sor, 'tis little I know av him in print, but sure I've seen him in the theatre. There's *Macbeth*, now, and the foight-in' wi' swords; and as for the *Colleen Bawn*, 'tis a mighty foine piece entirely. Shakspeare, Sor? 'tis little av him I've seen mesilf; but he was a great man annyhow."

"I see I must present you with a copy of his works, Mr. O'Leary. I may say, however, that Shakspeare did not write the *Colleen Bawn*, which is a modern piece, I believe. But first of all I think you ought to begin and study the ballad literature of our country; then you might proceed to Coleridge and Byron, and finally devote yourself to Shakspeare. You should also cultivate a habit of observation during your leisure rambles, not confining yourself to things which interest merely yourself. When you come to read Shakspeare, you will find how strangely he would enter into the opinions, sentiments, and aspirations of an ambitious monarch, and next minute how he could show himself familiar with the speech and thought of some common-minded peasant or justice of the peace. You must widen your atmosphere. You must forget Pim-

lico and Vauxhall Bridge Road occasionally. Now if you had next Saturday free, I would myself go with you to Kew Gardens and Richmond; there you would see beautiful garden scenes and the quiet beauties of the river; while at Richmond you would see some of the grand houses of rich people, and observe something of their ways of living."

"Faix, it's mesilf would be deloighted to go wid ye," said O'Leary, with a rueful expression of face, "for 'tis little I'm doin' now with the shop; but little as it is, Sor—"

"Don't let that stand in your way," the old Doctor said, generously. "I'm an old man, and have few claims on me in the way of friendship or benevolence. I told you I would give you an opportunity of rising to something beyond the sewing of clothes, useful and necessary as that occupation is. Now to put your mind at rest for at least this week, Mr. O'Leary, suppose I ask you to accept this little sum. Why, I hope you don't misunderstand me? I believed you rather wished to enter into this project."

O'Leary was neither angry nor indignant; he was simply bewildered. He had received into the palm of his hand five golden sovereigns, and he could only stare at these in mute astonishment.

"Do ye mane it, Sor?" said he, fearing to put them in his pocket.

"Dear, dear me; it is no such great matter!" Dr. Daniel said, smiling at his companion's perplexity. "Put the money in your pocket, Mr. O'Leary. It is Christmas-time, you know, when the giving of little presents is permissible."

"Am I to write anny more poethry, Sor?" said O'Leary, putting the sovereigns in his pocket.

"If you have any impulse that way, I should be glad if you would trust to it. But in any case you will call on me at ten next Saturday morning?"

"That I will, Sor!" said O'Leary, not quite sure but that this was all a dream.

When he got outside, he went to a lamp, and took out the sovereigns. Sovereigns they certainly were; and yet he was puzzled. He went into a public-house and had a glass of ale, in order to have one of the golden coins changed; the man gave him a heap of silver in return. He came out again with a lighter heart.

"Bedad," said he to himself, "and 'tis a poet I am. Me mother knew nothin' about it; me father, rest his sowl, was accustomed to bate me if ivver I'd a pen in me hand. But what would they say to thim blissed five gowld pieces, and all for a dirty scrap o' writin'? Oh, 'tis a moighty foine thing to be a poet, an' no mistake. And now 'tis to Biddy I'm goin'; and will she belave it?"



## CHAPTER III.

## A CONSPIRATOR.

Now there was not any where in London a more amiable, simple-minded, and pious young woman than Biddy Flanagan, who was the poet's sweetheart. She was a domestic servant, rather good-looking, with a fair, freckled face, hair nearly as red as her lover's, and a brogue much less pronounced than his. But when O'Leary told this poor girl all the story of his adventure with Dr. Daniel, her quick invention and pathetic hope rather got the better of her conscience. She did not tell her sweetheart that she considered Dr. Daniel a good-natured old maniac, but she acted on that assumption. By this time, be it observed, O'Leary had begun to share in the Doctor's illusions or aspirations. He showed Biddy copies of the verses he had written, for which she professed a great admiration, though she could not read them very accurately. But after O'Leary had described the Doctor's project, and shown her the four gold sovereigns and the silver, and talked about the holiday at Kew, and so forth, then she gave him, with an artful ingenuousness, her advice.

It was this. Her sweetheart, she faintly hinted, might in time turn out to be a great man, and that would be a fine thing for him at least. As for her, she could not expect him to go out walking with her after he had been to grand houses. On this, of course, O'Leary protested that whatever rank and wealth might fall to his lot, he would never desert the girl who had remained true to him so long and waited so patiently for that better fortune which seemed now to be approaching. Biddy, continuing, gently reminded him that rich people might be fickle in their patronage, and might not care to wait for years to see the end of their projects. O'Leary had written two poems; the result was £5. Would it not be better to continue writing these as rapidly as possible, so that as much ready money as Dr. Daniel might be willing to give could be secured at once? And then, if her sweetheart did care about getting married—

The suggestion was not lost on O'Leary. After all, he reflected, however great were the possibilities of the future, a little money just now and a marriage with his faithful Biddy were far more attractive.

"But divil the bit can I think of anny thing more to write," said her sweetheart. "'Tis a moighty hard thing, the writing of poethry; and that's the truth, Biddy darling."

"Arrah, now," said Biddy, impatiently, "what harm would there be in taking a bit here or there, just to keep up the gentleman's spirits, and by-and-by 'tis many a fine bit of poethry you'll give him into the bargain, when it comes aisier to ye."

"There's something in that, Biddy," said O'Leary, not only listening to the tempter, but anxious to find reasons for agreeing with her. "'Tis mesilf that knows that ye can't make a pair of throwers till ye've learned to thread the needle, and sorra a bit do I know of the making of poethry. But, Biddy, d'ye see, if he was to come on the poethry—"

"What!" cried Biddy, "an ould gintleman like that! 'Tis not a loine of our good ould Irish songs will he know; and 'tis no chating of him, Gearge dear, for you'll make it up to him whin the writing of your own poethry comes in toime. Now there's the *Cruiskeen Lawn*—"

"Get along wid ye, Biddy!" said O'Leary, rather angrily; "and is it a fool you'd make av me? Why, the old gentleman has been to all the plays and the theatres, and isn't it out av the ould songs like that that they make the plays? Sure and it's the police-office I'd foind mesilf in, and not in Kew Gardens at all, at all."

"There's manny more," said Biddy, shrewdly, not pressing the point.

O'Leary pondered over this suggestion for a day or two. He did not think he would be really imposing on the old gentleman by occasionally quoting a verse from some one else as his own. It was merely borrowing to be repaid back with interest. At some future time, when the writing of poetry had become easier to him, he would confess the true authorship of these verses, get them back, and offer in their stead large and completed poems.

He dressed himself very smartly to call on Dr. Daniel on that Saturday morning. He had even gone the length of getting a tall hat—an ornament which he seldom wore, because the peculiar shape of his head made it almost impossible for him to wear such a hat with safety, especially if the day were windy. The Doctor was glad to see him; the morning was a pleasant one; they both set out in an amiable frame of mind.

In the railway carriage O'Leary took a piece of paper from his pocket. His guilty conscience revealed itself in his forehead—that lofty forehead that had caused the old Doctor to dream dreams. The color that appeared in his face Dr. Daniel took to be an evidence of modesty; and is not all true genius modest?

"So you have been busy again," said his Mentor, with a pleased smile. "You must not write as if you wished to gratify me. It is your own future of which I am thinking."

He read the lines, which were these:

"As charming as Flora  
Is beauteous young Norah,  
The joy of my heart  
And the pride of Kildare!  
I ne'er would deceive her,  
For sad it would grieve her  
To know that I sighed  
For another less fair."



"Very pretty—very pretty indeed," the Doctor said, approvingly, and O'Leary breathed again. "There is much simple melody in the verse; and the ending of it, taking it for granted that any other must be less fair than she, is quaint and effective. Did you say your sweetheart's name was Norah, Mr. O'Leary?"

"Biddy, Sor," said his companion.

"That is not quite so poetical," said the Doctor; and then he continued the reading:

"Where'er I may be, love,  
I'll ne'er forget thee, love,  
Though beauties may smile  
And try to insnare;  
But ne'er will I ever  
My heart from thine sever,  
Dear Norah, sweet Norah,  
The pride of Kildare!"

"Very good—very good also," said the Doctor; "although there is just a touch of self-conscious vanity—you will excuse me, Mr. O'Leary—in the notion that beauties would endeavor to insnare the hero of the lines. But perhaps I am wrong. You do not write these lines as the utterance of yourself. The poem, so far as it goes, is dramatic—an impersonation. Now the majority of men, when they are young, are vain enough to believe that beauties do try to insnare them: hence the sentiment expressed by this person is, I believe, true; and I beg your pardon."

At this point, it must be admitted, O'Leary's conscience was touched. He felt that it was a shame to impose on this good-natured and generous old gentleman. He could almost have thrown himself on his knees on the floor of the carriage, and confessed that he was a scoundrel and a knave.

Some recollection of Biddy, and her pretty, honest, anxious face prevented him. The poor girl had waited patiently for that better luck which never came. The milk-man had offered to walk out with her, the postman had offered to marry her this very Christmas, but she had remained true to this hapless tailor, on whom Fortune seemed resolved to send not the briefest ray of her favor. And now when he saw within his reach a means of bettering himself somewhat, and of releasing her from the bondage of that overcrowded house in Lambeth to give her a couple of rooms—small, indeed, but her own—he tried to stifle that feeble protest of his conscience. He saw Dr. Daniel fold up the paper and put it in his pocket-book; and he knew that the die was at length cast.

All that day the friendly Doctor took his pupil about, showing him how differently different people lived, pointing out the beauties of the gray and wintry landscape, and talking to O'Leary of how he should set about his self-education. In the evening the poet dined with the Doctor, much to the amazement of the old housekeeper, who was

indignant, but silent. At night he went away with a whole armful of books.

Next evening he saw Biddy, and he was in a downcast mood.

"Biddy," said he, "'tis moighty afeard I am we are thieving from the good ould gentleman. There is another five pounds to come to me next week; and, bedad, the mate that I'll buy with it 'll go near to choking me, it will."

Biddy was for a moment a little frightened; but presently she said:

"And is it you, George O'Leary, that would be setting yourself up as a better judge of poethry than the ould gentleman, and him a Doctor too? And if it is the poethry he wants, can't ye give him enough of it in times to come, and a good pennyworth over, so there'll be no repentin' of the bargain betune ye? And, indeed, it is not another year, George dear, that I could stop in that house. What with the noine children, and the washin' all day, and the settin' up for the masther till three in the mornin', 'tis me coffin next you'll be for buying, George dear, and not anny wedding-ring."

O'Leary's doubts were banished for the moment, but not destroyed.

## CHAPTER IV.

### FOREBODINGS.

It must be said for O'Leary that he honestly did his best to requite the Doctor's care. He devoted every minute of his leisure time to that self-education which had been recommended to him; he industriously labored at the books which had been given him. Somehow or other, however, the big brain behind that splendid forehead would not work. When he tried to understand certain things the Doctor told him in explanation, a sort of fog appeared to float before his eyes. When he tried to write verses of his own composition, blankness surrounded him. He would sit helplessly by his table for hours, no suggestion of any subject occurring to him. He grew irritable and impatient. The Doctor noticed that his pupil, when they walked out together, had lost much of his old gayety of spirits. He began to wonder whether tailoring and study combined were not proving too much for O'Leary's health.

Otherwise all seemed to go well with him. The old Doctor was as much in love with his project as ever, and had grown to take a very keen and personal interest in the affairs of this poor man. Finding out that much of O'Leary's anxiety was apparently connected with the question of his marriage, he suddenly resolved upon setting his friend's mind at rest on that point by an act of exceptional generosity. He told O'Leary that



he evidently wanted change of air and scene. When he got married he would have to leave his present humble lodgings. Now what did he think of living a few miles out of London—say about Hammersmith or Barnes—where the Doctor would purchase for him a small cottage, and furnish the same? The walk in of a morning would improve his health, and afford him ample time for thinking. If he would see Biddy Flanagan, and arrange about the marriage, the Doctor would proceed forthwith to seek out and purchase some small cottage.

When he told Biddy of this proposal there were tears in his eyes.

"Biddy," said he, "'tis a jail and not a cottage that I'm fit for. Sure there's not a day I go up to the ould gintleman's house now that I'm not trimbling from me head to me foot—with shame, yes, with shame. Biddy, what o'clock is it?"

"'Tis after ten, I belave."

"This very minnit I'll go and tell him what a rogue I've been," O'Leary said, stopping short on the pavement.

The girl looked at him, frightened and silent; but her hand was on his arm, and he did not move. Then she spoke to him. She did not attempt to justify what had been done; she only pleaded that, now it was done, he should wait and accept this cottage—as a loan, not a gift. They would be most economical. She knew how to tend a small kitchen-garden. She would take in washing. O'Leary would save up what he could in the shop, and then by-and-by he could go to Dr. Daniel, confess his forgeries, and pay the first installment of the money which he had to refund. Dr. Daniel had already given him £20 in money, besides an immense number of books; they would accept this climax of his generosity, and being installed in the cottage, would work faithfully to pay back the whole.

O'Leary consented, with evil forebodings in his mind, and resumed his imposture. He had almost begun to despair of ever being able to do any thing himself; he did not even try now; he merely copied a verse or two of one of Moore's songs, and took that to the Doctor to encourage the old gentleman's hopes. Fortunately Dr. Daniel showed none of these contributions to his friends. They had got vaguely to know that he had recently picked up some odd protégé; but the Doctor was not communicative on the point, wishing to have some finished work of O'Leary's before introducing him to the world.

But each time that the tailor copied out some verses and carried his stolen wares to the house in Brompton, he grew more and more agitated. A feeling of sickness came over him as he rang the bell; when he came away, he felt inclined to walk down to Chelsea Bridge and end his anxieties in the river.

The remorse that he felt seemed to be increased by each fresh proof of the old Doctor's generosity, while the fear of detection became almost unbearable. He grew haggard in face. He was peevish and irritable, so that Biddy was almost afraid to speak to him when they went out walking together. At last, one night, he turned and declared to her fiercely that it was all her fault, and that she had made a thief of him.

The girl burst out crying, and spoke in a wild way of drowning herself. She quitted him abruptly, and walked off in the direction of the bridge.

For some time he gloomily regarded her, uncertain what he should do; then he ran after her and stopped her. He would do what she wanted. He would say nothing more about the whole affair till they had the cottage. So he gradually pacified her; but from that moment each felt that the mutual confidence which had existed between them had suffered a serious shock, and that at any moment something might occur to sunder it altogether.

So the days and weeks went by. The small cottage was at last got hold of; and so great was the interest of the Doctor in this project that he sent for his sister to come up from Bath to help him in selecting some pieces of furniture and the necessary saucepans and dishes. Should O'Leary turn out to have the poetical power which the shape of his head promised, might not this little cottage come to be in future times regarded with interest by travelers from all parts of the world?

But the near approach of this marriage, and the prospect of possessing this tiny residence, did not seem greatly to raise the spirits of O'Leary and his betrothed. Biddy now began to look anxious too—anxious and apprehensive, as if she lived in constant dread of something happening. She made fewer appointments with O'Leary; sometimes they walked for an evening together with scarcely a word passing between them. The old delight of these meetings had passed away.

One night he was to have met her, but he did not come—a most unusual circumstance in his case, for he was a dutiful lover. More strangely still, no word of explanation came next morning. All the next day she waited and worried, harassed by a hundred fears; and at last, in the evening, she went to her mistress and begged to be set at liberty for a couple of hours. The request was sulkily granted.

Rapidly, indeed, did she run across the bridge and up through the gaunt and silent streets of Pimlico. With a beating heart she knocked at the door of O'Leary's lodgings; the landlady, who knew her, came. She had scarcely breath left to ask if Mr. O'Leary was at home. The landlady, a



fat, good-natured, shabbily dressed woman, drew her inside, and motioned her to keep quiet.

"He was took werry ill yesterday, the poor young man, in a fever like, and to-day he has been wandering. There's something on his mind, miss, that is troubling the poor young man—about them books he has, and some money; and law! the way he has been goin' on about you! But I knew as you was sure to come over this hevenin'—and will you go up stairs?"

Biddy followed the landlady up stairs as if she was in a dream. In a bewildered sort of way she saw the door opened before her, and found herself being taken noiselessly into the small room, which was dimly lit with a solitary candle. In the bed in the corner O'Leary lay, apparently asleep, with a bright flush in his face. He turned round uneasily; he stared at her, but did not recognize her; then he turned away again, muttering something about Dr. Daniel and Chelsea Bridge.

Biddy seemed to recover herself. She went deliberately over to the bed, her face pale and determined, and said,

"George, me darlin', don't ye know 'tis me? Where's the money? Give me the money; and 'tis every farden av it and every blessed wan o' the books that I'll take back to the Doctor this very minnit. Don't ye hear me, George dear?"

The sick man groped underneath his pillow, and feebly brought out a leather purse. He gave it her, without looking at her, and said,

"Take it all back, Biddy."

The landlady could not understand the fierce look of determination on the girl's face. Biddy put the purse in her pocket. She gathered up the books from the corner of the room, piled them on the table, and then whipped the table-cover round them, and tied up the ends. With this heavy load on her back she staggered down stairs, and along the narrow passage.

"'Tis the books and the money have brought the fever on him," she was muttering to herself; "wirra, wirra, but 'twas a bad day that he met that ould gintleman, wid his books and his money. And, sure, whin I give him them back, 'tis to Father Maloney I'm goin' to tell him that George O'Leary is down wid the fever."

## CHAPTER V.

### THE DOCTOR'S SISTER.

THE Doctor's sister came up from Bath—a thin, precise little woman, with silver-gray curls and shrewd gray eyes. She wanted to know more about this protégé of her brother's, of whom she had vaguely

heard. Thereupon the Doctor, forgetting his shyness, grew quite garrulous about his project, described O'Leary's magnificent forehead, told her all that he hoped from it, and said that already he had received ample proofs of the man's poetical leanings. To all this Miss Daniel listened attentively, but silently. When he had finished, she asked him if she might look at some of Mr. O'Leary's pieces.

The Doctor was at first inclined to refuse. It would be unfair to take these compositions as evidence of what O'Leary might hereafter do. But Miss Daniel was so firm in demanding to see some actual work of the new poet's that her brother at last consented to go and fetch some of it.

She had scarcely begun to read the first of the pieces when he observed an extraordinary expression come into her face. She stared at the paper; then a flush of anger appeared on her forehead; finally she looked at himself with something more near to contempt than pity.

"How can you, Maurice," she said to the frightened Doctor—"how can you let people make a fool of you so? Year after year it is always the same—some new craze, and some new impostor taking advantage of you. Last year it was those relics of Sedan: they were no more relics of Sedan than I am. Why, don't you know that this man has been palming off on you verses of Moore's songs—songs that every school-girl knows? Oh yes, your Mr. O'Leary is not a fool; his big forehead can do something for him."

The Doctor would not believe it. He was inclined to be violently angry. Then his sister walked out of the room.

In a few minutes she returned. She had managed to unearth an old copy of *Moore's Irish Melodies*, which she had left in the house in days gone by. Without a word, she opened the page, put her finger at a certain passage, and placed it before her brother. Doubt was no longer possible. Here was O'Leary's "Oh, believe me, if all those endearing young charms;" there was Moore's version of the same. Miss Daniel rapidly run over O'Leary's manuscripts. She could identify nearly all the pieces, though some of them were disguised. The very first of them—that which described Mary standing on the deck of the doomed ship—she declared was stolen from a Scotch song.

It was really some time before the full sense of O'Leary's perfidy was impressed on the good old Doctor. He showed no signs of anger; but he was deeply pained and humiliated. It was not so much that his own pet scheme had fallen through, but that one whom he had tried to benefit should have betrayed him so grossly.

Miss Daniel was of another mind. She



demanding to have the man punished. She insisted on the Doctor, although it was nearly ten o'clock, taking her to see this traitorous tailor, so that he might be confronted and his ingratitude and meanness pointed out to him. She talked of a policeman, and the crime of obtaining money on false pretences, her brother all the while listening in a confused and absent way, as if he did not even yet understand it all.

At this moment Dr. Daniel's housekeeper tapped at the door, opened it, and announced that a young woman called Flanagan wished to see the Doctor, having a message from Mr. O'Leary.

A gleam of virtuous indignation leaped into Miss Daniel's eyes; she bade the housekeeper show her in at once.

The next moment Biddy Flanagan, still with something of a wild look in her face, entered the room. She did not see that there was any stranger present. She hastily undid the table-cover, placed the heap of books on the table, and counted out beside them eighteen sovereigns; and then she turned to the Doctor.

"Thim's the books, Sor," she said, in an excited way, "and there's the money—all but two of the gould pieces annyhow, and to-morrow you'll have thim too—and sure 'tis the light heart I have in putting thim there. And the cottage, Sor—plaze your honor, we'll have nawthin' to do wid the cottage—"

"My good girl, what is all this about? What do you mean?" the Doctor said.

"What do I mane?" Biddy cried, with her lips getting tremulous and her eyes filling with tears, "why, 'tis Gearge O'Leary, Sor; he's down wid the fever; and what has brought the fever on him but the books, and the money, and all the chatin'? And 'twas me that did it, Sor; indeed, it was me—"

silf, and not him at all; and the poethry, Sor, he brought you, sure 'twas all stolen; and I made him do it, for 'twas the weddin' I was thinkin' of—"

Here Biddy burst out crying; but she quickly recovered herself, and made some wild effort to express her contrition. She had no time to lose. She was going off for Father Maloney. It was the ceaseless anxiety, she explained, about the imposture that had worried her lover into a fever; now she had brought them back, and confessed her fault, she was going to fetch the doctor and the priest.

When she had left, Miss Daniel said to her brother,

"Will you go and see this poor man?"

"To upbraid him when he is down with a fever?" said the Doctor, indignantly.

"No; to relieve his mind by telling him you forgive him. And you have not a great deal to forgive, Maurice. You must have driven the man into deceiving you. Suppose you were to tell him now—or as soon as he can understand you—that you don't wish him to earn that cottage by writing poetry, but that you will give it him as soon as he is well enough to get back to his tailoring; don't you think that would help to get him better?"

It did; and George and Biddy are at this moment installed in the cottage, the latter quite contented that her lover should not have turned out a great poet, and he glad to be relieved from a task which was too much for his brain. As for the old Doctor, he has not given up his faith in phrenology, of course, merely because it apparently failed in one instance. He has still a lingering suspicion that O'Leary has thrown his opportunity away. However, if the world has lost, O'Leary has gained: there is not a happier tailor any where.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

NO question of mere clothes, candlesticks, and artificial flowers could excite so deeply so large and intelligent a portion of the people of the two most intelligent and sensible countries in the world as the subject of ritualism has plainly done. In the early summer the debate in the British Parliament upon the Public Worship Bill was one of the utmost interest and ability, and commanded public attention more than any other since Mr. Disraeli and the Tories returned to power. Mr. Gladstone's position upon the subject was thought to have involved his abdication of the leadership of the Liberal party, and Sir Vernon Harcourt's speech to have placed him in immediate succession to that honorable responsibility. Mr. Gladstone's speeches in the debate were among the most admirable he has ever made, and he has followed them by an article in the *Contemporary Review*, which passed in

consequence through ten editions. In this country the chief interest of the late Triennial Convention of the Episcopal Church centred upon the same topic, and the most striking and eloquent speech of the long session was that of the Rev. Dr. De Koven, of Wisconsin, who is a distinguished ritualist.

Ritualism is apparently a simple question of symbolism. But no question of symbolism is simple: certainly none where it is a symbolism of religious mysteries. It is to this vast and indeterminate sphere that the stricter ritualists naturally aim to confine the discussion. They would regard it as a question of devotion, of sentiment, of religious æsthetics, of Divine adoration. They plead for the largest Christian liberty of worship, for the utmost catholicity of spirit—a catholicity which regards the wide diversity of human temperament, the exigencies of enthusi-



asm, the ardors of the mystic and the pietist. The church universal, they insist, which would gather into its bosom all sorts and conditions of men, must cherish a tolerance which is founded upon the truest and deepest knowledge of mankind. The highest churches are found substantially repeating in the argument the familiar position of Macaulay, that a truer ecclesiastical wisdom would have held within the pale of the Church such Protestants as George Fox and John Wesley, and have made Mrs. Fry the lady superior of an order of charitable sisters. If a devout and fervid soul naturally inclines to outward acts of reverence, and seeks to surround its Divine worship with splendor of symbols, is not the instinct as pure and blameless as that which leads an earthly lover to place a white rose-bud in the hair of his beloved? Must we insist, urges the ritualist, upon a bald and barren form instead of one rich, ample, and poetic? If every master sentiment and passion of human nature, if earthly love and patriotism, clothe their expression with profuse decoration, and if the religious aspiration and emotion lawfully build magnificent cathedrals, where the very spring of the arch, the form of the structure, the facing of the walls toward the east or west, the "painted windows richly dight," the carving of the gargoyles and the mullions, have all a deep and mystic significance, may not the same religious sentiment express its worship and adoration in the building by a service, and by acts as elaborately ornate and as exquisitely significant?

"What is ritualism?" asks Mr. Gladstone. "It is unwise, undisciplined reaction from poverty, from coldness, from barrenness, from nakedness; it is over-laying purpose with adventitious and obstructive incumbrance; it is the attempted substitution of the secondary for the primary aim, and the real failure and paralysis of both. It must be admitted that the state of things from which the thing popularly known as ritualism took historically its point of departure was dishonoring to Christianity, disgraceful to the nation, disgraceful most of all to that much-vaunted religious sentiment of the English public which in impenetrable somnolence endured it, and resented all interference with it. Taking together the expulsion of the poor and laboring classes (especially from the town churches), the mutilations and blockages of the fabrics, the baldness of the service, the elaborate horrors of the so-called music, with the jargon of parts contrived to exhibit the powers of every village roarer, and to prevent all congregational singing, and, above all, the coldness and indifference of the lounging or sleeping congregations, our services were probably without a parallel in the world for their debasement; and as they would have shocked a Brahmin or a Buddhist, so they hardly could have been endured in this country had not the faculty of taste and the perception of the seemly or unseemly been as dead as the spirit of devotion. Had we as a people been possessed in reasonable measure of that sense of harmony between the inward and the outward of which I have been lamenting the weakness, it could not, indeed, have supplied the place of a fervent religious life; but Divine worship, the great public symbol and pledge of that life, never could have fallen so low among us."

So pleads ritualism, and the disposition of the final ecclesiastical authorities in England has until recently been one of toleration rather than of repression. But the strong feeling which has been excited is easily explained. The one thing that the English people at large—the mass, that is to say, of the attendants upon the Anglican Church—detest is popery; and John Bull, the type of that multitude, therefore detests every thing which is directly associated with popery. He has no head for æsthetic argument. When he sees in a church lighted candles upon an altar

and vases of artificial flowers, and boys swinging censers of incense and marching in procession before a file of clergymen, and ministers in colored and flowered robes, and genuflections and sprinklings and bowings, he sees the Scarlet Woman—the trail of the wooden shoe is over it all. It is true that he too kneels and bows and rises; that his minister reads the service in a white robe and preaches the sermon in a black one, and sprinkles water upon those whom he baptizes, and unites with a ring those whom he marries. These too are symbols, like those from which he recoils. Essentially there is no difference except in number and elaboration. If he bows once, why not twice? If he kneels to receive the elements because of their consecration, why not because of their consecration kneel to them on one knee or two as they lie upon the table? If he will tolerate water as a symbol, why not fire? And if he will allow a gold ring to symbolize union, why not suffer incense to symbolize adoration? If he quotes texts, the ritualist, who is a scholar and a polemic, quotes others. If he ventures upon argument, he must justify his own ritualism. And he therefore falls back upon his original conviction that the acts which he condemns are the practices of popery, and that if he is to see them in his own church, he can see no difference between that and a mass-house.

This was the feeling from which Puritanism sprang in England, as Dr. Bacon shows in his late admirable and instructive book upon the *Genesis of the New England Churches*. Of course it could not be exactly logical in detail. It originally rejected the sign of the cross in baptism, the use of the ring in marriage, and kneeling to partake of the communion. But the surplice was especially abhorred as the sign of a priest with supernatural functions, instead of a minister of the Gospel. As Dr. Bacon says, "To the ignorant people who were disposed to hanker after the old ideas it had as real a meaning as the 'wearing of the green' has now to Irish Fenians." The question was not then, nor is it now among the most strenuous opponents of ritualism, one of taste, or temperament, or religious enthusiasm, or a more or less ornate ceremonial. The symbols which are questioned and refused are those which are peculiar to the Romish worship, and when many of those who insist upon them most warmly, as in England, frankly declare that they wish the English Church to be reconciled with Rome, ritualism comes naturally to be regarded as Romanism, and, in Milton's phrase,

"New Presbyter is but old Priest writ large."

The action of the British Parliament in passing the Public Worship Bill was anti-ritualistic, and shows clearly that the sentiment of the English people is intensely hostile to any sign of a popish revival. The possible consequences are very serious, for they may involve the secession of a large number of Churchmen like Dr. Pusey, and by dividing or impairing the strength of the Establishment may precipitate the question of disestablishment, which involves that of disendowment. In this country, where fortunately there is no direct connection between church and state, the question has still a political interest, for a breach in the Episcopal Church which should



throw any number of persons or societies into the arms of Rome would so far strengthen the political purposes of that Church. Every ritualist naturally regards the religious control of schools as of the highest importance, and tends to the theory that ecclesiastics are the best public-school teachers. This is not an American view, and we should be very sorry to see it become powerful. The very decided action of the lay branch of the Convention shows how positive is the opposition to the tendencies of which ritualism is believed to be the mask. Mr. Gladstone does not admit that these tendencies are rightly interpreted. He derides the importance which is attached to the "utterly hopeless and visionary effort" of a handful of clergymen "to Romanize the Church and people of England. I can not persuade myself to feel alarm as to the final issue of her crusades in England, and this although I do not undervalue her great powers of mischief."

MR. CHARLES NORDHOFF has written a work upon the communistic societies of the United States, which is one of the most instructive and interesting books ever published upon this ever-interesting topic. Mr. Nordhoff is singularly fitted for such a work, for he is not only a speculative but a practical student of social problems and forces, and his remarks upon the various societies of which he treats are founded upon personal observation. He has given much time to a tour among the communities, and they have hidden no secret from his quick eye and his vigorous, incisive, and generous mind. Sympathy, indeed, is the key with which he has unlocked all the communal gates and hearts. It is that which gives him a true appreciation of the objects sought by the communists, and at once showed them that he was not an idle loiterer driven by curiosity and seeking a new sensation, but an earnest man, of the largest sympathies and intelligence, disposed to be wholly reasonable and just in his estimate of every new social phenomenon. This admirable temper has been revealed in his books upon California and the Sandwich Islands. They are the works of a man who accosts every aspect of life with a fresh and frank interest and intellectual curiosity, and who, while his own views are most decided, is not warped or narrowed by them into a mere polemic. Indeed, there are no books in which the best cosmopolitan spirit is more evident than in Mr. Nordhoff's—that bright, healthful, sincere grasp of facts and their meaning which is the result of a constant instinctive consciousness that, in the German proverb, "*Ueber den Bergen sind auch Menschen*"—beyond the mountains there are men also.

This is the true spirit of the philosophic traveler and observer. He does not measure all men by the minister of his parish, nor all places by the village street in which he lives. Dr. Kane said that he never ate so great a luxury as a piece of blubber when he was near the north pole. How many an Englishman seems to carry England buckled around him, like an armor which defends him securely against the very foreign charm he travels to find! He sincerely despises a people "who call their mothers *mares* and all their daughters *fillies*." It is a fatal idiosyncrasy of the Briton amusingly caricatured

by Dickens in Mr. Podsnap. But if it prevents him from being a cosmopolitan, it is yet of great service to other travelers. For if the Englishman climbs Chimborazo or the Dhawalagiri he carries his tea-pot with him, and out of the tea-pot he pours many and welcome comforts for the pilgrim who follows his footsteps. Mr. Nordhoff has made the tour of the American communistic societies not to sneer, or stare, or wonder, or condemn. He went to study a significant and suggestive form of society of which very little is known, and which is usually regarded as visionary, or worse.

The general feeling in regard to the various communities in the Union is one of half horror, as if they were nests of "free love" and idleness and infidelity, and entirely unworthy the serious regard of serious men. How singularly mistaken this view is, Mr. Nordhoff's book shows. He is not, like Mr. Hepworth Dixon, a writer seeking a sensation, nor, like Mr. Noyes, an enthusiast. He is a real inquirer. His interest in the great modern question of capital and labor as affecting this country is apparent in his preface. The spirit of the trades-unions and international societies seems to him hateful and mischievous, because their theories and policies regard the laborer as a hireling for life; and such societies are united not as men to secure independence, but as servants to demand better conditions of masters. Their influence both in this country and in Great Britain, he thinks, has been almost entirely injurious to the character and condition of the laborer. Moreover, nothing, in his judgment, can be more foolish than that men who consent to be life-long dependents upon capital should insist upon a necessary and eternal enmity between capital and labor. To one who holds such views the study of co-operation in every way must be most interesting. But while co-operative societies flourish in England and Germany, they have not succeeded in this country, where, however, there are several successful communistic associations; and the conditions and circumstances of that success are the objects of Mr. Nordhoff's inquiries.

He finds that there are eight societies, or seventy-two communes or different settlements, in this country which are successful. The oldest of these have existed for eighty years, the youngest of which he treats, for twenty-two. They number about five thousand persons of all ages, and are scattered through thirteen States, owning nearly one hundred and eighty thousand acres of land. As they are sometimes accused of being land monopolists, it is interesting to see that the communists own only about thirty-six acres a head. This fact, mentioned by Mr. Nordhoff, contrasts curiously with the statistics of Scotland, where the Duke of Sutherland owns 1,326,453 acres, the Earl of Breadalbane 438,358 acres, the Duke of Buccleuch 418,615 acres; where more than a quarter of the land is owned by twelve men, and one-half of it by seventy-five. Our author computes the wealth of the communities at twelve millions of dollars. One of the societies is French in origin, two American, and the others German. The Germans are the best communists of all. Mr. Nordhoff's detailed account of the life at the various communities, with their history, is extremely interesting. The general impression left upon the mind of the reader



is of moderation in every way—plainness often amounting to bareness, industry, regularity, and probable monotony. Refinement, high education, or general intellectual cultivation is not common. But immorality, disorder, dissipation, are seldom found.

Mr. Nordhoff's general summary is that while they are not refined or cultivated, while art is unknown among the communists and beauty and grace are even despised, yet they work but moderately; they are cleanly, honest, humane, and charitable. They provide plainly for personal comfort, live well, are unusually healthy, temperate, never in debt, and the most long-lived of our population. They keep regular hours, live in the open air, avoid anxiety, are tenderly nursed in illness, and in old age are most carefully considered. Eighty years is not an unusual age for a communist, and in every society except the French colony of Icaria Mr. Nordhoff saw or heard of people over ninety and still hale and active. If the communal life seems in theory to be dull and dreary, yet he found the people cheerful and quietly merry, and considers it in almost every way a higher and better and pleasanter life than that of the average mechanic and laborer in the city or the average farmer in the country. Indeed, when the reader thinks of the tenement-house in the city or the wasting toil and pinched household of the poor farmer, and then of the life which is described in this book, the author's opinion has great presumptive support.

The general impression that the secret of communal success is some kind of religious fanaticism, Mr. Nordhoff does not confirm. He thinks that there must be general agreement in some religious faith, or in some great interest that takes the place of religion; but the main condition of success is a feeling of the unbearableness of the circumstances of those who form the community. "Communism is a mutiny against society." But whether the communist shall rebel with the bludgeon and torch or with the plow and the church depends upon the fact that he is or is not a religious being. If his religious faith is sapped and his moral sense debauched, the communist will hate his more fortunate fellow-men, and will attack society with fire and fury. If, on the other hand, he believes in God, he finds comfort in the social theory which Jesus Christ preached, and will seek a better way out of a disordered society, each interpreting by his own light the narrative of Luke: "And all that believed were together, and had all things common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need."

It is an interesting fact for an American that Mr. Nordhoff finds the political system of the Icarians, which is a pure democracy, to be the worst, and that of the Shakers, Rappists, and Amana communists, which is a strict and permanent oligarchy, to be the best and most successful among all the societies. In the latter the chiefs are appointed by a select authority, and usually for life. But there is no pomp of authority, and whatever the form of the government may be, the social arrangements are all of the most simple and democratic kind. The intellectual condition of the communities is the least encouraging aspect of communal life. But this seems to our author very easily remediable,

and his general conclusion is, that while communism requires earnest work, and patience, perseverance, and all manly qualities, yet the life is so much easier and better than that of the average working-man and his family in the great cities, or that of the ordinary farmer or mechanic, that he wishes it might have a farther development in the United States. Communism as seen in the societies studied by Mr. Nordhoff shows, in his judgment, that men and women may live pleasantly and prosperously in that manner if they choose, and it is to be counted as another of the ways by which, if he will, the dissatisfied laborer may better his condition.

"DEATH hath this also," says Bacon, "that it openeth the gate to good fame." How often we know men only when they die, and Death, like a good angel, whispers to us that as he who died yesterday is now first truly known for what he was, so there are those among us who are all unknown, but who shall pass by death into general and affectionate recognition. This has been peculiarly the case with the late Jeffries Wyman, of whom Dr. Holmes says that he would have been more famous if he had been less modest. He died at the close of the last summer, and the most grateful and sincere tributes have been paid to his memory, revealing to most of those among whom he lived the fact of his existence. He was the curator of the Archæological Museum at Cambridge, and, as Professor Burt Wilder says of him, the acknowledged leader of anatomical science in America. This Peabody collection was made by Wyman. "As was his wont," says Professor Wilder, "he did all himself: every specimen passed through his hands." "On every label," says Dr. Holmes, "is seen the same delicate handwriting, slender, vertical, uniform, perfectly legible, and of a characteristically elegant neatness." His tastes and training were all scientific. He had been demonstrator of anatomy to the famous Dr. Warren, curator and lecturer at the Lowell Institute in Boston, Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Hampden Sidney College in Virginia, and Professor of Anatomy in Harvard University. He had been president of the Boston Society of Natural History and of the American Association for the Promotion of Science.

During all his life of sixty years he was closely engaged in the study of his science, traveling to Europe, to South America, and Labrador, and constantly contributing the most valuable papers to the scientific periodicals. Professor Wilder, one of his most distinguished pupils, says that although a great anatomist, Wyman was not a zoologist; and he carefully refrained from zoological discussion, partly, as his scholar says, from a natural aversion to controversy, but especially because he thought that upon most matters now most fiercely discussed our knowledge of facts is too limited. This strict and unswerving fidelity to the fact was the quality which gave Wyman his scientific superiority. The ardor of temperament, the partisan warmth, the dogmatism, and the credulity of the theorist, which betray so many men of science, were absolutely unknown to him. "He is one of the very few naturalists who 'never told a lie,' simply because he never allowed his imagination to outstrip his observation." Thus, when experimenting upon



spontaneous generation in 1862, he did not assert that it is or is not possible. He said only, rigidly stating not what he wished might be true, and not what seemed to be proved, but only what he had observed: "The boiled solutions of organic matter made use of, exposed only to air which has passed through tubes heated to redness, or inclosed with air in hermetically sealed vessels and exposed to boiling water, became the seat of infusorial life." But later, in 1867, after further experiments, he stated that after the solutions were "boiled for five consecutive hours, living organisms did not afterward appear therein"—but he drew no conclusion, and continued his observations. Dr. Holmes quotes from Mr. Alexander Agassiz another illustration of this pure scientific spirit, that is to say, this unselfish devotion to truth. "Unless he could add something of importance to the memoirs of his predecessors, he never allowed himself to print his observations if they were mere confirmations. At the time Owen and the younger Milne-Edwards published their memoirs on the Dodo, he had been at work for a long time on the same material in the Museum of Comparative Zoology, and was just ready to commence: yet he was satisfied in criticising a few points in the above papers, and returned the series of bones, all carefully labeled, saying he should have no further use for them."

So much knowledge united with such modest goodness made Professor Wyman to those who knew him almost a spotless character. Compact of virtues and of graces, he was the most retiring and gentle of men. He "looked his character so well," says Dr. Holmes, "that he might have been known for what he was in a crowd of men of letters and science. Of moderate stature, of slight frame, evidently attenuated by long invalidism, with a well-shaped head, a forehead high rather than broad, his face thin, his features bold, his expression mild, tranquil, intelligent, firm, as of one self-poised, not self-asserting; his scholarly look emphasized by the gold-bowed spectacles his nearsightedness forced him commonly to wear." To how many who read these words the name of Jeffries Wyman will be wholly new! "Death hath this also, that it openeth the gate to good fame." Let the knowledge that a man of such learning and such character may be comparatively unknown, except to the masters of science in America and in Europe, give us a new sense of the richness of life, and a deeper reverence for human nature.

TEN years ago, on a blustering Saturday evening in the beginning of November, the Saturday before the Presidential election of that year, the spacious rooms of the Century Club in New York were filled with a notable company which had assembled to honor the president of the club, William Cullen Bryant, on his seventieth birthday. Artists, authors, merchants, lawyers, and men of every profession emulated each other in expressions of respect and regard. Eloquence, poetry, and song combined, amidst the black cloud of war that overhung the country and obscured the future, to express the honor with which he was regarded whose threescore and ten industrious years had been filled with good works. And now in the year which has just ended, on the very day of the great election, a

company of representative gentlemen met in the same club, and proceeded through the excited streets to the house of Mr. Bryant, who had been all the morning at his editorial work. The gentlemen found him at home with his two daughters; and one of his oldest friends and associates in many literary, æsthetic, and charitable enterprises, Mr. Jonathan Sturges, delivered to Mr. Bryant a copy of a letter of congratulation signed by many hundreds of good men—and, we hope, women—and in doing so Mr. Sturges made a little speech, so felicitous that we quote it:

"We have come, dear Mr. Bryant, to congratulate you upon reaching the ripe age of eighty years in such vigor of health and intellect, to thank you for all the good work that you have done for your country and for mankind, and to give you our best wishes for your happiness. For more than sixty years you have been an author, and from your first publication to your last you have given to us and our children the best thought and sentiment in the purest language of the English-speaking race. For more than fifty years you have been a journalist, and advocated the duties as well as the rights of men with all the genuine freedom, without any of the license, of our age, in an editorial wisdom that has been a blessing to our daughters as well as our sons. You have been a good citizen and true patriot, ready to bear your testimony to the worth of your great literary contemporaries, and steadfast from first to last in your loyalty to the liberty and order of the nation. You have stood up manfully for the justice and humanity that are the hope of mankind and the commandment of God. We thank you for ourselves, for our children, for our country, and for our race, and we commend you to the providence and grace of Him who has always been with you, and who will be with you to the end. We present to you this address of congratulation, with signatures from all parts of the country, and with the proposal of a work of commemorative art that shall be sculptured with ideas and images from your poems, and be full of the grateful remembrances and affections of the friends who love you as a friend, and the nation that honors you as the patriarch of our literature."

To this speech Mr. Bryant made a reply almost as brief, in which he referred to the changes which he had seen during his long life—changes which, upon the whole, he thinks have greatly benefited mankind; and he spoke of the great change yet to come, and for which all good men should work: the day when the population of the world should prepare for universal peace by disbanding great armies. That day, however, seems still distant for the European armies. Those of Germany, Russia, and France are even now vastly increasing, and a future judgment of war is evidently to be invoked. Letters and telegrams were received by the committee during the day from all parts of the country, and poems were recited; and in the evening, attending as Vice-President of the Historical Society the meeting at which Mr. W. J. Hoppin read a paper upon historical portraits in Paris, Mr. Bryant was again congratulated in a formal resolution passed with acclamation, the whole audience rising. In other cities and in most of the leading newspapers of the country the day was noted and honored.

It is now proposed to deposit in the Metropolitan Museum of Art a silver vase embellished with sculptured symbols of Mr. Bryant's career as a citizen and a man of letters. The tribute will be all the more interesting that he is especially an American. His culture is large. He is enrolled among the translators of Homer, and there are many translated verses of Spanish poets scattered through his pages, and his writings are always rich in suggestions and allusions which



show the range of his reading and the apt fidelity of his memory. But the American tone is never lost. There are a freshness and health and simplicity in all his verse; so that the reader seems to breathe the odor of pine woods and to feel the sunny content of the New England landscape. American poetry is distinctively elegiac, but the pensive strain in Bryant is never sentimental. It is manly and robust, and the key that he struck in *Thanatopsis* he has never lost. It is this manly quality which prevents pettiness in his verse, and gives him the large and cosmopolitan tone of Milton, who is, however, more strictly scholarly and literary. Bryant's poetry is that of a healthy man living in the fresh air, with broad sympathies, with generous hopes, with sturdy faith in man and God.

But it is his peculiar distinction that during all his long life he has taken an active part in political affairs, both with his pen as editor, and often with his tongue as orator. From the publication of his poem upon the Embargo, which

was a political satire, down to the last political campaign, he has not hesitated to say his word upon all public questions, to enlighten and to warn. He has borne his share of the responsibility of an American citizen, and so thoughtfully and with such due courtesy that few men have been more influential. He has maintained the original American doctrines, now in union with one party, now with another, but always in the closest union with his sincere convictions. Of a vigorous and masculine nature, he holds his opinions strongly, and some of the most trenchant articles in his paper have been his own. But as his years have increased there has been no deepening bitterness or despondency. Lowell, in his *Fable for Critics*, describes a Bryant whom he does not depict in his later verses of ten years ago at the Century Club festival. For the Bryant whom this generation knows is he whose sun, in the words of a great poet long since dead, yet with whom Bryant was contemporary,

"Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run."

## Editor's Literary Record.

IN accordance with our usual custom, we devote the greater part of our Literary Record this month to some account of recent publications appropriate to the season. The manufacture of Christmas books is happily going out of date. In lieu thereof we have a class of publications which are all the more seasonable that they are of enduring value; and it is only of such that we shall write.

### ART PUBLICATIONS.

THE engravers look with disfavor upon the various processes by which science is compelling the sun to do their work, partly because it cheapens art, partly because certain art effects can not be produced by the sun. The double motive operates in a similar manner to make photography unpopular with portrait painters, and chromos with all artists. But an inspection of the productions of the heliotype process which J. R. Osgood and Co. offer to the public will convince the majority of art lovers, if not the minority of art producers, that there are effects in which it equals if it does not surpass the best work of the best wood and steel engravers, while it certainly is without a peer in its power to bring within the reach of men of moderate means rich, rare, and heretofore inaccessible art treasures. The reproduction of *A Series of Studies designed and engraved after Five Paintings by Raphael* must be placed, both for beauty of original design and for success in reproduction, at the head of these art publications. This volume of sixty-four pages contains twenty-four plates, embracing the five paintings, together with sketches of individual heads taken from them. The history of this collection enhances its interest and value. The original paintings formed a part of the royal collection of Madrid, which was transferred by the French army to Paris during the war which ended in 1813. There they were restored by Bonnemaïson, who also, by royal permission, caused a series of crayon studies to be made from them, employing for that purpose the best

artists and engravers in Paris. The plates, it is believed, have since been destroyed, and the work is rare and difficult to obtain. A copy was purchased from the estate of Cardinal Tosti by Mr. Thomas Gold Appleton, and placed in the Boston Public Library, and the present reproductions are copied therefrom. The softness of the original crayon is wonderfully preserved. We doubt whether there are any engravers in America who could have secured the effect as well. Certainly the result could only have been obtained at a price which would have forbidden the attempt. A series of photographs could hardly be more perfect; and there is no trace of that muddiness and "rotteness" which, in the inferior reproductions by similar processes, have brought them into disrepute.

Similar to this volume is *Toschi's Engravings from Frescoes by Correggio and Parmegiano*, from the Gray collection of engravings in Harvard University. The plates are the same in number, twenty-four, and the work is of the same form and size. The two are, therefore, companion volumes. In the case of *Toschi's Engravings* the reproductions are from steel plates. In one or two cases an artist's eye might detect a want of clearness, as in the faces of the "Two Deacons," or the clouds in the "Madonna del Scala." But we doubt whether the same defects might not be discovered in the steel plates themselves, and we are certain that no one but a skilled engraver would be able to declare, but for the statement of the publishers, that the pictures were not printed from steel plates.

LIENARD'S *Specimens of the Decoration and Ornamentation of the Nineteenth Century* contains one hundred and twenty-seven plates, and is comprised in twelve parts, of which only two are before us as we write. They are said on the title-page to have been "approved by the Board for perfecting Instruction in the Arts of Design in Belgium, and entered on the official list of Models suitable for use in Academies and Schools of Design." The volume is of primary interest



to architects and to teachers of industrial art, but it will be valued as a study by all those who take a personal or professional interest in architecture, and especially by those who have the means to employ art decoration in their own homes, or occasion to supervise its use in public buildings. Still, we should be sorry to believe that M. Lienard is what the preface claims him to be—a type of the age—or to see him adopted as the master to be followed in our art decoration. The realism of his art degenerates sometimes into the purely and prosaically material, or if he transcends the real and enters the ideal, it is too often to add not merely the grotesque, but the fiercely and cruelly grotesque.

It is not at all surprising that WILLIAM BLAKE should have gone by the name of the Mad Engraver; and turning over the leaves of Osgood and Co.'s reproduction of what ranks as his greatest if not his most characteristic work, *Illustrations of the Book of Job*, we are almost tempted to think his own conception of their origin well-founded. He insisted on it that he held converse with the spirit world, and received his conceptions therefrom, or from reminiscences of his work in a pre-existent state. Certainly no ordinary mortal could conceive any thing more unearthly than these twenty-one designs. The book is curious, powerful in its way too, and wonderful for its collocation of Scripture and its weird idealism. We are not able to re-echo Mrs. Jamieson's encomium of the rejoicing angels "sending up their voices with the morning stars that singing in their glory move." But the devil is as diabolical in art as Milton's in poetry. The leer of satisfaction in which this fiend rejoices over his victim's misery, as he pours the sore boils out upon Job's prostrate form, is something to make one rejoice when, toward the close of the book, he is cast out, and "falls as lightning from heaven" into the flames of a hell waiting to receive him.

AUGUSTUS HOPPINS'S *On the Nile* we account by far the best piece of work he has ever done. It is a pen-and-ink panorama of a journey from Paris to Egypt and up the Nile, comprised in forty-eight pictures. They are uniform in size with his *Crossing the Atlantic*, but the field is larger, the studies have been more careful, the work is more conscientious and thorough. There is scarcely a caricature in the book, but plenty of genuine humor, and not only a wonderful observation of externals in dress and manners, but a real insight into character and life and civilization. The streets of Marseilles, with the queer-looking French sailors; the group on shipboard on the Mediterranean; the landing at Malta in those queer little boats with bow and stern alike; the Maltese calèche and the convent catacombs; the characters in the streets of Pera—the street peddler, dervish priest, water-carrier, and oily faced, gold-bedizened eunuch—these and similar sketches of the voyage partake more of the interest which belongs to mere character drawing. But when we have fairly reached the Sultan's dominions, and the congregation at the door of a mosque donning their shoes, the Turkish bazar, the donkey and donkey-boy, the camel and his driver, the dahabeeh, the Sphinx, the party clambering the Pyramids, etc., etc., are introduced in rapid succession, the pictures are not only full of life, but also of the suggestions

of information, so that the mere careful study of them will suffice to give the observer, who knows how to use his eyes half as well as the artist has used his, a better idea of a voyage up the Nile than he will ordinarily get from a substantial volume of travels.

The season has produced no more artistic volume than WOLF'S *Wild Animals* (Harper and Brothers). It is a large quarto, with twenty full-page illustrations from designs by Joseph Wolf, engraved by J. W. and Edward Whymper, and accompanied with descriptive matter by Daniel Giraud Elliot. It is singular that a painter of power so unmistakably remarkable as Mr. Wolf should not be mentioned in either Mrs. Clement's *Hand-Book of Painters* or Sarah Tytler's *Modern Painters*, and that for information respecting him we are dependent on the preface to this volume. As a youth, we are told, "he was passionately fond of observing and drawing wild animals, and loved to prowl over the hills or among the woods in search of objects for study." For twenty-five years he has been a resident of London, except when traveling for the purposes of study, has been a diligent student in the Zoological Gardens, has drawn for the Zoological Society and occasionally for books of scientific travel, and has been known among connoisseurs, though not widely through the newspapers, as unrivaled in his power of depicting animal character and life upon canvas. His studies, it is evident, have not been confined to the form and structure of animals, but have included their habits of life, and what we may call their intellectual and moral character. He is not a mere copyist even of nature; he has seen and felt and admirably portrays its romance. Animal life is full of drama, and the drama he sets before us. There is not a single prosaic picture in the book, not one that does not tell a story, not one that is not full of the manifestations of life, and but one—the "Siesta"—that is not full of action. From the gorilla swinging in the branches of the African forest, and looking his fierce defiant question, "Who comes here?" to the deer struggling with the superincumbent snow from a miniature avalanche, there is not one that does not give, with a picture of animal forms, a story of animal character and experiences. The author has caught the spirit of the artist, and both pen and pencil justify the full title of the book, *The Life and Habits of Wild Animals*.

*Pictures by Venetian Painters, with Notices of the Artists and Subjects engraved*, by WILLIAM B. SCOTT (George Routledge and Sons), is a handsome volume of eighty-two pages, with sixteen full-page steel engravings of some of the characteristic pictures of the great Venetian artists, including Tintoretto, Gio. Bellini, Titian, and Paul Veronese. The introduction gives a graphic and suggestive picture of Venetian life and civilization. Painting is a language, and the language of a nation can never be truly comprehended by one ignorant of its life. It is possible that "climate has very much to do with national aptitude in the fine arts, and with the direction in which artistic energy works," and it is certain that "none but the Venetians could have been the authors of their style of art." For its full meaning that art depended so much on rich color that the engraving never can fully interpret it. But whatever engraving can do has



been done to reproduce the art of Venice. The descriptive matter is much better and more instructive than often accompanies similar art volumes; and the student of this work will certainly get from it an intelligent conception of an important phase of art life.

A companion volume is *Pictures by Sir Edwin Landseer*, with descriptions and a biographical sketch by JAMES DAFFORNE, which we receive from the same house. Landseer's paintings are so eloquent in their action, the story is told so effectively, and the interest of the picture depends so largely upon the story, that, however we may miss the color, we still get through the pencil the artist's thought. Of all the great artists there is scarcely one who can be so successfully translated from the language of the canvas into that of the page. The brush might add beauty in accessories, but it could hardly enhance the mute eloquence of the "Friend in Suspense," the faithful dog watching by the closed door, beyond which, as we are left to surmise, his sick, wounded, or perhaps dying master has been taken, while the gauntlets on the table and the eagle's feathers on the floor indicate how recently he has come in from the hunt, the ride, or the battle.

*The Stately Homes of England*, by LLEWELLYN JEWITT and S. C. HALL, and illustrated by two hundred and ten engravings on wood, reproduced from the *London Art Journal* (Porter and Coates), carries the reader through thirteen of the great estates of England. An English book, there is in it a fullness of information concerning the great families and their histories for which most American readers will care but little. These family histories, however, may be omitted at pleasure by the reader, who is permitted to edit the book at will; the remainder is devoted to a description of the houses and their grounds, and affords a pleasant, entertaining, and instructive guide, either to those who find a pleasure in revisiting by the aid of pen and pencil objects of interest which they have visited in former times in person, or to those who lack the opportunity of making the tour of England in any other way.

G. P. Putnam's Sons publish an illustrated edition of Mrs. NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S *Notes in England and Italy*. The book has been before the public for some time, and therefore calls for no comment. The illustrations, ten in number, are chiefly of objects of interest in England. They are from steel plates, some of them certainly not new, but none of them inferior in appearance, nor exhibiting signs of wear. The book is handsomely printed, with a broad margin.

*Leaves from a Summer Sketch-Book* (Estes and Lauriat) are ten photographs from artists' sketches, with one exception, of New England scenery. There is a certain charm in getting admittance to the secrets of an artist's portfolio and thus studying his unfinished work; but in this instance the photograph has failed to preserve that charm, or to impart that which belongs to finished beauty, and the pictures are notable rather for their composition than for their execution. There is no letterpress.

An exceedingly handsome contribution to the art publications of the season is *Christ in Art* (J. B. Ford and Co.). The letterpress is simply a harmony of the four Gospels, arranged by EDWARD EGGLESTON. The illustrations give

the character to the book. These embrace, besides smaller engravings, 100 full-page illustrations from the famous designs of ALEXANDRE BIDA. M. Bida belongs to the same general school as Holman Hunt, but with the radical difference that one is a Frenchman, the other an Englishman; one, therefore, transfuses his art with a poetry of feeling that is generally conspicuously and sometimes painfully absent from the prosaic realism of the other. Less dramatic and startling in his effects than Doré, his pencil is more reverential, his pictures more subdued, his feeling more deep and tender, while his accessories are truthful representations of Oriental life and manners, of which M. Bida has made a special study for years. The French work has been unknown except to special lovers of art, being practically closed to the public by its price. We cordially welcome this partial reproduction in a cheaper and more popular form for the American public.

#### POETRY.

A VERY handsome illustrated collection of poetry is *Picture Posies* (George Routledge and Sons). Among the authors are Miss MULOCK, ROBERT BUCHANAN, TOM HOOD, MARY HOWITT, JEAN INGELOW, and GEORGE MACDONALD. The artists are less widely known in this country, except BIRKET FOSTER, MULREADY, and the DALZIELS. The variety of artists—there are twenty-two names given—has secured a variety of artistic treatment, and, of course, resulted in some art inequality. The size and shape of the book fit it for the centre-table rather than the hand, for an occasional and parlor acquaintance rather than for a familiar friend.

*The Hanging of the Crane*, by LONGFELLOW (J. R. Osgood and Co.), is an exquisite piece of illustration. MARY N. HALLOCK has drawn the domestic scenes, THOMAS MORAN the landscapes, which are generally introduced in the shifting of the scenes, as the home drama passes from the bridal day to the golden wedding. The accord between artists and the poet is complete, and the book is like the production of one poet-artist mind, in the perfection of its harmony. The book, wherever it goes, will accomplish a sweet ministry in inspiring pure thoughts and noble ideals of home life—a needed ministry, and one better wrought by poem and pencil than by sermon or essay.

*Vers de Société* (Henry Holt and Co.) promises to be, both in scope and execution, one of the favorites of the season. PRAED, HOLMES, LANDOR, THACKERAY, MOORE, CALVERLEY, and SAXE are among the contributors who have been drawn upon for these society poems. The volume is handsomely printed on a dark tint, with a lavender border around the text. The poems are arranged according to their authors, and the illustrations, which are vignettes, are confined to the sub-titles prefixed to each separate collection.

In W. C. BRYANT'S *Among the Trees* (G. P. Putnam's Sons) the artist, JERVIS M'ENTEE, proves himself as great a lover and as true an interpreter of the trees as the poet. The portraits of forests and forest foliage and the pastoral scenes are exquisite; the few figure pieces are less strikingly beautiful. The volume is small,



and would be still smaller but for an unusual number of blank pages.

*Allibone's Dictionary of Poetical Quotations* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) appears in a new dress; printed from the former plates, we judge, but in cream-colored paper, with a large margin, and accompanied with twenty steel engravings. Notwithstanding one or two old-fashioned plates, that do not deserve a place in the volume, it is a very handsome work, equally appropriate to the parlor table or to the library shelves.

*Songs of Many Seasons*, by O. W. HOLMES, and *Hazel Blossoms*, by J. G. WHITTIER, both published by J. R. Osgood and Co., are characteristic of their authors. The first includes fruit gathered from the harvests of at least ten years; the second, the blossoms of a single season. The first is bright, sparkling, trenchant, and reminds us, in the reproduction of poems of the war, of good service done by a warrior's pen in time of need; the second is calm, smooth, deep, tender, and for war reminiscences affords a tribute to the warrior-statesman, Charles Sumner. The one ends with a humorous poetical essay on "Time," read, apparently, at a class meeting; the other with a simple and tender poem, two verses only, on "Charity," one of nine written by the poet's sister, to whose character Mr. Whittier's prefatory note is a beautiful tribute.

*The Mistress of the Manse*, by J. G. HOLLAND (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), is valuable rather for the high and pure moral tone which is characteristic of all its author's writings than for poetic genius; rather for a rhythmic expression of the elements which enter into a true domestic life, and which constitute true harmony in the wedded life, than for either dramatic or emotional power; rather for the sentiment which it will enkindle, let us hope, in many hearts where love needs new fanning into flame, than for originality of thought or rare felicity in utterance. It would have been more effective if, especially in the first half of the book, the movement had been more rapid, or the philosophy, with which it is somewhat overloaded, had been more compact. The book would afford an excellent field for an artist, but is not illustrated.—*Quiet Hours* (Roberts Brothers) is a collection of religious poems—we use the word religious in its broadest sense—fitted for the musings and meditations of solitude. The book, if we do not greatly misjudge its genesis, is not the manufacture of a book-maker, but the collection of one who has brought together here the fruit of many quiet hours of musing with many poet companions. The whole range of religious experience, from that of Faber to that of Ralph Waldo Emerson, is combined in peaceful fellowship and in joint interpretation of nature and life.—*The Garland of the Year* (Estes and Lauriat) is a happy conception well executed. The object is to afford a combined collection of poetry and flowers for every month in the year. The former is selected from the standard English poets; the latter are presented in twelve chromographs. In these the flowers are tastefully arranged, and the colors are preserved. They are handsomely printed on card-board.—A tasteful edition of that deservedly famous poem, *The Changed Cross*, is presented by A. D. F. Randolph, with the author's name for the first time made public—Hon. Mrs. CHARLES HOBART. The illustrations

are very slight outline sketches, mere suggestions to the imagination. A companion volume to this is *The Chamber of Peace and other Religious Poems*, the first of which is based on the incident in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, "And they laid the pilgrim in an upper chamber facing the sunrising. The name of the chamber was Peace."

#### ILLUSTRATED BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

*Harper's Magazine* can no more forget the children than can St. Nicholas himself. For the help of parents and friends—and they can find no better or more enduring Christmas token than a book—we group in a paragraph a few of the many child fruits of the season. *The Little Lane Prince and his Traveling Cloak* (Harper and Brothers) is Miss MULOCK's contribution to the children's Christmas. Those that remember *The Adventures of a Brownie*—and who that ever read it does not?—will be eager for this addition to the history of fairy-land, and those who read it will not be disappointed. It is such a story as a loving mother with a fertile and pure imagination might tell her little ones, with no moral to be learned, but a moral life in it that will be the more readily communicated that it addresses the heart through the imagination. The book is tastefully illustrated.—For the very little ones is *Goody Two Shoes's Picture-Book* (George Routledge and Sons), with twenty-four pages of illustrations, printed in colors, with three stories to be read to the little listener, and a picture alphabet to entice him to learn to read for himself.—*Little Rose-Bud's Album*, with 130 illustrations by GILBERT, HARRISON WEIR, etc., and *Little Wide Awake*, with nearly 400 illustrations (George Routledge and Sons), are for young readers. The latter is well entitled; it is full of zest and sparkle.—Mrs. SANDFORD, whose *Rose Dale Books* our own children have literally read to pieces, contributes for the little girls and boys *Pussy Tip-Toe's Family* (E. P. Dutton and Co.). The illustrations are foreign, but are well wrought into the story.—FROMENT's illustrations give a charm to the *Story of a Summer Day* (T. Nelson and Sons). Is there any artist who is such a wonderful interpreter of child life as Froment? Yes; FRÖLICH, and it is his inimitable pencil which illustrates *May's Own Boy* (Pott, Young, and Co.), a good story for Sunday reading, of which, as many parents can testify, there are few.—More distinctively, but perhaps no more truly, religious are *Golden Apples* and *The Wonder Case*—the latter containing five volumes, by Dr. NEWTON; both are published by Carter and Brothers—and *Sunday Evenings at Home*, stories from history, with illustrations, and for older readers (George Routledge and Sons).—Mrs. Mouser and *The Life of an Elephant* (Pott, Young, and Co.) will quicken the sympathy of the children for animals, and the latter will give them some information, which they will acquire none the less surely because without a consciousness that their reading is really a study in natural history. Very attractive books to old and young in the department of natural history are *Animals and their Young* (George Routledge and Sons), illustrated by HARRISON WEIR, and *Dog Life* (T. Nelson and Sons), with illustrations after Sir Edwin Landseer. The engravings in the latter are not



equal to the designs. Both are entertaining and instructive—anecdotal rather than philosophical or scientific. For older classes of readers and students the latter house sends us an illustrated book, by Rev. J. E. WOOD, on *Trespassers*, showing how the inhabitants of earth, air, and water are enabled to trespass on domains not their own.—Three fairy volumes are: *The Merry Elves* (T. Nelson and Sons), with twenty-four exquisite illustrations that look as though they might have been the product of fairy skill; *Fairy Gifts* (Pott, Young, and Co.); and *Moon-Folk* (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The latter, by JANE G. AUSTIN, with illustrations drawn and engraved by W. J. LINTON, is entitled to pre-eminence as the fairy story of the season. It is noticeable that in these art productions the best artists have contributed their treasures to the children, and it is almost equally noticeable that in the non-illustrated books for older boys and girls, which we can not even mention, for their name is legion, some of our best writers have also contributed.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Myths of the Rhine* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.) is a romantic treatment of a romantic theme. The writer is the author of *Picciola*; the artist is DORÉ. The humor of author and artist commingles gracefully; but the writer can not rival in the horrible and the grotesque the pencil of his companion. The pictures do not do full justice to the draughtsman; it appears as though some of them had been printed from plates somewhat worn, or had been reproduced by the "graphic" process.—*Travels in South America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean*, by PAUL MARCOY (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), is one of those books which Frenchmen delight to produce and Englishmen and Americans to borrow. It is reprinted from the English edition, is comprised in two large octavo volumes, and illustrated by over five hundred wood-engravings. These are from sketches by the author, whose pen and pencil are equally spirited and piquant. M. Marcoy has that peculiar and inimitable genius which makes Frenchmen the most vivacious and entertaining of traveling companions. He sees by a kind of instinct the romance of the country, and with an artist's eye the picturesque in its life, dress, and customs. The book is a panorama of South American life and scenery, and a repository of the romance of South American travel. The ten maps are exquisite specimens of drawing and engraving.—More scientific in its tone is Mr. BATES's *Naturalist on the River Amazon* (Roberts Brothers), a medium-sized volume, and profusely illustrated. Mr. Bates is assistant secretary to the Royal Geographical Society of England. His observations were directed chiefly to the forms of animal and vegetable life, but his descriptions of them are popular, not technical, and the book is an admirable one for any intelligent youth, particularly one who has a *penchant* for natural history. This is an American reprint from an English publication of 1863.—*The Western World* (T. Nelson and Sons), a volume of 700 pages, affords a series of picturesque sketches of the natural history and physical appearance of North and South America, enlivened by the romance of adventure. It is very compact, yet clear and simple in style, and is so arranged that it will serve

a useful purpose as a book of reference, especially in respect to animal life on the American continent.—*Nast's Illustrated Almanac* (Harper and Brothers) has become one of the necessities of the season. Besides ninety of his characteristic sketches, there are this year contributions by Bret Harte, Josh Billings, G. P. Webster, and others.—*The Family Christian Almanac* (American Tract Society) is presented in a new form and dress, and is improved by the alteration. It is more sprightly and readable, too, than formerly, and has some excellent wood-engravings.

Three books on different phases of the same art are: *Architecture for General Students*, by CAROLINE W. HORTON (Hurd and Houghton); *The Story of a House*, from the French of VIOLLET-LE-DUC; and *Homes, and how to Make them*, by E. C. GARDNER, the two latter published by Osgood and Co. They are all tastefully and, what is more important, usefully illustrated. The first volume traces the history of architecture from the earliest type, the Babylonian, Assyrian, and Egyptian, to the latest, the American. It is useful not only as an introduction to the study of architecture for students, but as a comprehensive and intelligible, though brief, survey of it, for all those who desire some acquaintance with a department of art which, perhaps, is more important in its influence on national life than any other. The second volume, though popular in style, is scientific in fact. It gives professional information, though in untechnical language, and is of value only or chiefly to professed students of architecture, or to men of elegant and wealthy leisure. The size, cost, and elaborate character of the house whose story is told make it an admirable theme for a lesson, but a poor model for men of moderate means. The third volume is in form a series of letters between an architect and his friends on house-building; in style colloquial, readable, spicy; in substance sagacious, sensible, practicable. It is a book to be read before building a house; if read after, it may awaken a spirit of discontent at experience too dearly bought. The first book gives the history of architecture, the second the science of architecture, the third the application of architectural principles to an ordinary American home.

*Nursery Noonings* (Harper and Brothers), by GAIL HAMILTON, combines great good sense in ideas with her characteristic vivacity of expression. It is a matter of surprise how she is able to clothe thoughts so essentially didactic in language so essentially sprightly and entertaining. She is a natural born reformer—attacks with a zealous courage ideas and practices long entrenched in the popular affections; and if she sometimes appears iconoclastic when she attacks our own pet idols, we none the less heartily enjoy the vigor of her campaign against those to which we pay no reverence. No reader can peruse her trenchant essays without being compelled to revise and reconsider long but thoughtlessly adopted plans, methods, and prejudices of child training.

Two characteristics distinguish *David, King of Israel; his Life and its Lessons*, by Rev. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D. (Harper and Brothers), from ordinary volumes of sermons. The first is the author's treatment of Scripture as an



expositor. In the past the Bible has been quite too much treated with a pseudo-reverence, which has impaired its power; it has been kept as a sacred relic in an unopened ark, separated from the companionship of other books, its poetry lifted above the realm of our common experience, and the heroes of its history translated by a pious but misleading imagination into a realm scarcely distinguishable from that of fairy-land. The reaction from this mental habit has been into one of irreverent criticism or of superficial realism. From treating the Psalms of David as oracles, we have lapsed into regarding them as semi-barbaric odes, at least in certain of their inflections of feeling; from reverencing Abraham as a saint, we have fallen to picturing him as a mere Arabian sheik. Dr. Taylor preserves what is good in both systems of interpretation, in both moods of thought. He is not so absorbed in the external life of the shepherd-boy as to be oblivious of the divine experiences of the soul, nor so absorbed in a canonizing of the Old Testament saint as to be oblivious that he was a man of

like passions with us all. His treatment of Scripture is, in brief, characterized by a reverent familiarity—it is that of a devout but not superstitious student. The other characteristic is the moral and spiritual fruitfulness of the author's exposition. He believes, evidently, that all Scripture is "profitable," and that it is the first duty of the expositor to discover the profit in Scripture, and to make all study and all exposition subordinate thereto. The life of David is not, therefore, to him like the life of a classic hero; it is not to be studied primarily for its historic interest; it is the record of a life written as an example or a warning, sometimes one, sometimes the other; and in every chapter he seeks to bring directly and immediately before the reader the lesson of the life. Thus the story of the shepherd-king is brought to bear directly upon our common experiences, both by the reverent realism of the exposition, and by the direct moral and spiritual purpose of the expositor. We commend the work heartily both to the student and to the reader, especially to the latter.

## Editor's Scientific Record.

### SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

THE month of October, like its predecessor, offers us no instance of the discovery of a new comet or asteroid, but, on the other hand, some interesting matters in connection with more abstruse studies have come to hand. Professor Purser presents an attempt at a solution of one of the most difficult points in theoretical astronomy. It seems probable, mainly from the researches of Delaunay, that that portion of the secular inequality in the moon's mean motion which is unexplained by the ordinary formulæ of celestial mechanics may possibly be accounted for as the effect of the friction of ocean tidal currents in retarding the rotation of the earth upon its axis. Professor Purser, on the other hand, examines the question as to how nearly the energy which is converted into heat in the movement of the tides is equivalent to the energy lost by the earth in its diminished rotation on its axis. He finds that these quantities are almost exactly equivalent, and furthermore that the energy is in fact merely transferred from the earth's rotation to the moon's orbit, so that the total energy of the system remains the same.

Professor D'Arrest, well known by his researches among the nebulae, and who has of late years undertaken the highly important work of a spectroscopic examination of all stars, states that now that the attempts to attach a direct chemical meaning to the metallic absorption lines in the spectra of certain stars have been given up, there, on the other hand, arises an unexpectedly great interest to the astronomer in the prismatic analysis of the light of the fixed stars. It appears, namely, that there is a plain connection between the occurrence of spectra with strongly marked absorption lines and the occurrence of red and variable stars. He himself cites twenty-three well-marked coincidences of this kind, and urges a further investigation of the subject.

In some remarks on the results accomplished

in connection with the Argentine Uranometry, Professor Gould suggests that we may be able to determine the position of our sun with reference to its own cluster, and the position of the cluster itself with reference to other portions of the universe, by considering on the one hand the fact of the existence of a well-marked zone of very bright stars inclined to the Milky Way, and on the other the hypothesis of an equable distribution of stars.

M. Champion, in a memoir on the tails of comets, shows that at the distance at which these commence to be seen the rays of the sun would not produce an appreciable elevation of temperature in such a highly rarefied substance.

A new calculation of the temperature of the sun is proposed by M. Violle, who concludes the true mean temperature of its surface to be about 2000° C.

The construction by Clark of the great refracting telescope for the Washington Observatory seems to have given some stimulus to similar attempts in Europe, if we may judge from the fact that a twenty-inch lens is nearly completed for the new observatory of Strasburg, while thirty-inch lenses are being made both for the Paris and the Vienna observatories; in addition to which a silvered glass mirror of four feet aperture is being erected in the grounds of the latter.

In *Meteorological* matters we note the appeal made by Colonel Strange, of the Trigonometrical Survey of India, and Mr. Balfour Stewart to astronomers and meteorologists in favor of a more rational way of treating meteorology. They seem to favor the idea that variable and to some extent unknown influences are exerted by the sun upon the earth, and that the study of the sun, both as regards its spots, radiation, etc., must form the true basis of rational physical meteorology.

The meteorological committee of the Royal Society have directed that forecasts of the weather be prepared daily in the office as experiment-



al studies, from which we gather that it may not be long ere Great Britain will enjoy the advantage of a system but little if at all inferior to the weather probabilities of the United States.

The steady growth of the facilities enjoyed by the Army Signal-office in the prosecution of meteorological researches is forcibly illustrated by the statement in its last monthly review, that 442 stations send in reports with sufficient expedition to enable the review to be issued promptly within two weeks after the close of the month.

So far as this publication of the Signal-office comes into the hands of scientific meteorologists, it appears to receive very general praise as being a concise summary of the principal atmospheric phenomena bearing upon storms. Of these latter thirteen were chronicled during September, five of which were well developed revolving storms. That which passed along the Carolina coast on the 28th of the month developed a force that has been very generally compared to the hurricane of 1854, and produced great destruction from Florida to Virginia. The map of rainfall for the month shows that Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio continued to experience the severe drought that has so greatly injured the harvests in those States.

In connection with this subject it is not improper in this place to record the terribly destructive typhoon that passed over Hong-Kong on the 23d of September, by which great damage to property was caused, attended by a loss of life estimated at 30,000. It will be remembered that on the 9th of August an equally destructive typhoon passed over Nagasaki. The latter storm was in a meteorological point of view even more interesting than the former, and we confidently look for some systematic investigation into these two storms. Coming as they do at a time when both the Chinese and Japanese nations are considering the propriety of telegraphic storm warnings, these occurrences can but tend to hasten the achievement of that which is now an indispensable portion of the machinery of every civilized nation—the storm bureau.

Professor Prestel, in tracing the history of the great storm that occurred in Europe on the 22d of November, 1873, concludes that on the 17th of the month this disturbance was central over North Carolina, and that during the five following days it passed northeastward over New Brunswick and thence over the Atlantic to the North Sea; the author thus adds one to the slowly increasing number of cases in which severe storms have been traced across the ocean; and himself announces in the following words his adhesion to one of the general principles that have gradually been gaining ground in Europe, and in accordance with which storm predictions have been made out in this country during the past four years: "The details of the path of any given storm are determined both as to space and time by the very variable position, form, and extent of the sub-tropical area of high barometer." In a further continuation of his work Professor Prestel, however, treads upon dangerous ground, in that he attributes to some lunar influence the fact that the severe storms of November, 1864 and 1873, pursued almost identical paths.

The Dutch Meteorological Institute has pub-

lished a valuable chart by Cornelissen, showing for each season of the year the mean barometric pressure, and the frequency of storms for each square degree of the ocean in the neighborhood of the Cape of Good Hope.

Those who have been accustomed for many years to admire the energy shown by Leverrier in the conduct of his International Meteorological Bulletin have been somewhat surprised to learn that the Minister of Public Instruction has ordered an inspection of the meteorological service of the Paris Observatory, and a report upon its present condition.

A posthumous paper by Rosa, whose death on the 11th of January last has already been announced, contains a further contribution to the study of the relation between terrestrial magnetism and solar phenomena. He endeavors to establish a connection between periodic changes in the diameter of the sun and the corresponding changes in the magnetic variation.

The formation of the American Electrical Society, having its head-quarters at Chicago, took place on the 21st of the month. General Anson Stager was chosen president. Although its membership is apparently confined at present to the practical telegraphers of the country, yet it is to be expected that by the addition of scientific investigators the society will seek a wide field of usefulness, and stimulate the prosecution of electrical research in our midst.

Professor Joseph Henry states that his own observations on the phenomena of sound in connection with efficiency of fog-signals do not confirm the deductions recently made by Professor Tyndall. The latter attributes the deadening of sounds produced by common fog-bells, the siren, etc., to the reflection and absorption of mixtures of hot and cold air; but Professor Henry concludes that the loss of sound is due principally to its refraction, whereby it is bent out of its course to such an extent as to pass above the observer's head.

Professor Clerk Maxwell, in commenting on the recent work of Van Der Waals on the gaseous and liquid states, applies Clausius's "theorem of the mean virials" to the experiments of Dr. Andrews on carbonic acid and other liquefiable gases, and demonstrates that the molecules repel each other when the gas is being compressed still further after having been reduced to the liquid state, but that before reaching the state of liquefaction they attract each other. These molecular forces of attraction and repulsion are, however, much inferior to the repulsive force due to the kinetic energy called heat, which produces the general force of expansion by means of which the gases resist the external forces holding them under compression. This conclusion is quite in accordance with the remarkable theory of atoms developed by Bosovich over a century ago.

Among the items of recent interest in connection with the subjects of *Mineralogy* and *Geology* that have come to our notice since our last summary, we may refer to the remarkable fall in the value of Brazilian amethysts in consequence of their discovery in immense numbers. Certain new mines were opened not a great while ago, the first transmissions from which brought large prices; but the rapid increase in the number taken out over a considerable area glutted the



market to such an extent that gems of fine quality bring but a trifle per hundred pounds.

Among the new minerals announced more or less recently we may mention Rivotite, Livingstonite, Foresite, and Veszelyite.

The discovery of coal in Spitzbergen is announced as having been made during the past summer, although no special intimation of its commercial value is given. Mines of the same character have been detected on the Patagonian side of the Straits of Magellan, which promise to be of great importance in supplying the steamers passing through the straits. There are three principal veins, of which the largest is many feet in thickness, and all are quite accessible from the water's edge.

The great commercial value of the magnetic iron sands of New Zealand, worked to so much advantage in the manufacture of steel, has called attention to the very extensive deposits of the same substance on the coast of Labrador, and several establishments are now engaged in gathering this and forwarding it to England. At one place about thirty tons a day are extracted. The separation of this sand from other substances mixed mechanically with it is greatly facilitated by the use of a new magnetic ore separator, which has also been used to advantage in other localities, where the ore by roasting is converted into a magnetic oxide of iron, then pulverized, and the iron extracted.

Many communications have been made at the meetings of the various summer scientific associations in reference to subjects of geological interest, both local and general. So numerous are they, indeed, as to render it impossible for us to attempt any complete summary. We may refer, however, to one by Mr. Belt in reference to the formation of the Siberian steppes, which are closely related to corresponding formations in North America. This author takes the ground, as the result of careful examination, against their being of marine origin, as generally supposed. On the contrary, he thinks they are fresh-water deposits made during the ice period in consequence of the damming up of the waters by ice, causing an accumulation of sand, gravel, pebbles, and boulders over a vast area.

The determination of the occurrence of aluminium in certain plants has been the subject of investigation by Professor Church, who has found a notable percentage in several species.

We have already referred to the detection of vanilline in the inner bark of the pine-tree, or at least the possibility of converting coniferine into this substance. At the present time an establishment in Berlin is engaged in making this substance, which, by its greater cheapness and alleged equal excellence, promises to supersede the use of the natural vanilla bean. An ordinary tree is said to furnish about twenty dollars' worth of the substance, without injuring the wood for any practical uses.

The new dyes of Croissante and Bretonnière, so recently announced, are rapidly coming into favor, several establishments in France and Germany having undertaken their manufacture on a large scale. These are characterized by extreme cheapness of cost, being much less than that of the natural dye-stuffs, such as logwood, etc., while the variety of tints is very great, including nearly all colors excepting the reds, yellows, and greens.

These coloring matters have a remarkable affinity for organic substances, and can be fixed upon the tissues without the necessity of any mordant. They are obtained by the action of certain sulphides on a great variety of matters.

A new petroleum product, under the name of vaseline, has lately been introduced in the market. It presents itself in the form of a thick transparent jelly, and is said to be valuable for the manufacture of various emollients for surgical uses.

The movements of the *Challenger* continue to be of special interest in the *Geographical* record, the latest advices being to the middle of July, at which time she had been to the Feejees, and was about proceeding to the New Hebrides and Torres Straits. Seventy-five cases of zoological collections preserved in alcohol have recently been forwarded to England.

The various government expeditions that have been engaged during the past summer in exploring different portions of North America have either returned to Washington or are on their way, and we hope to give an account of the principal results accomplished in our next summary. Unusually rich material has been gathered by many of them in the lines of zoology and paleontology, and excellent geodetic and geological work has been done. Mr. Dall, who, under the Coast Survey, has been engaged in the exploration of the northern coast of Alaska, has returned to San Francisco. Among other discoveries made by him is that of an enormous glacier three or four miles wide and from twenty to thirty miles in length, being one of the largest known outside of Greenland. He also made some interesting observations upon the height of Mount St. Elias, which by trigonometric calculation he estimates at fully 19,000 feet, thus greatly exceeding in altitude any other peak in North America.

Under the head of *Microscopical Science* we notice in the Proceedings of the Academy of Science, Philadelphia, page 75, 1874, a paper by Professor Leidy upon the "Enemies of *Diffugia*." They were frequently found within the intestines of *nais*, *pristina*, *chaetogaster*, and *æolosoma*, and the animalcule *Stentor polymorphus* seemed to be particularly fond of them. On one occasion a *stentor* was accidentally fixed by pressing down the cover of an animalcule cage on a *diffugia* which it had swallowed; after repeated elongations and contractions, the *stentor* liberated itself by splitting through three-fourths of the length of its body, and in the course of a few hours each half became separated as a distinct individual. In the same number of the Proceedings, page 88, are some interesting remarks also by Professor Leidy on the revivification of *Rotifer vulgaris*. In the first experiment the glass slides were dried in a room where the thermometer stood at 80°; twelve hours afterward the slides were examined, water was applied, a number of the apparently dead rotifers imbibed it, and in half an hour exhibited their usual movements. The same slides were again dried, and examined the next day. Several hours after moistening only two rotifers were noticed moving. In a subsequent experiment they were exposed to a hot sun during the afternoon, and an examination of the slides was made the following morning. After moistening the



rotifers continued motionless. These observations confirm what had been already stated by others, that when actually dried the rotifers are incapable of revivification. In the same number of the Proceedings Professor Leidy notices some new fresh-water *rhizopods*, which appear to be furnished with tufts of tail-like appendages, whence he concludes they belong to a new genus, and as they have all the essential characters of *amœba*, he proposes to name the genus *Oura-mœba*.

We call attention to Herr Möller's new Typenplatte of Diatomaceæ, which is a marvel of delicate microscopical manipulation, remarkable not alone for the beauty of the forms, but for their method of arrangement. The names are delicately photographed directly under each specimen, and the specimens themselves are placed in the centre of a circle, also photographed.

In a previous notice we mentioned Mr. Carter's opinions on the subject of *Eosoon canadense*. Dr. Carpenter has replied in the June number of the *Annals of Natural History*, 1874, very fully, and to that we must refer those interested in the question. He asserts that a true nummuline wall, not a layer of chrysolite aciculæ, as asserted by Professors Rowney and King, but a *calcareous* lamella, exists, in which the tubuli, straight and parallel, are easily distinguishable.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, Dr. Leidy described a curious rhizopod found in a mill pond, and measuring  $\frac{1}{100}$  of an inch in length. It moves slowly with a snail-like motion, and protrudes numerous papillæ and processes which bristle with rigid spicules, which can be shortened or withdrawn—a peculiarity that separates the animal so widely from its nearest ally that it probably belongs to a distinct genus. It is therefore named by Dr. Leidy *Dinamœba mirabilis*. A very curious and interesting discovery of what appear to be fresh-water polycystinæ has lately been made, and a paper embodying all at present known with regard to them may soon be expected from Mr. George W. Morehouse; hitherto they have been considered exclusively marine, and are found in the deepest sea soundings, where, either from the solution of the carbonate of lime or other cause, the foraminifera have entirely disappeared. The lamented Professor H. J. Clark published in 1866 in *Silliman's Journal* a paper in which he maintained that the sponge was an aggregation of flagellate infusoria, a compound protozoan animal; the same view had been substantially announced a little before by Mr. Carter. Hæckel has more recently modified this view, contending that the flagellate monads of Clark are simply cells lining the general stomach cavity of the sponge, and that therefore it is not a compound infusorian, but a more highly organized animal related to the radiates. He regards the sponges and acalephæ as having been evolved from a common ancestor, which he terms *Protascus*. In the September number of the *Monthly Microscopical Journal* are two papers well worthy the consideration of those physicians who consider the microscope as of little value in diagnosis. The first, upon the "Diagnosis of Blood Stains," is by Dr. Joseph G. Richardson, microscopist to the Pennsylvania Hospital; and he shows pretty conclusively that "*we are now able, by the aid of high powers of the microscope,*"

and under favorable circumstances, to positively distinguish stains produced by human blood from those caused by the blood of any of our ordinary domestic animals, and this even after the lapse of five years from the date of their primary production. The other paper is by Dr. Osler, "*On the Organisms in the Liquor Sanguinis*;" it was read at a meeting of the Royal Society, and has elicited considerable notice. He was not able, however, to trace any organic continuity with any other recognized animal or vegetable form, or to show that they possessed power of reproduction, or were at all related to *Bacteria*.

Among the more important *Zoological* works that have been received during the past month is a volume in quarto on the centipedes and thousand-legs of Mexico and Central America, by De Saussure and Humbert, and published by the French government. It will be useful to American students of these animals.

In embryology we have a very fully illustrated memoir by Mr. Alexander Agassiz on the jelly-fishes known as ctenophora. The history of *Idyia roseola* and *Pleurobrachia rhododactyla* is given with remarkable fullness and with ample illustrations.

We are now quite well acquainted with the development in the egg of the six-footed insects and the spiders, but that of the third division of tracheate, or air-breathing insects, the *Myriopoda*, has hitherto remained unknown. The blank has been well filled out by the efforts of a Russian zoologist, Metznikoff. His paper appears in Siebold and Kölliker's *Zeitschrift*. It seems that the segmentation of the yolk is total in the *myriopods*, as it has been found to be in the *Podura* by Ulianin, another Russian. The development of the germ is in other respects almost identical with that of the *Podura*, as described by Packard, and suggests some interesting points in the classification of these two groups of insects.

P. Bertkau, in an article on the respiratory organs of the spiders, in the German *Archiv für Naturgeschichte*, confirms the discovery of Menge and Siebold that these creatures respire both by so-called lungs and tracheæ. It should be observed that these *quasi* lungs are in reality modified tracheæ, for which Bertkau suggests the name of "lamellate tracheæ."

We have received the first volume of a systematic work on the spiders of France, by the energetic naturalist, M. Simon, of Paris. The plates are beautifully executed. Meanwhile the Boston Society of Natural History are republishing, under the editorial care of Mr. Burgess, Hentz's illustrated papers on the spiders of North America. The volume will be issued soon.

The French government two years since sent M. G. Pouchet on a scientific mission to the laboratory of living animals at Concarneau. He applied himself to the study of the changes of color in fishes. In his report to the government he gives an account of the minute anatomy of the masses of pigment which are the seat of the colors displayed by fishes, reptiles, and batrachians, as well as some of the lower animals. These pigments are either liquid or solid, forming a granular mass. The cells in which they are contained he calls *chromoblasts*. During life these cells are dilated, but in death they are contracted, thus producing the lividity often seen



in dead fishes. This change in color is due to the influence of the nervous system; the facts that the chromatic functions of the chameleon are arrested during sleep, and that the colors of fishes, as the "seiches," change when we irritate them, are proofs. It sometimes happens that these changes of color are produced with extreme rapidity by the fish simply seeing some external object which gives a shock to the brain. It is difficult to say whether this change of color is voluntary or not. The means taken to test the action of the nervous system were to remove the eyes. When this was done the fish became intermediate in color between the dark hues it assumed when placed on a dark bottom and on a lighter sandy bottom, and this tint did not change whether the fish was placed on one or the other. He also proves that the great sympathetic nerve governs this change of color. In fine, then, the point of departure of this faculty is the retina, the impressions on which, communicated to the brain, react in the pigment cells of the skin, and the nerves regulate the action by the mediation of the great sympathetic. In this connection it is interesting to observe that in the eyeless blind fish of Mammoth and other caves there are no pigment cells, and consequently the fish is white; and the blind craw-fish and some eyeless insects are either white or much paler than allied forms out-of-doors.

The reptiles and batrachians of Mexico and Central America are being described and figured by MM. Daménil and Bocourt in a work published by the French government.

The blind snake, *cecilia*, it appears by the researches of a Russian naturalist, has, when young, before leaving the body of the mother—for this animal is, as he finds, sometimes viviparous—branchiæ like the tailless batrachian of South America known as *Notodelphis orifera*. It follows that these young *cecilia* are adapted for an aquatic life, and should be looked for in pools of water rather than damp earth, where the adults live.

Dr. H. C. Yarrow, of Wheeler's survey of the Territories, has published a "Report upon Ornithological Specimens collected in the Years 1871, 1872, and 1873," forming a pamphlet of 148 pages.

One of the most interesting papers on the mammals is by Sir Vincent Brooke, on the genus *Cervulus*, in which in a striking way, by word and figure, he considers its genealogy, and thinks that the two allied genera, *Cervus* and *Cervulus*, were differentiated "far into the geological past." *Cervulus* is a diminutive deer living in India and the adjacent islands.

In addition to the points above referred to of a zoological purport, we may refer to a valuable paper by Professor Huxley upon the American genus *Menobanchus*, which has been treated by him in his usual able manner, and published by the Zoological Society.

The views of Professor E. S. Morse in reference to the affinities of the brachiopod mollusks—namely, that they are actually annelids or worms—have been indorsed by Professor Kowalewsky, who at the time was unaware of the anticipation of his own views by Professor Morse in coming first to the same conclusion.

Professor Allman has announced what he considers a new form of the hydrozoa, made the

type of a special order, *Thecomedusæ*, and believed to be in every respect distinct from the true hydroids.

Professor Seely mentions the discovery in the London clay of the island of Sheppey, so rich in vertebrate fossils, of a fossil bird, which he describes as being most closely allied to the emu, and to have at the same time certain relations to the apteryx of New Zealand.

A paper by Dufossé, published in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, discusses the subject of sounds produced by fishes, especially those that are caused by means of the complicated air-bladders of certain species, particularly the sciaenoids.

Operations in the department of *Pisciculture* have been prosecuted during the past summer, both at home and abroad, on a large scale, those in behalf of the United States being of very great magnitude, and meeting with very gratifying success. Several millions of young shad were transferred from the hatching establishments at Castleton on the Hudson, and Holyoke on the Connecticut, to Western, Northern, and Eastern waters, the most distant shipment being to the Colorado and the Brazos of Texas. The United States salmon-breeding establishments on the Sacramento River and the Penobscot have also been conducted on a large scale, six millions of eggs having been actually obtained from the former, of which five millions were sent East, and one million were placed in the river. The spawn has not been taken from the salmon of the Penobscot establishment, but several millions are looked for.

Several specimens of the sterlet, a small Russian sturgeon highly valued as an article of food, have been successfully transferred from St. Petersburg to the Brighton Aquarium, where they attract much attention. Extensive preparations are being made to secure a satisfactory exhibition of the fisheries at the Centennial celebration, Norway having intimated its intention of furnishing a complete representation of those of Northern Europe. It is hoped that the exhibition on the part of the United States will not be behindhand in extent and completeness, in view of the many departments of the fisheries prosecuted in this country. Among these should, of course, be included every thing connected with the capture and treatment of the cetaceans and seals, both fur and hair, as well as the fishes proper, whether taken for food, for manure, for oil, or other purposes.

The enormous consumption of vegetable fibre for the manufacture of paper of different qualities has rendered it necessary to search for new sources of supply, the entire vegetable kingdom having been ransacked to furnish a suitable fibre that can be obtained in sufficient quantity for the wants of the day. It is now announced that the great desideratum can largely be met in the stock of wild rice (*Zizania aquatica*) of the Northern lakes, this having the special merit of being measurably free from silex, which interferes so greatly in the manufacture of many articles. It is announced that a hundred thousand tons can easily be gathered annually from the waters of Canada alone.

Among *Botanical* items of interest we mention that M. Heckel, of France, has successfully investigated the mode in which the movement of the stamens in the common barberry is ef-



fects. The irritable portion is here the inner surface of the filament, which, when touched by an insect in its search for honey, is thrown suddenly to the centre of the flower, at the same time discharging the pollen. By the aid of anæsthetics longitudinal sections were obtained of the sensitive portion in its normal unirritated condition, when the oblong cells were seen to be arranged in parallel rows, the yellow protoplasm within being uniformly diffused and applied to the walls. After irritation they were found contracted to two-thirds their original space, the contents collected to the centre, and the cell wall itself gathered into transverse ridges. The reverse was found to be the case in regard to the non-sensitive outer surface, the normal state of the cells being that of contraction, to which they return when the temporary excitement of the opposite side is at an end.

In connection with the expedition of H. M. S. *Challenger*, botanical collections, especially marine, were made at various points in the Atlantic (St. Thomas and the Bermudas, the Azores, Cape Verd Islands, St. Paul's Rocks, Tristan d'Acunha, Kerguelen Land, etc.), with some notable results. Of most interest is the discovery of a sea grass at St. Thomas, growing at a depth of five to fifteen fathoms, and of a genus previously known to occur only in the Red Sea and Indian and Pacific oceans; the account of fresh-water algæ growing in the Hot Springs, of high temperature, at Furnas in the Azores, and of the scanty flora of the St. Paul's Rocks. These lie near the equator, midway between South America and Africa, and over 500 miles from each, the whole group less than a fourth of a mile in extent, and rising but fifty to sixty feet above the sea. Careful search was made, but no trace of land vegetation, not even a lichen, was discovered, and the marine flora even was found to be remarkably poor. But one or two species of algæ were found in abundance, the rest, scarcely a dozen in number, being minute or rare; of these five are considered as new species, the remainder being identified with known forms of the Atlantic coasts of South America or the Eastern continent, though in one case only Australian, and in another belonging to the western coast of Mexico.

The botanical results of Lieutenant G. M. Wheeler's explorations west of the one hundredth meridian in 1871-73 are published by the United States Engineer Department in the form of a catalogue of the collections, anticipating the final fuller report. Several new species are described, mostly previously published.

In the New York *Tribune* has appeared an article by Mrs. Treat, of Vineland, New Jersey, describing her experiments during the past summer upon the insect-catching powers of the Venus's fly-trap (*Dionæa muscipula*), made at the request of Mr. Darwin. She finds that each healthy leaf is capable of capturing from three to five ordinary flies in succession, and that each insect is killed, enveloped in a mucilaginous fluid, dissolved, and the solution wholly absorbed before the re-opening of the leaf, when it is as sensitive as at first. The process occupies about three days, but in the case of larger insects, beetles and the like, the course of digestion, though as complete, requires more time, and can be less frequently repeated.

Observations upon the influence of forests on climate made during several years at Berne, Switzerland, show: 1, that the mean humidity of the atmosphere in forests is ten to twenty per cent. greater than in the open country, varying with the direction of the wind; 2, that the mean temperature of the air is lower in the forest; 3, that the mean temperature of the soil is also considerably lower in the forest; 4, that the depth of rain and snow is less in the forest; but, 5, that in the forest a much larger quantity of rain is absorbed by the soil.

In the field of *Engineering* a number of items of interest demand notice. Work upon the East River Bridge is progressing slowly. It is officially announced that the Brooklyn tower will shortly be completed. On October 24 a height of 259 feet had been attained, and there were seven more courses, about fourteen feet, of stone to be added. The anchorage on the Brooklyn side is likewise in a forward state. The bridge across the Missouri at Atchison, Kansas, is progressing favorably. The caisson for the pivot pier was recently launched, and a large force of men and seven boats are constantly employed upon the structure. From the Hoosac Tunnel there is nothing new to report. The commissioners appointed by the President to report upon the best plan of improving the mouth of the Mississippi sailed recently for Europe upon a tour of inspection. They propose to examine the deltas of the Danube, Rhine, and other rivers, and the nature of the works there adopted. A preliminary survey has been made for the proposed river tunnel at Buffalo. The point selected is just below Buffalo, and the length of the tunnel required will be 2940 feet, with a cutting 4900 feet long on the east side, and one 4000 feet long on the west side of the river. At its lowest point such a tunnel would be sixteen feet below the river-bed, with a grade of sixty feet to the mile each way to the entrance.

The Central Asian railway project, to which we have before made reference, is again on the tapis. One proposal is to go by Orenburg around the northern and eastern banks of the Sea of Aral; a second is a branch from the projected Siberian railway by Ekaterinburg. A bridge over the Volga and the crossing of the mountains to enter India would be requisite in any case.

The Severn Tunnel, which is to connect South Wales with the west of England by a continuous line of railway, is beginning to assume practical form. The preliminary shaft, sunk at great cost by the Great Western Railway, to ascertain the condition of the strata, having given satisfactory results, it has been decided to undertake the work, and the company now advertise for proposals for the construction of the first half mile. The tunnel will require several years to complete. Another English project is the construction of a canal which shall effect the junction of the rivers Humber and Mersey by cutting extensions of the heads of each until both meet. A proposition to tunnel the Mersey is likewise attracting considerable interest.

Iron ship-building on the Delaware shows commendable activity. Besides the fleet of iron steam-colliers building for the Reading Railroad at Philadelphia, we may chronicle the fact that three new steam-ships are being built for the Pacific Mail Steam-ship Company at Chester.



The keels of all three vessels have been laid. No less than 2000 men are now engaged on the hulls and engines. The first of these vessels is to be completed in May next, and the two others respectively one and two months later.

The Bessemer anti-seasickness saloon steamer was recently launched at Hull, England, and will shortly go into service. Her speed is estimated at from eighteen to twenty miles per hour. The Bessemer vessel will, however, find a rival in the *Castalia*, recently constructed at great expense for the same traffic. The last-named is a twin ship, propelled by paddle-wheels placed between the connecting girders. By the latest advices she was lying at Dover for a heavy sea to thoroughly test her capabilities.

Although great improvements in operating railroads have been introduced within the past few years, there is still much room for improvement, and in no direction is this felt to be more desirable and necessary than upon the question of signals. Many efforts have been made from time to time to introduce uniformity in signaling practice, and in consequence of these efforts the Western and Southern Railway Association (now the Railway Association of America) adopted in 1872 a uniform code of signals, rules, and regulations for operating railways. Notwithstanding these efforts there still exists such diversity of practice upon the railways of the United States and Canada as to produce considerable confusion, and to lead at times to deplorable accidents. To secure reform in this important subject the American Society of Civil Engineers, at their recent convention, passed a resolution appointing a committee of three to inquire into it and report to the society with appropriate recommendations. In consequence of this action the committee have issued a letter of inquiry to the railroad managers of the country, requesting the fullest information in each instance of the practice which obtains with them.

So far as the Centennial Exposition is designed to represent the condition of American arts and manufactures its success seems to be assured from the fact just made public that the number of applications from intending American exhibitors already made call for more space than that set apart by the commissioners for American exhibits. The total amount of available space for exhibition purposes will be about 350,000 square feet, of which about 100,000 were thought sufficient for American exhibits. It appears, however, that applications are already in which call for no less than 150,000 square feet. These facts will of course necessitate much curtailment

of the space desired by many, who have doubtless asked for more than they actually require.

In *Technology* we can record the successful introduction of the Henderson process for purifying iron by the use of fluorine (fluor-spar being the agent) at the New Jersey Steel and Iron Company's works at Trenton. Some remarkable results of its employment are recorded in the English technical journals, which almost realize the claims of the inventor that, through its agency, the purest steel or wrought iron can be made from the most inferior pig, the silicon, phosphorus, and sulphur being thoroughly eliminated. In the trials reported from Trenton the most inferior cinder pig-iron that could be obtained was used to test the process, and it afforded bar-iron of the best quality. The introduction of the Henderson process in other quarters is announced to take place shortly.

Of general interest is the statement that steam is now being applied for the purpose of extinguishing the fires in the mines near Wilkesbarre, and, as far as learned, with success. It is worthy of note that the same agent has been successfully applied abroad where every other had failed.

Our *Necrology* for the month embraces several eminent names among the men of science and invention. In England we have Dr. F. E. Anstie, a distinguished physician and physiologist; Mr. T. Marr Johnson, Sir John Rennie, and Mr. Charles Fox, engineers; and Professor Robert E. Grant, the veteran comparative anatomist. In Belgium, Count du Bus de Guisignies, well known both as an ornithologist and statesman. In Germany, Dr. W. Lühders, who escaped all the perils of the German arctic expedition of the *Hansa* to fall a victim to African fever on the Cameroons. France has experienced a great loss in the death of the veteran geologist Élie de Beaumont. Sweden mourns the decease of Professor A. J. Angström. In our own country we have to mention Mr. Hiram G. Bloomer, the curator of the California Academy of Science, and Mr. Hardick, a well-known mechanical engineer.

#### CURING CROUP WITH BROMINE.

Dr. Schultz, of Prague, has, it is said, been very successful in treating croup with bromine; for which purpose he uses half a gram of purified bromine and half a gram of bromide of potassium in ninety parts of water. This is inhaled as well as applied by means of a brush. Dr. Gottwell also, who has repeated these experiments, thinks that by the use of bromine the diphtheritic membrane loses its consistence, and is readily removed.

## Editor's Historical Record.

OUR Record is closed on the 24th of November.—On the 3d of November elections were held in twenty-three States, the result indicating a reaction against the administration. In New York, on the vote for Governor, the Democratic majority was 50,309; the next Assembly will consist of 53 Republicans and 75 Democrats; of the members of Congress elected 15 are Republican, 1 Independent, and 17 Democrats; and the constitutional amendments sub-

mitted were ratified by a large majority. The purport of these amendments is, that new and stringent safeguards are provided against bribery at elections, and public officers are compelled to swear that they have used no money for the purpose of influencing votes; no person shall be eligible to the Legislature who holds other office; the compensation of members of the Legislature is fixed at \$1500 a year; various classes of special legislation are entirely prohibited; the term



of the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor after 1876 will be three years; the Governor will have a salary of \$10,000 a year, with a suitable residence, and the Lieutenant-Governor of \$5000; the Governor may veto parts of a bill and approve the rest; he must act upon all bills within thirty days from the adjournment of the Legislature; no extra compensation can be made to any contractor; the Legislature may dispose of the lateral canals; the sinking funds of the State must be kept inviolate; the public money shall not be loaned or given for any private or sectarian purpose; no locality shall give or loan its property or credit in aid of any corporation.

In Virginia the Congressional delegation stands 2 Republicans and 8 Democrats. In West Virginia the 3 delegates are all Democrats. In Maryland also the entire delegation is Democratic. In New Jersey the Democratic majority for Governor was 13,233, the Congressional delegation consisting of 5 Democrats and 2 Republicans. In Wisconsin the Congressional delegation consists of 6 Republicans and 2 Democrats. In Kansas the Republican majority for Governor was over 14,000. In Florida the Congressional delegation is Republican, and the State Legislature has a Republican majority on a joint ballot. In Nevada the Democratic candidate for Governor was elected, but there is a Republican majority in the Legislature. In Missouri the Democratic majority for Governor was over 40,000, and the entire Congressional delegation is Democratic. In Illinois the Republican majority for State Treasurer was 34,805, and the opposition majority for Superintendent of Public Instruction was 30,506, the Congressional delegation consisting of 7 Republicans, 12 Democrats, and 2 Independents. In Massachusetts the Democratic majority for Governor was 7032; the other State officers elected were Republicans; General Butler was not returned. In South Carolina Chamberlain's majority was 11,667. In Michigan the majority was Republican; the constitutional amendments were defeated. In Tennessee there was an overwhelming Democratic majority. In Minnesota the Republican majority was over 5000, and the Legislature is Republican by 27 majority on a joint ballot. In Alabama the Democratic majority for Governor was over 15,000. In Pennsylvania the Democratic majority for Lieutenant-Governor was 4679; of the Congressmen 10 are Republicans and 17 Democrats; and the Legislature has a Democratic majority of 9 on a joint ballot. In Arkansas the entire Democratic Congressional ticket was elected.

Turkish outrages against the Christian population of the Danubian Principalities have occasioned remonstrances from the great powers. Austria, Germany, and Russia have made treaties with Roumania independently of the Porte's consent.

The Carlists were defeated before Irun, November 10, and compelled to raise the siege.

The Russian government has resolved to introduce the Prussian system of compulsory education, beginning at St. Petersburg.

The German Reichstag was opened by the Emperor William in person October 29. Forckenbeck was elected President. The German project of government for the conquered prov-

inces of Alsace and Lorraine has been promulgated in an imperial decree dated October 29. There will be a Representative Assembly, composed of 10 delegates from each district diet, to be elected for three years. It will express its views upon the budget and upon bills not reserved for imperial legislation, and also upon bills which are not subject to discussion by the district diets. The sittings will be private, and will be fixed as to time and place by the Emperor. The Assembly in expressing its views to the imperial government must also give the views of the minority.

The trial of Kullmann for attempting to assassinate Prince Bismarck began at Warzburg October 29. The prisoner admitted his guilt. After a formal trial he was convicted and sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment, ten years' suspension of civil rights, and to remain under surveillance for life.

Mr. Disraeli has been re-elected Rector of the University of Glasgow by 700 votes, against 500 for Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The difficulty between China and Japan about Formosa has been amicably arranged, China paying an indemnity of 500,000 taels—about \$750,000.

In the great typhoon at Hong-Kong, September 22-23, there were lost 30,000 lives and \$50,000,000 worth of property.

#### DISASTERS.

November 17.—Boiler of tug-boat *Lily* exploded at Hell Gate, New York; captain, steward, and deck hand killed.—The coast packet *Empire* foundered while approaching her dock at New Orleans; fourteen passengers and several of the crew lost.

October 28.—Burning of a cotton mill in Over, Chester County, England; ten lives lost.

November 19.—Explosion in a chemical factory at St. Denis, France; three persons killed and fifteen injured.—A boat belonging to the English war steamer *Aurora* was run down in the Clyde, and seventeen men were drowned.

November 20.—Explosion in a colliery at Warren Vale, Yorkshire, England; twenty-four miners killed.

#### OBITUARY.

October 23.—Commander Austin Pendergrast, commanding the receiving-ship *Potomac*, New York.—In Philadelphia, Commodore William Inman, the oldest retired officer of the United States navy.—In Westmoreland County, Virginia, the Right Rev. Dr. Payne, late Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Africa.

November 13.—In Boston, Daniel H. Haskell, editor of the Boston *Evening Transcript*.—In New York, Colonel William Wilson (Billy Wilson, of the Sixth New York Volunteers).

November 29.—At Cooperstown, New York, John H. Anthon, P. G. M. of Freemasons.

October 28.—In Rome, Italy, William H. Rinehart, an American sculptor.

October 29.—Death announced in England of John Laird, M. P., the well-known ship-builder.

November 8.—In London, Thomas Miller, author of *Gideon Giles*, etc., aged sixty-seven years.

November 20.—In England, Tom Hood, editor of *Fun*, and son of the famous humorist of the same name, aged thirty-nine years.



## Editor's Drawer.

**D**URING the recent session of the House of Bishops of the Episcopal Church, a matter of considerable importance was brought before it by its presiding officer, the venerable Benjamin B. Smith. The question was one which involved a number of delicate and intricate points of canon law, and the more it was attempted to be elucidated, the more obscure and involved it seemed to become. It was referred to committees, it was discussed by lay personages of eminence learned in the law, and anew the venerable presiding bishop addressed himself to its solution. It was after one of these last attempts, which had taxed the patience and attention of the House to the uttermost, only to leave the matter seemingly in more hopeless confusion than before, that a witty member of the right reverend body, reaching across to the desk of his episcopal neighbor, laid before him a scrap of paper bearing these words, "I would suggest as a text appropriate to this mournful occasion the following words from Genesis, xliii. 34, 'But *Benjamin's mess* was five times so much as any of theirs.'"

WE venture the assertion that every man and woman in the United States who has ever taught school or been connected with school management will thank the Drawer for presenting to them the following extracts from the annual report of the School Committee of the town of Topsfield, Massachusetts, for the year 1866-67. The records of "hifalutin" never presented any thing more superb:

"The Primary Centre School, summer and winter, was instructed by Miss Mary E. Gould, of Topsfield. Under the guidance of this master-hand in genuine philosophic simplicity the school presented the same phases of unvarying successful advancement as in former years, from the dissonant mouthings of half-fledged juvenile articulation, through the winding passages of syllabicism, to the Mount Hope of spell-reading; the same grateful interspersions of gymnastic, vocal, recessive, and studious enaction, rendering every exercise equally a pastime, and romancing the reality of first efforts in dry study.

"The Senior Centre School, summer term, was conducted by Miss Caroline E. Batchelder, of Topsfield, who exceeded herself in the assiduous ability with which she characterized her school. Her order was not stiff or staky, but socially yet deferentially absolute. Under this benign influence the school peculiarly prospered in all the studies pursued. This school, the winter term, was taught by Mr. Alden B. Chadwick, of Bradford (the associate committee having resigned their gallant feminine preferences to the stoicism of the superintendent). Mr. Chadwick, with none of the *à-la-mode* show-off scholastic superfluities of the day, was a thorough, practical, well-ordered, matter-of-fact teacher, maintaining his position without fear, favor, affection, or hope of reward.

"The South School, summer term, was directed by Miss Clara P. Hapgood, of Acton, who came to us with the prestige of success through the recommendation of a reverend gentleman in our vicinage. Thoroughly educated herself, from the simple to the complex, the school advanced in all

the branches with proportionate proficiency. Miss Unis L. Tandy, of Groveland, succeeded Miss H. Miss 'T. was an enthusiastic, energetic, social, and decidedly plucky young lady, 'laying out' one of the biggest boys the first week, and hesitating not to remain with her charge in the storm-beleaguered school-house during one of the most tempestuous nights of the past winter.

"The East School, summer and winter, was kept by Miss Mary A. Elliott, of Danvers, who by the vigor of her administration remedied many evils which had crept in aforetime. The *whisperings* were stifled, *foreign untowardness* guided 'well in hand,' and other unscholarly practices reformed. Notwithstanding the difficulties of her position, Miss E. by her indomitable zeal and interest resolved a creditable success in all branches.

"The North School, summer term, commenced under the guidance of Miss Anna D. Holmes, of Ipswich, who, although considered a competent teacher, did not exactly suit the 'city' people, who, nurtured in the school of republican freedom, could ill brook the stern discipline and unfamiliar indignities perpetrated on 'them and theirs,' but one, and then another, till the whole population *en masse*, little and big, man, woman, and child, whispered, murmured, threatened, denounced, and at last, rising like a volcano, burst with fiery indignation into open rebellion, kicking up a great dust in all the region round about. So frantically intense was the convulsion that the very animals, and even the elements, conspired in sympathetic expressiveness. The geese, whose ancestors saved Rome, with conscious political importance loudly vociferated 'Quack! quack! quack!' The turkey, that true native American, with indigenous consequential pride, gobbled about the calamities of foreign participation. Chanticleer, crested and spurred and red with ire, from an eminence blew a clarion note of defiance. The bellicose bull 'tossed a horn' to the success of the enterprise, while the pacific guinea-hen, in the spirit of true kindliness, cried out, earnestly, 'Go back! go back! go back!' Nor these alone, for Trinity River itself, that evangelical stream, swollen with rage, bursting forth in a torrent of wrathful outpouring, whirled and boiled and eddied in irascible frothings, threatening the city mole of 'Long Wharf' with demolition. To appease the tutelar deity of the city, and relieve it from such an impending visitation, it was judged expedient to throw the mistress overboard, Jonah like, whereupon a great calm ensued.

"We were more fortunate in the selection of our next teacher, Miss Mary G. Towne, whose ancestral prepossessions, educational qualifications, and gentle child-like simplicity of manners conciliated and soothed every rampant and belligerent feeling of the citizens."

If this can be beat, we are mistaken.

WE suppose that ludicrous things will continue to occur during church-time. Every body has seen them and smiled at them. The last instance that has come to our knowledge is that of a clergyman in C—, who while preaching a few Sunday evenings since perceived a man and woman under the gallery in the act of kissing each



other behind a hymn-book. Instead of becoming excited at the spectacle or losing temper, he beamed mildly at them over his spectacles, and when the young man had kissed her the fifteenth time, he merely stopped short in the middle of "thirdly," and offered a fervent prayer in behalf of "the young man in the pink neck-tie and the maiden in the blue bonnet and gray shawl, who were profaning the sanctuary by kissing one another in pew seventy-eight." The young woman pulled her veil down, but the young man got angered. Every body else smiled.

WHEN people run for office they must be careful what they say. Recently, in Indiana, a patriot who for many years had unsuccessfully endeavored to obtain a seat in the Legislature believed that he saw his way through the Grangers. Therefore he smiled upon and spoke to the Grangers. In a biographical sketch of himself which he introduced into one of his speeches he made this agricultural remark: "Yes, I may truly say, I was born between two rows of corn." At the slight pause which followed, a broad-chested, hairy-faced individual winked his eye at another Indiana man and observed, "A pumpkin, by thunder!" Which so far disconcerted the aspirant that he ceased to talk.

To Mr. Edmund Yates are we indebted for the following: Much clumsy wit has been leveled at doctors in all times; but it was a doctor who furnished the best anecdote of his profession. He had just cut off a patient's leg. A friend of the victim inquired anxiously whether the doctor thought he would soon get well.

"He?" replied the doctor; "he never had a chance."

"Why, then, put him to needless pain?"

"Oh, you can not tell a patient the truth all at once; *you must first of all amuse him a little.*"

JUDGE MOORE, of the Court of Sessions of Kings County, mingles justice and jocularly when occasion permits. Recently when impaneling a Grand Jury he requested those desiring to be excused from service to come to the bar and state their excuse. Two had tried in vain, when the third, feeling sure that he had sufficient excuse, shouted, "I am deaf in one ear!" The judge replied, "It was long since decided that the Grand Jury have to hear but *one side* of the case: one ear will suffice."

IN the Greville memoirs, published a few weeks since in London, and filled with gossip, we find the following: "It was of his grandmother, one of the beauties of her time, and clever, that Walpole said, 'Mrs. Greville is dead,.....who, I believe, had little to leave; I do not know whether even any poetry.'.....Lord Wellesley asked Plunket what a personal narrative meant. 'We lawyers,' said Plunket, 'always understand *personal* as contradistinguished from *real*.' At a banquet a guest remarked to Talleyrand (the French ambassador at London), 'M. De Marboeuf était un peu l'amant de Madame Pernon; n'est-ce pas?' Talleyrand answered, 'Oui, mais je ne sais pas dans quelles proportions.'"

Mr. Greville saw too much of "great men" in political intrigue to feel for them either respect or envy, and he remarks, with sententious phi-

losophy, "The more one reads and hears of great men, the more reconciled one becomes to one's own mediocrity." His homage was for the men of wit and culture.

THE late Dr. "Blackhead" Martin, of Nashville, Tennessee—so called to distinguish him from another Dr. Martin, who had light hair—besides being a first-class physician of the old school, was a great wag, as well as an intense and bitter Henry Clay Whig, and hated a Democrat worse than poison. One day the doctor was discussing politics in the saloon of one of the Nashville hotels, which, by-the-way, was his favorite pastime when not professionally engaged, when he suddenly stopped short in his argument and said:

"By-the-bye, did you ever hear of my recipe for killing a Democrat?"

"No, doctor; tell us," exclaimed several of the by-standers.

"Well," said the doctor, "first procure a hogshead full of clear water, a strong negro, and a bar of soap. Then place your Democrat in the hogshead, and have the negro scour and wash him clean. After drying thoroughly, put on him clean linen and a broadcloth suit, give him a drink of good wine, and place a genuine Havana in his mouth, and he'll die in less than half an hour from fright at his changed condition!"

DURING "the late unpleasantness" the doctor was locked up by Governor Andrew Johnson for reported outspoken sentiments detrimental to the dispenser of "military justice" in Tennessee. After a few days' confinement he was released at the intercession of friends and patients who needed his professional services. Meeting a few of his friends in the evening, who congratulated him upon once more breathing the "air of freedom," he, in the most solemn manner, said:

"My recent confinement has taught me a lesson which I shall remember as long as this trouble lasts. Whenever I feel like swearing against any one connected with the government, I shall walk up a back alley, reduce it to writing, and put a revenue stamp on it!"

THE death of Bishop Whitehouse, of Illinois, recalls to a clerical friend of the Drawer in Wisconsin an incident that the bishop used to relate in connection with what is known among Episcopalians as the "Pan-Anglican Council." It is quite worthy of preservation in the Drawer, where it appears in print for the first time:

When the bishops of the Episcopal Church were in attendance on what is called the "Pan-Anglican Council" in 1869, the University of Cambridge conferred on a number of them the honorary degree LL.D. Of course it was something of an extraordinary occasion, and every thing was arranged to make it as imposing to our unsophisticated Americans as possible. However, among the precautionary measures adopted for the occasion was one restricting the undergraduates, who line the galleries at such times, from entering into any of the unusual demonstrations for which they are noted. On the day and hour appointed, the procession, made up of the proper officers and the candidates for honors, *robed in scarlet*, according to prescribed regulations, all headed by the verger, entered the hall and march-



ed to a platform where the dignitaries of the university were in waiting to receive them. As soon as they were all arranged in order by the officer in charge, and the whole assemblage stood waiting for the next move in the programme, there ensued one of those moments of decorous silence such as sometimes comes over vast assemblages of people, and which, for want of a better word, may be described as "awful." Now, whether it was "a contrived plan," or, better, an inspiration of the moment, it is impossible to determine. However, just at this period of *awful silence*, a native Sophomore, without the fear of verger or beadle before his youthful eyes, jumps to his feet, and yells, with stentorian voice, "*Three cheers for the red men of the forest!*" This was too much and too good for that august assembly, and the cheers rolled up "from pit to dome" long and continued. It was soon discovered that no body or thing had been injured by this willful infraction, and the "red men of the forest" were the lions during the remainder of their stay at the university.

A MISSIONARY of the American Sunday-school Union in Texas sends this:

At a recent Sunday-school picnic in Western Texas a gentleman from Missouri urged the benefits resulting to society at large from Sunday-schools, pronouncing them "schools that would develop honest men and women," when a long, lank man, whose greasy buckskin suit and moccasined feet told of the frontier, followed by half a dozen children, presented himself.

"Look here, stranger, did you say that Sunday-schools make people honest?"

"I did."

"Wa'al, then, if you'll tell me whar thar's a dozen or twenty of them, and good pasturage, if I don't come on and bring my cattle and tie right on to some of them; for thar's nothing so much needed as honesty in Western Texas."

Between cattle dealing and political disputes, one-half of the people are "on shooting terms," and *no other*; and it is only Sunday-schools and other Christian agencies that can better this condition.

THE prudence of the simplest New England man when present or prospective thrift is in question is proverbial. Example: A Harvard professor went down to one of the beaches on the New England coast to bathe one stormy day, but the men in charge refused to let him go in on account of the dangerous swell. On his way back he expressed his disappointment and indignation to the driver of the omnibus. "Well, I'll tell you how it is," said the driver; "we don't like to have strangers come down here and get drowned. *It hurts the beach.*"

THE oddest and most embarrassing scenes will occasionally happen in places where gravity and "deportment" are positively essential. Thus recently in a certain village in Ohio where the church had been undergoing repairs. Among other improvements, a new coat of paint was placed on the pews, followed by a coat of varnish; the result was most pleasing to the eye, but unfortunately the varnish had been applied so late in the week that it had not had time to become hard before Sunday, when the congrega-

tion flocked to their seats. No apparent inconvenience was suffered until the clergyman was about to deliver the benediction, when the congregation were horrified to find that they were unable to stand up—they were, in fact, glued, or rather varnished, to their seats. Their spasmodic efforts to rise were most distressing to witness. In vain did the clergyman exhort them from the pulpit to resignation. They were seized with a kind of panic, all the more frightful because they were for the moment powerless. At last, by what seemed to be a simultaneous and Herculean jerk, they managed to tear themselves from their sittings; but at what a sacrifice! The pews were literally covered with fragments of Sunday apparel. Shreds of silk, lawns, calico, broadcloth, and cassimeres were left as souvenirs of the tenacity of the varnish used in beautifying that church, and the hapless congregation, rushing from the doors, hurried homeward with an expression on their faces as though their hearts were even more severely rent than their garments.

It has been intimated that after recuperating from his fatigue Mr. Stanley will start in search of the ten lost tribes of Israel. They have not been seen for twenty-five centuries, and a good deal of well-grounded anxiety prevails in regard to them.

A MEMBER of the bar was recently in one of our thriving interior towns on business. In the hotel he was accosted by a very agreeable gentleman, who finally wanted to know where he was from.

The legal gentleman, not exactly relishing the stranger's familiarity, answered, shortly, "From New York."

The next question was, "For what house are you traveling?"

"For my own."

"You are? May I ask your name?"

"You may."

Pause—enjoyable to the lawyer, embarrassing to the other.

"Well" (desperately), "what is your name?"

"Jones."

"What line are you in?"

"I don't understand you, Sir."

"What are you selling?" (impatiently).

"Brains" (coolly).

The mercantile traveler saw his opportunity, and looking at the other from head to foot, he said, slowly, "Well, you appear to carry a deuced small lot of samples."

IN the winter of 1867-68, while the writer was a resident of Nebraska City, Nebraska, a young man from Missouri—a professed "negro hater"—who had taken refuge in the "youngest State" from the terrors of the bush-whackers in his own, was part proprietor of one of the two livery-stables of which the town then boasted. One cold winter evening he was approached by a squad of "colored citizens," and interrogated as to the charge for a four-horse sleigh and driver for a party who wanted to go to a dance some eight or ten miles down the river. He did not relish the idea of acting in the capacity of driver for the "niggers" himself, and, as he had no hand with whom he was willing to trust his only



available team, he endeavored to "bluff them off" by naming an exorbitant sum, cash in hand, as the answer to their query, and was not a little nonplused by the prompt "All right, Sah. Hab 'em ready at half past seven. Here's your money."

His prejudices fairly overcome by the pleasant titillation of the "irredeemable rags" in his hand, he drove the party to their destination, hitched and blanketed his team, and took his seat in the house to await the "hour for retiring."

The room was not large, the company was, and the roaring cotton-wood fire soon shot the mercury away up into the nineties, while the perfume from the assembled sons and daughters of Ham grew stronger and stronger as the sound of the fiddle and the voice of the "caller" aroused to increased animation the movements of each succeeding "set." White human nature could stand it no longer, and just as he had finally determined to go out to the sleigh and roll himself up in his robes in self-defense, our Jehu was approached by the master of ceremonies, and asked, in a very pompous manner, "Would you hab any objections to go out into de odder room and set by de fire-place? *De ladies objects to de smell ob de hoss on your close.*"

The alacrity with which he complied was only equaled by the gusto with which he told the joke on himself, always adding, "Served me right for driving de gemmen, any way."

A FRIEND at Los Angeles, California, sends us an account of a lawsuit in the local court of that place brought by a Chinaman to recover \$125. The note on which the suit was brought was of itself a wonder. It was written in Chinese characters, and fills five columns, reading from right to left. The translation is as follows, the reader bearing in mind that in China "he" stands for both sexes:

This woman, Sim Yip, he wantee catchee one hundred twenty-five dollars, gold coin. He say, sposum Yo Hing let um hap one hundred twenty-five dollars, gold coin, Sim Yip he pay um back in six months, with two per cent. interest. Fung Chong, he say, sposum Sim Yip no pay him money, he, Fung Chong, payee him allee same.

As Mrs. Yip failed to pay, Yo Hing sued Fung Chong, a Chinese doctor, on this guarantee, and when the plaintiff's counsel asked him about the note, he answered:

"Yo Hing one big rascal. He foolee you big heap muchee. Me showee in court how he foolee you."

But he did not, and to his infinite disgust the Court gave judgment against him. Mr. Hing got his cash "allee same."

MR. ARCHIE CAMPBELL, according to the voracious Mr. Callighin, M.P., paid his addresses to a buxom widow, who did not respond to them with that "gush" that Archie desired; "but," said he to Mr. Callighin, "I'll just keep ding-dingin' at her till she gies in; an' I'll promise her minister a good soo-scritten [subscription] till his new kirk whan it's a' richt, an' he'll wark like ta vera deevil to mak' the maitch. Ech, Sir, thae ministers wad amaist sell their souls for soo-scrittens. I pit a fi-poond note intil the plate ane Sawbath in mistak' for a yin [one] poond, an' before I could snap it oop the minister ha'en it grabbit, an' intil his poke quick as thoct. I mind a mairchant that had got walthy doun

North, an' he said till his minister wan day, 'Minister,' quo' he, 'I'm gratefu' to Providence for blessin' ma industry, an' I'm thinkin' o' gien ye a thoosan' poond till the biggin' o' yer new kirk; div ye think it'll be coonted a guid wark—pit it to my credit like?' Quo' the minister, quo' he, 'I couldna gang sae far as to say it'd insure yer salvation, but t'ither haun', I'm far frae discooragin' ye frae tryin' the expeeriment.' An' he baggit the siller—ha, ha, ha!"

THE year just passed was noted for the number and importance of its religious conventions: apropos of which the following, written nearly three hundred years ago, may be properly reproduced:

A learned prelate of this land,  
Thinking to make Religion stand  
With equal poize on either side,  
A mixture of them thus he try'd:  
An Ounce of Protestant he singleth,  
And then a Dram of Papist mingleth,  
With a scruple of the Puritan,  
And boiled them all in his brain-pan:  
But when he thought it w<sup>d</sup> digest,  
The scruple troubled all the rest.

WE have from the old country a story of a Dissenting minister who was paid to preach a sermon on some special occasion in the chapel of a neighboring town. As the congregation was not very rich, he was informed beforehand that they could not afford to pay him more than a guinea for his discourse. When the service was over he received in the vestry the congratulations of the elders, who were loud in their admiration of his eloquence. He turned round upon them with almost a smile of contempt, and said, "Do you call that an eloquent sermon? I should just like you to hear my three-guinea one!"

CERTAINLY Mark Twain never put more humorous exaggeration into forty lines than in his little speech at a meeting of accident insurance people at Hartford. "There is," said Mr. T., "no nobler field for human effort than the insurance line of business—especially accident insurance. Ever since I have been a director in an accident insurance company I have felt that I am a better man. Life has seemed more precious. Accidents have assumed a kindlier aspect. Distressing special providences have lost half their horror. I look upon a cripple now with affectionate interest—as an advertisement. I do not seem to care for poetry any more; I do not care for politics; even agriculture does not excite me. But to me now there is a charm about a railway collision that is unspeakable. There is nothing more beneficent than accident insurance. I have seen an entire family lifted out of poverty and into affluence by the simple boon of a broken leg. I have had people come to me on crutches, with tears in their eyes, to bless this beneficent institution. In all my experience of life I have seen nothing so seraphic as the look that comes into a freshly mutilated man's face when he feels in his vest pocket with his remaining hand and finds his accident ticket all right. And I have seen nothing so sad as the look that came into another splintered customer's face when he found he couldn't collect on a wooden leg. I will remark here, by way of an advertisement, that that noble charity is an institution which is pe-



caliarly to be depended upon. A man is bound to prosper who gives it his custom. No man can take out a policy in it and not get crippled before the year is out. Now there was one indigent man who had been disappointed so often with other companies that he had grown disheartened; his appetite left him, he ceased to smile—said life was but a weariness. Three weeks ago I got him to insure with us, and now he is the brightest, happiest spirit in this land—has a good, steady income, and a stylish suit of new bandages every day, and travels around on a shutter.”

DURING those “saddest days” last autumn, when the “milingtery” were out for the annual inspection and review, what struck us as the particularly martial and blood-thirsty thing was one regiment so conspicuously inexact in its marching that the thought would well up in the mind of the cowardly civilian that the warriors were not so very sanguinary, as a steady thing, after all. The same idea has occurred to a man in Rochester, one Jacob Spahn, who has “sugared off” that idea into poesy as follows:

They looked Bellona's minions  
As they slowly shuffled along—  
A fagged-out horde with thirsty throats,  
And guns where they didn't belong.

The general was a grocer,  
Who yelled at the top of his voice,  
And strained himself with the effort  
To make an audible noise.

He swallowed dust like water,  
For the Fourth of July is dry;  
His butchers, bakers, and milkmen  
Heaved many a thirsty sigh.

And some there were that stood it,  
And some that fell out by the way;  
But more reviled in accents wild  
The nation's great holiday.

But the martial grocer's pleasure  
Was precisely that parade,  
In which for three brave hours  
He held a general's grade.

“Oh, would they lasted forever—  
Grand, glorious days like these!”  
The general sighed in his heart of hearts,  
Toward evening, while weighing out cheese.

In the London *Belgravia* we find a new and characteristic anecdote of the late Lord Lytton. He was not often seen in the parks or places of public resort, but was well known in the neighborhood of the Portland Club, where he spent a couple of hours every afternoon during the season. “I came upon him suddenly,” says the writer, “one wet, stormy November evening near the South Saxon Hotel. It was blowing a gale, and his slender figure wavered and reeled almost as he tried to make head against the blast. He had no overcoat, and that which he did wear looked, I thought, faded and shabby. I was trying to slip past him unobserved, for he never met me without stopping to say a few kind words; but he recognized me at a glance, caught hold of my arm, and asked me to come home with him to the Queen's Hotel, at Hastings, where he was staying, and dine. He was without any umbrella, the rain fell in torrents, and I covered him as well as I could with mine. I found he occupied apartments on the ground-floor at the hotel. They seemed in a sad state of confusion. The floor was strewn with a litter of books and papers, and copiously sprinkled with Turkish to-

bacco, an odor of which pervaded the air. The tables were laid with covers for three, but only myself and the host sat down. He ate, I observed, but sparingly, and drank nothing but water with a dash of sherry in it. In the evening, as I was taking my departure, I came upon the German waiter who had attended at table, and hinted that the room might be kept in a little better order. ‘Bless you, Sir!’ said the Kellner, ‘the place has not been swept or dusted for a fortnight; that ’ere gent is outrageous like if a book or a paper is touched. The manager wants to get him away, but he has taken the rooms for a month, and won't go; and he is such good pay that our governor don't like to disoblige him.’ ‘Waiter,’ I said, sternly, ‘do you know who that ’ere gent, as you call him, is?’ ‘Yiz, Sir—no, Sir,’ replied the waiter in a breath, puzzled by my solemnity of tone. ‘That is Lord Lytton,’ I said, ‘the greatest man in all England.’ If you see much of him, and note down carefully what he does and says, you may become a second Boswell.’ ‘Lor, Sir,’ said the waiter, ‘you don't say so! Our manager thinks this gent is cracked: he goes out in all weathers without any great-coat, and won't even take an umbrella; then he never examines his bills, but scribbles off a check on any scrap of paper that comes to hand. It was only the day before yesterday a poor woman come with one of them bits of paper. She said the outlandish-looking gent who lived in our house had given it to her, and she did not know what to do with it. He had come into her cabin to light his pipe, while her husband, a poor fisherman who was drowned in the late gale, lay there dead. He wrote it on the back of an old letter, and said he hoped it would do her good. You can't think of the poor creature's surprise when I brought her back ten sovereigns which the manager gave me when he saw the paper. Surely, Sir, the gent can not be all right here,’ and the waiter significantly touched his forehead.”

AN Episcopal clergyman held a service out on the prairies of Illinois, in the district school-house. The place was crowded. At the close of the meeting a Baptist minister approached the officiating clergyman and asked him to give out notice that he would hold meeting next Sabbath. The reply was, “I've done; *you* are at liberty to give any notice you please.” Accordingly notice was at once given, when up rose a small man with a fiery red head of hair, and said, “*I give notice that I will officiate here next Sunday!*” The Methodists have their turn then.” The dispute between the two waxed warm, till all parties got out-of-doors, and a crowd remained to listen. At length the Baptist brother thus addressed his fellow-claimant:

“Brother Smith, will you please tell us how you felt when you got religion?”

Mr. S. replied, “Brother Jones, when *you* get religion, you'll know all about it!”

DAKOTA, as well as other places in the Federal bailiwick, is entitled to her place in the Drawer in words following, to wit: A fellow who had solemnly pledged himself not to drink a drop of liquor inside or outside of a house in two years was passing a saloon in Elk Horn where three companions were having a glass, and he could



not but cast a wistful glance at the scene. One of them spied him, and asked him to join them.

"Oh no," said he. "I wish I could; but I've sworn not to take a drop either inside or outside of a house for two years."

"Oh," says one, "you can have one drink for all that. We'll lift you off the threshold, and you can have one drink half inside the house and half out."

So one took hold of each leg, and thus they raised him up, while the third filled and passed the bottle. He took one long drink, and was just drawing breath for another when one of his supporters shifted a little, and he shouted, "Oh! hold me even, boys; my soul's in your hands."

THE reader has doubtless frequently heard men make the remark, "If I could live life over again, I would live very differently from what I have done." We are inclined to think, however, that most of the decent people who have attained to old age would be quite as apt to agree with a clever old gentleman in Australia, who puts it in the manner following:

I've had my share of trouble, and I've done my share of toil,

And life is short—the longest life a span;  
I care not now to tarry for the corn or for the oil,  
Or the wine that maketh glad the heart of man.

For good undone and gifts misspent and resolutions vain

'Tis somewhat late to tarry. This I know,  
I would live the same life over if I had to live again,  
And the chances are I go where most men go.

A WEE bit girl in Cusco, Wisconsin, while at the breakfast-table a few mornings since, made loud and repeated calls for buttered toast. After disposing of a liberal quantity of that nourishing article, she was told that too much toast would make her sick. Looking wistfully at the dish for a moment, she thought she saw a way out of her difficulty, and exclaimed, "Well, give me anuzzer piece and send for the doctor."

THE Sacramento *Daily Union* gives place to a correspondent who notices favorably the "Recollections of an Old Stager," published in this Magazine, and furnishes two or three anecdotes of Corwin and Clay that have not hitherto been published. They are as follows:

Upon one occasion, when Henry Clay and Tom Corwin were both members of the United States Senate, the Kentuckian visited the room of the Ohioan to urge him to go for a certain measure, which the latter was little inclined to support. The discussion waxing rather warm, Harry of the West, rising to his full height, brought down his fist with full force to emphasize the remark, "By —, Tom, it must and shall be so!" The blow upon the table making every thing in the room rattle, its occupant, giving his visitor one of his peculiarly quizzical looks, quietly remarked, "Look'e here, Mr. Clay, you may abuse me as much as you please, but I'll be hanged if I'll allow you or any other man to break my furniture!"

When Senator Corwin was appointed Secretary of the Treasury by President Fillmore, Clay called upon him with the request that he should give the position of treasurer of the department to his old, firm, and true political friend John Sloane, who for many years ably represented a

leading district of Ohio in the Lower House of Congress. The Secretary declined making the appointment, which the great Senator, with all his persuasive powers and eloquence, urged upon him. The appointment still being refused, the great Kentuckian said, "Tom, I never should have thought you could treat your old friend in this style." Grasping his old political leader by the hand, the Secretary remarked, "My old friend, the reason why I said that I could not make this appointment was that I had already made it." "The Great Commoner," whose career was drawing to a close, burst into tears, and with the remark, "Tom, God bless you! I thank you for this last favor I shall ever ask," the conference closed.

HAVING resided for the last five years in Scotland as United States consul at — (writes an Indiana friend), I made, among other things, a collection of quaint, queer, and odd epitaphs, gathered from the old grave-yards of that country. I inclose you a few as possibly worthy the Drawer. Some of these have appeared in print in Scotland, but I think will be new on this side the Atlantic. As I copied them directly from the tombstones, I can vouch for their genuineness.

Over the remains of James M'Isaac, a bookseller of Alloa, is inscribed:

For all the books I've bound,  
Here now, with valley clods,  
In sheets I'm rotting under-ground:  
Death makes a mighty odds.

A sailor buried at Broughty Ferry is commemorated as follows:

His voyage now finished, he's unriggered,  
And laid in dry-dock Urn,  
Preparing for the grand fleet trip  
And Commodore's return.

The following, found at Leslie, in Fifeshire, is unusually unique:

Here lies the dust of Charles Brown,  
Some time a wright in London town.  
When coming home, parents to see,  
And of his years being twenty-three,  
Of a decay, with a bad host,  
He died upon the Yorkshire coast  
The 10th of August, 1752.  
We hope his soul in heaven rests now.

A family monument, erected 1774, at Guthrie, for the Spence family, has on it an inscription which is quite a model in its way:

Beside this stone lye many Spences,  
Who in their life did no offenses;  
And where they lived, if that ye speir,  
In Guthrie's ground four hundred year.

The following, found at Torryburn, in Fifeshire, may imply a carelessness in the burial of Eppie, but shows a praiseworthy effort to preserve her memory:

In this church-yard lies Eppie Coutts,  
Either here or hereabouts;  
But whaur it is nane can tell,  
Till Eppie rise and tell hersel'.

#### ERRATA.

THE author of the articles on "Decorative Art and Architecture in England" finds two errors in his previous papers which seem to require correction. In the *Magazine* for October, page 630, the artist Dyce is represented as an Irishman and Maclise as a Scotchman; it should be the reverse. In the *Magazine* for November, page 785, the name of one of our cleverest young architects is given as Chambrey Brown; it should be Chambrey Townshend.



# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCXCVII.—FEBRUARY, 1875.—VOL. L.



## THE ANGEL OF THE TWILIGHT.

WHEN the long evenings slanting grow  
In crystal rafters over the beach,  
The roofs of heaven are almost in reach  
As I think of my sorrow of long ago.

Once more an old grief comes and wrestles,  
As Jacob wrestled at Jabbok's ford—  
A dumb resistance, with never a word,  
But the shadow burdening down the trestles;

And a long foreboding that seemed to grieve,  
Like the soldier who over his pallet hears  
The whisper of patient, suffering years,  
Before he is used to the empty sleeve;

As I kissed and cried over a cold, still face,  
In her bridal robes, on her bridal bed,

And ever repeated, She is not dead;  
She will come out of her nestling place,

With flash of laughter and wreathing arms,  
The maiden's blush on the cheeks of the wife;  
She will come back to me, life in life,  
In the dower of womanhood's bridal charms.

Or a coming step, I whispered, is hers;  
She sings the songs that she used to sing;  
She comes, like the blossom exhaling spring,  
Through violet bed and the clover furze;

And the still sweet dream shall a vigil keep  
The whole night long that she nestles near,  
Her warm breath fanning my cheek and ear  
As I lie in her loose light arms of sleep.

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If I seek her by day with the voice or hand,  
It ends in a doleful even-song,  
Or a tale of an ancient, forgotten wrong,  
To children who do not understand.

But after the twilight sheds its bloom  
Far over the meadows about our home  
The unseen angels can go and come,  
And roll the stone from the mouth of the tomb.

And she comes in the dews of a paradise;  
A holy blessing around me steals;  
I feel her presence as one that feels  
The gentle light upon closed eyes.

So when the evenings slanting grow  
In crystal rafters over the beach,  
The roofs of heaven are almost in reach  
As I think of my sorrow of long ago.

## NEW WASHINGTON.



HEAD OF THE AVENUE.

**T**HE man who discovered the singular fact that all large rivers ran by large towns could have accounted least of all for Washington city. Its existence was an after-thought, an experiment, a matter of consent and not of choice, conceded rather than presented in good-will by the States and sections to the general government, and to this day a large portion of our countrymen regard it as an adoption, an illegitimate, a pensioner.

The oft-told story of its origin in the insulted honor of Congress when hooted by a Pennsylvania military mob, and of its selection and site by the paramount influence of General Washington, is too threadbare to be here paraded. As it was stationed prior to the modern age of steam facilities, it was placed behind the wave of empire, which has long since advanced thousands of miles beyond, and now and then there arises from that wave a clamor, not without sparkle or plausibility, to fetch the capital up to the

centre, and sow the abandoned site with the traditions of a forgotten period.

Meantime the foundling city has stumbled along through war and siege, without resources, in the midst of a border population wholly unconcerned in its fortunes and uninfluential with either section. The State of Virginia, on one side, has expended enormous sums of money in turnpikes, canals, and railroads, jealously directed away from the Federal city, so that the little piece of railroad from the Potomac tide-water toward the Shenandoah has been made tributary to Alexandria instead of Washington. But within a few years this same piece of road, tardily confessing the soft impeachment, has changed its name from the Loudon and Hampshire to the Washington and Ohio Railroad. The Orange and Alexandria road, which traverses the whole State, and is Virginia property, has seen equal reason within one year to take the name of the Washington City, Virginia Midland, and



Great Southern Railroad, in order to obtain a foreign market for its bonds. In like manner, what was the Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac Railroad, stopping at Acquia Creek, and thereby compelling the soldiers of the Union and the rebellion to fight their bloodiest battles along its course, far to the flank of the Federal city, which was thereby left uncovered, has been looped up with Washington, and is the Richmond and Washington Railroad. The Chesapeake and Ohio Company has been itching for some time past to have a branch from Staunton direct to Washington. In short, Washington city is to-day the second city of Virginia, and has Richmond at a moral disadvantage, containing the only progressive daily press of the region, and with such superior social advantages that the late Judge Underwood was impeached on the score of residence for moving his effects from Alexandria to the District of Columbia; and when Judge Hughes, his successor, was appointed, he announced his intention to reside in Alexandria in order to be near Washington.

Public men, like men of letters, like to swarm together from mutual tastes and temperaments. This disposition must be remembered when men seek to answer their own question of, "What is there to support Washington?" A powerful passion, whether social or political, is a commercial resource, and when the whole country faces for a part of every day toward its capital as the good Mohammedans pray toward Mecca, the national instinct is supply and demand.

In the year 1846, in the Presidency of Mr. Polk, the people of Alexandria, who were then sanguine as to their trade, railroads, security of slaves, and superior navigation, voted by more than two-thirds majority to leave the District of Columbia, although the people in the country parts paraded with banners inscribed, "What Washington has done let no one undo." Already there are symptoms of regret for a secession which in fifteen years was imitated by every thing south of the Potomac, and the Northern man can see in that impetuous little city the grass growing in the streets—the first civic grass between the North Star and Mount Vernon.

Turn now to the Maryland side of the Potomac.

The city of Baltimore at the close of the Revolution drew to itself nearly the whole trade and enterprise of the State. A judicious mingling of Scotch and Scotch-Irish merchants, German farmers, handy French *émigrés* from Acadia and San Domingo, thrifty English Quakers, and animated Methodists established at that point the most bustling and busy city which has ever been known within the Slave States. They built the fastest vessels for privateering and blockade-

running, supplied indifferently the armies of Europe with flour and produce, seized the West India and Brazilian trades, built a turnpike system which until the opening of the Erie Canal monopolized the way to the Southwest, and when the canal had flanked them they challenged it with another, which was to scale the mountains with twenty-five hundred feet of lockage, and did reach the Alleghany coal-field after being overtaken by their trunk railroad to the West, which, from a continental point of view, was the original and masterpiece of railroad art.

The enormous amount of money embarked by Baltimore and Maryland in this system of internal improvements had the effect to create a rivalry between Baltimore and Washington, the more unhappy because the State of Maryland had furnished the original population to the District of Columbia, and had also voted a large sum of money to establish a national capital within its borders. In chagrin that, after nearly a century of outlay upon the Potomac Canal, which cost above \$11,000,000, it finally terminated at Washington and not at Baltimore, the merchants of the latter city sturdily diverted their railroad from the Potomac route, and built it instead up the sinuous Patapsco. That road cost Wheeling not far from \$20,000,000; and it is a singular fact that the engineer whose genius fixed the grades, tunnels, and viaducts in the mountains was the son of the Moravian, Latrobe, who was the real architect of the present Capitol at Washington, having rebuilt it after the British had burned it. But it has been necessary for even the city of Baltimore, with its three hundred thousand inhabitants, \$400,000,000 of property, and \$50,000,000 of annual imports and exports, to follow the lines of topography and travel; and in 1873 its great railroad, which had been redeemed from poverty and difficulty by the copious expenditures of the national authority in time of war, practically abandoned the Patapsco route, built at a cost of nearly four millions a new main stem from Washington to Point of Rocks, ran all its Western trains over this stem, by which more than one thousand cars pass Washington every day, and the railroad company abolished its discriminating tolls, gave workshops to Washington, began the construction of a grand *dépôt* worthy of the capital, and announced that for the future it should know no difference between the cities.

Prior to the change of policy in the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the Pennsylvania company, which had been striving for years to get a charter across Maryland soil, succeeded in opening the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad at an expense of nine millions, and by expending about four millions addi-



tional in tunnels to circumvent Baltimore and reach the centre of Washington, established itself on Pennsylvania Avenue in a magnificent dépôt, and continued its line across the river Potomac, so that we can now take a sleeping-car at midnight in Washington city and be at early breakfast in Richmond. This company has also procured a site for its shops in the District of Columbia. An arm of this road penetrates the lower counties of Maryland, where Wilkes Booth chose, in their obscurities, to make his guilty flight; but a native citizen of Washington, Mr. Smoot, discontented with these new facilities, has been busily grading and laying track during 1873 for the Washington City and Point Lookout Railroad, which is the first railroad ever projected in the name and for the exclusive benefit of the District of Columbia.

The late panic of 1873 has obscured for the time being two other railroad enterprises, the one to follow the valley of Rock Creek and terminate at Frederick, thereby opening to the Washington market one of the richest regions in America for poultry, market produce, draught animals, and the proceeds of the brewery, the still, and the dairy; the other to extend the Washington and Ohio road, which is now close to Winchester, up the South Branch of the Potomac and to the Ohio River.

The effect of such extended railroad systems has been to open up the neglected and picturesque country in the environs of Washington, and a dozen little parks and hamlets, detached from the capital city, are glimmering in the valleys and on the heights adjacent, raising their white spires against the tinted bluffs and terraces which in brown or blue rise above each other from tide-water to the Catoctin Mountain. Thus a fresher life is made tributary to the turgid and saturated political citadel, the department clerk and chief of bureau assume a more yeoman independence, and a tract of country which slavery and tobacco had dealt too harshly with begins to revive and blossom.

Lest it might be supposed that this activity of railroad corporations boded a change from the tranquil resident life of men of

affairs to the whistle and din of shops, artisans, and engines, we may add that whereas there was not a foot of street-passenger railroad in the capital city prior to 1862, there are now upward of fifty miles, and the magnificent distances have been neutralized by these commodious common carriers, nearly all of which dispense with conductors, and make the citizen his own cashier.

There was no Fire Department in Washington until 1863, but at present there are seven first-class steamers, as noted for their efficiency as the police force, which, in the midst of a mingling of new elements, including nearly 50,000 persons late in servitude, has never failed to capture a notable offender since it was organized in Mr. Lincoln's administration. "All quiet on the Potomac" is as true of Washington's police administration in time of peace as when hostile pickets confronted each other from opposite banks of the river. During the war a set of camp-followers, deserters, bruisers, and discharged soldiery, too worthless to leave the city, settled in a locality between Pennsylvania Avenue and the old Tiber Canal, where rents were cheap and human health in peril, and to this resort was given the name of "Murder Bay." Nine-tenths of all the crime in Washington was committed in that Alsatia or by its refugees. How to break up such nests of vice has been an unsolved problem in almost every American city, as worldly-wise people argue that such things are mere sewer-valves, and corrective to general society, while juries and policemen administer with pity or sympathy upon such outcasts. Here in Washington the foul spot has been treated by the medicine of health and cleanliness. First, the old canal was filled up, and that raised the value of property and the price of rents, so that the criminal classes began to look for less central abodes. Next, every street passing through Murder Bay was paved with wood or asphaltum, well sewered, and supplied with gas and water, and the monopoly of the criminal classes was broken up by constant invasions of virtuous people. Finally, every license to sell liquor or keep a house of entertainment was refused with-

in this sanctuary of castaways. The three remedies bid fair to make vice suburban, where it must perish for want of patronage. It may be added that Washington is the only large American city where gambling-houses have been fully and finally eradicated, and the sporting classes have emi-



SITE OF THE OLD TIBER.





NEGROES IN WASHINGTON.

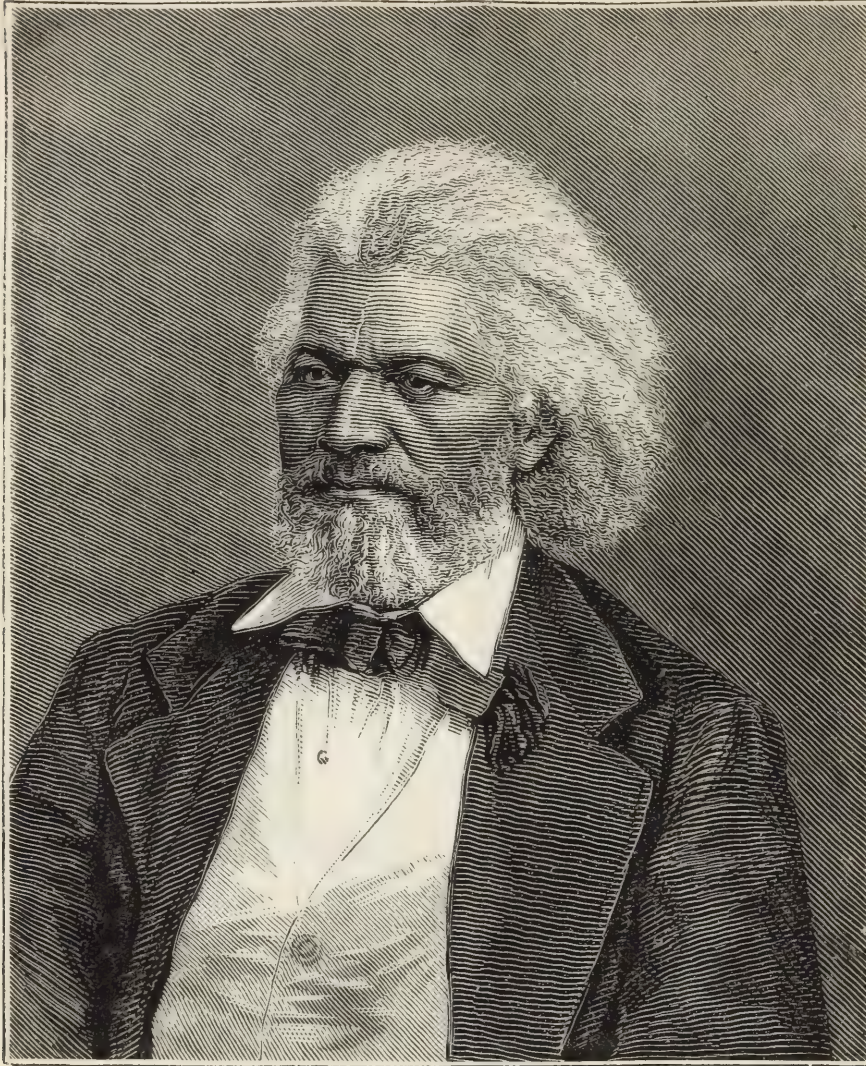
grated to Baltimore and Richmond. The United States District Attorney raided every one of these gilded dens in the year 1872, and made it penal for proprietors of houses to harbor gamblers. It may be said that there is a good deal of poker playing in the hotels and private houses of Washington, but for this there is no corrective except poverty and the social stigma. It has been long since any clerk or officer of trust has lost government funds by gaming outside of Wall Street.

Vice in Washington, among resident people, is confined to the lower classes of blacks and whites, who have but dimly apprehended the opportunities of the new era, and exist in promiscuous and idle association, seldom venturing beyond petty larceny; and to these may be added a few clerks who are employed only between the hours of nine and three, and thereafter go about tempting others into mischief. The capital of course attracts many errant, restless, and scheming men and women, a part of whom are stranded here, and become the prey of that portion of Congressmen, officials, and ne'er-do-wells which delights in intrigue. On the whole, as we shall presently endeavor to demonstrate, "the virgin capital of the country," as Jefferson called it, has had a singularly gentle population, tranquil

success, and has answered the fullest expectations of its dignified projectors.

Every experiment of the continent has been tested in the inoffensive District which enshrines the government. Here slavery and freedom began the overture of that forever memorable contest which, in the triumph of the black man's fortunes, has added Africa to the *Kindergarten* of Christendom, and made an ineffaceable element of the American type these voting children of Ham, to compete with us, perhaps, in every field, social, missionary, and heroic. The capital city is also the capital of the African race. Here they are relatively stronger in population, influence, and property than any where among the Caucasian races. They are of all religions, Catholic as well as Protestant. Their university at Washington is an exalted and striking feature in the landscape. They are employed in almost every department, and sit in Congress, and up to this time there has never been a public scandal associated with a negro. The tenacity with which they cling to property is one of the most remarkable manifestations in human development, and although graded, underpinned, taxed, and tempted, they hold to their lots and shanties in the fashionable West End of the city with a prescience and resolution as notable as that





FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

of the poor old woman who gave testimony before the Ku-Klux committee, saying: "Dey took me out an' beat me free times in dat one night wid hickory swathes, an' put de rope aroun' my neck, an' said dey was a-gwine fur to hang me onless I moved off Mr. ——'s farm; but, gen'l'men, I wouldn't gib up my property. 'Any thing,' says I, '*ef I can keep my land.*'"

Here it may be added that the statesmen of the African race are nearly all resident in Washington, or in frequent council there, headed, of course, by one of the first literary minds which Maryland has produced. I mean Frederick Douglass, a native of Caroline County, on the Eastern Shore, whose years have been spared to realize the extreme transformations of human nature. Once a flogged slave, with an African mother, he tempted the alphabet, letter by letter, from boys who played around the ship-yard where he was a mechanic; next, the pioneer negro on the English hustings to plead for American emancipation, and bought and redeemed by the audiences he addressed; finally, the guest of an American ship of war, and the editor of a newspaper in Washington; and, perhaps greater than all, so

self-respecting as to prefer the post of private duty rather than move into a Southern State for the sake of a Senatorship.

In this discursive article I have thus far touched upon such matters as have crossed my mind, but may interest the reader more logically by a sequential narrative.

It was probably prior to 1625 when the first white man ascended the Potomac to the head of navigation, passing, of course, the future sites of Mount Vernon, Washington, and Georgetown. At this time the Pilgrim Fathers of New England were scarcely snugly settled in their huts. The adventurer's name was Henry Fleet.

He was a fur-trader, who had his

head-quarters in New England, and his journal, kept in 1631, was found in the Lambeth Library, nearly opposite the English Houses of Parliament, after the close of the Southern rebellion, thus connecting in some manner the legislative halls of the two branches of the English-speaking family. This man appears to have suffered a long captivity among the Indians of the Upper Potomac prior to the arrival of Calvert's Catholic colony, whom he piloted up the river. His journal shows that the Indians on the site of Washington were called Nacostines, or Anacostians, and we might be amused at the similarity of his description of them with the popular understanding about the modern people of Washington. Fleet wrote the first description of the site of the capital.

"Monday, the 25th June, we set sail for the town of Tohoga, when we came to an anchor two leagues short of the falls. . . . This place, without all question, is the most pleasant and healthful place in all this country, and most convenient for habitation, the air temperate in summer and not violent in winter. It aboundeth with all manner of fish. The Indians in one night commonly will catch thirty sturgeons in a place where the



river is not above twelve fathom broad. And as for deer, buffaloes, bears, turkeys, the woods do swarm with them; and the soil is exceedingly fertile; but above this place the country is rocky and mountainous like Canada. The 27th of June I manned my shallop, and went up with the flood, the tide rising about four feet in height at this place. We had not rowed above three miles, but we might hear the falls to roar about six miles distant."

Persons who look kindly on Washington re-affirm this description. One hundred and twenty-eight years afterward (1759) Rev. Andrew Burnaby described the Great Falls of the Potomac while sojourning with Colonel George Washington. In 1782 Jefferson wrote an imperfect description of the falls. They have never been well described, and although within two hours' ride of Washington, and more consequential than any cataract on our Atlantic slope, they are seldom visited except by bass fishermen. The bass were put in the river only a few years ago, but have multiplied with astonishing rapidity, and have made the Potomac a game stream.

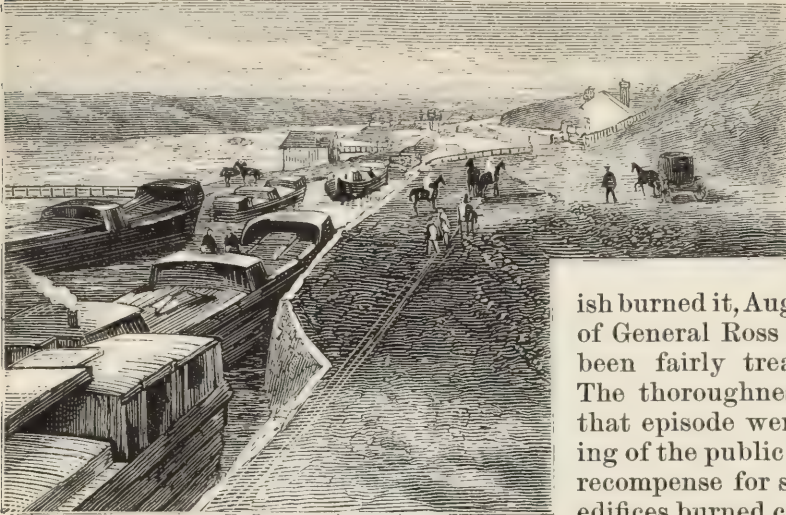
After the Catholic settlement of Maryland, in the spring of the year 1634, there was little movement toward the interior until nearly the close of the seventeenth century, when, about 1695, a number of Scotch and Irish who despaired of the fortunes of the house of Stuart settled within the limits of the District of Columbia, and their collected farms were called "New Scotland." About this time Prince George's County was erected, which adjoins the District on two sides. By 1740 there was an inspection house for tobacco in Georgetown, and Frederick County was formed in 1748, which was divided into three counties in the year of American independence, of which the lower, which bounds the District on the third side, was named for the unfortunate patriot Montgomery. Georgetown had been authorized by an act of the Maryland Assembly as early as 1751, and, like all port towns on the Chesapeake, grew by exporting tobacco and grain in vessels, and importing tools, tea and coffee, and manufactured articles. The accessions of population were derived from the German element, which had previously settled Frederick County; from the deported convicts, which it was the custom of that day to send to Maryland; and as the Scotch monopolized the trade both of Georgetown, of Belhaven (or Alexandria), of Bladensburg, and other ports, they sent for their poor kin, and were in the main severe slave-holders. Out of that little provincial society grew some men destined to eminence, like William Wirt and James Wilkinson, the first of whom lies in the Congressional Cemetery, within a few miles of the road-side tavern where he used

to beat the drum for visitors; and Wilkinson, who arranged the surrender of Burgoyne to Gates, lies in the City of Mexico, where he went to anticipate Austin in the colonization of Texas. On the Virginia side of the Potomac were even greater men. George Washington was nineteen years old when Georgetown was settled; and in 1755 old General Braddock, landing near the mouth of Rock Creek, marched overland with a part of his army. The new capital had scarcely risen from the ground when James M. Mason was born, on Annapolis Island, under the heights of Georgetown, and there Louis Philippe visited the family when a traveling exile whose father's head had fallen under the guillotine. In Georgetown cemetery lies a part of the family of Thomas Johnson, of Maryland, who in 1774 nominated Washington in Congress to be commander-in-chief. The society of the future District prior to the Revolutionary period was in the main crude and hard, but with exceptional character and originality here and there. A company for the Revolution, in which Generals Lingau and Wilkinson were privates, was formed at Georgetown, and drilled by a Rhode Island Quaker. Father John Carroll, returning from his patriotic mission to Canada, began during the war, in the vicinity of Georgetown, those pastoral labors which raised him to be the earliest bishop in America, and made Baltimore the metropolitan see. During the Revolution the armies of both sides passed and repassed at Georgetown, and it was a place of supplies for the native forces. Its county seat, Rockville, twelve miles above, was established in the woods in 1776. The first labor in which Washington engaged after the war was to open canal navigation up the Potomac, and the stock books of the Potomac Company were opened in Georgetown. This work brought laborers to the site of the city, and two rival towns were plotted within the present limits of Washington, while Father Carroll began to rear Georgetown College, which has thus priority in time over the location of the capital.

Then came the great event, influenced by Washington with a perseverance which has no parallel in his usually sensitive public career, the location of the Federal city upon the plain near his estate, between Georgetown Heights and the woody ridges of the Anacostia. No man has been found in all the subsequent period to take issue with the natural beauty of the position, and the British who burned it have left their testimonial to the same effect.

A French engineer outlined with novelty and amplitude the configuration of the streets, and his plan, after eighty years, is fully vindicated as commensurate with the proportions of a ruling city, and carefully studied from the natural topography. A





POTOMAC AND CANAL, GEORGETOWN.

Pennsylvania Quaker, one of the gifted Ellicott family, who subsequently defined the boundaries of a number of our States, laid out the District after L'Enfant's design. A Dublin Irishman designed the President's Mansion. The Capitol was devised between Hallet, a Frenchman, and Thornton, an Englishman. The commissioners who superintended the works in the city were all selected from the neighboring country so as to be on the spot, and the artistic and economical forces pulling against each other led to many painful quarrels where nobody was wrong and nobody wholly right. Mr. Jefferson was the ruling taste of the city for a large part of twenty years, and as Secretary of State he imported the numerous Italians whose fantastic allegories and devices continue to amuse the average visitor, and often to delight the conscientious one. The city was a compromise between the original property-holders and the government, the latter unfortunately entering into such a partnership by reason of its impecuniosity. As every locality wanted the capital, none of the rejected competitors was friendly to it. Alternations of elation and depression marked the early history of the residents and investors, and curious travelers, excited by exaggerated accounts of the republican metropolis, written at a period when nearly all literary Europe was republican, came to admire and went away to berate. Among these was young Tom Moore, nimble and without judgment, who wrote the line, which is true as far as this continent is concerned:

"And what was Goose Creek once is Tiber now."

We shall not linger over this portion of the civic history of Washington, except to say that the year of its foundation the celebrated Convent of the Visitation was established; that the corner-stone of the Capitol was laid September 18, 1793; that the Potomac was bridged at the Little Falls as early

as 1797; that Washington often visited the place, and died before Congress came to occupy it; and that the city of Washington was incorporated in 1802.

There were less than ten thousand people in the place when the British burned it, August 24, 1814. The campaign of General Ross against the city has never been fairly treated by American writers. The thoroughness, decision, and success of that episode were legitimate, and the burning of the public buildings the only possible recompense for such hazard. A part of the edifices burned contained warlike materials. The general himself was fired upon and his horse killed after military resistance had ceased. The effect of the disaster was to give a civic spirit to the people of Washington, who, after the war, were menaced with worse than the British enemy—with the spirit of American secession which attempted to crown the British victory with the humiliation of Washington, and take the capital to New York and Philadelphia. The resident people raised a new Capitol for Congress to occupy in one hundred days, and so well built was that structure that it lasted to the rebellion. Calhoun died in it; Wirz was hanged in the yard thereof; and Lyman Trumbull, William M. Evarts, and Justice Field recently owned residences in the old block.

The Capitol edifice was in such bad condition before the torch had been applied that it had to be shored up from without, and was really lighted by the shavings and refuse contained in it. Latrobe, who had been in charge of the work since 1803, recommenced it with renewed energy, searched the upland country for less perishable building stones, devised many of the quaintest bits of ornament, which remain to this day, and built the stately old Hall of Representatives as we see it now, cleared of its desks and filled with sculpture. Between 1817 and 1830, Bulfinch, of Boston, finished the Capitol, which cost about \$2,700,000 and thirty-seven years of work. Bulfinch's successor, Robert Mills, was to the Treasury, Patent-office, and Post-office buildings what Thornton had been to the Capitol, building a portion of each to be modified by subsequent architects; and it is to be noticed that among the majority of these men there existed some relation. Thus Walter, who began the marble wings of the Capitol in 1851, was a pupil of one of Latrobe's pupils, while Mills studied with Hoban. These extensions of the Capitol greatly exceeded in cost and splendor the original, which is sandwiched between them, and have brought the cost, including the dome, grading, enlarged grounds,



library, and apparatus, up to fully \$15,000,000. The Houses of Parliament in London, which are much larger, have cost less than this in figures; but as the most costly part of the Capitol was built with depreciated currency and at high wages, the investments have been about the same. The position of the American Capitol, on a lofty hill, of which the grades and terraces have been subordinated to the edifice, more than compensates for the richer Gothic ornamentation of the obscured Parliament houses, which have met with quite as much criticism for their want of adaptability to modern legislative uses as has our Capitol for its want of unity in materials.

Monroe's administration was a period of general activity in Federal constructions, the theory of limited powers being much relaxed at that time, and General Jackson greatly helped the place by removing the deposits from Philadelphia to Washington. The population, which had risen to 20,000 in 1830, gained but 3000 in the ten following years, during which the Virginia part of the District was retroceded, and the corporate affairs were in a melancholy condition. In 1850 there were 40,000 persons on the Maryland side, and the year before the war of secession broke out found 60,000 people in Washington, many of whom were attracted by the natural growth of the government business, and by the employment afforded on the great aqueduct, the Capitol, and three other public structures. When the rebellion began, and there was an exodus of one element and a corresponding incursion of another, the following was the appearance of the city:

Not one street was paved for any great consecutive distance; there was not a street car in the city; the Capitol was without a dome, and the new wings were filled with workmen. No Fire Department worthy of the name was to be seen, and a mere constabulary comprised the police, which had to call on the United States marines, as in 1857, when the latter fired upon a mob, and killed and wounded a large number of people. The water supply was wholly afforded by pumps and springs. Gas had been in partial use for several years, but little else was lighted except Pennsylvania Avenue and the public buildings. Not one of the departments was half finished. The President's House was beleaguered with stables, wooden fences, and patches of bare earth. Nearly one-half the city was cut off from the rest by a ditch, and called the Island, while an intervening strip of mall and park was patrolled by outlaws and outcasts, with only a bridge here and there for outlet. The river-side was a mass of earthen bluffs pierced by two streets, and scarcely attainable for mire and obstructions. Georgetown communicated with the capital by an

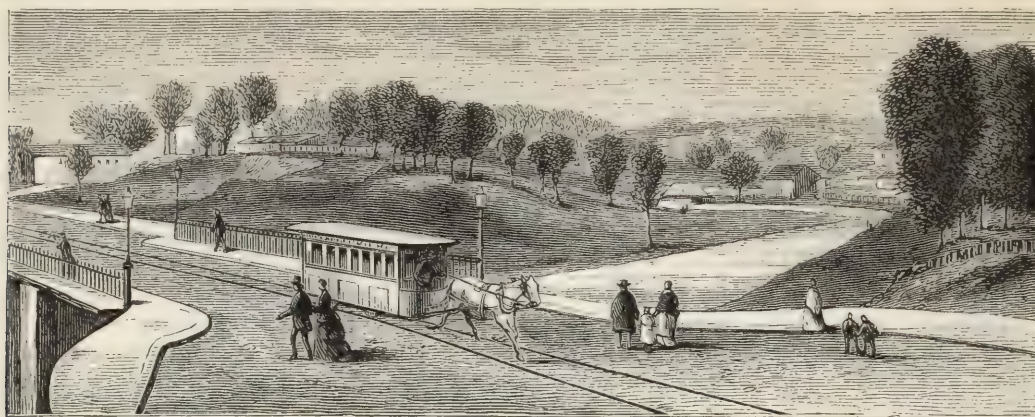
omnibus line, and there was no ferry to Alexandria to be remembered as such, except in the sensitive traditions of the oldest residents. There was a show of hotel accommodation, on which we need not linger in memory of a Congressman shooting a white waiter dead in the dining-room at Willard's, or a President welcomed to his inauguration with the National Hotel disease. Slavery seemed to take delight in pressing its exposures upon the notice of Northern men and foreigners. There was a slave-pen under the eaves of the Smithsonian Institution. Manacled men were marched down the avenue handcuffed together. To take a Northern paper was a stigma; and for an abolitionist to lecture would have been to revive the riots around the *National Era* office. There were good and social elements in the place, but society had its depths and heights. To bear arms was common, and they were used on quick occasion. In short, the city was relatively in embryo as much as when Moore, Weld, Janson, and Basil Hall described it early in the century.

A comparative description of the cities of Richmond and Washington during the civil war would epitomize the relative vigor, constructiveness, and confidence of the embattled sections. Nothing was built in Richmond which commemorates the Confederate government at this day except earth-works, and the State Capitol, devised by Jefferson, which was finished the year the national Capitol was commenced, fell in only a few years after the close of the war, burying court, Legislature, and spectators in a charnel of smoke and wailing.

But the civic portion of the national capital never grew with the rapidity which it showed when menaced by the public enemy.

At an expense of \$1,500,000 sixty-eight forts in a circuit of thirty-seven miles were thrown up, connected by thirty-two miles of good roadway, all of which is still available for the tourist and teamster. The Long Bridge, which had been opened in 1835, was rebuilt; the railroad bridge beside it constructed; the railroad from New York doubled in track; the aqueduct, which has cost above \$3,000,000, was sturdily carried on within fire of the enemy; the dome was raised on the Capitol, and saluted by the guns of all the forts as the statue of Freedom took its place on the summit; the Treasury was all completed except one wing, and has cost about \$6,000,000; the Post-office was almost all built during the war; and the Patent-office, which cost \$2,200,000, was completed in 1867. The first street railroad was opened in 1862. The fortune of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was made by the war, and its \$13,000,000 of debt had become a vast surplus by the time it distributed the Federal armies to their homes. Common schools followed emancipation. Every





NEW P STREET BRIDGE.

facility of modern comfort had been either supplied or suggested; and the private property which had been deserted in hundreds of cases by the owners, and offered for sale at little more than the expense of flight, in 1861, more than recovered its value a year before the surrender of Lee.

There were still grave apprehensions, however, as to the social future of the city, and many newspaper correspondents, writing in the interests of different cities, and acquainted with their comforts, had invidious things to say about a society imbittered, sectionalized, and enormously augmented by a population just out of slavery. Frequent elections for corporate officers after the war showed these animosities at the polls, although slave-owners of the District had been paid \$1,000,000 for their human property; yet in December, 1865, only thirty-five votes were cast for negro suffrage, and 7369 the other way. Congress was resolved to put the experiment in operation, and the veto of President Johnson was overridden by both Houses the same day he returned it, January 7, 1867.

The city now passed into the hands of white persons imbittered by long minority, and resentful for their ostracization in former years. The property-holders were discouraged; the rougher whites were turbulent; the negroes armed themselves to execute their new privileges; riots ensued, attended with blood and panic; bitterness prevailed in the prints; the course of improvements was suspended; and finally between the two parties a conservative Northern element felt obliged to interpose in order to save the common property and respectability of all.

This treaty movement did not begin a moment too soon.

During the war the Western cities had grown enormously, and as the taking of the census for 1870 approached they became aware of their preponderating influence in the national Congress, and began to agitate for a corresponding equity of location for the Federal city, which they alleged to be on an exposed coast, subject to Eastern in-

fluences, and among a reactionary populace which had in no manner appreciated the public bounty, had sympathized with the rebellion, and slain President Lincoln himself.

During the height of this agitation the affairs of the District were indeed desponding. There was no market for property, and the oldest citizens, brought to face the problem, felt compelled to acknowledge that without the public guests there would not be common subsistence.

In this moment of despair, itself preparatory to more chastened behavior, the Northern Congress earned the gratitude of the people of Washington by coming to their relief. Men like Justin Morrill, and others who lived as remotely as California, denounced the capital-moving project as factious and sporadic, and an appropriation was soon afterward voted for a new department, to cost several millions of dollars, while measures were taken to extend the Capitol grounds, improve the national reservations, and complete the aqueduct. Congress and the conservative leaders in the city also came to an arrangement by which the excesses of all the hostile factions were to be neutralized under a more orderly form of government, which should reduce the different jurisdictions, remove some of the offices from political strife, give the District representation in Congress, and allow it more freedom to conduct its improvements and extend its credit.

It was the task of these local leaders to carry a citizen's ticket at the polls over a compactly organized Republican majority. A Northern man was selected, who had been for many years resident in Washington, and after a hard contest sufficient of the negroes were shown to have bolted their ticket to elect M. G. Emory the last Mayor of Washington.

In February, 1871, President Grant signed a bill giving the District of Columbia a Territorial government, with a Governor, Secretary, Council, and Board of Public Works, to be appointed by the President and Senate, and a delegate in Congress and



a House of Assembly, to be elected by the people.

The same day the citizens of Washington celebrated by a carnival and masquerade the laying of wooden pavement on Pennsylvania Avenue, which had never been a respectable thoroughfare up to that time.

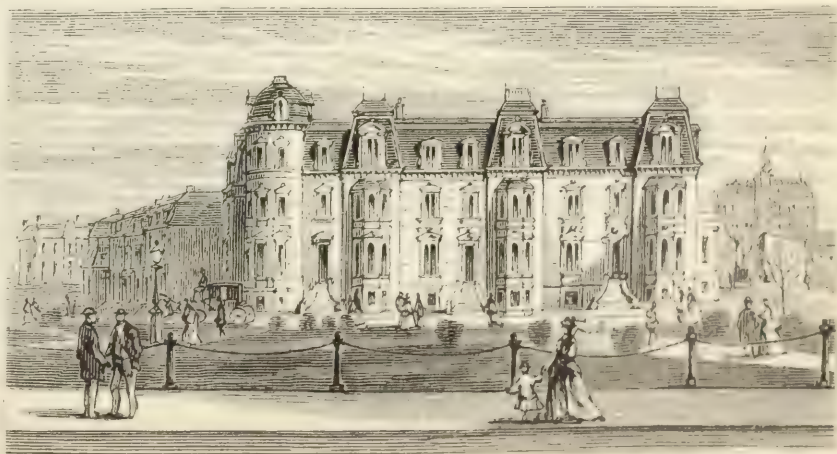
At this point we may sketch Major L'Enfant's plan of the city, as it stood upon the ground in 1871, partially executed.

It was a grand plan, reminding one of the plots of the forests of Compiègne and Fontainebleau, where long avenues meet at *carrefours*, and the number of such avenues is increased according to the importance of the point of junction, either in a scenic or central estimate. The city of Versailles, that extraordinary combination of court and forest, which remains the grand, sombre, and fantastic mirror of the time of Louis XIV., has been charged to have oppressed Major L'Enfant when he plotted Washington. There is some resemblance, indeed, but chiefly in the irregular breadth of the avenues, and in the ingrafting of an oblique plan upon a rectangular one. Versailles is a maze; Washington is a design. At Versailles the palace was the whole consideration with the engineer; Washington was laid out with an intelligent reference to the different public buildings as well as to the natural topography. Any critic can see the difference in the two plans by placing them side by side. The French monarch required a forest close at hand, with depths and pools and ponds, where the wild court should seek relief from the dissipations of the palace. The French-American engineer had a practical understanding of his business, and well merited Washington's encomium when the general said that he thought that, for prosecuting public works and carrying them into effect, L'Enfant was "better qualified than any one who had come within his knowledge in this country, or indeed in any other."

Washington covers a parallelogram commonly alleged to be a plain between the Potomac, one of its broad arms, and Rock Creek; the other or rearward side is formed by a series of hills, through which half a dozen streams have washed their way, and probably formed the plain. Across Rock Creek, on the west, the picturesque post-town of Georgetown looks down from rocky heights. In the rear are as many different hills of peculiar sands and clays stand-

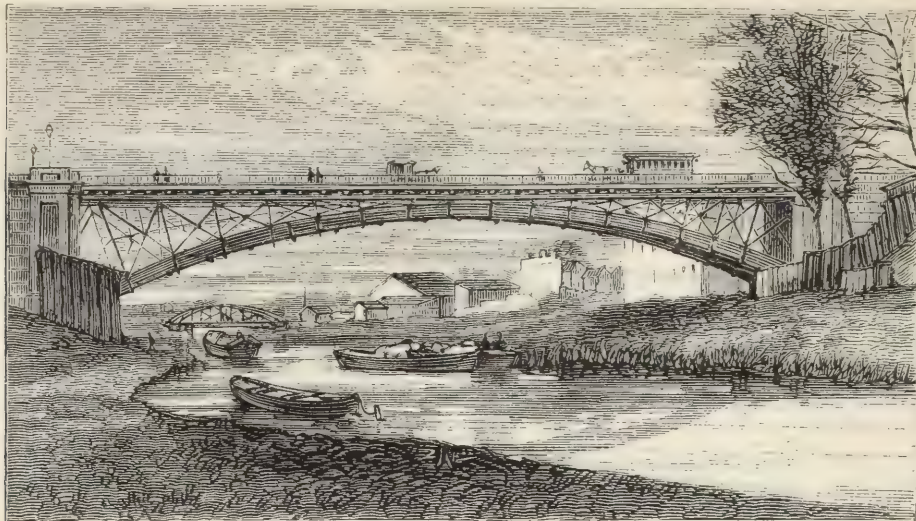
ing on stratified metamorphic rocks as the hills have defined through the general terrace. Across the Eastern Branch heights as bold as those of Georgetown regard the city, and the same is the case from the Virginia side. The circuit of forts around Washington averages nearly three hundred and fifty feet altitude above the tide, and the hills nearest the city are above one hundred feet in height. The plain which the engineer had to cover is 1440 rods from east to west, and 720 rods mean distance from the northern heights to the river. A cape, however, extended out between the two arms of the Potomac, so that L'Enfant was able to make one transverse avenue (Delaware) nearly eleven hundred rods in length. The avenues, it may be understood, are those great streets of Washington intended to point to effects both in buildings and natural positions; the streets, which are numbered by letters and by numerals, obey a rectangular system of their own, though in some degree harmonized with the avenues.

Over the plain, so called, of Washington there were great irregularities of surface. The President's House is only about fifteen feet above low tide, while the Capitol, one mile to the east, is nearly ninety feet above tide. Yet Observatory Hill, which is only 260 rods to the west of the White House, is six feet higher than the base of the Capitol. Observatory Hill, said to be the place of debarkation of Braddock's army, is almost at the river-bank; the Capitol Hill, which covers much of the eastern plain of the city, creating, somewhat like Quebec, an upper and lower town, is at the nearest 320 rods from either river. And yet within the range of streets there is a ridge nearly in mid-distance separated from both the hills mentioned, which is 103 feet above low tide. These inequalities of surface are due to a soil friable under the action of water, and affected by three brooks or creeks, of which the most considerable, called the Tiber, rises only about 600 rods back of the city



EX-GOVERNOR SHEPHERD'S LOUV.





ROCK CREEK CONDUIT BRIDGE.

on the terrace grounds, and yet its springs are 236 feet above tide-water, or 158 feet higher than the base of the Capitol. This stream has the impulsiveness of all the streams in the hilly country of the Chesapeake tide-water, draining a large area of upland through a narrow channel, which undermines the clay through which the water rushes, and can be a dry bed in the morning and a roaring sluice in the afternoon. Two other streams, one flowing west and the other east, had the same peculiarities in a less degree. The middle stream, or Tiber, repulsed from the base of Capitol Hill, ran off obliquely, and entered the Potomac. The consequence was that long after Major L'Enfant had planned his city, practical hydrographic difficulties were found out which kept the lower plain of the city in alternate freshets and fever and ague; and yet, to obviate the expense of grading, the engineer had placed his main promenade across the swamp, which seemed to be so prettily suspended between Capitol Height and the White House knoll. Portions of the promenade, now known over the world as Pennsylvania Avenue, are below high water.

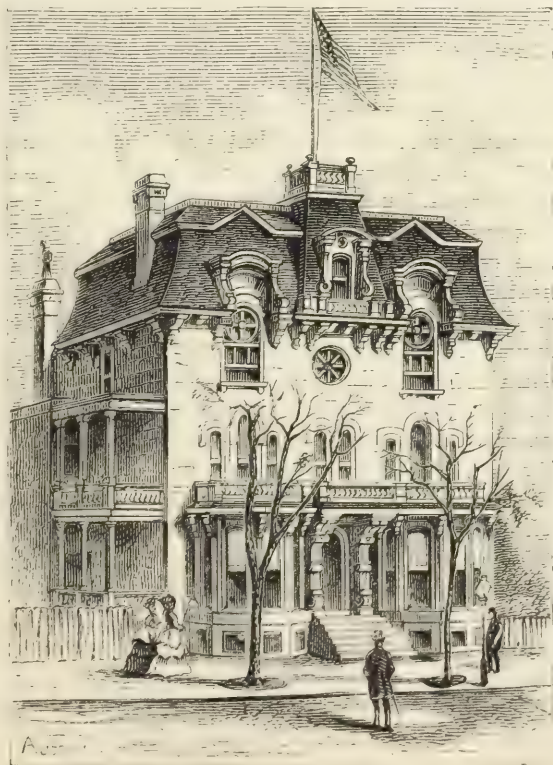
In the light of modern knowledge, and to comply with the sanitary demands of American society, it has been necessary for the new government at Washington to correct the hydrography of the place, and give the city for the first time a system of sewerage adequate for the health of Congress and the inhabitants, and to counteract the floods which continue to visit Baltimore annually. The mouth of the Tiber was filled up, and a new mouth given it down stream; the whole stream and its three branches were arched over with brick, and the former outlet also sewered. This central system of main sewerage, of which 16,500 feet had been completed in 1873, is nowhere less than nine feet span, and for much of the distance thirty feet. A buggy can be driven through it all, a space of three miles. It empties into

a broad canal, which the tide cleanses twice a day, and which will make hereafter the chief port of the city, having been dredged out to a proper depth. Thus a pestiferous gutter, occasionally a torrent, which, according to a board of army engineers appointed in 1868, received annually 300,000 cubic feet of vileness, was a vast fermenting vat without a current, useless for navigation, and deadly, became an arborescent and monumental system of sewerage, covered with grass, paved streets, and files of houses; while another sewer, tapping the Tiber as it emerged from the heights back of the city, led the natural brook and its deluges off by the rear to the Eastern Branch. The third creek, which underlies the West End, or new fashionable part of Washington, has been incased in a sewer of ten feet span, so that there are no longer puddles or ponds or open sinks in any part of Washington. At the same time Georgetown was given a great main sewer, and these four systems comprise, with their arteries of Scotch pipe and iron sewerage, 123 miles of under-ground work, hidden away so that one must seek it out, and yet a formidable expense to a population mainly clerical. There are no such sewers in extent or dimensions on the Western continent.

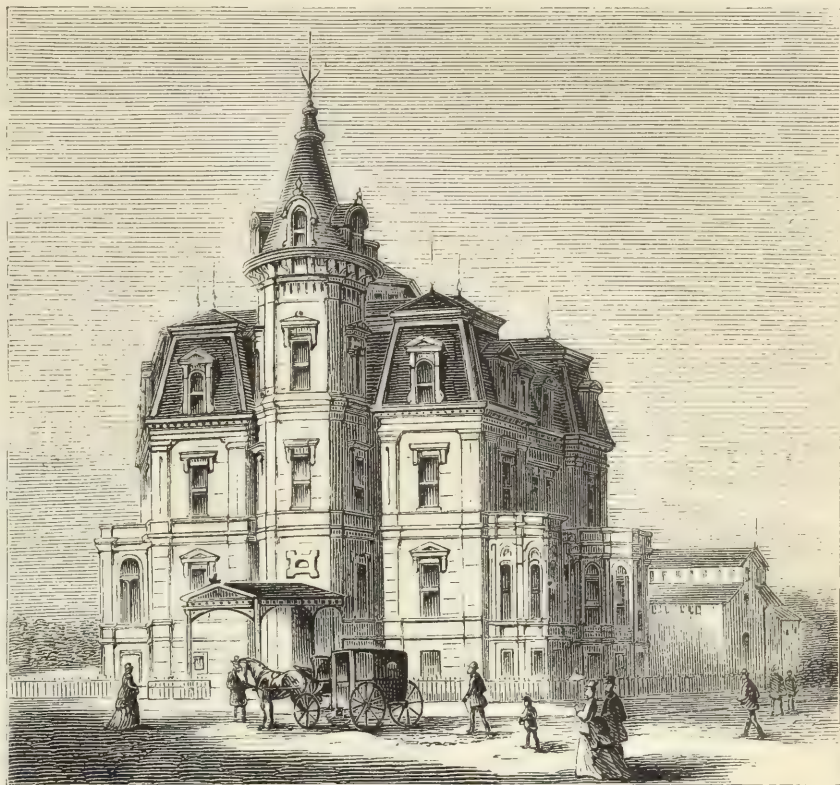
Before any work could be begun on the surface of Washington the sewerage had to be provided for, and gas and water mains put down. The Washington Aqueduct, which was finished on December 18, 1863, sufficiently to introduce water into Washington, was connected with the city by two mains only, designed to supply the public buildings. The old corporation had tapped these mains, but the growing needs of citizens for ablution, comfort, and fire rendered it necessary for a comprehensive government to lay its own mains from the reservoir, two miles west of Georgetown, through the streets of that borough, and across Rock Creek into those portions of the city hitherto without



water provision. Another vast underground system was thus incumbent upon the authorities, with extensive ramifications in almost every street, and with high service reservoirs fed by force-pumps from the mains to accommodate those citizens whose thrifty homes had been advanced across the boundary and into heights above the ordinary flow of the aqueduct. In two years the city laid thirty miles of water mains, and lowered below the new street grades about nine miles more, so that the city has at present 133 miles of water pipe. Washington has the greatest supply of water per head of any modern municipality—127 gallons *per diem*. The distributing system is fed through an infinite number of hydrants, drinking fountains, fire plugs, and ornamental fountains; and as the new government had to consider also the country district, the old springs have been cleansed and protected for miles thereabouts, and pumps put down on the neighboring roads.



THE WASHINGTON CLUB-HOUSE.



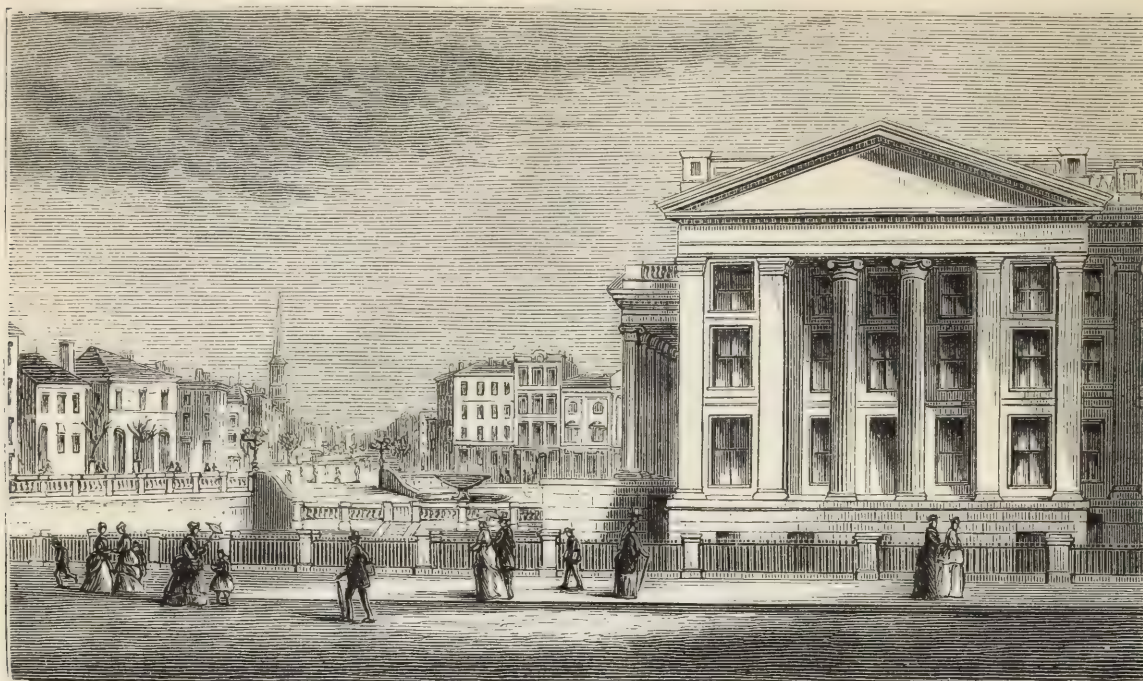
NEW RESIDENCE OF SENATOR STEWART.

While the sewerage and water supply were thus enlarged, the Gas-light Company was incited to equal exertion in extending its mains below the surface, and the former city, which was wrapped in comparative darkness, showed in 1873 above three thousand public lamps, partly lighted by electricity.

The renovators might nearly say as to things out of sight, with Richelieu, that they had recreated Washington, and from the ashes of the old feudal and decrepit systems brought luminous civilization. While they were ministering to the hidden needs of a modern capital, that sewerage of which Victor Hugo said that Paris had labored ten centuries upon hers without being able to finish it, another efficient office-holder was draining the public grounds, reservations, and parks, so as to make all parts of the capital healthful at once, ready to receive abundant water and silently export the rapidly collecting nuisances of a Southern city. Few citizens or strangers would have shown patience until the completion of the subterranean work had not the authorities kept up a certain proportion of landscape and surface improvements. All the instrumentalities and materials were being collected, however, to proceed at once with the streets and avenues when the work underneath should be well enough advanced; for Congress itself had only less instability than the public.

There were some things to exhilarate the moving spirits in the work, and the chief of these was the steady flow of private capital to Washington, increased demand for dwell-





NEW YORK AVENUE AT THE TREASURY.

ing-houses, the growth of population, and the voluntary removal thither of some of the most accomplished architects from the North. The contractors gathered from all parts of the country, and invested their profits almost invariably upon new constructions in the District. The very enemies of the improvement were observed to be doing the same, and when the work began to show under the sun on the broad highways, and the grades were adjusted to the under stratum, the poorest inhabitant appreciated the transformation, and struggled to hold his property as if it were his existence.

We next come to that portion of the work which is the visible beauty and superiority of modern Washington over all other American cities—the streets.

The first work to be done was to assemble the engineers of the larger municipalities of the North and West for mutual consultation as to improved pavements. During the past few years great perfection has been attained in the use of asphaltum, lime, concrete, and so forth, particularly in Europe. Mr. W. W. Corcoran, the eminent Washington banker, laid a broad square of concrete in the year 1869 before the Arlington Hotel, where it was subjected to constant wear, and it proved so adapted and durable that there was a general feeling in favor of such pavements in a city where there is no heavy commercial travel, and which should have less noisy street materials than cobblestone. Similar motives turned the attention of the Washington authorities to the various block pavements of the West. The park commissions of the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and Buffalo met the Board of Public Works in conference in the spring of 1872, and for two weeks inspected

samples of all the forms of pavement in use, and learned the tests and prospective improvements of them all. Mr. Mullett represented Washington. The board afterward proceeded to Boston and the West, and their report, which will be found in the investigation of 1872, will probably be an original documentary authority in the future history of street-paving. The result has been to lay in Washington  $28\frac{1}{2}$  miles of concrete pavement and  $58\frac{1}{2}$  of wood pavement, making 87 miles of what is certainly the most agreeable roadway in the world out of a total of 180 new miles in the city, the rest being cobble, macadam, gravel, and Belgian block; of the latter nine miles and a half.

Such a revolution in streets can scarcely be understood by those familiar with the former city. Venice built in the sea, and the site of Venice before it was built, are suggested by the transformation. If you remember that from the Treasury gate to the gate of the Capitol is about one mile, and then multiply the distance by 180, you will begin to perceive the difference between old and new Washington. The Belgian concrete and wood paving alone make 96 times the distance between the points named. All doubts of the ordinary durability of these pavements are met by the fact that the Arlington concrete is as good as new after five years' wear, and the block pavement on the avenue, which was laid on low ground not previously tiled and drained, affords the common thoroughfare for light and heavy teams, and had been three years in position in February, 1874.

Lining the above streets are nearly 208 miles of new sidewalks, of which seven miles are flag and concrete, and the rest brick, and 154 miles of new curb-stone has been



set. Of the wood pavement, 850,000 yards were pneumatically treated before being laid. Behind the sidewalks, and at the open crossings and reservations, grass sod has been used, involving no other expense than labor and hauling, and more than 6000 trees have been set out; while below the turf the new sewerage, gas, and water have been laid, so that there will never be necessity for disturbing the paved streets.

The problem which had fretted the city authorities for three-quarters of a century was how to pave such extravagantly broad streets as Major L'Enfant delineated. The main avenues were 160 feet wide; some of the streets are from 130 feet to 160 feet wide; and it seems almost incredible, although the surveyor leaves no doubt of the fact, that the streets and avenues cover two-thirds of the entire area of Washington, being 264 miles long, and of the united area of 2554 acres. The streets of New York are but thirty-five per cent. of the area of the city.

The architect Mullett, whose rapid mind had designed so many enormous constructions in the great cities of the Union, lighted upon the idea of reducing the width of the portions of the streets necessary to be paved by advancing the curb-stones toward the centre, and at the same time reducing the cost of the sidewalks by sodding between them and the houses. It was next suggested to devise some kind of railing, characteristic and pretty, to inclose the sodded portions, that every house might seem to have its own front yard. Afterward the renovators resolved to plant the streets with trees. Our illustrations will suggest what changes have thus been effected in streets hitherto mere commons of apparently unreasonable proportions, and generally filled with goats and cattle, which had mistaken them for open fields. More than four millions of dollars were spent upon this work.

It was not until the assembling of Congress in December, 1873, that the reveal-

ment of the new city was made to strangers. Such an enormous amount of civic work had never been done with a proximate thoroughness in the same space of time. The grading alone had amounted to 3,340,000 cubic yards. And such was its unity and efficiency that the whole surface of the city came to light like some tracery in invisible ink when held to the fire. Old L'Enfant, in his grave since 1825, might have said of his plan thus resuscitated, like Longfellow's *Student*:

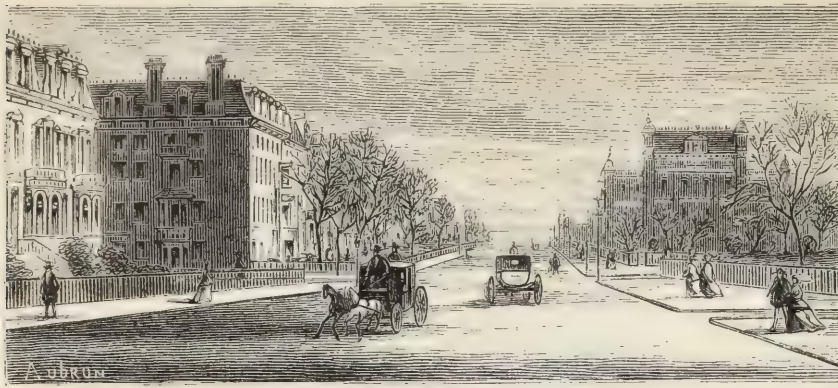
"The rude peasant sits  
At evening in his smoky cot, and draws  
With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall.  
The son of genius comes foot-sore with travel,  
And begs a shelter from the inclement night.  
He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand,  
And by the magic of his touch, at once  
Transfigured all its hidden virtues shine."

Not only were the streets of the capital covered with the most noiseless and perfect pavements in the world, and embowered in the greenest borders of grass-plots, inclosed with panels of post and chain or graceful paling, and planted with trees, but at all the points of junction new squares and circles appeared, their verdure relieved with flashing fountains, or bits of statuary, or effects in sodden terraces, all ready for the sculptor; Rock Creek also was newly bridged, so that Georgetown Heights and the West End of Washington were the nearest neighbors; while old gulfs and commons, dreary to the passenger, were embanked, leveled, and brought into the common civilization of the city. The grades of Capitol Hill, by act of Congress, had been adjusted to those of the city. The public grounds, swept of their cemetery-like palings and wholly rejuvenated, lay open to equestrian and urchin. Where the old creek yawned through the heart of the commercial city a noble mall, grand market, and dépôts were revealed, and the old lodges and gate-posts around the Capitol were placed for one mile along this vista. Between the President's House and Capitol Hill a green park with graveled



GRANT ROW, CAPITOL HILL.





FRANKLIN SQUARE AND SCHOOL.

drives rolled away like a carpet of velvet. The river-side, with its bluffs tamed down to easy quays and paved with granite block, was at every point attainable, and from far back in the city its broad expanse gave object and vista to the perspectives. The country roads in every direction were culverted, ditched, prepared, and in some cases macadamized and graveled, without toll-gates any where; and the park was found made to hand in Corcoran model farm of Harewood, which the common soldiers of the regular army purchased and added to their Asylum grounds, thus making five hundred acres of pleasure-ground which will compare, for the smoothness of its drives, landscape effects, natural woods, and strong prospects, with any park in the world. Here Launt Thompson's statue of General Scott in bronze, ten feet high, stands regarding the city, and in its streets he is placed as well, mounted upon the finest horse art has chiseled, and adding another proof to the sagacity of Major L'Enfant, who has dotted the town with sites and spaces purposely left for statuary.

Washington society has been remodeled like the topography, and the North, the West, and California approximate to a numerical superiority over the old Maryland and Southern element. The old square barrack houses of brick have in many cases

been pulled down and rebuilt in lighter forms, with Mansard-roofs, crotched pinnacles, airy verandas, and such a plenitude of bay-windows in all forms as to show the geniality of a climate and people and open-air habits. In the year 1873 the sales of real estate to and fro aggregated twelve millions of dollars, where

for many years formerly a few hundred thousand had been thought promising. The British government and sagacity secured a piece of ground in the new part of the town, and put up a permanent building for its legation at a cost of \$150,000. A colony of Californians in the same quarter began to build a style of residences astonishing not only to Washingtonians, but audacious to Eastern people at large. Considerable tracts in the environs were divided in mutuality, and cottages built through them which gave property all its satisfaction with no appearance of its selfishness. The oblique course of the great avenues toward the building lots as surveyed required such ingenuity in the architects that many of the façades are wholly novel, the houses overlapping each other, and decorated in such a way as often to appear fanciful and grotesque. Terraces adapted to the changed grades start up in all parts of Washington, and this again has led to a variety of stairs, balustrades, and vase and fountain ornaments charming to the eye. Meantime public institutions other than national have grown with magical rapidity, and several of these enjoy a certain support from government, in compensation for aid extended or promised to its employés. The public schools are all new and elaborate, and our illustrations give incidental views of two of them. The Summer



VAN NESS MAUSOLEUM, OAK HILL.



School, called for the distinguished Massachusetts Senator, and containing his portrait, ordered by the colored population, has cost \$70,000. The Jefferson School gives desks to 1200 pupils. The Franklin School model took the prize at the Vienna Exposition. What changes are not probable in Washington society when nearly four hundred thousand dollars are now spent per annum on the public schools where formerly poverty and slavery went equally uncultured? There are three universities at Washington, besides the Howard University for negroes, whose buildings and grounds cost \$600,000, and form a prominent feature in the metropolitan landscape. The Roman Catholic college at Georgetown is the oldest in the United States, receives pupils from Mexico, Spanish America, and the West Indies, and has a large library and valuable farm. Attached to this college is the Convent of the Visitation, founded in 1816, and partly endowed by the Abbé Clorivière, its first director, a Breton soldier and priest who fled from France after setting off an infernal machine to kill Napoleon Bonaparte. He is recognized in French history under the name of Limoelan. Washington was the original colony of the Catholic Church in America, Bishop Carroll, a native of the vicinity, having spent thirty years at that point laboring to revive his sect. As a consequence, the Catholics have a fair element of the population and several institutions. The Columbian University has been taken out of denominational hands, and efforts are made to found a national school, with all the collections in geology, books, natural history, ethnology, etc., tributary to it. This idea was recently arraigned by the president of Harvard College, but it has the authority of Washington and a decided hold upon the Congressional mind. A large university of spirited young men working in specialties, and imbued with the fine patriotism of the Polytechnic School at Paris and of West Point, would exercise a salutary influence upon official life, and give the capital city an element at once refining and intellectualizing; for Congress needs a school-master like the rest of us. The special institutions of Washington are numerous, and each has the official fatality of never resigning and seldom dying. The Coast Survey Office is one of the many edifices built for a bureau, by an un-

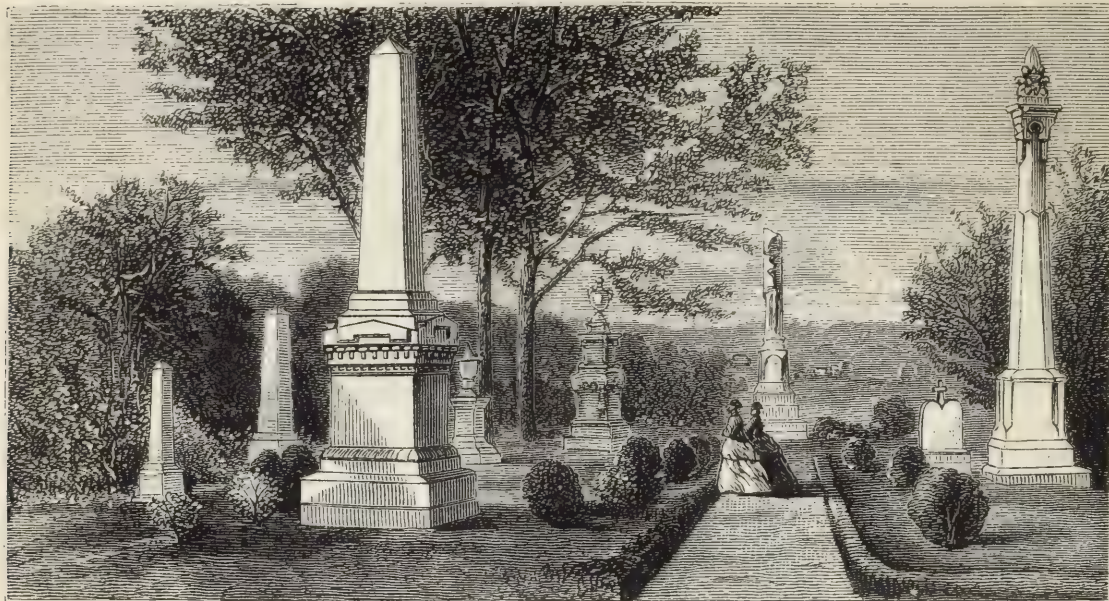
derstanding with the proprietor that it would certainly be rented and maybe bought. Next door to this edifice is General Butler's new castle. The large building to the left is the "Congressional Drinking Saloon." In this quarter, immediately adjacent to the Capitol, is a row of buildings (see page 319) erected in 1872 for Senators and officials, which illustrates our remarks about the new civil architecture of Washington, and which is, besides, to become the great hotel of the place by extension and incorporation with other blocks.

The Corcoran Art Gallery, opened in 1874, has an income of between sixty thousand and one hundred thousand dollars per annum; its founder, an eminent banker, acquired the bulk of his fortune in District of Columbia real estate, and gave the popular cemetery of Oak Hill to his fellow-citizens as well as the Louise Home, the latter being an institution on the English pattern for impoverished gentlewomen. Oak Hill has been called the most perfect miniature cemetery in the world, a sort of Capitoline *Campo Santo*. Here are buried Stanton, Chase, General Reno, and the Van Ness family, which possessed the farm over which a large part of Washington was built. Our illustrations are descriptive of these subjects. There is a university at Washington for the deaf and dumb, founded by Amos Kendall, and endowed by government, which has a fine estate. The Insane Asylum on the heights of the Anacostia has also an ample park and farm. Three government cemeteries close at hand are almost parks, and



CHAPEL, OAK HILL CEMETERY.





MONUMENTS OF STANTON AND RENO.

particular Arlington, the patrimony of the Lees, thrown away for an erroneous tradition of State allegiance. A new jail, based on the most humane principles, has replaced the old whitewashed structure in the heart of the city. A new orphan asylum crowns the parapets of one of the highest forts in the surrounding landscape. The region of the President's House is perfected by the superb *Renaissance* pile of the State, War, and Navy departments. Since the war an Agricultural Building, with a noble conservatory, two new theatres, two new club-houses, and several of the most elegant churches in the country have been erected. The banking capital of the city has been increased by the bodily transfer of certain distant banks to the District, and it is the head-quarters of the Freedmen's Bank, which drains the earnings, or much of the earnings, of the emancipated population of the South.

Thus Washington, sharing in the revival of all the great Northern cities, has clothed itself anew, thrown away its staff, and achieved a transformation bewildering to its old residents, but very grateful to the patriotic sense which had so long felt the stigma of a neglected and forlorn capital apparently without a destiny. The exact degree in which official and legislative life is controlled by the social surroundings of its capital can not be ascertained; but the influence is certainly sufficient to make us wish that Congress may always keep the best company, and be seen in places neat enough to make strangers see that we do not think of every thing but that which concerns both our dignity and our freedom. When localism accepts the fact that the people must love their capital to love their country, it will become unfashionable to sneer at whatever is achieved there. When the boisterous youth of our frontiers and

their towns shall be succeeded by a milder and more equal civilization, they must regret that ever in their competitions they included their common *protégé*, the Benjamin among the brethren, whose little sack might well receive the cup of kindness and excite no jealousy. Among the possibilities of this most premeditated of all our cities is that it may become a very great one. The ultra-commercial life of the American people will some day be relaxed, and the precious intellect of the country will be diverted from mere schemes of Mammon to the vision of quiet enjoyment in a town where fleets of ships, the smoke of mills, the cackle of the counting-house, and the procession of ward politicians do not disturb. There is but one Washington, and it is there in the centre of the camp that refuge is most inviting.

### THE DIFFERENCE.

THIS is the path, there stands the tree,  
And on the rock the shadows play;  
And here we met, and I shall be  
As blest as on that blessed day.

Now Nature knows—did she not rise  
That day and hearken to our troth,  
Made in the haste of love's surprise,  
And happy secrets tell to both?

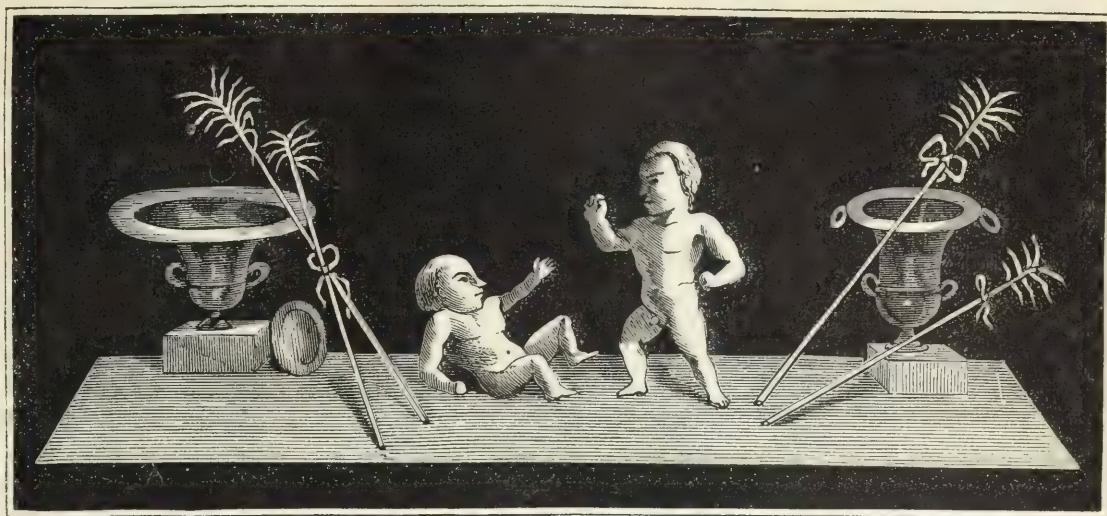
Besides the spell of looks and words,  
There were sweet whispers from our tree,  
From bough and brake sang back the birds,  
The grasses owned the mystery.

Sweet-fern and briers along the wall  
Sent message by the steadfast wind;  
Afair we heard the blue sea call—  
All things and we were of one mind.

No blessing comes—he is not here;  
Thus all is changed, nor shall I see  
How Nature makes herself so dear  
Till he returns to her and me!



## CARICATURE AMONG THE ANCIENTS.



FIGMY PUGILISTS—FROM POMPEII.

MUCH as the ancients differed from ourselves in other particulars, they certainly laughed at one another just as we do, for precisely the same reasons, and employed every art, device, and implement of ridicule which is known to us. Observe this

rude and childish attempt at a drawing.



Go into any boys' school to-day and turn over the slates and copy-books, or visit an in-

closure where men are obliged to pass idle days, and you will be likely to find pictures conceived in this taste, and executed with this degree of artistic skill. But the drawing dates back nearly eighteen centu-

ries. It was done on one of the hot, languid days of August, A.D. 79, by a Roman soldier with a piece of red chalk on a wall of his barracks in the city of Pompeii.\* On the 23d of August, in the year 79, occurred the eruption of Vesuvius which buried not Italian cities only, but Antiquity itself, and by burying preserved it for the instruction of after-times. In disinterred Pompeii the Past stands revealed to us, and we remark with a kind of infantile surprise the great number of particulars in which the people of that day were even such as we are. There was found the familiar apothecary's shop,

with a box of pills on the counter, and a roll of material that was about to be made up when the apothecary heard the warning thunder and fled. The baker's shop remained, with a loaf of bread stamped with the maker's name. A sculptor's studio was strewn with blocks of marble, unfinished statues, mallets, compasses, chisels, and saws. A thousand objects attest that when the fatal eruption burst upon these cities life and its activities were going forward in all essential particulars as they are at this moment in any rich and luxurious city of Southern Europe.

In the building supposed to have been the quarters of the Roman garrison many of the walls were covered with such attempts at caricature as the specimen just given, to some of which were appended opprobrious epithets and phrases. The name of the personage above portrayed was Nonius Maximus, who was probably a martinet centurion, odious to his company, for the name was found in various parts of the enclosure, usually accompanied by highly disparaging words. Many of the soldiers had simply chalked their own names; others had added the number of their cohort or legion, precisely as in the late war soldiers left records of their stay on the walls of fort and hospital. A large number of these wall chalkings in red, white, and black (most of them in red) were clearly legible fifty years after exposure. Here is another specimen, a genuine political caricature, copied from an outside wall of a private house in Pompeii.

The allusion is to an occurrence in local history of the liveliest possible interest to the people. A few years before the fatal eruption there was a fierce town-and-country row in the amphitheatre, in which the Pompeians defeated and put to flight the provincial Nucernians. Nero condemned the

\* *Naples and the Campagna Felice*. In a Series of Letters addressed to a Friend in England, in 1802, p. 104.





CHALK CARICATURE ON A WALL IN POMPEII.

pugnacious men of Pompeii to the terrible penalty of closing their amphitheatre for ten years. In the picture an armed man descends into the arena bearing the palm of victory, while on the other side a prisoner is dragged away bound. The inscription alone gives us the key to the street artist's meaning, *Campani victoria una cum Nucerinis peristis*—"Men of Campania, you perished in the victory not less than the Nucernians;" as though the patriotic son of Campania had written, "We beat 'em, but very little we got by it."

If the idlers of the streets chalked caricature on the walls, we can not be surprised to discover that Pompeian artists delighted in the comic and burlesque. Comic scenes from the plays of Terence and Plautus, with the names of the characters written over them, have been found, as well as a large number of burlesque scenes, in which dwarfs, deformed people, Pigmies, beasts, and birds are engaged in the ordinary labors of men. The gay and luxurious people of the buried cities seem to have delighted in nothing so much as in representations of Pigmies, for there was scarcely a house in Pompeii yet uncovered which did not exhibit some trace of the ancient belief in the existence of these little people. Homer, Aristotle, and Pliny all discourse of the Pigmies as act-

ually existing, and the artists, availing themselves of this belief, which they shared, employed it in a hundred ways to caricature the doings of men of larger growth. Pliny describes them as inhabiting the salubrious mountainous regions of India, their stature about twenty-seven inches, and engaged in eternal war with their enemies the geese. "They say," Pliny continues, "that, mounted upon rams and goats, and armed

with bows and arrows, they descend in a body during spring-time to the edge of the waters, where they eat the eggs and the young of those birds, not returning to the mountains for three months. Otherwise they could not resist the ever-increasing multitude of the geese. The Pigmies live in cabins made of mud, the shells of goose eggs, and feathers of the same bird."

One of our engravings shows that not India only, but Egypt also, was regarded as the haunt of the Pigmy race; for the Upper Nile was then, as now, the home of the hippopotamus, the crocodile, and the lotus. Here we see a bald-headed Pigmy hero riding triumphantly on a mighty crocodile, regardless of the open-mouthed, bellowing hippopotamuses behind him. In other pictures, however, the scaly monster, so far from playing this submissive part, is seen plunging in fierce pursuit of a Pigmy, who flies headlong before the foe. Frescoes, vases, mosaics, statuettes, paintings, and signet-rings found in the ancient cities all attest the popularity of the little men. The odd pair of vases annexed, one in the shape of a boar's head and the other in that of a ram's, are both adorned with a representation of the fierce combats between the Pigmies and the geese.

There has been an extraordinary display of erudition in the attempt to account for



BATTLE BETWEEN PIGMIES AND GESE.



the endless repetition of Pigmy subjects in the houses of the Pompeians; but the learned and acute M. Champfleury "humbly hazards a conjecture," as he modestly expresses it, which commends itself at once to general acceptance. He thinks these Pigmy pictures were designed to *amuse the children*. No conjecture could be less erudite or more probable. We know, indeed, as a matter of record, that the walls of taverns and wine shops were usually adorned with Pigmy pictures, such subjects being associated in every mind with pleasure and gayety. It is not difficult to imagine that a picture of a pugilistic encounter between Pigmies, like the one given at the head of this article, or a fanciful representation of a combat of Pigmy gladiators, of which many have been discovered, would be both welcome and suitable as tavern pictures in the Italian cities of the classic period.

The Pompeians, in common with all the people of antiquity, had a child-like enjoyment in witnessing representations of animals engaged in the labors or the sports of human beings. A

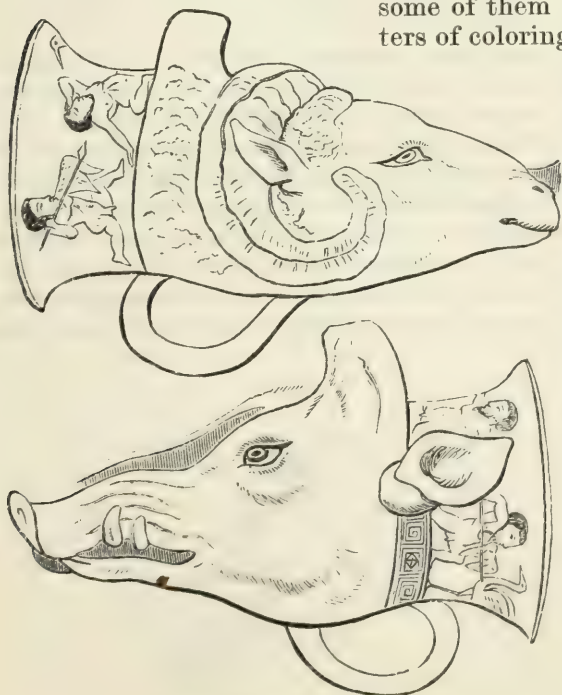


A PIGMY SCENE—FROM POMPEII.

very large number of specimens have been uncovered, some of them gorgeous with the hues given them by masters of coloring eighteen hundred years ago. On the next page is a specimen of these—a representation of a grasshopper driving a chariot, copied in 1802 from a Pompeian work for an English traveler.

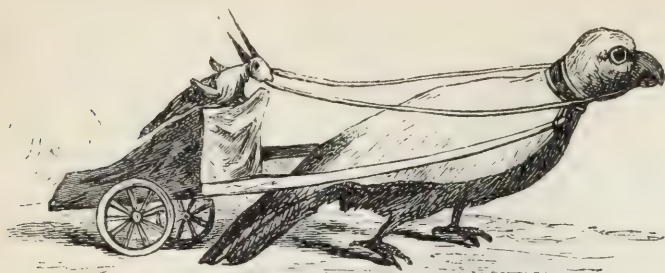
Nothing can exceed either the brilliancy or the delicacy of the coloring of this picture in the original, the splendid plumage of the bird and the bright gold of the chariot shaft and wheel being relieved and heightened by a gray background and the greenish-brown of the course. The colorists of Pompeii have obviously influenced the taste of Christendom. There are few houses of pretension decorated within the last quarter of a century either in Europe or America which do not exhibit combinations and contrasts of color of which the hint was found in exhumed Pompeii. One or two other small specimens of this kind of art, selected from a large number accessible, may interest the reader.

The spirited air of the team of cocks and the nonchalant professional attitude of the



VASES WITH PIGMY DESIGNS.





A GRASSHOPPER DRIVING A CHARIOT.

charioteer will not escape notice. Perhaps the most interesting example of this propensity to personify animals which the exhumed cities have furnished us is a burlesque of a popular picture of Æneas escaping from Troy, carrying his father, Anchises, on his back, and leading by the hand his son, Ascanius, the old man carrying the casket of household gods. No scene could have been more familiar to the people of Italy than one which exhibited the hero whom they regarded as the founder of their empire in so engaging a light, and to which the genius of Virgil had given a deathless charm:

"Thus ord'ring all that prudence could provide,  
I clothe my shoulders with a lion's hide  
And yellow spoils; then on my bending back  
The welcome load of my dear father take;  
While on my better hand Ascanius hung,  
And with unequal paces tripped along."

Artists found a subject in these lines, and of one picture suggested by them two copies have been found carved upon stone. In the illustrations on the next page the reader sees at one view the picture and the caricature.

This device of employing animals' heads upon human bodies is still used by the caricaturist, so few are the resources of his branch of art; and we can not deny that it retains a portion of its power to excite laughter. If we may judge from what has been discovered of the burlesque art of the ancient nations, we may conclude that this idea, poor as it seems to us, was the one which the artists of antiquity most frequently employed. It was also common with them to burlesque familiar paintings, as in the instance given. It is not unlikely that the cloyed and dainty taste of the

Pompeian connoisseur perceived something ridiculous in the too-familiar exploit of Father Æneas as represented in serious art, just as we smile at the theatrical attitudes and costumes in the picture of "Washington crossing the Delaware." Fancy that work burlesqued by putting an eagle's head upon the Father of his Country, filling the boat with magpie soldiers, covering the river with icebergs, and making the

oars still more ludicrously inadequate to the work in hand than they are in the painting. Thus a caricaturist of Pompeii, Rome, Greece, Egypt, or Assyria would have endeavored to cast ridicule upon such a picture.

Few events of the last century were more influential upon the progress of knowledge than the chance discovery of the buried cities, since it nourished a curiosity respecting the past which could not be confined to those excavations, and which has since been disclosing antiquity in every quarter of the globe. We call it a chance discovery, although the part which accident plays in such matters is more interesting than important. The digging of a well in 1708 let daylight into the amphitheatre of Herculaneum, and caused some languid exploration, which had small results. Forty years later a peasant at work in a vineyard five miles from the same spot struck with his hoe something hard, which was too firmly fixed in the ground to be moved. It proved to be a small statue of metal, upright, and riveted to a stone pedestal, which was itself immovably fastened to some solid mass still deeper in the earth. Where the hoe had struck the statue the metal showed the tempting hue of gold, and the peasant, after carefully smoothing over the surface, hurried away with a fragment of it to a goldsmith, intending (so runs the local gossip) to work this opening as his private gold mine. But as the metal was pronounced brass, he honestly reported the discovery to a magistrate, who set on foot an excavation. The statue was found to be a Minerva, fixed to the centre of a small roof-like dome, and when the dome was broken through it was seen to be the roof of a temple, of which the



FROM AN ANTIQUE AMETHYST.



FROM A RED JASPER.





FLIGHT OF ÆNEAS FROM TROY.

Minerva had been the topmost ornament. And thus was discovered, about the middle of the last century, the ancient city of Pompeii, buried by a storm of light ashes from Vesuvius sixteen hundred and seventy years before.

It was not the accident, but the timeliness of the accident, which made it important; for there never could have been an excavation fifteen feet deep over the site of Pompeii without revealing indications of the buried city. But the time was then ripe for an exploration. It had become possible to excite a general curiosity in a Past exhumed; and such a curiosity is a late result of culture; it does not exist in a dull or in an ignorant mind. And this curiosity, nourished and inflamed as it was by the brilliant and marvelous things brought to light in Pompeii and Herculaneum, has sought new gratification wherever a heap of ruins betrayed an ancient civilization. It looks now as if many of the old cities of the world are in layers or strata—a new London upon an old London, and perhaps a London under that—a city three or four deep, each the record of an era. Two Romes we familiarly know, one of which is built in part upon the other; and at Cairo we can see the process going on by which some ancient cities were buried without volcanic aid. The dirt

of the unswept streets, never removed, has raised the grade of Cairo from age to age.

The excavations at Rome, so rich in results, were not needed to prove that to the Romans of old caricature was a familiar thing. The mere magnitude of their theatres, and their habit of performing plays in the open air, compelled caricature, the basis of which is exaggeration. Actors, both comic and tragic, wore masks of very elaborate construction, made of resonant metal, and so shaped as to serve, in some degree, the office of a speaking-trumpet. On the next page are represented a pair of masks such as were worn by Roman actors throughout the empire, of which many specimens have been found.

If the reader has ever visited the Coliseum at Rome, or even one of the large hippodromes of Paris or New York, and can imagine the attempts of an actor to exhibit comic or tragic effects of countenance or of vocal utterance across spaces so extensive, he will readily understand the necessity of such masks as these. The art of acting could only have been developed in small theatres. In the open air or in the uncovered amphitheatre all must have been vociferation and caricature. Observe the figure of old Silenus (page 328), one of the chief mirth-makers of antiquity, who lives for us in the Old Man of the pantomime. He is masked for the theatre.

The legend of Silenus is itself an evidence of the tendency of the ancients to fall into caricature. To the Romans he was at once the tutor, the comrade, and the butt of jolly Bacchus. He discoursed wisdom and made fun. He was usually represented as an old



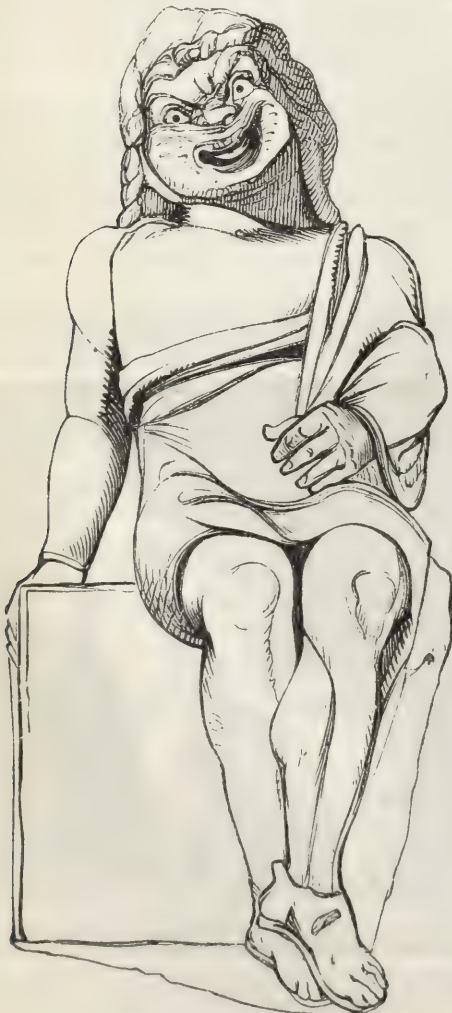
CARICATURE OF THE FLIGHT OF ÆNEAS.



man, bald, flat-nosed, half drunk, riding upon a broad-backed ass, or reeling along by the aid of a staff, uttering shrewd maxims and doing ludicrous acts. People wonder that the pantomime called *Humpty Dumpty* should be played a thousand nights in New York; but the substance of all that boisterous nonsense, that exhibition of rollicking freedom from restraints of law, usage, and gravitation, has amused mankind for unknown thousands of years; for it is merely what remains to us of the legendary Bacchus and his jovial crew. We observe, too, that the great comic books, such as *Gil Blas*, *Don Quixote*, *Pickwick*, and others, are most effective when the hero is most like Bacchus, roaming over the earth with merry blades, delightfully free from the duties and conditions which make bondsmen of us all. Mr. Dickens may never have thought of it—and he *may*—but there is much of the charm of the ancient Bacchic legends in the narrative of the four *Pickwickians* and Samuel Weller setting off on



ROMAN MASKS, COMIC AND TRAGIC.



A ROMAN COMIC ACTOR MASKED FOR THE PART OF SILENUS.

the top of a coach, and meeting all kinds of gay and semi-lawless adventures in country towns and rambling inns. Even the ancient distribution of characters is hinted at. With a few changes, easily imagined, the irrepressible Sam might represent Bacchus, and his master bring to mind the sage and comic Silenus. Nothing is older than our modes of fun. Even in seeking the origin of Punch, investigators lose themselves groping in the dim light of the most remote antiquity.

How readily the Roman satirists ran into caricature all their readers know, except those who take the amusing exaggerations of Juvenal and Horace as statements of fact. During the heat of our antislavery contest the following translation of the passage in Juvenal which pictures the luxurious Roman lady ordering her slave to be put to death was used by the late Mr. W. H. Fry in the *New York Tribune* with thrilling effect:

"Go drag that slave to death! You reason, Why Should the poor innocent be doomed to die? What proofs? For, when man's life is in debate, The judge can ne'er too long deliberate. Call'st thou that slave a man? the wife replies, Proved or unproved the crime, the villain dies. I have the sovereign power to save or kill, And give no other reason but my will."

This is evidently caricature. Not only is the whole of Juvenal's sixth satire a series of the broadest exaggerations, but with regard to this particular passage we have evidence of its burlesque character in Horace (*Satire III.*, Book I.), where, wishing to give an example of impossible folly, he says, "If a man should crucify a slave for eating some of the fish which he had been ordered to take away, people in their senses would call him a madman." Juvenal exhibits the Roman matron of his period undergoing the dressing of her hair, giving



the scene the same unmistakable character of caricature:

"She hurries all her handmaids to the task;  
Her head alone will twenty dressers ask.  
Psecas, the chief, with breast and shoulders bare,  
Trembling, considers every sacred hair:  
If any straggler from his rank be found,  
A pinch must for the mortal sin compound.

"With curls on curls they build her head before,  
And mount it with a formidable tower.  
A giantess she seems; but look behind,  
And then she dwindles to the pigmy kind.  
Duck-legged, short-waisted, such a dwarf she is  
That she must rise on tiptoe for a kiss.  
Meanwhile her husband's whole estate is spent;  
He may go bare, while she receives his rent."

The spirit of caricature speaks in these lines. There are passages of Horace, too, in reading which the picture forms itself before the mind; and the poet supplies the very words which caricaturists usually employ to make their meaning more obvious. In the third satire of the second book a caricature is exhibited to the mind's eye without the intervention of pencil. We see the miser Opimius, "poor amid his hoards of gold," who had starved himself into a lethargy; his heir is scouring his coffers in triumph; but the doctor devises a mode of rousing his patient. He orders a table to be brought into the room, upon which he causes the hidden bags of money to be poured out, and several persons to draw near as if to count it. Opimius revives at this maddening spectacle, and the doctor urges him to strengthen himself by generous food, and so balk his rapacious heir. "Do you hesitate?" cries the doctor. "Come, now, take this preparation of rice." "How much did it cost?" asks the miser. "Only a trifle." "But how much?" "Eightpence." Opimius, appalled at the price, whimpers, "Alas! what does it matter whether I die of a disease or by plunder and extortion?" Many similar examples will arrest the eye of one who turns over the pages of this master of satire.

The great festival of the Roman year, the Saturnalia, which occurred in the latter half of December, we may almost say was consecrated to caricature, so fond were the Romans of every kind of ludicrous exaggeration. This festival, the merry Christmas of the Roman world, gave to the Christian festival many of its enlivening observances. During the Saturnalia the law courts and schools were closed; there was a general interchange of presents and universal feasting; there were fantastic games, processions of masked figures in extravagant costumes, and religious sacrifices. For three days the slaves were not merely exempt from labor, but they enjoyed freedom of speech, even to the abusing of their masters. In one of his satires Horace gives us an idea of the manner in which slaves burlasqued their lords at this jocund time. He

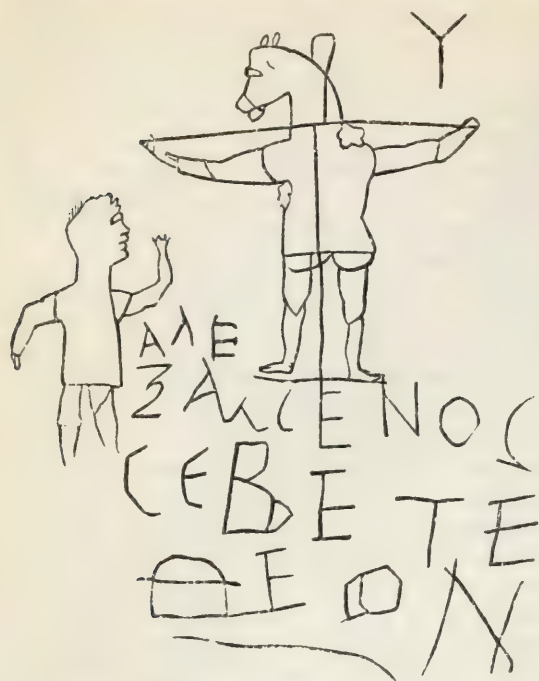
reports some of the remarks of his own slave Davus upon himself and his poetry. Davus, it is evident, had discovered the histrionic element in literature, and pressed it home upon his master. "You praise the simplicity of the ancient Romans, but if any god were to reduce you to their condition, you, the same man that wrote those fine things, would beg to be let off. At Rome you long for the country, and when you are in the country you praise the distant city to the skies. When you are not invited out to supper you extol your homely repast at home, and hug yourself that you are not obliged to drink with any body abroad. As if you ever went out upon compulsion! But let Mæcenas send you an invitation for early lamp-light, *then* what do we hear? *Will no one bring the oil quicker? Does any body hear me?* You bellow and storm with fury. You bought me for five hundred drachmas, but what if it turns out that you are the greater fool of the two?" And thus the astute and witty Davus continues to ply his master with taunts and jeers and wise saws, till Horace, in fury, cries out, "Where can I find a stone?" Davus innocently asks, "What need is there here of such a thing as a stone?" "Where can I get some javelins?" roars Horace. Upon which Davus quietly remarks, "This man is either mad or making verses." Horace ends the colloquy by saying, "If you do not this instant take yourself off, I'll make a field hand of you on my Sabine estate!"

That Roman satirists employed the pencil and the brush as well as the stylus, and employed them freely and constantly, we should have surmised if the fact had not been discovered. Most of the caricatures of passing events speedily perish in all countries, because the materials usually employed in them are perishable. To preserve so slight a thing as a chalk sketch on a wall for eighteen centuries accident must lend a hand, as it has in the instance now to be given. On the next page the reader sees a copy of what we must pronounce the most interesting specimen of caricature which the ruins of the classic cities have yet disclosed.

This picture was found in 1857 upon the wall of a narrow Roman street, which was closed up and shut out from the light of day about A.D. 100, to facilitate an extension of the imperial palace. The wall when uncovered was found scratched all over with rude caricature drawings in the style of the specimen given. This one immediately arrested attention, and the part of the wall on which it was drawn was carefully removed to the Collegio Romano, in the museum of which it may now be inspected. The Greek words scrawled upon the picture may be translated thus: "Alexamenos is worshipping his god."

These words sufficiently indicate that the





ROMAN WALL CARICATURE OF A CHRISTIAN.

picture was aimed at some member, to us unknown, of the despised sect of the Christians. It is the only allusion to Christianity which has yet been found upon the walls of the Italian cities; but it is extremely probable that the street artists found in the strange usages of the Christians a very frequent subject.

We know well what the educated class of the Romans thought of the Christians when they thought of them at all. They regarded them as a sect of extremely absurd Jews, insanely obstinate, and wholly contemptible. If the professors and students of Harvard and Yale should read in the papers that a new sect had arisen among the Mormons, more eccentric and ridiculous even than the Mormons themselves, the intelligence would excite in their minds about the same feeling that the courtly scholars of the Roman Empire manifest when they speak of the early Christians. Nothing astonished them so much as their "obstinacy." "A man," says the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, "ought to be ready to die when the time comes; but this readiness should be the result of a calm judgment, and not be an exhibition of mere obstinacy, as with the Christians." The younger Pliny, too, in his character of magistrate, was extremely perplexed with this same obstinacy. He tells us that when people were brought before him charged with being Christians he asked them the question, Are you a Christian? If they said they were, he repeated it twice, threatening them with punishment; and if they persisted, he ordered them to be punished. If they denied the charge, he put them to the proof by requiring them to repeat after him an invocation to the gods, and to offer wine and incense to the emper-

or's statue. Some of the accused, he says, reviled Christ; and this he regarded as a sure proof of innocence, for people told him there was no forcing real Christians to do an act of that nature. Some of the accused owned that they had been Christians once, three years ago or more, and some twenty years ago, but had returned to the worship of the gods. These, however, declared that, after all, there was no great offense in being Christians. They had merely met on a regular day before dawn, addressed a form of prayer to Christ as to a divinity, and bound themselves by a solemn oath not to commit fraud, theft, or other immoral act, nor break their word, nor betray a trust; after which they used to separate, then re-assemble and eat together a harmless meal.

All this seemed innocent enough, but Pliny was not satisfied. "I judged it necessary," he writes to the emperor, "to try to get at the real truth by putting to the torture two female slaves who were said to officiate at their religious rites; but all I could discover was evidence of an absurd and extravagant superstition." So he refers the whole matter to the emperor, telling him that the "contagion" is not confined to the cities, but has spread into the villages and into the country. Still, he thought it could be checked: nay, it *had* been checked; for the temples, which had been almost abandoned, were beginning to be frequented again, and there was also "a general demand for victims for sacrifice, which till lately had found few purchasers." The wise Trajan approved the course of his representative. He tells him, however, not to go out of his way to look for Christians; but if any were brought before him, why, of course he must inflict the penalty unless they proved their innocence by invoking the gods. The remains of Roman literature have nothing so interesting for us as these two letters of Pliny and Trajan of the year 103. We may rest assured that the walls of every Roman town bore testimony to the contempt and aversion in which the Christians were held, particularly by those who dealt in "victims" and served the altars—a very numerous and important class throughout the ancient world.

Greece was the native home of all that we now call art. Upon reading over the two hundred pages of art gossip in the writings of the elder Pliny, most of which relates to Greece, we are ready to ask, Is there one thing in painting or drawing, one school, device, style, or method, known to us which was not familiar to the Greeks? They had their Landseers—men great in dogs and all animals; they had artists renowned in the "Dutch style" ages before the Dutch ceased to be amphibious—artists who painted barber-shop interiors to a hair, and donkeys eating cabbages correct



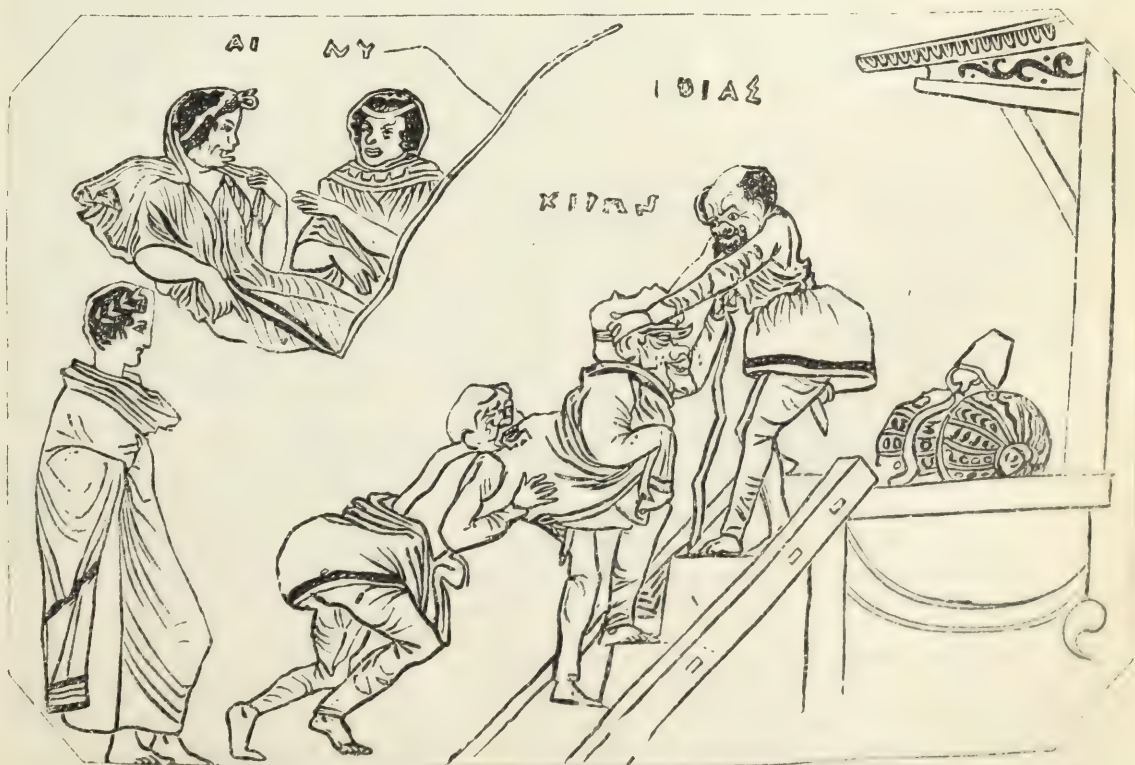


BURLESQUE OF JUPITER'S WOOING OF THE PRINCESS  
ALCMENA.

to a fibre; they had cattle pieces as famous throughout the classic world as Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" is now in ours; they had Rosa Bonheurs of their own—famous women, a list of whose names Pliny gives; they had portrait painters too good to be fashionable, and portrait painters too fashionable to be good; they had artists who excelled in flesh, others great in form, others excellent in composition; they took plaster casts of dead faces; they had varnishers and picture cleaners. Noted pictures were

spoken of as having lost their charm through an unskillful cleaner. They had their "life school," and used it as artists now do, borrowing from each model her special beauty. Zeuxis, as Pliny records, was so scrupulously careful in the execution of a religious painting that "he had the young maidens of the place stripped for examination, and selected five of them, in order to adopt in his picture the most commendable points in the form of each." And we may be sure that every maiden of them felt it to be an honor thus to contribute perfection to a Juno, executed by the first artist of the world, which was to adorn the temple of her native city.

They *played* with art as men are apt to play with the implements of which they are masters. Sosos, the great artist in mosaics, executed at Pergamus the pavement of a banqueting-room which presented the appearance of a floor strewn with crumbs, fragments and scraps of a feast, not yet swept away. It was renowned as the "Unswept Hall of Pergamus." And what a pleasing story is that of the contest between Zeuxis and his rival, Parrhasius! On the day of trial Zeuxis hung in the place of exhibition a painting of grapes, and Parrhasius a picture of a curtain. Some birds flew to the grapes of Zeuxis, and began to pick at them. The artist, overjoyed at so striking a proof of his success, turned haughtily to his rival, and demanded that the curtain should be drawn aside and the picture revealed. But the curtain *was* the picture. He owned himself surpassed, since he had



GREEK CARICATURE OF THE ORACLE OF APOLLO AT DELPHOS.



only deceived birds, but Parrhasius had deceived Zeuxis.

Could comic artists and caricaturists be wanting in Athens? Strange to say, it was the gods and goddesses whom the caricaturists of Greece as well as the comic writers chiefly selected for ridicule. All their works have perished except a few specimens preserved upon pottery. We show one from a Greek vase, a rude burlesque of one of Jupiter's love adventures, the father of gods and men being accompanied by a Mercury ludicrously unlike the light and agile messenger of the gods. The story goes that the Princess Alcmena, though betrothed to a lover, vowed her hand to the man who should avenge her slaughtered brothers. Jupiter assumed the form and face of the lover, and, pretending to have avenged her brothers' death, gained admittance. It was in keeping with the Greek idea of the allowable for a caricaturist thus to burlesque their chief deity. Pliny describes a celebrated burlesque painting of the birth of Bacchus from Jupiter's thigh, in which the god of the gods was represented wearing a woman's cap, in a highly ridiculous posture, crying out, and surrounded by goddesses in the character of midwives. The best specimen of Greek caricature that has come down to us, of which a copy is given on page 331, burlesques no less serious a theme than the great oracle of Apollo at Delphos.

This remarkable work owes its preservation to the imperishable nature of the material on which it was executed. It was copied from a large vessel used by the Greeks and Romans for holding vinegar, a conspicuous object upon their tables, and therefore inviting ornament. What audacity to burlesque an oracle to which kings and conquerors humbly repaired for direction, and which all Greece held in awe! Cræsus propitiated this oracle by the gift of a solid golden lion as large as life, and the Phocians found in its coffers, and carried off, a sum equal to nearly eleven millions of dollars in gold. Such was the general belief in its divine inspiration! But in this picture we see the oracle, the god, and those who consult them, all exhibited in the broadest burlesque: Apollo as a quack doctor on his platform, with bag, bow, and cap; Chiron, old and blind, struggling up the steps to consult him, aided by Apollo at his head and a friend pushing behind; the nymphs surveying the scene from the heights of Parnassus; and the manager of the spectacle, who looks on from below. How strange is this!

But the Greek literature is also full of this wild license. Lucian depicts the gods in council ludicrously discussing the danger they were in from the philosophers. Jupiter says: "If men are once persuaded that there are no gods, or, if there are gods, that

we take no care of human affairs, we shall have no more gifts or victims from them, but may sit and starve on Olympus without festivals, holidays, sacrifices, or any pomp or ceremonies whatever." The whole debate is in this manner, and is at the same time a burlesque of the political discussions at the Athenian mass-meetings. What can be more ludicrous than the story of Mercury visiting Athens in disguise in order to discover the estimation in which he was held among mortals? He enters the shop of a dealer in images, where he inquires the price first of a Jupiter, then of an Apollo, and lastly, with a blush, of a Mercury. "Oh," says the dealer, "if you take the Jupiter and the Apollo, I will throw the Mercury in."

Nor did the witty, rollicking Greeks confine their satire to the immortals. Of the famous mirth-provokers of the world, such as Cervantes, Ariosto, Molière, Rabelais, Sterne, Voltaire, Thackeray, Dickens, the one that had most power to produce mere physical laughter, power to shake the sides and cause people to roll helpless upon the floor, was the Greek dramatist Aristophanes. The force of the comic can no farther go than he has carried it in some of the scenes of his best comedies. Even to us, far removed as we are, in taste as well as in time, from that wonderful Athens of his, they are still highly diverting. This master of mirth is never so effective as when he is turning into ridicule the philosophers and poets for whose sake Greece is still a dear and venerable name to all the civilized world. In his comedy of *The Frogs* he sends Bacchus down into Hades with every circumstance of riotous burlesque, and there he exhibits the two great tragic poets, Æschylus and Euripides, standing opposite each other, and competing for the tragic throne by reciting verses in which the mannerism of each, as well as familiar passages of their plays, are broadly burlesqued. Nothing in literature can be found more ludicrous or less becoming, unless we look for it in Aristophanes himself. In his play of *The Clouds* occurs his caricature of Socrates, of incredible absurdity, but not ludicrous to us, because we read it as part of the story of a sublime and affecting martyrdom. It fills our minds with wonder to think that a people among whom a Socrates could have been formed could have borne to see him thus profaned. A rogue of a father, plagued by an extravagant son, repairs to the school of Socrates to learn the arts by which creditors are argued out of their just claims in courts of justice. Upon reaching the place, the door of the "Thinking Shop" opens, and behold! a caricature all ready for the artist's pencil. The pupils are discovered with their heads fixed to the floor, their backs uppermost, and Socrates hanging from the ceiling in a basket. The visitor, transfixed with wonder, questions his





AN EGYPTIAN CARICATURE.

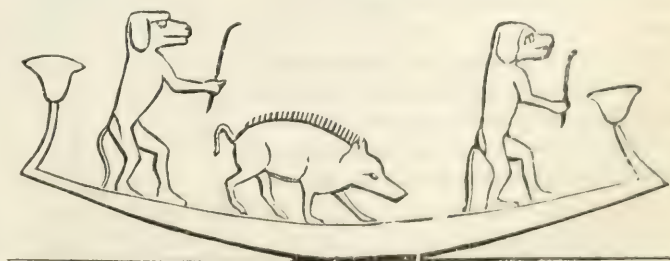
companion. He asks why they present that portion of their bodies to heaven. "It is getting taught astronomy alone by itself." "And who is this man in the basket?" "HIMSELF." "Who's Himself?" "Socrates!" The visitor at length addresses the master by a diminutive, as though he had said, "Socrates, dear little Socrates." The philosopher speaks: "Why callest thou me, thou creature of a day?" "Tell me, first, I beg, what you are doing up there." "I am walking in the air, and speculating about the sun; for I should never have rightly learned celestial things if I had not suspended the intellect, and subtly mingled Thought with its kindred Air." All this is in the very spirit of caricature. Half of Aristophanes is caricature. In characterizing the light literature of Greece we are reminded of Juvenal's remark upon the Greek people, "All Greece is a comedian."

Egyptian art was old when Grecian art was young, and it remained crude when the art of Greece had reached its highest development. But not the less did it delight in caricature and burlesque. In the Egyptian collection belonging to the New York Historical Society there is a specimen of the Egyptians' favorite kind of burlesque picture which dates back three thousand years, but which stands out more clearly now upon its slab of limestone than we can engrave it here.

Dr. Abbott, who brought this specimen from Thebes, interpreted it to be a representation of a lion seated upon a throne, as king, receiving from a fox, personating a high-priest, an offering of a goose and a fan. It is probably a burlesque of a well-known picture; for in one of the Egyptian papyri in the British Museum there is a drawing of a lion and unicorn playing chess, which is a manifest caricature of a picture frequently re-

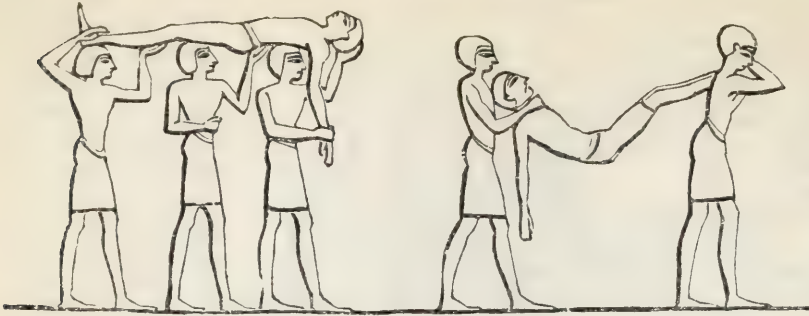
peated upon the ancient monuments. It was from Egypt, then, that the classic nations caught this childish fancy of ridiculing the actions of men by picturing animals performing similar ones; and it is surprising to note how fond the Egyptian artists were of this simple device. On the same papyrus there are several other in-

teresting specimens: a lion on his hind-legs engaged in laying out as a mummy the dead body of a hoofed animal; a tiger or wild-cat driving a flock of geese to market; another tiger carrying a hoe on one shoulder and a bag of seed on the other; an animal playing on a double pipe, and driving before him a herd of small stags like a shepherd; a hippopotamus washing his hands in a tall water jar; an animal on a throne, with another behind him as a fan-bearer, and a third presenting him with a bouquet. No place was too sacred for such playful delineations. In one of the royal sepulchres at Thebes, as Kenrick relates, there is a picture of an ass and a lion singing, accompanying themselves on the phorminx and the harp. There is also an elaborate burlesque of a battle piece, in which a fortress is attacked by rats, and defended by cats, which are visible on the battlements. Some rats bring a ladder to the walls and prepare to scale them, while others, armed with spears, shields, and bows, protect the assailants. One rat of enormous size, in a chariot drawn by dogs, has pierced several cats with arrows, and is swinging round his battle-axe in exact imitation of Rameses, in a serious picture, dealing destruction on his enemies. On a papyrus at Turin there is a representation of a cat with a shepherd's crook watching a flock of geese, while a cynocephalus near by plays upon the flute. Of this class of burlesques the most interesting example, perhaps, is the one annexed, representing a Soul doomed to re-



A CONDEMNED SOUL, EGYPTIAN CARICATURE.





EGYPTIAN SERVANTS CONVEYING HOME THEIR MASTERS FROM A CAROUSE.

turn to its earthly home in the form of a pig.

This picture, which is of such antiquity that it was an object of curiosity to the Romans and the Greeks, is part of the decoration of a king's tomb. In the original, Osiris, the august judge of departed spirits, is represented on his throne, near the stern of the boat, waving away the Soul, which he has just weighed in his unerring scales and found wanting, while close to the shore a man hews away the ground to intimate that all communication is cut off between the lost spirit and the abode of the blessed. The animals that execute the stern decree are the dog-headed monkeys, sacred in the mythology of Egypt.

That the ancient Egyptians were a jovial people who sat long at the wine we might infer from the caricatures which have been discovered in Egypt, if we did not know it from other sources of information. Representations have been found of every part of the process of wine-making, from the planting of the vineyard to the storing away of the wine jars. In the valuable works of Sir Gardner Wilkinson\* many of these curious pictures are given: the vineyard and its trellis-work; men frightening away the birds with slings; a vineyard with a water tank for irrigation; the grape harvest; baskets full of grapes covered with leaves; kids browsing upon the vines; trained monkeys gathering grapes; the wine-press in operation; men pressing grapes by the natural process of treading; pouring the wine into jars; and rows of jars put away for future use. The same laborious author favors us with ancient Egyptian caricatures which serve to show that wine was a creature as capable of abuse thirty centuries ago as it is now.

Pictures of similar character are not unfrequent upon the ancient frescoes, and many of them are far more extravagant than this, exhibiting men dancing wild-

ly, standing upon their heads, and riotously fighting. From Sir Gardner Wilkinson's disclosures we may reasonably infer that the arts of debauchery have received little additions during the last three thousand years. Even the seductive cocktail is not modern. The ancient Egyptians

imbibed stimulants to excite an appetite for wine, and munched the biting cabbage leaf for the same purpose. Beer in several varieties was known to them also; veritable beer, made of barley and a bitter herb; beer so excellent that the dainty Greek travelers commended it as a drink only inferior to wine. Even the Egyptian ladies did not always resist the temptation of so many modes of intoxication. Nor did they escape the caricaturist's pencil.

This unfortunate lady, as Sir Gardner conjectures, after indulging in potations deep of the renowned Egyptian wine, had been suddenly overtaken by the consequences, and had called for assistance too late. Egyptian satirists did not spare the ladies, and they aimed their shafts at the same foibles that have called forth so many efforts of pencil and pen in later times. Whenever, indeed, we look closely into ancient life we are struck with the similarity of the daily routine to that of our own time. Every detail of social life is imperishably recorded upon the monuments of ancient Egypt, even to the tone and style and mishaps of a fashionable party. We see the givers of the entertainment, the master and mistress of the mansion, seated side by side upon a sofa; the guests coming up as they arrive to salute them; the musicians and dancers bowing low to them before beginning to perform; a pet monkey, a dog, or a gazelle tied to the leg of the sofa; the youngest child of the family sitting on the



TOO LATE WITH THE BASIN.

\* *A Popular Account of the Ancient Egyptians.* By SIR J. GARDNER WILKINSON. 2 vols. Harper and Brothers: 1854.





THE HINDU GOD KRISHNA ON HIS TRAVELS.

floor by its mother's side, or upon its father's knee; the ladies sitting in groups, conversing upon the deathless, inexhaustible subject of dress, and showing one another their trinkets.

Sir Gardner Wilkinson gives us also the pleasing information that it was thought a pretty compliment for one guest to offer another a flower from his bouquet, and that the guests endeavored to gratify their entertainers by pointing out to one another, with expressions of admiration, the tasteful knickknacks, the boxes of carved wood or ivory, the vases, the elegant light tables, the chairs, ottomans, cushions, carpets, and furniture with which the apartment was provided. This too transparent flattery could not escape such inveterate caricaturists as the Egyptian artists. In a tomb at Thebes may be seen a ludicrous representation of scenes at a party where several of the guests had been lost in rapturous admiration of the objects around them. A young man, either from awkwardness or from having gone too often to the wine jar, had reclined against a wooden column placed in the centre of the room to support a temporary ornament. There is a crash! The ornamental structure falls upon some of the absorbed guests. Ladies have recourse to the immortal privilege of their sex—they scream. All is confusion. Uplifted hands ward off the falling masses. In a few moments, when it is discovered that no one is hurt, peace is restored, and all the company converse merrily over the incident.

It is strange to find such pictures in a tomb. But it seems as if death and funerals and graves, with their elaborate paraphernalia, were provocative of mirthful delineation. In one noted royal tomb there is a representation of the funeral procession, part of which was evidently designed to excite merriment. The Ethiopians who follow in the train of the mourning queen have their hair plaited in most fantastic fashion, and their tunics of leopard's skin are so arranged that a preposterously enormous tail hangs down behind for the next man to step upon. One of the extensive colored plates of Sir Gardner Wilkinson's larger work presents to our view a solemn and stately procession of funeral barges crossing the Lake of the Dead at Thebes on its way to the place of burial. The first boat contains the coffin, decorated with flowers, a high-priest burning incense before a table of offerings, and the female relatives of the deceased lamenting their loss—two barges are filled with mourning friends, one containing only women and the other only men; two more are occupied by professional persons—the undertaker's assistants, as we should call them—employed to carry offerings, boxes, chairs, and other funeral objects. It was in drawing one of these vessels that the artist could not refrain from putting in a little fun. One of the barges having grounded upon the shore, the vessel behind comes into collision with her, upsetting a table upon the oarsmen and causing much confusion. Such an incident might occur in a public



funeral to-day, and if it did it would excite laughter in the crowd, and perhaps be recorded in illustrated papers; but we should not engrave it imperishably upon a tomb to convey to future ages a knowledge of the event. It is not improbable that the picture records an incident of that particular funeral.

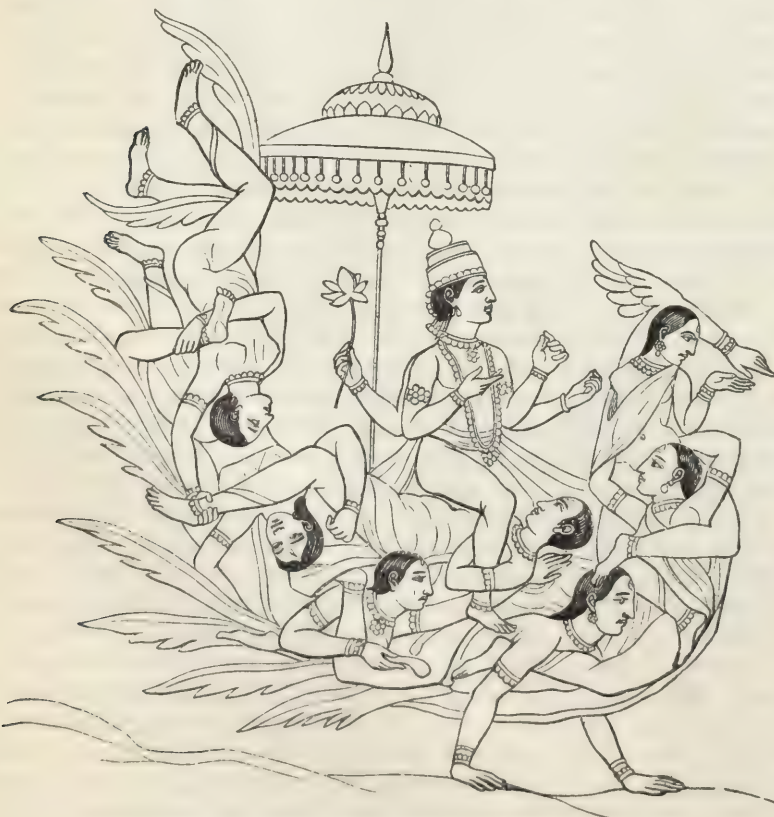
If we go farther back into antiquity, it is India which first arrests and longest absorbs our attention—India, fecund mother of tradition, the source of almost all the rites, beliefs, and observances of the ancient nations. When we visit the collections of the India House, the British Museum, the Mission Rooms, or turn over the startling pages of the *Hindu Pantheon* of Major Edward Moor, we are ready to exclaim, Here *all* is caricature! This brazen image, for example, of a partly naked man with an elephant's head and trunk, seated upon a huge rat, and feeding himself with his trunk from a bowl held in his hand—surely this is caricature. By no means. It is an image of the most popular of the Hindu deities—Ganesa, god of prudence and policy, invoked at the beginning of all enterprises, and over whose head is written the sacred word *Aum*, never uttered by a Hindu except with awe and veneration. If a man begins to build a house, he calls on Ganesa, and sets up an image of him near the spot. Mile-stones are fashioned in his likeness, and he serves as the roadside god, even if the pious peasants who place him where two roads cross can only afford the rudest resemblance to an ele-

phant's head daubed with oil and red ochre. Rude as it may be, a passing traveler will occasionally hang upon it a wreath of flowers. Major Moor gives us a hideous picture of Maha-Kala, with huge mouth and enormous protruding tongue, squat, naked, upon the ground, and holding up a large sword. This preposterous figure is still farther removed from the burlesque. It is the Hindu mode of representing *Eternity*, whose vast insatiate maw devours men, cities, kingdoms, and will at length swallow the universe; then all the crowd of inferior deities, and finally *itself*, leaving only *Brahm*, the One Eternal, to inhabit the infinite void. Hundreds of such revolting crudities meet the eye in every extensive Indian collection.

But the element of fun and burlesque is not wanting in the Hindu Pantheon. Krishna is the jolly Bacchus, the Don Juan, of the Indian deities. Behold him on his travels mounted upon an elephant, which is formed of the bodies of the obliging damsels who accompany him!

There is no end to the tales related of the mischievous, jovial, irrepressible Krishna. The ladies who go with him every where, a countless multitude, are so accommodating as to wreath and twist themselves into the form of any creature he may wish to ride; sometimes into that of a horse, sometimes into that of a bird.

In other pictures he appears riding in a palanquin, which is also composed of girls, and the bearers are girls also. In the course of one adventure, being in great danger from the wrath of his numerous enemies, he created an enormous snake, in whose vast interior his flocks, his herds, his followers, and himself found refuge. At a festival held in his honor, which was attended by a great number of damsels, he suddenly appeared in the midst of the company and proposed a dance, and that each of them might be provided with a partner, he divided himself into as many complete and captivating Krishnas as there were ladies. One summer, when he was passing the hot season on the sea-shore with his retinue of ladies, his musical comrade, Nareda, hinted to him that, since he had such a multitude of wives, it would be no great stretch of generosity to spare one



KRISHNA'S ATTENDANTS ASSUMING THE FORM OF A BIRD.





KRISHNA IN HIS PALANQUIN.

to a poor musician who had no wife at all. "Court any one you please," said the merry god. So Nareda went wooing from house to house, but in every house he found Krishna perfectly domesticated, the ever-attentive husband, and the lady quite sure that she had him all to herself. Nareda continued his quest until he had visited precisely sixteen thousand and eight houses, in each and all of which, at one and the same time, Krishna was the established lord. Then he gave it up. One of the pictures which illustrate the endless biography of this entertaining deity represents him going through the ceremony of marriage with a bear, both squatting upon a carpet in the prescribed attitude, the

bear grinning satisfaction, two bears in attendance standing on their hind-feet, and two priests blessing the union. This picture is more spirited, is more like art, than any other yet copied from Hindu originals.

To this day, as the missionaries report, the people of India are excessively addicted to every kind of jesting which is within their capacity, and delight especially in all the monstrous comicalities of their mythology. No matter how serious an impression a speaker may have made upon a village group, let him but use a word in a manner which suggests a ludicrous image or ridiculous pun, and the assembly at once breaks up in laughter, not to be gathered again.

## THE FRENCH INSTITUTE AND ACADEMIES.

HAVING occasion, not long since, to see M. Ernest Renan, the author of the famous *Life of Jesus*, the writer of this article repaired to the Palace of the Institute, of which learned body M. Renan is, perhaps, the chief living ornament. The building has a tranquil and reposeful look, quite in keeping with its present use. Its long and singular dome, resting upon Corinthian pillars, and its concave semicircular form, with projecting pavilions at either end, fronting directly on the sidewalk, give it an architectural aspect in striking contrast with those monuments of Paris which stand in its neighborhood—the Louvre, Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois, the Palais Bourbon, and the great hôtels, or rather palaces, which here line the lower bank of the Seine. Passing beneath the arch which conducts, just under the dome, to the quadrangles, you find the first of these to be octagonal, and to contain two

Corinthian pavilions. The pavilion on the right is devoted to the Mazarin Library, with its 40,000 volumes, and its busts of Mazarin and Racine. This library pavilion stands, it is said, on the very site of that "Tour de Nesle" which formed the scene of Dumas's tragedy. The other, western, pavilion is occupied by the Institute. Entering the door, you reach a broad winding staircase, at the top of which a broad corridor, or antechamber, with pillars and seats at intervals between them, conducts to the grand hall of the Institute, where its public sessions are held, and which is used by the members for writing, reading, conferring with each other, and receiving their visitors. This hall is provided with a single semicircle of benches and desks, much like the Senate-chambers of some of our State capitols, the desks of the president and secretaries being at the upper end, and seats for spectators being





INSTITUTE OF FRANCE.

ranged along the walls. The hall is a plain and somewhat austere one, its chief adornments being handsome statues of Descartes, Fénelon, Sally, and Bossuet. The second quadrangle contains the offices of the secretaries, the hall for the regular private sessions of the academies, and the library of the Institute. The hall of private sessions is a more imposing apartment than that to which the public is admitted. It has statues of Racine, Corneille, Molière, La Fontaine, busts of Gros, Cuvier, and La Place, and portraits of Montesquieu, Voltaire, Lavoisier, Fénelon, Boileau, Turgot, Rousseau, and others only less illustrious; while in the vestibule leading to it is Pigalle's imposing statue of Voltaire. The Palace of the Institute was built in accordance with a bequest of Cardinal Mazarin, joint regent with Anne of Aus-

tria during the minority of Louis XIV., and was originally devoted to the "College of Four Nations," to which natives of Alsace, Flanders, Roussillon, and Pignerol alone were admitted. Louis XIV. gave it over to the use of the old French Academy, and when the Institute was founded, its name was changed from "Palais Mazarin" to "Palais de l'Institut," and the Directory transferred it to the possession of that body.

M. Ernest Renan says of the French Institute, that in it all the efforts of the human mind are bound together as in a *faisceau*, wherein the poet and the philosopher, the historian and the philologist, the critic and the mathematician, the economist and the juriconsult, the sculptor, the painter, and the musician, can call each other colleagues. He remarks that the object of the



Institute, which is one of the noblest products of the Revolution, is the progress of science, general usefulness, and the glory of the Republic. But it is not so much the purpose of the Institute to teach as to judge. Sainte-Beuve, in speaking of the elder and most august of the sister academies which, confederated together, form the Institute—the French Academy—says that it is not a school, but the most literary of saloons; its proper function is to combine and compare tradition with innovation: it must know the past and observe the present.

The Institute is, indeed, the most famous of literary fraternities, and yet few even in France know how it is composed, what its exercises are, or even what influence it exerts upon the intellectual activity of the age. In one sense it is a literary republic, in another the most exclusive of literary aristocracies. Its form resembles the political structure of the United States, for it is a group of bodies, self-renewing in local government, owing a general allegiance to the central power, which is composed of these bodies acting in concert. The component parts of the Institute are five academies—the French Academy, the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, the Academy of Sciences, the Academy of Fine Arts, and the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. Of these the French Academy and the Academy of Sciences existed before the Revolution, and consequently before the foundation of the Institute. They had become extinct with the Monarchy, and their revival as “classes” of the literary commonwealth was rather a new birth than a re-awakening from dormant life.

The successors of the Terror—known in history as the Directory—in their work of reconstructing France, with a true Gallic fondness for ideas, and that inevitable tendency of the Latin races, which M. Taine points out, to reproduce Greek symmetry and order in every department of thought and art, conceived the project of a lofty literary court, which should hold toward men of letters a somewhat similar relation to that which the government did to the people at large. It was to be a new Plato’s porch, with many Platos and Socrateses instead of one; a literary Olympus, with its “immortals,” its Jove-like fulminations of august approval or disapproval, its undisputed authority in the world of thought, and its potent guardianship of French language, science, and art. Carnot, Lakanal, and Daunou were the founders of the Institute. A law which passed the Convention on the 25th of October, 1795, established it, and divided it into three “classes,” which classes were themselves subdivided into sections. The traditions of the French Academy, founded by Richelieu, although at first the Directory shrank from reviving the Academy itself,

formed the basis for the organization of the new body. The fame of the old Academy savored too much of kingcraft and aristocracy; besides, the “forty immortals” under the Bourbons had sunk into some contempt from their complaisance to the court, and their admissions of literary men of mediocre ability and learning. Voltaire had won his place among them rather by assiduous flattery paid to Madame De Pompadour than by the splendor of his fame; and one of the smartest epigrams in French literature—“Here lies Piron, who was nothing, not even an Academician”—sufficiently illustrates the ridicule which assailed the Academy on account of its selections from the third or fourth instead of the foremost literary rank. It was the aim of Carnot and his confrères to attain the ideal at which the Academy aimed by the Institute. The first division of the Institute was into three “classes;” one of “Sciences,” with sections having to do with each special science, one of Moral and Political Sciences, and the third of Literature and the Fine Arts, the departments of the latter being now divided among three academies—the French Academy, the Academy of Fine Arts, and the Academy of Inscriptions. The sections of this third class were respectively those of grammar, ancient languages, poetry, antiquities and monuments, painting, sculpture, architecture, music, and eloquence. The members of the Institute were at first chosen one-third by the executive, and the other two-thirds by the first third, and it began its operations with one hundred and forty-four members. The mode of election was that the sections nominated for vacancies to the classes, and these referred the nomination to the Institute in aggregate, which made the final choice.

Napoleon I. carried the exercise of his power into every institution, whether political, religious, or literary, which he found existing in France when he assumed the consular dignity. Not satisfied with the composition of the Institute, one of his first acts was to reform it. He ordained that in all future elections the choice of the Institute must be confirmed by the First Consul. He was not going to have his enemies preaching sedition under literary guise in the Palais Mazarin. The whole constitution of the classes was changed by increasing their number to four, abolishing that of Moral and Political Sciences (which sciences the chief of the state was able to manage without the inconvenient intervention of Academicians), and dividing the third class into three—of French Language and Literature, Ancient History and Literature, and Fine Arts. He revived the name “French Academy,” and restored to it its limit of forty members, in this respect following out the policy which has recently been attributed to him,



with considerable show of reason, by a very able writer, of restoring the traditions and government of the old Monarchy in all things but in name. To Napoleon's reform of the Institute is also to be referred the creation of the office of "permanent secretary." In the *soi-disant* Republican days of the Directory such an office would have savored too much of aristocratic distinction. Napoleon never hesitated from such a scruple. That the position of perpetual secretary is one of high authority and honor may be judged from Sainte-Beuve's interesting sketch of that official. "The history of the Academy," he says, "may be written in chapters whose titles are the names of its perpetual secretaries. Whether he 'reigns' or 'governs,' the perpetual secretary has the control of the Academy. He is perpetual, and endures. Presidents and directors succeed each other, but he remains; he is sub-director for life—rather, a director with a modest title. If he has not great influence with the company, it is because he does not wish it. He is present at every sitting, while the Academicians are irregular, come and go as they will, are absent in summer, arrive after the sitting has begun, and leave before it closes. He follows the questions, has possession of them beforehand, prepares them, propounds them, and, if he is able, most often suggests, by the manner in which he presents them, their solution and the vote that is to be given upon them. He has, without seeming to have, the first and last word in the discussions. He alone is learned in the traditions of the Academy, and may recall them at a fitting moment, or forget them, if that is convenient. He draws up the reports, and may make them long or brief, as the mood takes him; he may make them dry or rich, a simple record or an ornate and elegant essay. At the public sittings he is the official organ of the Academy; he executes its decisions, which he has had the largest share in determining; he exercises hospitality, and his *salons* are those of the company; and in the freedom of social intercourse, if the secretary has tact, knowledge of men, and suavity of manner, he may insensibly impress his own preferences on all this polite circle."

The real and useful work of the Institute in its several departments dates from the creation of perpetual secretaries, who formed a nucleus and centre, and gave unity and method to its studies. During Napoleon's reign, however, the work of the Institute, owing to the restrictions which he imposed upon it, revolved in a somewhat narrow groove, the principal studies undertaken being that of the history and the compilation of diplomatic events by the class of Inscriptions, the continuation of the *Literary History of France*, which had been commenced by the Benedictines, by the French

class corresponding to the present Academy, and some examinations into the sciences as illustrated by the great French philosophers, under the auspices of the class of Sciences. There had come a singular and ominous lull in the more popular and generally attractive sciences of politics and morals, which had so deeply stirred France in the eighteenth century. Rousseau and Voltaire had no outspoken champions or antagonists in the Institute under the Empire, which confined it in this department of human thought to a consideration of historical incidents. The example of Napoleon in meddling with the literary commonwealth, and in imposing upon it as well as the state a "Code Napoléon," was too tempting to be neglected by the statesmen of the Restoration. Louis XVIII. had not been on the throne a year before an arbitrary decree leveled at the Institute was issued from the Tuileries. At first the restored Bourbon considered whether he should not abolish it altogether as a somewhat unruly child of the hated Revolution, and restore in its place the old Academies, which had been outgrowths of the purest legitimacy. The wisdom of his advisers persuaded him that this would be a dangerous expedient, and pointed out to him that he had accepted the throne as much a successor of the Revolution as of Louis XVI. Instead of pursuing his first purpose, therefore, the king contented himself with giving to the academies their old and honored appellations and dignities, and reconstructed the Institute by the exercise of an arbitrary authority over it. He proposed to make it the obedient servant and supple instrument of the court, to create in its place a literary senate which should be as dependent upon royal favor as the political senate of Napoleon had been upon the imperial will. He once more divided the Institute into a new classification of academies, and seized the occasion which this afforded to deprive twenty-two members, hostile to his régime, of their seats as members. Among these were Sieyès (Carlyle's "constitution-architect"), David, Carnot, Gregoire, and Lakanal, two of these having been founders of the body. They were replaced by the equally unprecedented appointment, by royal commission, of seventeen new members, who were nobles and courtiers, but not distinguished as *littérateurs* or *savants*. The reign of Louis XVIII. was notable for a remarkable revival in intellectual activity in France, and there was already at Paris a coterie of great thinkers and writers who might well claim a place among the judges of French letters. But none of these were found in the list which the king dictated to the Institute. The Comte de Vau-blanc became an Academician, while Châteaubriand remained a literary layman outside its precincts. The cardinal principle



of the election by the academies of their own members was thus violated, and continued to be violated, by the king's usurpation of this right. This was fatal to the high rank the Institute had assumed in the eyes both of the literary guild throughout Europe and of the French people, even under the repressions of the Empire, for Napoleon never dictated who should be its members. The princes and principal nobles competed for the power of naming new members to the king, and, as M. Renan describes it, "the interest of serious studies was the least care of Academicians who were simply men of the world, and who valued their promotion chiefly for the privilege it conferred of carrying a sword and wearing an embroidered coat."

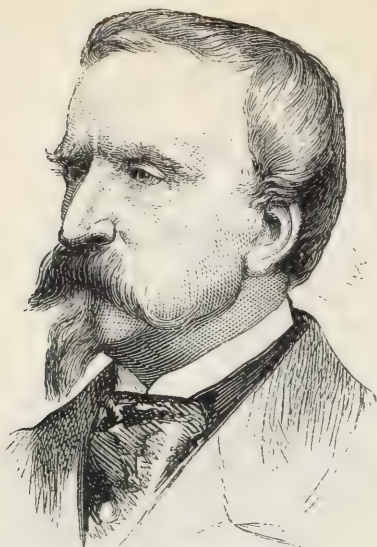
Better times were coming, however, for the Institute. A dynasty almost as literary as political, almost as free as monarchical, replaced the régime of the Restoration, which fell in consequence of political acts bearing a near resemblance to those which had so degraded the literary body. The Bourbons detested the pen, and fell by the retribution of the pen. The Revolution brought into power with the Citizen King a host of literary celebrities, of *doctrinaires*, of pamphleteers, and brilliant editors. All departments of science, art, and letters sprang into vigorous activity very early in the Orleanist reign. Charles X. had left the Institute full of legitimist courtiers, obsequious journalists, and second or third rate writers. Louis Philippe, or advisers of his so enlightened as Guizot, Thiers, and Périer, refused to follow the pernicious example of the restored Bourbon, by expelling these royally created Academicians from the Palais Mazarin. They bided the time when, by patience and regular processes, the Institute might be restored to its former dignity and authority. A course of conciliation toward the existing members had in time its effect. Meanwhile Guizot, who had his eye upon a *fauteuil* of the Academy for himself, set about reforming the Institute without interfering with its personal composition. A fifth academy, to whose deliberations was confided the department of Moral and Political Sciences, which had been virtually suppressed by Napoleon, was constituted by a new grouping of the members of the Institute. The subjects committed to it were philosophy (which M. Renan describes as not a science by itself, but the general spirit of all the sciences), morals, legislation, political economy, and statistics. This academy, or rather revival of a class created with the Institute itself, and endowed with a new name, was composed of the ten original members of it who still survived, of two later members of the class, and of eighteen new Academicians chosen by the nucleus thus formed, thus making the number of Acade-



*Ad. Thiers*

micians in the class of Moral and Political Sciences thirty. The minister refrained from either naming or influencing the choice of a single member. The growth of the Institute during the Orleans dynasty was rapid and substantial. Within the eighteen years between the revolution of July and the revolution of February the names added to the roll of the "forty immortals" of the French Academy comprised De Ségur, Viennet, Thiers, Guizot, Mignet, Flourens (father of the hot young Communist who was killed by the guns of Issy), Victor Hugo, Saint-Marc Girardin, Sainte-Beuve, Mérimée, and Remusat. The accession of the astronomer Arago to the Academy of Sciences gave to it an impulse which has not yet ceased to be felt, and one of its members claims that this Academy has been for thirty years "the scientific centre of Europe." Certainly in the results of its labors may be observed a very evident progress in the appreciation, definition, and classification of the sciences, and in confronting the works of the older French philosophers with the more modern product of scientific research. The Academy of Inscriptions, the name of which is derived from the fact that it originated in a commission of the old French Academy, appointed to make inscriptions for the medals of Louis XIV., but whose proper department comprises ancient literature and history and belles-lettres, felt the impulse given by the "régime littéraire," and counted among its new colleagues Le Clerc, Burnouf, Thierry, and Letronne





DUC D'AUMALE.

By the time the revolution of 1848 was ripe, the Institute, besides having approached more nearly the ideal of its founders than ever before, and become a real power in the domain of human thought, had also got to be a very Orleanist body. Its confederated academies were full of statesmen, orators, and deputies, of political astronomers, poets, and historians, of journalists and publicists, of men active in public affairs as well as learned in the various branches of knowledge which the Institute cultivated and exemplified. This tinge of Orleanism it retains to this day, its two illustrious chiefs, Guizot and Thiers, having been the alternate pillars of that dynasty, and having continued ever since partial to the Orleanist traditions, despite the circumstance that the latter has been raised to the Presidency of the Republic. During the Second Empire the Institute may be said to have been the head-quarters of the Orleans constitutionalists, although this political bias was always kept religiously in the background, and the Academicians shrank, above all, from making it an arena for party dissensions, or an instrument of political intrigue. The political bias was, indeed, rather a philosophical leaning to monarchical constitutionalism than adherence to a name and a person. No sooner, however, had France become tranquil after the Communist defeat in 1871 than the French Academy, proceeding to fill two of its vacant *fauteuils*, chose not only M. Duvergier de Hauranne, a life-long and ardent Orleanist, whose chief distinction is the authorship of a history of the Restoration, in ten volumes, but also—and almost unanimously—the Duc d'Aumale, a son of King Louis Philippe, and, it must be added, a writer of very marked ability. During the republic of 1848-51 the Institute was necessarily agitated by many unusual questions, among which those which related to Fourierism and Socialism were imposed upon it by the times.

Within its fold were to be found many of the leading spirits of the Republic itself, and of the active opposition. Lamartine, Arago, Thiers, Hugo, Mérimée, De Remusat, were among its members—and Louis Blanc should have been. The *coup d'état*, the revival of personal government, and the repression of free and active political controversy which succeeded the establishment of the Second Empire, relegated the Institute to its peaceful philosophic, scientific, and literary labors. From first to last the "immortals" preserved a silent dislike and negative opposition to the régime of Napoleon III. During his whole reign, which continued for eighteen years, but a single imperialist was admitted a member of the Institute—M. Émile Ollivier—and his imperialism was of a quality too feeble to give his election the aspect of a dynastic triumph. There are those in France who think that the Emperor himself coveted the honor of an election to the French Academy, and that he hoped that this might be one of the rewards which he should receive for writing the *History of Julius Cæsar*. Certain it is that his name was never seriously discussed by the Academicians themselves, and it is not less doubtful that if it had been proposed, it would have been rejected by a large majority.

According to M. Renan's view, the Institute is one of three intellectual estates in France, whence results "a sort of equilibrium," the other two being the government and the public. Neither should reign absolutely in the domain of thought. "These three great Mæcenases," he says, "are not always in harmony, and it is precisely their



M. ÉMILE OLLIVIER.





JULES FAVRE.

diversity which forms the guarantee of the liberty of thinkers, writers, and investigators. The academies, forming an irresponsible senate, often display narrowness, egotism, and passion; the government, having at its disposition superior means of action, at need corrects their unjust exclusions; while the public, with that crown of reward in its hands—success—amply consoles the excluded."

The common funds of the Institute are administered by a general Finance Committee, composed of two from each of the five academies, this committee being presided over by the Minister of Public Instruction. As has already been said, new members, having been chosen by ballot in the academies, must be confirmed by the chief of the state. This fact gave rise to considerable conjecture when, two years before the Prussian war, the French Academy elected Jules Favre to fill one of its vacant *fauteuils*. The enmity of this great orator and tribune toward the Emperor had been for years irreconcilable, and had partaken of a personal bitterness. Would Napoleon confirm so great an honor to so obstinate a foe? He did so, and upon Favre's induction into the Academy, formally received him at the Tuileries, as it is customary upon similar occasions. The members of one academy are eligible to the others, and as a matter of fact several—such as M. Thiers and M. Renan—are now members of several of them. Each Academician receives a salary of fifteen hundred francs a year; and it is a custom to distribute silver counters to those members who are present, a fine being imposed for non-attendance, and, for persistent absence,

expulsion. It may be added that the Institute is composed of two hundred and twenty-three members, seven secretaries, thirty-five "Free Academicians," thirty-one Associates, and two hundred and twenty-five Correspondents. The Free Academicians are honorary members of the academies, receiving no salary, and not being entitled to a vote, and all men of high rank, who, while possessing a taste for lore, have not time or inclination to pursue minutely the studies required of the regular members.

An account of this commonwealth of letters would be incomplete without some description of the character and operations of the principal of its confederated states—the French Academy. This has the greatest renown, and by an election to its membership confers the supreme honor to be obtained in the Institute. It was founded by Cardinal De Richelieu, in 1635, and is composed of forty colleagues. Its especial function in its modern form is to compile the dictionary of the French language, and all matters relating to the structure, extension, and purification of that language are intrusted to it. Among its recent or living members are to be found the names of Lamartine, Thiers, Guizot, Victor Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, Littré, Montalembert, Berryer, Jules Favre, Jules Simon, Jules Janin, Dupanloup, the De Broglies, Dufaure, Prevost-Paradol, Cuvillier-Fleury, Augier, Octave Feuillet, Chevalier, and Pelletan. Some lights of French letters are conspicuous for their absence from this list; Michelet, George Sand, Dumas *père* and Dumas *fils*, Edmond About, Renan, Edgar Quinet, Henri Taine, and Théophile Gautier still remain without the circle of the "immortals," antagonisms of one sort or another having hitherto excluded



ANTOINE PIERRE BERRYER.





THE LATE COMTE DE MONTALEMBERT.

them. An instance of the vitality of the Academy under difficulties is the fact that it continued to meet regularly in Paris through the Communist insurrection, while the shells were falling on the city, and only adjourned when the Palais Mazarin seemed on the point of being burned to the ground. The functions of the Academy, besides that of purifying and fixing the language, are described to be "discussions on grammar, rhetoric, and poetry; critical observations on the beauties and faults of French writers, and the preparation of editions of classical French authors." The dictionary of the Academy is not yet completed, and perhaps never will be. Its regulations ordain that every member shall refrain from pledging his vote, when a vacancy is to be filled, until the ballot actually takes place. The aspirants for membership must make formal application for it, and, although the rules forbid them from electioneering, it is customary for them to pay a round of visits to the Academicians to solicit their suffrages. More than once Théophile Gautier has made this round of visits, hitherto, however, in vain. At the election of a new member the

secretary reads the list of candidates who have presented themselves, these only being eligible; he then reads the rules prescribing the mode of election, after which the president asks of each member if he has pledged his vote; if any one has done so he is excluded from the right of balloting. The voting then takes place, and a majority elects.

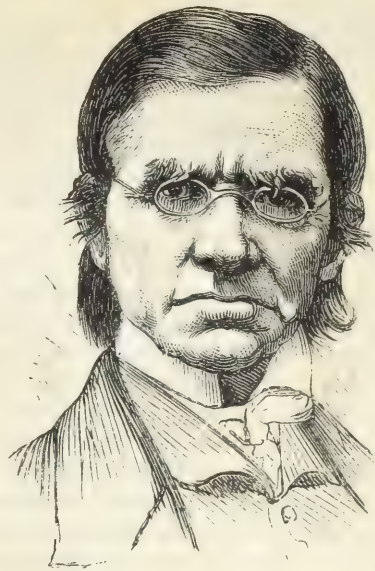
The Academy, like all aristocracies, has always been conservative, and has more than once shown an inclination to cling to old methods, and to look with distrust upon what is new. This was exhibited strikingly when the new "romantic" school, of which Lamartine and Victor Hugo were the high-priests, arose in France some forty years ago. This school took the French reading world by storm, and its departure from classical models

created the same furor in French literary circles that the revolt of Coleridge, Byron, and Shelley from the traditions of Pope and Dryden did in those of England. The perpetual secretary of the Academy declared it to be a "grave literary schism," and called upon the "immortals" to visit it with their Olympian displeasure. He pronounced the new poetry "barbarous," and said that it violated every literary canon. The new school, however, grew too strong to be ignored; and the election of Lamartine to a *fauteuil* in 1829 made a breach in the citadel, and was a triumph which led the way to the admission of the other principal romantic writers.

Notwithstanding such struggles, the Academy contrasts favorably with other French public bodies in the calmness, courtesy, and moderation of its discussions and differences. Sainte-Beuve said that the Academicians lived together as *confrères*, and that they never passed the limits of politeness. "Perhaps you are told," he says, "in the papers that such and such Academicians are at swords' points, and you are amazed, if by chance you happen to pass the quadra-



gle of the Institute on a Thursday at half past four, to see these same men come out together arm in arm, and talking as familiarly as possible." Still the debates are vigorously sustained, there are memorable points of rhetoric, and exhibitions of emulative eloquence and learning. The interminable dictionary affords a perpetual topic of agreeable discussions and conversations, in which the members are often prone to digress, wandering without order over the broad field of French letters, losing the original topic, and widening into affable general criticisms. "The Academy," says, once more, Sainte-Beuve, "is still the place where they talk the best about literature, and where one tastes most fully all the amenities of literary life." Repeated endowments, whose proceeds are to be devoted to prizes awarded by the Academy, have given into its hands a large and fruitful fund. The government accords annually the sum of 85,500 francs to be thus disposed of. Four thousand francs are awarded each year as prizes for eloquence and poetry; those for eloquence are competed for by eulogies, addresses, and critical essays on celebrated writers; those for poetry do not call out the highest efforts of the votaries of this art, for, as an Academician has well said, "Poetry seems to shrink from this sort of competition, from addressing itself to subjects dictated to its inspiration." A prize founded by the philanthropist Montyon is devoted to an annual reward to virtue, and is given to "that poor Frenchman who, during the year, has done the most virtuous action;" this prize amounts to 20,000 francs, and is usually divided among several "laureates." Another prize, founded by the same munificent personage, is intended to reward "the Frenchman who composes and publishes the most useful work on manners and customs," and is also 20,000 francs. De Toqueville's great book on American democracy secured him the award of this prize. The Academy does not, however, confine itself strictly to the letter of the bequest, but selects for the award good translations, dramatic pieces, and books illustrative or explanatory of the French classics, having decreed it at different times to lexicons on Molière, Corneille, and Madame De Sévigné. Baron Gobert in 1833 instituted a prize of 10,000 francs, to be given for "the most eloquent work pertaining to French history;" the Academy usually divides this into two prizes, and has at different times awarded it to Augustin Thierry and Henri Martin. The Bordin prize, established in 1835, and amounting to 3000 francs, is devoted to works of "high class literature." This designation is broad enough to admit a wide range of works to competition, and the first award was to Ozanam's *Civilization of the Fifth Century*.



M. LITTRÉ.

Other prizes are given to a young writer "not favored by fortune, and who merits interest by his talent"—(this was awarded to M. Pommier, the poet, the first to receive it); to unfortunate men of letters, and widows and daughters of artists and writers; to "those men of letters, or the widows of such, whom it will be just to mark with some token of the public estimation;" to that work which the Academy shall judge the most remarkable as a literary or historical production, or most worthy as promoting morals; to the author of the best prose or poetical comedy which shall have been performed at the Théâtre Français in the course of the year; and to the author of the best poetical or prose translation from the Greek, Latin, or living languages. The Emperor Napoleon III., not to be behindhand as a patron of arts and letters—a distinction which he always affected, and in which he wished to seem to follow in the footsteps of Francis I. and Louis XIV.—established in 1860 a biennial prize of 20,000 francs from his privy purse, to be presented by the academies in turn "to the work or the discovery the most worthy to honor or to serve the country which shall be produced during the ten preceding years in the special order of labors which each of the five academies of the Institute of France represents." It fell to the lot of the French Academy to make the first award of this prize, and after long and warm discussion the Gallic vanity prevailed, and it was voted to M. Adolphe Thiers for his *History of the Consulate and Empire*. The veteran historian at once turned over the amount of the prize to the Academy again, with the stipulation that it should form the foundation of a triennial prize of three thousand francs to be given to "the author of a historical work the subject of which shall have been proposed by the Academy, and which shall seem to merit the award."



The French Academy is thus not only the supreme court of French belles-lettres, assigning a place and rank to the works which fall within its jurisdiction, and from whose decrees there is seldom a successful appeal to the *vox populi*, but also its patron and minister, dispensing rewards and crowning with honors. The literati who are not of "the forty" are fain to sneer at it, to call it antiquated and mediocre, a self-elected oligarchy, a coterie of divine-right legitimists in the world of letters; yet the fact remains that a chair in the Academy confers "the blue ribbon of French culture;" and hitherto no man of genius, when offered the distinction, has held himself too dear to accept it. Sainte-Beuve had too well poised a mind to permit himself extravagance of speech, even when speaking of the Academy, of which he was proud to be a member. He says that with all its faults, errors, and fluctuations, "the Academy remains an institution to be revered—which not only has a noble and interesting past, but which, well directed and advised, excited, re-awakened, renewed, may render great services in the midst of the universal literary diffuseness and dispersion."

Of the other four academies, which hold somewhat the same comparative rank to the French Academy that the heads of bureaus do to cabinet ministers, there is space to speak but briefly. The departments of learning over which the Academy of Inscriptions, which is composed of forty members, presides include languages, antiquities and monuments, translations, and archæology. This body, like its elder sister, awards various prizes, among them one for numismatics and one for works on French history. The Academy of Inscriptions issues certain publications, such as its "Memoirs," notices of manuscript memoirs on the antiquities of France, the literary history of France, collections of French histories, charts and documents relative thereto, letters of the French kings, and various catalogues. The Academy of Sciences, containing sixty-eight members, and divided into eleven sections, deliberates on topics of geometry, mechanics, astronomy, geography, navigation, general natural philosophy, chemistry, mineralogy, botany, rural economy, anatomy, zoology, medicine, and surgery. Many prizes are awarded by this academy, which also publishes regularly the reports of its meetings, the memoirs of its former transactions and researches, and, in general, such works of savants, not members, pertaining to its especial topics as it sees fit. The Academy of Fine Arts is composed of forty-one members, and is divided into five sections, whose respective subjects are painting, sculpture, architecture, engraving, and musical composition. The Academy of Moral and Political Sciences contains forty members, and its

sections are charged with considering philosophy, moral philosophy, legislation, public law, jurisprudence, political economy, statistics, history, and its philosophy. These academies have each weekly sessions, and on the occasion of the induction of a new Academician, whose inaugural essay is invariably a eulogy upon his predecessor, a favored portion of the public is admitted by tickets to the grand hall. The Parisians are as eager to attend one of these public sessions as to see a new play of Sardou or Dumas *filis*; for the audience is always select, the group of Academicians a distinguished one, and the addresses usually interesting. The tickets of admission are distributed on recommendation by the secretary of the Institute. At these public sessions, and at state ceremonies, the members of the Institute are dressed in black broadcloth suits embroidered with olive leaves in green silk.

Such, in brief, are the Institute of France and the academies which form its federal literary commonwealth. It was a conception worthy of a Greek imagination, and gives the first revolution one more title to the respect of posterity. The Institute has accomplished many valuable uses, not the least of which are the constant bringing together of scholars, occupied in widely different spheres of thought, in a familiar way, and the proffer of an honor, inciting young aspirants for the laurel to greater industry and mental effort, in order to attain a place among the "forty immortals;" its roll of names is illustrious, and includes all, or nearly all, the most famous French minds of the present century; and surviving as it does every political and religious convulsion, and flourishing as it does under whatever régime popular caprice imposes upon the nation, it seems destined to a long life and a fruitful career—and this can be predicted, unhappily, of but few French institutions.

#### WONDERS OF THE LOWLANDS.

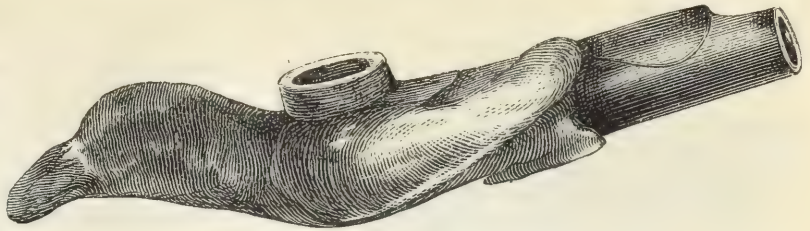
JUST below Memphis, on the eastern shore of the Mississippi, there are two lofty mounds, one on the very verge of the elevated plateau on which the city stands, the other two hundred yards away. Of these the reader will find an accurate delineation in the great painting that adorns a broad space within the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. This work of art is designated "The Discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto." On the level plain at the base of the mound, one hundred feet above the river's surface, mail-clad warriors of Castile are gathered about the martial, towering figure of De Soto, while an Indian chieftain, surrounded by his warriors, does obeisance to the haughty Spaniard. One broad arm of the "inland sea" flows directly toward the setting sun, and another due



south. Between these is President's Island, six miles away, once the estate of General Andrew Jackson. The green depressed surface of the island, covered with endless corn and cotton fields, seems a glowing emerald imbedded in the very bosom of the mighty river. On its western shore, directly west, and more than two miles from "De Soto's Mound," there stood, until fifteen years ago, another mound that rose to a level with the lofty eastern shore.

The course of the river through a series of years was deflected more and more from its southern to a western course, and thus the Arkansas mound slowly disappeared. While it was abraded and dropping into fathomless depths, the curious in such matters were accustomed to gather pipes, urns, bronze or copper implements and ornaments, flint arrow-heads and hatchets, from the graves of the mound-builders. Skulls and bones were found, but pulverized simply by exposure to the air. This tumulus, erected upon the alluvium swept down from western mountains, was densely covered with great forest trees. But the lowlands themselves were recently produced. Within a brief geological period the ever-changeable current of the river has occupied every point from the heights on which Memphis stands to those forty miles west, known as Crowley's Ridge, at the base of which flows the St. Francis River. The Mississippi at no remote date, just as it does to-day, swept over the precise spot whereon the lofty mound was erected. The length of the period through which a given point in the lowlands may remain untouched by the river current can not be accurately estimated.

The trees that grow upon mounds have been preceded by others older than they. There may have been many preceding generations of trees, and therefore nothing is determined by inquiries of a character to which agents of the Smithsonian Institution constantly resort. I have begun a system of investigations which must lead to approximately accurate results. In the vicinity of Osceola, at Dr. M'Gavock's plantation, above Memphis, in Arkansas, and near Fulton, in Tennessee, traces of the mound-builders' civilization are found every where. Near the great mound not far from Osceola there is a threshing-floor, paved with *adobe*, having an area of quite ten acres. The wheat of wide districts must have been threshed on this spot, and stored in bins made of the same material, the remains of which are still visible. This threshing-floor is buried quite two and a half feet beneath the country's surface by a black loam. It is very needful to ascertain the average depth of



MOUND-BUILDERS' PIPE.

this annual deposition made by decaying vegetation, and then to learn by repeated experiments and observations in the same districts the thickness of the loam annually deposited by the same forest trees.

Mr. Fassett, an old citizen of the county, is engaged in making accurate observations of this character, and will be enabled at an early day to give results that may determine chronological facts in reference to which writers have differed by from ten to twenty centuries. If, as generally conceded, the mound-builders were of the same race that wrought in Lake Superior copper mines, built the pyramids of Mitla and Coahuila, monoliths at Copan, the temples in Arizona, and in Yucatan, Mexico, and Peru, the importance of the inquiry which Mr. Fassett is making can not be exaggerated. If American mounds and Mexican pyramids and the ancient temples of Central America were constructed by the same race, that race lived and flourished and was rich and powerful since the Mississippi dug for itself its present channel at the base of the Chickasaw Bluffs, on which Memphis stands.

The lofty mound on the western shore was destroyed only fifteen years ago by a steady deflection of the river's current toward the west. At different points in the lowlands, forty miles wide, west from Memphis, there are depressions and elevations parallel with one another which constituted the river's old channels as it gradually found for itself the deep bed in which it runs to-day at the foot of the heights of Memphis. After the river dug its present channel (the old channel is plainly defined five miles west) the mound-builders reared the speechless monument to their dead which the restless arm of the sea embraced at last and bore away before our eyes to the ocean. The changes in the river's route have been effected in modern times, and are steadily progressive. How old this channel may be, or that five miles further west, can only be approximately determined. Within a given period the current flowed at every point between the heights at Memphis and those forty miles west, along the base of which runs the St. Francis River. There are mounds and *aguadas* every where between these two streams, and the date of their construction, as a geological fact, must be recent.

The mound in the lowlands just across





WARRIOR'S PAINT-BOX.

the river, west from Memphis, was probably reared when the Mississippi occupied a channel, still clearly defined, five miles west of its present bed. If the regular natural diversions of the river were observed through a series of years, we might determine proximately the antiquity of these wonderful mounds and canals and highways telling of dense industrious populations that selected as an abiding-place the richest spot on the continent.

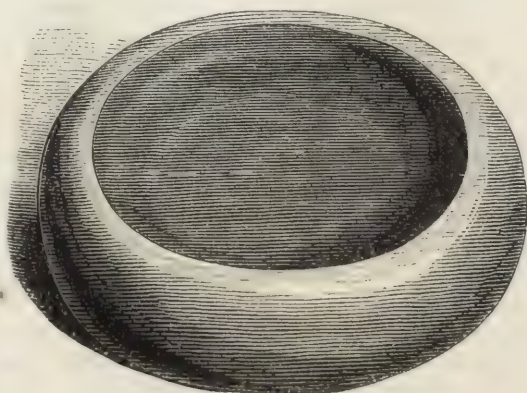
While ever-changeable channels of the Mississippi tell no definite chronological story, the moving mouth of the great river actually speaks, eloquently and accurately, of the lapse of years. The river is lengthened annually two hundred yards. Each eight years the river adds one mile to its length. There are no traces of mound-builders' works below Baton Rouge. Since this strange people followed the course of the river, and left along its banks every where from Cairo to the vicinity of Natchez and Baton Rouge evidences of their industry, and since there are no tumuli south of these places, we may conclude that the Gulf of Mexico in the age of the mound-builders lavied the base of the heights on which Natchez stands. Baton Rouge is 300 miles by water from the sea. The river, as we have said, lengthens itself two hundred yards annually by the ejection of mud at the Balize. In other words, the river has grown 325 miles in length since the mound-builders ceased to follow its course downward from Lake Superior copper mines to the Mexican Gulf, and thus the conclusion is deduced that quite 3000 years have elapsed since the people known as mound-builders utterly disappeared.

No one has traversed the prairies between White and Arkansas rivers, along the route of the Memphis and Little Rock Railway, and failed to note the number and uniformity of mounds that dot the country's surface. These prairies were sites of populous cities, whose outlines may be readily traced. One may even estimate with some degree of accuracy the number of inhabitants by the number of dwellings that surely adorned these productive plains. Little hillocks, elevated from one to three feet above the level of the plain, are every where visible. They are generally collocated in pairs, the larger

fronting on the broad avenue, and the smaller twenty to thirty feet in the rear. The arrangement of the houses, of which these hillocks are the débris, was much the same with that to which Southern planters were wont to resort, the costly residence occupying the prominent place in each village, the other being made up of modest domiciles denominated the "kitchen" and "negro quarter." The soil that constitutes these little prairie mounds is different from that of the rest of the plain, and even yet the vegetation upon these hillocks, usually forty by twenty feet square, is denser and greener and more vigorous than upon the plain. The countless mounds along this railway from Memphis to Fort Smith, in the richest districts of the State, suggest the incontestable conclusion that countless myriads of people dwelt here as well as in the lowlands. It is the land of ruins, prehistoric Cyclopean, Phœnician, Egyptian, Malayan, Israelitish, Etruscan, or Assyrian. As the English captain and recent explorer Barton asserts of ancient Syria, "its towers and cities have been so numerous that the country must have been one endless city."

When Irishmen, a few years ago, were constructing the levee in Mississippi County, above Memphis, in Arkansas, they encountered countless skulls and bones, and finally refused to desecrate this burial-place of mound-builders, and negroes were employed in their stead. The number of skeletons was illimitable, and the extent of the graveyard unknown. Skulls and thigh-bones of giants were unearthed, and even skulls of peculiar shape. Here and there was a head artificially flattened, and again there were skulls discovered marked by curious knots, like that which Homer tells us surmounted the cranium of the querulous Thersites.

Every where in the lowlands between the Mississippi and St. Francis rivers, a district forty by ninety miles in area, there are mounds varying in altitude from four to forty and even sixty feet. Very many were constructed like stone Nilometers of Egypt, to record the height of the river floods during different periods. In the



MORTAR FOUND IN A MOUND.

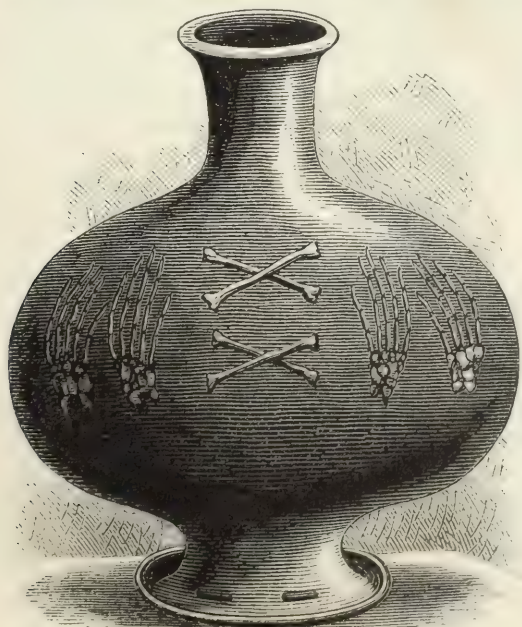


swamps are found remains of brick structures buried beneath decayed vegetation. Especially did these abound along the old military road. This highway constitutes the original route of civilization from Memphis across Arkansas to Little Rock and Fort Smith. It was also the route of the mound-builders. General Edmund P. Gaines simply re-opened the old highway. Trees and dense vegetation had obstructed it, but it was lifted above the flood-tide of the Mississippi by the old race. This old road constitutes an artificial ridge across the lowlands from the Mississippi to the St. Francis.

About twenty years ago Elijah Cheek, who during the late war sought the Chief Magistracy of Arkansas at the hands of President Lincoln, was engaged in constructing a plank-road from Mound City, five miles above Memphis, to Marion, the capital of Crittenden County, ten miles west of Memphis. In making excavations and embankments Mr. Cheek discovered strangely shaped bricks, of which specimens were sent to the writer of this memoir. They were made of grayish clay, nine by twelve inches in width and length, and four inches thick. Mr. Cheek supposed from the number of ruins which he found every few rods along the route of this old military road that Spaniards, when they held the country, built palaces every where, and grew enormously rich by cultivating the lowlands. He finally accepted the conclusion, after hearing a curious recitation of mound-builders' history written by the late Cornelius Mathews, of New York, that the old military road was not the product of modern but of ancient skill and toil. He then saw how the ridge it traverses is artificial, how it is wider where the richest mound-builder built his domicile, and how it is true that these people

lifted up in the lowlands not only countless mounds and dug countless canals and aguadas, but absolutely created, by uplifting the earth that constituted them, broad farms of hundreds and even thousands of acres. We of modern times are boastful of the triumphs of engineering skill that bridges rivers, upheaves levees, and builds railways. These mound-builders achieved mightier tasks, and constructed road-beds that stagger credulity, and dug canals infinitely more serviceable than railways every where in the lowlands. Floods ruinous to civilization and wealth were rendered by them wholly impossible. Canals were not only the cheapest agencies of commerce, but the area of water surface exposed to the action of the sun's rays was not materially lessened, as would occur if levees could effect their purpose and wall in the river. No such changes in climatic or hygrometrical laws resulted as would render, by producing wet and dry seasons, the successful cultivation of cotton impossible. These mound-builders were wiser than we. They cultivated the lowlands, first regulating the distribution of water, and making the country healthful by this useful system of drainage; and then doubtless there were at Memphis, as at St. Louis and Louisville, and other points designated by remains of the mound-builders' greatest works, magnificent cities.

Throughout the prairies dotted with little mounds, of which I have spoken, the debris of ancient structures would assign to no autocrat more than fifty acres. The space allotted to two abodes, the larger and smaller, as defined by the two hillocks, is not larger than ten acres. I could discover no



MOUND-BUILDERS' WATER-COOLERS.





THE IDOL.

marks of wells or cisterns, but have a water-cooler, indicative of the fact that there were no ice-houses in those primeval days.

The vessel is thirteen inches high, having on its surface raised figures of the shin-bones, and skeleton hands, four pairs of each. It is of grayish clay, and very thin and light. For many months this vessel was upon my desk. One day a weather-beaten sailor entered, asking for money that his hunger might be appeased. His attention was suddenly arrested by the urn dug from a grave near Osceola, Arkansas. He examined it closely, and was amazed, as he said, that I should have here on the banks of the Mississippi the water-cooler of a Malay Islander. The burly sailor explained that the urn was suspended by straps passed through the openings in the rim below, in the open air, beneath a lateen-sail, on a hot summer day, and that evaporation through the thin porous clay was so rapid that water in the urn was almost frozen. I applied the test of utility, and found the sailor's story veracious. The urn was an excellent water-cooler, and ice was quite needless on the plains and in the lowlands of Arkansas.

I have a more wonderful specimen of mound-builders' skill, which is shown in another engraving. I am very sure that this was imported, and even from Japan. Mr. Seward and other travelers have described Japanese idols of which this is a perfect reproduction. It was taken from a mound near Fulton, in Tennessee, a central seat, like Memphis, of mound-builders' wealth

and art and glory. The mound-builders' idol is of bronze, and the oldest specimen of this metal, without doubt, that exists on this continent. I do not assert it to be the product of mound-builders' workmanship. It is too artistic, too ornate, too perfect, and the face is purely Asiatic. There are several holes eaten through the hollow metal by canker, and several little angular points have been broken or worn off. How came this wonderfully perfect specimen of moulding in bronze in the lowlands of the Mississippi? Who bore it hither? It is no fraudulent device manufactured in Birmingham or Sheffield, and shipped to the Celestials as a "*joss*." It is unquestionably a genuine Japanese or Malacca god. How it came to Tennessee, and why it was deposited in a mound, at its very base, and by whom, are mysteries profounder than any that ever perplexed the brain of the credulous Father of History.

From this same mound a little earthen box, the lid fitting perfectly, was taken. Tell it not in the schools of Philadelphia, but this little box was half filled with pills, and beside it lay very quietly the skeleton of the victim. So thoroughly had the old mound-building patient been killed by the villainous drug that he became himself, at the very moment of his exposure to atmospheric action, an "impalpable powder." This box, with its contents, was sent to Cincinnati, that the pills might be analyzed. I never heard the result of the chemist's labors. I have a crucible taken from a grave. It contains glistening marks of molten metal, and was evidently much used. There are four projecting perforated handles, much worn by brass wires with which the crucible was suspended. I have, too, a beautifully shaped vessel from the same locality. It is glossy, smooth, and flat, having a long neck, and is surely a very curious piece of workmanship, very like pictures I have seen of Etruscan vessels taken from tombs in Italy older than Romulus and Remus.



VESSELS FROM THE MOUNDS.





THE MOUNDS EAST OF LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.

The broadest threshing-floor discovered is at the great mound near Osceola. To this reference has been made, and I recur to it because a memorable recital of facts interesting in this connection is given in the Bible. It will be remembered that David sinned, as stated in the eleventh chapter of Chronicles, in numbering the people, and a plague was sent upon Judæa, and David, as instructed by an angel, visited Ornan, or, as designated in the last chapter of II. Samuel, "Araunah the Jebusite," to buy his threshing-floor, whereon Araunah, alias Ornan, "was at the time threshing wheat." There is nothing marvelous in all this. There is nothing here discovered to connect the two peoples of the two worlds, Eastern and Western, with one another; and it is only remarkable that races, perhaps coeval, David living one thousand years before Christ, and both in the midst of mound-builders, should have these peculiar threshing-floors. There are none like these or of subsequent ages, and not often in the oldest books are they mentioned.

Even now I have before me heads of wheat grown on the eastern side of the Mississippi, within ten miles of Memphis, from grains taken from an ancient Egyptian sarcophagus, sent some years ago by the American consul at Alexandria to the Patent-office at Washington. The stalks and leaves are very like those of Indian corn, though smaller, and the heads or grain like that of sorghum or broom-corn. Strange but true it is that this very wheat, degenerate but perfect in all its incidents, still grows among the weeds and grass that cover mounds in the lowlands eighteen miles west of Memphis. How many centuries since these kindred products of Egyptian agriculture were separated, the one to move slowly, perhaps with nomadic tribes, around the globe, crossing Asia and the Pacific; and the other moving west, in our time, across the Atlan-

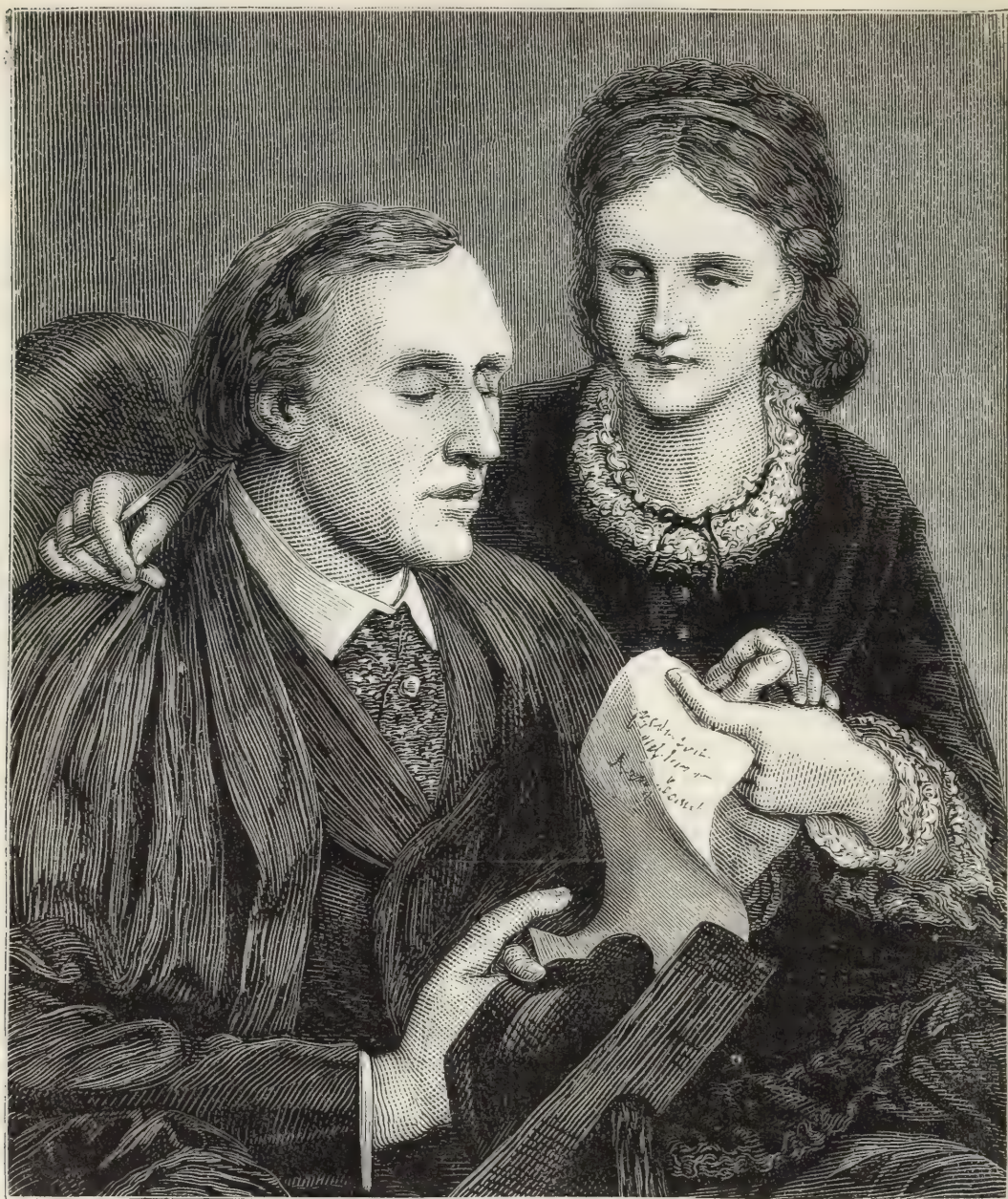
tic, and both growing green even here, in the year of our Lord 1873, beneath the shadows of another Memphis on the shores of another Nile? Collocate these curious facts, and observe that Araunah's threshing-floor covered the broad summit of Mount Moriah, and that this, of which I write, near Osceola, is of the area of ten acres, and then that the same peculiar grain grew beside both peculiar threshing-floors, and the deduction necessarily arises that the same race of people cultivated the same crops and garnered them in the same peculiar manner.

The mound to which reference has been already made, sixteen miles east of Little Rock, is perhaps the loftiest in America. Mound Lake is the excavation from which the earth was taken to construct the great tumulus. The sheet of water is three and a half miles long and a fourth of a mile in width. The property was owned and originally entered by General Jackson, who transferred it to the late Andrew Jackson Donelson. General Jackson was induced to visit the place because of the existence of these wonderful mounds. A broad deep ditch about them incloses an area of quite ninety acres. The loftier mound is about two hundred and fifty feet in height.

The larger of the two great mounds is conical, with many lofty forest trees growing on its sides. A grand old elm on the summit has towered above the rest for four hundred years. Eagles have an aerie in the topmost branches, whence they descend, like flashing bolts of light shot from the clouds, to wrest from birds that skim the lake's surface their quivering, glittering prey. The lake is a famous resort of fishermen, and was well stocked by some Izaak Walton who flourished in the age of mound-builders. A smaller mound hard by the greater is perfectly square; the altitude of the smaller monument is quite one hundred feet. The summit is flat, and an acre in area.



## PROFESSOR FAWCETT.



PROFESSOR FAWCETT AND HIS WIFE.

THE visitor to the House of Commons, waiting at the door of the Strangers' Gallery, and watching the members of Parliament as they file in by the main entrance, will no doubt have his eye particularly arrested by a tall, fair-haired young man, evidently blind, led up to the door by a youthful *petite* lady with sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks. She will reluctantly leave him at the door. The British Constitution would be quite upset were a woman to invade the floor of the House of Commons after the chaplain's incantation has been heard, even so far as to conduct her blind husband to his seat, so she has to consign him to a youth who stands waiting to lead the blind member to his place. As she turns away many a friendly face will smile, and many a pleasant word attend her as she trips lightly up the stairway leading to the Ladies' Cage, near the roof of the House. The whisper passes around, "One day, perhaps not far off, she will take her seat beside her husband, and remain there." And certain it is that when ladies have the suffrage, the first female member of Parliament will be the lady of whom I write—Mrs. Fawcett. Not one-half of the members of that body are so competent as she to think deeply and speak finely on matters of public policy, while not the daintiest live doll moving about London drawing-rooms surpasses her in the care of her household, her husband, and her child. The two whom I have mentioned are as well known figures as any who approach the sacred precincts



of the legislature. The policemen bow low as they pass; the crowd in the lobby make a path; the door-keeper, Mr. White, the most amiable Cerberus who ever guarded an entrance, utters his friendly welcome. The strangers ask who is that, and a dozen bystanders respond, "Professor Fawcett." No one can look upon him but he will see on his face the characters of courage, frankness, and intelligence. He is six feet two inches in height, very blonde, his light hair and complexion and his smooth beardless face giving him something of the air of a boy. His features are at once strongly marked and regular. He narrowly escaped being handsome, and his expression is very winning. His countenance is habitually serene, and no cloud or frown ever passes over it. His smile is gentle and winning. It is probable that no blind man has ever before been able to enter upon so important a political career as Professor Fawcett, who, yet under forty years of age, is the most influential of the independent Liberals in Parliament. From the moment that he took his seat in that body he has been able—and this is unusual—to command the close attention of the House. He has a clear fine voice, speaks with the utmost fluency, has none of the university intonation, and none of the hesitation or uneasy attitudes of the average Parliamentary speaker. He scorns all subterfuges, speaks honestly his whole mind, and comes to the point. At times he is eloquent, and he is always interesting. He is known to be a man of convictions. The usual English political theory that you need not prove a thing right in principle if you can show that it for the time works without disaster is one which Professor Fawcett ignores. He defends the right against the wrong, with little respect to consequences. He, Sir Charles Dilke, P. A. Taylor, and Auberon Herbert are intimate friends, and are looked upon as the four Irreconcilables of the House of Commons.

Professor Fawcett is the son of one of the landed gentry of England. He was a scholar of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he graduated with the highest mathematical honors in 1856. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar at the Middle Temple in 1862, but he could not proceed with his profession, owing to his blindness. It was by a sad accident that he lost his sight. He had just graduated at Cambridge, and all his blushing honors were thick upon him, and as fair a prospect in life as ever opened before a young man welcomed him, when he went out shooting with his father. As the latter was getting over a hedge, his gun was discharged accidentally, and part of the charge went into his son's face, putting out both eyes, but leaving him otherwise undisfigured. The father, who had

fondly looked forward to a distinguished career for his son, was almost inconsolable, and it was for a time feared he would not survive the event. I have heard from Professor Fawcett's intimate friends at Cambridge touching accounts of how the blind boy sat beside the father, who felt the affliction more keenly than himself, assuring him that the accident should make no difference whatever in the career to which they both had looked forward. "The accident," he would say, "did not happen until I had received at the university the basis of my education, and fortunately we have the means to secure aid from the eyes of others for practical needs. Rejoice with me that my health is unimpaired, my purpose still strong, and my spirit as cheerful as ever." He has lived to make good the hope he thus held out to his father. As, first, a Fellow of his college, and now Professor of Political Economy in his university, Henry Fawcett has acquired an influence among scholars unsurpassed in his own direction by any other living Englishman. John Stuart Mill, as I happen to know, esteemed the young professor as a leading thinker, while also loving him as a personal friend. No recent work on political economy has had a greater success than Professor Fawcett's *Manual*, which is now used by the students of many colleges. When I first visited Cambridge, more than nine years ago, Henry Fawcett was a Fellow of Trinity Hall, but he was as really a professor as any in the university. It was my good fortune to be his guest on that occasion, and I have never known any thing more like the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of one's fancies than the evenings passed in his rooms. After dinner many of the scholars assembled there, among them, it might be, one or two professors. Cigars were lit, and then every subject relating to politics and philosophy was discussed in a way which hardly left one reason to envy the assemblies of Pericles any thing but their Aspasia. Fawcett's mind has the instinct of leadership; it is able to bring out every thought in a circle of minds. He has also a rare humor, enriched by imagination, and has a large repertoire of good stories with which to enliven his altogether extraordinary conversation. His marriage and his residence in London have not destroyed his influence at Cambridge, where he is always welcomed with a symposium of the old kind.

There have been many predictions that Fawcett is destined to be one day the Prime Minister of England. The remarkable talent which has brought him with unexampled rapidity to the position of a leader on the independent benches in Parliament—a position which may be fairly ascribed to him from the time John Bright left them for the ministerial benches—would naturally bear



him to any eminence whatever. But he is, perhaps, too independent, too critical, and too unbending in his radicalism to become a Prime Minister. Besides this, he has very peculiar views on many subjects upon which a great deal of popular prejudice exists, which may prevent his ever carrying the popular enthusiasm, and he has no idea of concealing these views, but advocates them openly whenever there is an opportunity. Among other things, he is an earnest Malthusian. I have just now had a conversation with him concerning pauperism and kindred matters in this country, which convinces me that he will certainly raise some day a very important agitation upon these questions. "We are," he said, "treating pauperism in the most ignorant manner in this country. We are actually encouraging it. We have here a system of out-door relief, so that if a man by indolence makes himself a pauper, he gets as much as an honest laborer, and without any corresponding inconvenience. He stays at home and receives his money. It is so throughout the kingdom, except in Ireland, and the consequence is that in Ireland—where, if a man have relief as a pauper, he must get it by entering the work-house—there are far fewer paupers than are found either in England or Scotland." On my expressing surprise at this, the professor adduced the statistics, which proved that there is not by a fifth as much government relief called for in Ireland as in Scotland, the relative figures being nearly the same between Ireland and England.

"We are also," said the professor, "encouraging profligacy by making a better provision for children abandoned by their parents than we make for the children of honest parents. The deserted child is placed out in a family that wishes a child; twelve shillings a week are given for its support, and additional sums for its clothing and education. I would not have such children left to perish, but I would have the provisions made for them attended by very severe penalties to the criminals who have abandoned them. The absence of any grave penalties in such cases encourages people to bring children into the world recklessly, without any prospect of providing for them and educating them. I fear that if we had free schools they would add to our difficulties in this direction. The state ought to enforce the education of every child, but it ought also to compel every parent to pay for it. I doubt if the same rule would apply to America, where the people admit more universally the absolute necessity of education, and are willing to pay for it; but here we are overwhelmed with population, and it is dangerous to add to the encouragement of its further increase even the consideration that the state will provide freely for the

child's education. But our provisions for out-door relief of paupers, and for the education of children without direct expense to their parents, do not represent the root of the evil in Great Britain. It is fast becoming an absolute necessity that we shall find some means of checking the increase of population in a country, like England, where no class is willing to emigrate. Ireland is relieved of surplus numbers by emigration; so also is Wales to some extent. Scotland sends her surplus in a considerable extent to England. But here we have no relief; we must face the question of the reckless begetting of children to an extent beyond the resources of the country to supply all with work or the means of subsistence."

The professor recognized the difficulty of legislation on so delicate a subject, especially amidst a people whose religion teaches them that it is a prime duty to "increase and multiply;" but he contended that when the first task—that of educating the country to see the evil—was accomplished, the ways and means of restricting the passions of the people in this direction would be found, as they had been found for restricting the excessive indulgence of other passions.

It is, of course, not my place here to discuss this Malthusian question, which is really an impossible one—almost an incomprehensible one—except in overpopulated countries like England, from which the masses can not be tempted to remove in any large numbers. But I am satisfied that it is to be a "burning question" in the future, and that no man who, like Professor Fawcett, takes the philosophical rather than the Philistine view of it is ever likely to become a Prime Minister of England. The professor will no doubt be qualified to fill that high office in a hundred years from now; but he is not sufficiently given to prophesying smooth things for the attainment of that position within any shorter period. And yet, as often as I have seen him standing forth in the House, so moderate in manner, so sturdy in principle, so clearly the representative of scholarly England, I have felt that there might come sooner than is expected the great day when this nation, sick of parties and partisans, shall call for such a man.

Professor Fawcett must be regarded as a type of "the coming liberal" as distinguished from the democrat of that familiar description which approaches demagogism. All men have faith in the fundamental honesty of the masses. The most rigid Tory, walking in a lonely place after midnight, may feel a qualm of apprehension if he discern a single individual approaching; but if there are a dozen, he will feel safe. He knows that security, so far as good intent is concerned, is with the many. That feeling is the basis of democracy. But who would venture to submit it to the vote of the first



twelve he should meet what shall be his creed or his conduct? They would send him at once to the Rev. Mr. Stiggins's or Mr. Chadband's chapel. It is significant that while we praise popular government, we despise the man who seeks popularity. We suspect masses, and look for benefit to the individuals who have emerged from them. The true liberal is more and more felt to be he who, while trusting the heart of the people, does not bow to their superstitions or their prejudices, and, while serving them, does not suffer their dictation as to the way in which the service shall be rendered. There appeared to me something purely statesmanlike in the course which Professor Fawcett recently pursued when his Parliamentary career appeared to have suffered a serious check. Gay and frivolous Brighton had chosen a more congenial representative than it had found in the earnest and vigorous thinker. But his presence was missed in the House of Commons even by his political antagonists. A vacancy having occurred in one of the large boroughs of London (Hackney), the Liberals of its constituency were entreated to nominate Professor Fawcett, and they did so; not, however, without trepidation, for the "conservative reaction" (so the great Beer Rebellion against Gladstone was euphemistically called) was showing itself every where, and the Liberals felt that the seat might be lost if their candidate should not concede a great deal to certain dominant popular prejudices.

Professor Fawcett, after his nomination, was met by two questions menacing to his prospect of success. One was that relating to the proposed opening of the public museums and art galleries of London to the people on Sunday afternoons. The professor regarded it as a religious oppression that while the working classes helped to support these institutions, they were virtually excluded from them by the fact that on the only day in which they are liberated from toil those treasuries of knowledge and art are closed. He saw the people on that one day which might be devoted to their culture having nothing open to them but their own dens, the churches, and the gin-palaces; and in the British Museum and the National Gallery he saw formidable rivals to the gin-shop, which now almost monopolizes the lower classes during the hours of Sunday. In these views he is sympathized with by the Dean of Westminster, Canon Kingsley, and a large number of the clergymen and ministers of London, two hundred of whom have recently petitioned Parliament to open this means of harmless and instructive Sunday enjoyment to the millions of London. Of course the Sabbatarian party opposing this is very strong, and the excitement has run particularly high in Hackney. Professor Fawcett met the question honestly and

bravely, and argued it fully. Nothing could induce him to conceal his views or evade the issue in any way, though the Sabbatarian party was one of the strongest elements among the Liberals themselves. Another question on which the professor had to withstand a very wide popular feeling was that relating to the restriction of the hours of labor for women and children. It is not often that one has to charge large masses of the working classes with a deliberate scheme of injustice or oppression. But I fear that under the terrible struggle for existence in this country the working-men have at length begun to show signs that their instincts have become impaired. From them appears to have proceeded a demand for a measure which, under the pretense of a desire to protect women and children from overwork by restricting the hours per day in which they can labor, can only result in rendering women unable to compete with men even in the few employments now open to them, and so crippling that sex still further in the struggle for life. The excess in the numbers of women over men in Great Britain is nearing a million. I need not point out that this momentous fact alone implies that many thousands of women have before them the alternatives of selling their time and work or selling themselves. The number of women who are dependent upon sharing such ordinary work of men as is legally open to their sex is not, however, alone to be estimated by the numerical preponderance alluded to. It is to be remembered that women are by law excluded from professions, and by custom from many of the most lucrative occupations—hair-dressing, tailoring, etc. Were the professions and the occupations referred to open, there would not be such a large pressure of the demand for employment by women upon the market of manual toil. It is undoubtedly the increase of that pressure which has induced the working-men to take this mean way of handicapping women in the competition, disabling them from selling their *time* on the same terms as man sells his. As women have no voice in the tribunal which is called upon to enact this measure, which betrays them with a kiss, it is as if a strong trade-union were empowered to legislate restrictions upon the work of a weak one. While I write the bill is before Parliament, and before this paper can see the light it will probably have passed its second reading. If it does, it will bring home to thousands in this country the fact that there is still some difference between a Tory and a Liberal government, and it will mean penury, ill health, and shame to innumerable women, who by it will find themselves beaten back from the means of honest livelihood, which hitherto has alone saved thousands of them from degradation and despair.



It is to be hoped that a large number of working-men have been really deceived by the superficial proposal of this venomous measure to protect women and children from overwork. If so, we may hope that even yet the plot of the strong against the weak may be defeated. If that shall be the case, it will be due to the quick eye of the blind statesman, who from the first detected the softly sheathed sting, and warned all honest men and women of the wound it would inflict. In his speeches during the Hackney canvass he so eloquently exposed the fraud of this treacherous cry about women and children, and so grandly denounced the infamy of a set of male trades and male councils and legislatures arranging to suit themselves the affairs of a sex, while rendering that sex powerless to speak or act in the matter, that he quite overbore the heavy force which had been brought against him among those very working-men and artisans on whose suffrages he was chiefly dependent for the recovery of a seat in the House of Commons.

This, as I say, appears to me pure statesmanship, and a presage of that true liberalism of a healthier era when the *popularis aura* shall not find its mere echo in the true friend of the people—one who can scathe its ignorance and folly while realizing any reality that may be at the heart of it. Professor Fawcett is the most radical man in Parliament in some regards, yet no man is less servile to the many, none more normal in the minority. One can well under-

stand that the aid of his wife in the revision of his *Political Economy*, which he has so gracefully acknowledged in the recent edition of that work, has been of equal importance to him in the masterly completeness with which he has dealt with such questions as that relating to female work. At any rate, the two are never divided in the homage of the large circle of their friends and admirers. Mr. Ford Madox Brown has recently painted for Sir Charles Dilke the portraits of the two. The work was one of the greatest difficulty even for an artist of Mr. Madox Brown's unquestionable genius, especially because it is the subtle play of expressions in Professor Fawcett's countenance which to those who know him compensates for the lost light of the eye. I fear that the absence of colors will prevent the reader from appreciating through the engraving on page 352 the wonderful extent to which in the original picture the artist has conquered the peculiar difficulties in the case. The picture, however, is too characteristic of the admirable artist and of those he has portrayed to be without value even apart from the vitality of its colors; and if the little sketch I have written shall have the good fortune to fall under eyes that can glow at thought of a right and true man, it may be that they can invest the gray outlines of the engraver and my poor sentences with the true realistic tints which belong to two of the most interesting and even picturesque figures of contemporary England.

## RAPE OF THE GAMP.

### CHAPTER XVII.

#### BITER BIT.

"SIT down," said Mr. Browne, when Frank came into his private office, quivering all over with rage. But the son's fury was at once calmed by the pale anguish of his father's face.

"I suppose," Mr. Browne said, "you have not yet heard that the offices of Baily, Blythe, and Baily are closed?"

Frank had not heard even a word in warning of such a catastrophe. But the blow was so sudden that he said nothing.

"Nor that your nice brother-in-law has squandered every penny of his wife's fortune, and left the country?"

Frank winced at this.

"And laid himself open to actions for conspiracy and fraud?"

"How so?" Frank asked.

But Mr. Browne went on with his grievous catechism. "Nor that the £500 which I had laid by for Hubert's outfit is gone?"

"Hang it!" Frank ejaculated, involuntarily. At this little outbreak a sickly smile

played for a moment over the father's face, but immediately gave place to the settled expression of pain.

"Nor," he continued—"nor that Blanche had no more right to the fortune which she has lost than I have to the crown jewels?"

"What matters that?" asked the son, savagely.

"Nor," his father went on—"nor that Janet holds her fortune, or the title to it, entirely on the sufferance of Bedford Lyte?"

Again Frank ground his white teeth together, and scowled in silence.

"In short," Mr. Browne resumed, gasping, "General Lyte, the captain's father, executed *two wills*, one faulty, the other perfect. The Baily's suppressed the latter testament, which was a *fac-simile* of the former, without a flaw, and allowed, or, I fear, encouraged, Captain Lyte to set aside the former, and to bequeath the fortune in which he had only a life-interest to your sisters. The suppressed will, leaving the whole fund to Bedford Lyte at his uncle's death, was kept by the Baily's, and offered only the other day to that young man for a



pecuniary consideration, to avert their ruin. Either in a fit of drunken spleen with the Bailys, or in some wild freak of generosity, the heir thrust that document, the title-deed of his fortune, into your brother-in-law's fire, and three adult witnesses saw it utterly destroyed."

"Hurrah!" cried Frank, feeling at the beginning of this revelation dismayed and discomfited, but suddenly by the last disclosure relieved of an insupportable weight of ignominy and distress.

"How do you know all this, Sir?" he asked, curious to ascertain the sources of his father's information, but knowing well that the astute old lawyer would not have accepted this marvelous tale on any thing short of absolute demonstration.

"How?" his father repeated, with severity. "Did I ever believe in Will-o'-the-wisps? Have I not always regretted that will of Captain Lyte's, and felt that it would have been better for my children to share and fare alike?"

"You have, Sir," replied Frank, anxious as far as his own emotion would permit not to aggravate his father's distress. "Yet you will admit that it is natural and proper for me to be able to refer to the evidence on which my belief in these strange events is to be founded."

"The papers will be found sorted and docketed in No. 7 of my private drawers, under the letter L," Mr. Browne replied. And Frank could not avoid a suspicion that his father spoke as if he were giving directions to be carried out in case of his unexpected death. "In the mean time you may as well read *this*. It is full of undesigned evidence of a valuable and singular character." And the father handed a bulky letter to the son, and sat listlessly thrumming on the table with his fingers, and staring vacantly at Frank's face, over which a succession of changes came and went as he read. The letter ran as follows:

"HONORED SIR,—Being an old servant, Joseph Foot by name, of Mr. Baily senior, and formerly not unknown to you, when I served the late Captain Lyte at Boxwood Villa, near Pedlington, I make bold to appeal to you for a just compensation, which I hesitate to ask of Mrs. George. In the year 1850, after serving Mr. Baily for four years as upper footman, or groom of the chambers, I married a young person as was lady's-maid to Miss Eleanor. Mr. George since done me the kindness to make me office messenger. But Mrs. Foot, she left me—"

(Here the editor of these memoirs omits some unpresentable matter, which, however, appeared to affect Frank's mind, as he perused it, with a sense of the horrible reality of that which his father had so abruptly

disclosed. Then the following passages occurred.)

"Mr. Bedford Lyte, honored Sir, is said to have abducted Miss Eleanor. Many a half sovereign Mr. Bedford have given me, if I do not make too bold. *He* never took Miss E. away, Sir. Mr. George, he put the letter that Mr. Bedford wrote from Basle in her way. He wrote for his money, honored Sir, that Mr. George used to draw for him from the India House. His own words was, 'Tell no one my address, and burn this when read. As my uncle has thought proper to drive me into solitude, I wish to be alone until I can cut out for myself a path through the hard rock, and make friends among those who, like myself, are traveling in desert places.' Mr. George threw the letter in the drawing-room fender, careless like. I was going to pick it up, when he tells me to mind my own business, and not pry into things which don't concern me. Which I had no mind for to do. But seeing that Mr. George was plotting like, I made bold to step up stairs between the courses and look at the letter. And when Miss Eleanor came up from dinner *she* saw Mr. Bedford's handwriting, and read the letter too. That is how she knew where Mr. Bedford was. She had not heard from him since he had the difference with the captain and went away. Mrs. Foot, as was lady's-maid to Miss Eleanor, can tell, and has often told me, honored Sir, when I saw her (and begged of her to leave that handsome villa and return to her humble home) that Miss Eleanor had been wild to know where Mr. Bedford had gone. She was to have been his wife, as no doubt *you* know, Sir; but when Mr. Bedford found out that she was not Miss Baily at all, he was too proud to marry her, being a real gentleman as he was. *We* knew all about it, Sir. *We* often asked Mrs. Gamidge (housekeeper) who Miss E. was. But Mrs. G. only said that Miss E. was three years old when she arrived in Russell Square, six months after her master's marriage, and that she seemed strange even with Mrs. Baily, though she was so like mistress that we all knew who was her mamma. Who her papa was *I* had my suspicion, honored Sir; but it did not become me to talk. How any person with a knowledge of fisionnomy can have thought Miss Eleanor Mr. George's sister is hard to tell. Next day, after reading that letter, when her papa (as she called him) and Mr. George was at the office, Miss E. drove off to the terminus with her trunk. Mrs. Foot was with her, and saw her take a through ticket to Basle, and came back without her, for Miss E. never came home again. And, honored Sir, you may hear the truth from the Dowager Lady Balbry, who lives at Myrtle Dell, near Cork.

"I make bold to put you in mind, honor-



ed Sir, that Mrs. Foot come back to me only a few days ago, with expensive habits, as certainly very handsome and elegant she is, but without the £250 which Mr. George promised to give her, and which it does not become me to ask of Mrs. George.

"And now I proceed. Last Thursday evening, only a few minutes after Mr. Lay and the junior clerks had left, Mr. Bedford he comes to our office—"

At these words Frank started, as if out of a horrid dream, and saw his father staring at him with those dull leaden eyes, and still thrumming listlessly on the table between them.

"That scoundrel in England!" exclaimed Frank.

"It seems so. Read on," said the old man.

"But who *was* Eleanor's father, then?" asked Frank.

"Captain Lyte."

"And her mother?"

"The lady who afterward became Mrs. Baily. Read on."

Frank uttered one long reflective whistle, and then returned to the letter, which proceeded thus:

"I did not recognize Mr. Bedford just at first, for the gas was turned out in the clerks' office, and there was only one lighted candle on Mr. George's table. He had a great beard too, and seemed older and more care-worn. Belike he had come from Germany, as he did once before three years since, to renew a mortgage, as I understood, or to pay some interest on it. But this time, I know, he came to redeem the mortgage on Miss Lyte's life. He had the thousand pounds in his hand. Perhaps you don't know, honored Sir, that he had borrowed that thousand pounds when he came of age, and had bought an annuity with it for a certain lady whose name is not mentioned now. Mr. George said, and put it in the deed (so the law stationer told me), that Mr. Green lent the money. *Mr. Green!* There was no such person. It was a dummy that Mr. George and his father used to pretend to be a live person, to do things which they didn't hardly like to do of themselves.

"Well, when poor Mr. Bedford brought out his thousand pounds, which I dare say he had worked hard enough and stinted himself to save, Mr. George said he was very sorry, but *Mr. Green had foreclosed* a week before. Then Mr. Bedford he caught Mr. George by the neckerchief, and shook him this way and that till all Mr. George's arms and legs was flying about the office anyhow. I never seed such capers cut in my born days, honored Sir. A-gasping and a-choking and a-spluttering, Mr. George gurgled out, 'I-I-I could no-no-not help it. Phe-phe-phe-phe-elps let me sup-pup-pup-pose you were in German-erman-erman-ee.' And I did think Mr. George would never have got Germany

out of his mouth without choking. Then Mr. Bedford left off for a moment, but directly Mr. George began again to say, 'Gre-gre-gre-gre,' Mr. Bedford shook him again, and hurled him into the corner, where he tumbled over his own chair, and lay in a most ridiculous posture.

"Old Mr. Baily, honored Sir, hearing the noise—as well he might, for it was like two chimney-pots a-tumbling down stairs—opens the double doors between his room and Mr. George's, and seeing Mr. Bedford (looking awful, and shouting out 'Liar!' to Mr. George), slips back as nimble as nimble, and locks both doors again, and pops his head out of window, and calls 'Police! police!' And in less than a minute up comes a policeman and a commissioner.

"Mr. George—I will say he is good in a difficulty—had picked himself and his chair up, and was sitting on it. 'Oh, policeman,' he says, 'and you, Edwards' (that is the commissioner), 'just be good enough to step into the outer office and sit down for a few minutes. I wish you presently to witness a signature for my client here, as the clerks are gone home.' The policeman looks suspiciously at Mr. Bedford, who stood terrible on the hearth-rug, while Mr. George's hair and his collar and tie was all askew. But out they goes. And I staid inside the door to protect Mr. George, honored Sir, for I did think Mr. Bedford might kill him, as you know he killed some one else whose name is not mentioned now.

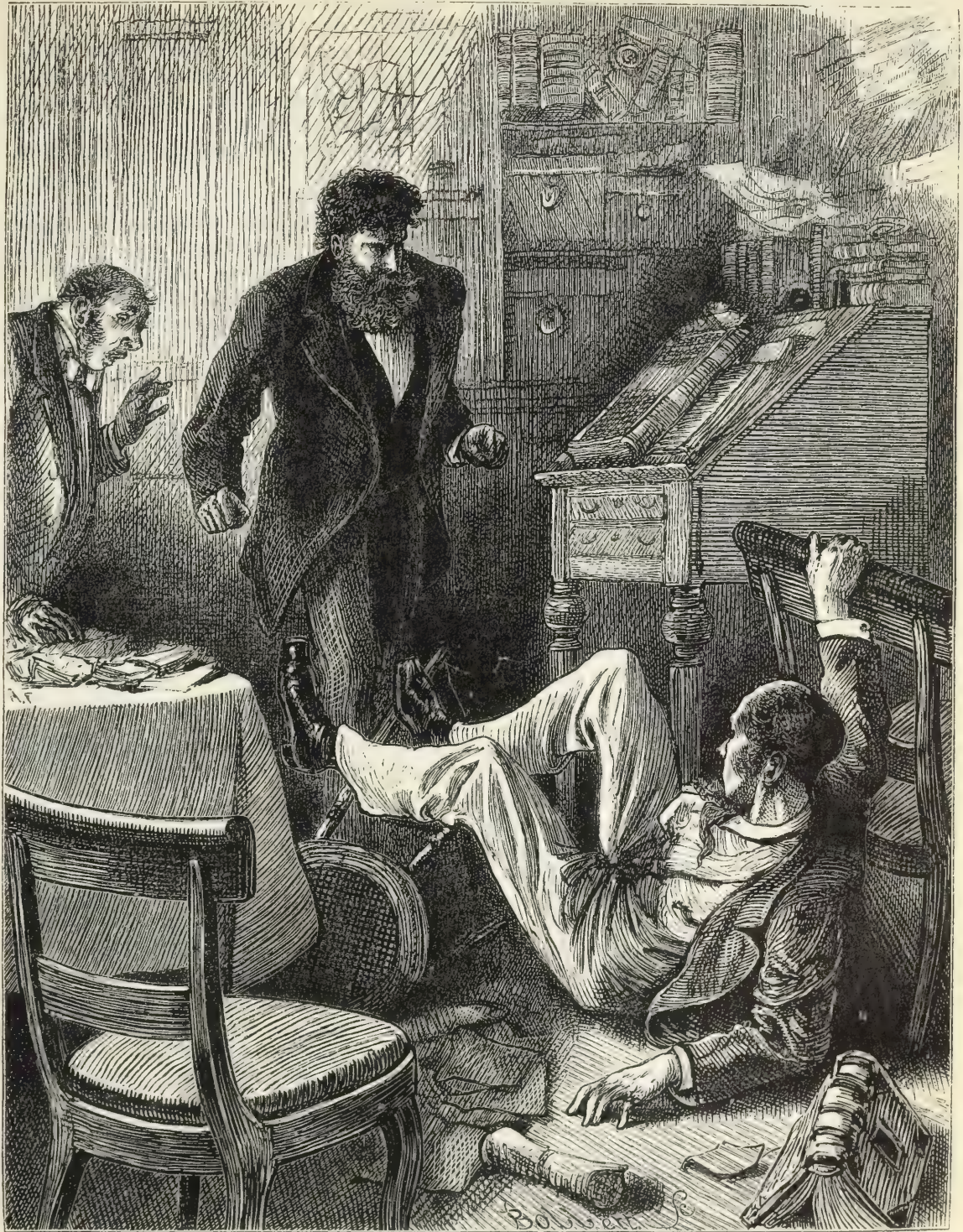
"Then Mr. George begins speaking very low. 'Give me your I O U for two thousand pounds, or give me that thousand down and your I O U for another thousand, and Janet Browne's fortune shall be yours as soon as you can prove a will.'

"'How?' exclaims Mr. Bedford, staring at him, and looking amazed, but not at all pleasant.

"Then Mr. George tells him that his grandfather, the general, executed a second will because the first was faulty; that the will which Captain Lyte had set aside (thinking it the only one) was waste paper, and that the captain's will was worse than waste paper, as the general's last will and testament, perfect, and signed and witnessed all in due form, was now in a drawer in old Mr. Baily's eseritory, and should be produced and proved at once if Mr. Bedford would just hand over that thousand and the I O U. The will, he said, was the same, word for word, as the one set aside, and left him (Mr. Bedford) sole heir to the whole property if his uncle should die without legal issue, as he had done.

"I was surprised, honored Sir, to hear that two young ladies so much thought of and admired as Mrs. George Baily and Miss Janet Browne might lose their fortunes with a stroke of Mr. Bedford's pen. But Mr. George he quite thought Mr. Bedford





"MR. BEDFORD SHOOK HIM AGAIN, AND HURLED HIM INTO THE CORNER."

would give in, and looks him hard in the face, as bold as brass.

"Mr. Bedford also looks hard at him, and seems to be puzzled for a while; and I didn't know which way he was going to decide. Presently he speaks very slow and deliberate, as if he was reading out of a book.

"In short," he says, "you kept a worthless document for my uncle to set aside, and so play into your hands, and a valid one for me to avail myself of, and so play into your hands, at the expense of his innocent legatees."

"And how about my interest in my wife's fortune?" asks Mr. George.

"I can just see far enough into your mean rascality," Mr. Bedford answers, "to feel sure that you have spent all *that* before making me this iniquitous offer; or else that you have some private information which makes you think it impossible to keep the secret of the second will any longer. But you say that document is in the next room. Let me see it before I decide."

"Then Mr. George gets up briskly and gives the usual three knocks at Mr. Baily's door, and, after a few whispered words be-



tween them two, old Mr. Baily, trembling from head to foot, comes in with the open deed in his hand, and, keeping pretty near his own door, hands it to Mr. George, who hands it over to Mr. Bedford. He glanced rapidly down every page of it, and groaned aloud when he came to the general's signature at the end. Then he says, 'You two gentlemen have robbed (excuse me, I mean deprived) my grandfather in his grave of his bequest to me, and my uncle of his honor on the verge of the grave. I, too, have done you a wrong, which doubtless you have found it hard to forgive. Now, at last, let us make some atonement, and wrong no one else.'

"Then Mr. Bedford with his own hand and foot thrust the deed, the general's will, which was a fortune to him, into the fire, while old Mr. Baily and Mr. George too seemed so surprised that they only stood and stared at him. The dull fire kindled up and burned the deed, and lit up Mr. Bedford's face a-stooping over it. And it was like the face of Michael the Archangel in the picture at the National Gallery.

"Then he was going, without another word or a look at Mr. George or the old gentleman. But catching my eye, and remembering all of a sudden who I was, he put his hand on me kindly and said, 'What, Foot! *you* here!' because, you know, Sir, I was in the house, not in the office, when Miss Eleanor was at home. So he puts his hand on my arm—an awful hand to get hit by, but quite kind—and he looks hard at me and says, 'What, Foot! are *you* honest yet?' 'I hope so, Sir,' I replies, not quite comfortable in my mind on account of Mrs. Foot and Mr. George. Then he gives me a pound. Nothing won't tie up *his* purse as long as there's a pound in it. And off he walks, jerking open the door suddenly, and, I suspect, finding the policeman pretty close to it; for I heard him laugh and say, 'Quite a cammer-obscura, isn't it, policeman?' meaning as they was in the dark outer office peeping through the key-hole at us that had the fire-light, such as it was, and the candle in Mr. George's room.

"That is all, honored Sir. I shall not open my mouth about the will that Mr. Bedford burned; and I hope you will make me the compensation Mr. George promised for the wrong he done me.

"Your humble servant,  
"JOSEPH FOOT."

"A strange story! Is it true?" said Frank. Mr. Browne only nodded.

"We must shut this fellow's mouth," Frank urged.

Again Mr. Browne nodded, with a sickly smile.

"It would never do to let Blanche hear this blackguard's story, after being robbed of her fortune and deserted."

Still his father continued to smile in a horrible manner.

"There's one drop of consolation in it all," insisted Frank: "between them all, they have managed to make a beggar of that mad devil, Bedford Lyte."

Mr. Browne, still smiling, only gasped, with livid lips.

Meanwhile the ladies were sitting silent and depressed in the drawing-room. The day of "peace on earth and good-will toward men" had ended in dissension, dispute, and angry feeling, hardly allayed and ill suppressed, when slowly but simultaneously a sense of something horrible crept over them all.

Staggering, confused footsteps came up the stairs, paused at the top, then passed the drawing-room door, with one dull thump against the panel.

Repressing a sudden faintness, Mrs. Browne hurried out. The girls flocked after her.

The Robber at the head, Frank and Albert at the feet, bore a rigid form along the passage. It was the body of a man, stretched upon a shutter. They opened a door at the end of the passage, entered the chamber, and laid it on the bed.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### ORIANA.

It was the second morning after Christmas-day, the weather still clear and keen, the air bracing, slumbering Nature smiling in her frosty robe of sparkling silver, like an expectant bride, confident of the coming spring. The Parliamentary train, which faced the rising sun as it sped out of London through the hills and dales of many-featured Kent, bore Mr. Lane, among other toilers, in a third-class carriage, or "rolling pen," as Frank Browne denominated that style of conveyance. The school-master was not above the society of his fellow-workmen, and though free enough with his shillings, and his sovereigns too, for that matter, as Joseph Foot had implied, grudged the additional fare for the mere temporary use of a padded seat in a first-class carriage. When Frank caused his valuable person to be transported from one section of the country to another, you would have taken him for a Russian magnate or the heir to an English dukedom, so provident and tasteful were his traveling appointments, and so ambrosial his person. He carried vaguely about him the air of having left his mail phaeton with a groom and valet to follow by the ordinary train, he himself always traveling "express." You could almost fancy the hypothetical groom and valet—that is to say, Valet and Groom



—traveling first class, ordinary, and tipping the guard a splendid shilling to connive at their Havana cigars. Yet all such creations would have been airy and unsubstantial; and Frank was invariably voyaging at the expense of a client. But Mr. Lane traveled third class by the Parliamentary train, reading a dog's-eared Tauchnitz novel, and smoking a cracked china pipe, and drinking a glass of stale beer with an artillery-man at the Rochester station.

He was hurrying back to Pedlington, having at his "Retreat" in London, which was only an attic in the parsonage of a city rector, received an important letter from Frank, and considering that it required immediate attention. It had also been agreed upon between Mr. Lane and his spiritual adviser that he should visit Miss Lyte once more before that lady left Mr. Browne's house, and that incidentally he should behave in such a way to a certain young lady as to convince her that he could not by any but the most remote possibility become a suitor for her hand.

When speaking of the gentleman's spiritual adviser we allude to the new rector of Pedlington, not to the London divine with whom Mr. Lane had been sojourning. Yet we may be tolerably sure that whatever counsel he had received in the former place would not have been weakened or impaired during his brief absence. Having given in his adhesion to the advice concerning his behavior to Janet Browne, he had hit upon a grim and savage way of executing it—one suited to his humor. Nor was he sorry of the excuse for acting upon it rapidly, lest perchance his resolution might fail, though his friends wisely considered that a little absence and delay would soften the incidence of the blow, and cause the dealing of it to be less difficult. Their wisdom was *caviare* to Mr. Lane. He fumed and raved at all procrastination.

The absence of his ancient and constant companion in rain and sunshine had been sincerely deplored by Mr. Lane, and (previous to that strange Sunday evening's interview with Janet, when in her girlish petulance she had provoked him to ask for it) had seriously puzzled him. Once since then he had asked Hubert whether it happened to be lying about any where at his father's house, but had begged him not to mention it to others, as the matter was wholly unimportant. Janet had surprised her brother hunting for it in the rack and in the wash-house, where wet umbrellas, left to dry, were sometimes forgotten. Knowing well what was the object of his search, she yet asked him, with a clear innocent face, and he told her it was the great gamp, the loss of which had caused his friend to suffer from rheumatism in the shoulder and neuralgia in the face and neck. Janet ran up

to her room and cried, but not before Hubert had seen the generous blush with which she turned away. "And didn't she blush when I told her you had caught the rheumatism from getting wet? that's all!" explained the pupil, adding, "I suppose she was thinking of that day when we first met on the river, and all the chaff there was about it;" for he had no suspicion where the instrument in question was concealed. But Janet clung tenaciously to her purpose and the gamp, and Mr. Lane said no more about it. After that time he knew that she was keeping his former retainer in mysterious durance, and felt that such a proceeding on the part of a young lady was, to say the least of it, unique and noticeable. Moreover, this secret, lying perdu, so to speak, between these two persons of opposite sexes, had caused a dangerous and mysterious sympathy, or *rapport*, to grow up between them. And upon the whole I should recommend any young lady of my family or acquaintance *not* to conceal a gentleman's umbrella surreptitiously, lest the owner should prove to be a man less chivalrous and gentle than Mr. Lane. Some inexperienced young gentlemen have been known to become quite confident and foolishly elated at a similar trespass of conventional limits by fair experimentalists.

The train deposited our wayfarer on the Pedlington platform at half past eight in the morning, and he walked forthwith to the Rectory, reading Frank's letter for the twentieth time as he walked. He certainly did read that letter more often than necessity or prudence could have required; and had Mr. Lane been a coxcomb, the sweet that was in it might have drowned the bitter. But, as it was, the cup contained a bitter draught, though still there was sweetness in it, and he drank it and drained it dry. Let us read it over his shoulder as he walks and reads.

"MY DEAR LANE" (it ran),—"It is very fortunate you did *not* dine with us to-day (Christmas-day, though it is now verging on 'to-morrow'), as I wanted you to do. For all of us except my father the day began well enough, but has ended most miserably for all. The morning post had brought my father the astounding news that Baily, Blythe, and Baily (Blanche's husband and father-in-law, you know) had failed. How or why we as yet have no notion. He kept the secret to himself till after dinner, and then only confided it, along with more disclosures of the strangest character, to me as his partner. But the strain had been too much for the old boy. Fortunately he had told me all first; then another attack of epilepsy came on, and nearly took him off. The worst (or nearly the worst) of it is that all Blanche's fortune is gone. Owing to some



most improper arrangement between Mr. Baily and the late Captain Lyte, only a mere song was settled upon poor Blanche, and that is all she has left. And the governor has lost the £500 which he had allowed them to invest for Hubert's benefit. I assure you I feel five years older already. Baily seems to have acted with incredible faithlessness, and what, I fear, we must consider deliberate villainy. It is a double blow to me; for you know I rather stand upon my estimate of character; and I always supported Baily (who, like Sappho, has had his detractors), and came down heavily upon that infernal rascal Bedford Lyte, who, I must admit, has lately made some atonement for his villainy.

"Miss Lyte also, you will be surprised to hear, thought proper to behave in the most unkind and unfriendly manner, fulfilling in our case the proverbial concurrence of misfortunes. She drank her precious nephew's health, and took his part to our faces: a fellow who, I think I told you, ran away with Blanche's sister-in-law, and left her to go to the dogs in some foreign country. He also casually murdered a baronet, a client of Mr. Baily's, who tried to rescue the poor girl. It happens that this nice young man, being a spendthrift, like most criminals, had mortgaged his reversionary interest in the old lady's life to Baily or some ally of his, and that the mortgage having expired, Baily foreclosed before the smash, which looks to me like 'biter bit.' The odd coincidence is that the fellow had the money all the time to redeem it, but neglected to do so till it was too late, trusting to the generosity of a man whom he had so injured and disgraced, and upon whom he committed a felonious assault when he found out his mistake.

"But now, my dear fellow, I want further to confide in you as a friend. You must see that we all have held you in more esteem than we do mere casual acquaintances, and that we have a sincere regard for you, which I flatter myself you reciprocate. I have this evening had a most extraordinary scene with Janet, who is going off to Pittsville with Miss Lyte in a day or two, and vows she will give up her fortune to this seducer and assassin when she comes of age. She chooses to believe a cock-and-a-bull story which Miss Lyte has most improperly told her, to the effect that Bedford Lyte (this nephew) was unjustly disinherited by his uncle. As if Captain Lyte could not do as he chose with his own money! And it does seem that the young man has voluntarily resigned some real or fictitious claim to this inheritance which Baily at the last moment offered to place at his disposal for a large sum of money. But no practical man or woman could attach any value to such a doubtful incident.

"At first I was savage with Janet; and

you will admit that the disclosures of the day have been calculated to ruffle a serene temper. But anger is thrown away upon her, and I resorted to reason. I asked her what she would do if she wanted to marry a man with no money, but with prospects and abilities, and whom her fortune might help on in life—in short, whom it might assist to achieve the very highest position. She said, and I believe she means it, that she would never marry any but one man in the whole world, now or at any future time, and that this particular (and peculiar) man would rather take her without money than with. You *must* guess, you *must know*, Lane, who that man is. No fellow with his eyes open could have been in your place and not suspected it. And I can confirm the suspicion, for I unfortunately put that very nonsense into her head myself. The truth is that I thought she was setting her heart upon a certain person, and told her that he would not marry a girl with money, because you had said as much, and I wanted to save her from laying up misery and disappointment for herself. But Janet is very deep and willful. She has held to her preference in spite of me. There is only one way of curing her of this folly about giving up her fortune, and only one man who can do it. It rests entirely with you. Come as soon as you can. When a thing must be done, it can not be done too soon.

"Ever yours,

F. B."

"Any thing wrong?" asked Key, after the first warmth of his greeting was over, and he had time to notice how depressed Mr. Lane looked. Then the latter told him of the calamities which had fallen upon his parishioners the Brownes.

"Sorry Christmas fare," said the divine, who had already heard by letter of the loss of Mr. Lane's reversionary interest, and also of the destruction of General Lyte's second and last will, which circumstance he trusted might be used to bring about a reconciliation between the Brownes and Miss Lyte's nephew. At the same time, he was in possession of information which had induced him to counsel Mr. Lane's temporary absence from Pedlington, and to persist in his present purpose of behaving to Janet Browne in a way wholly dissimilar to that suggested by her affectionate brother. Indeed, while Frank was urging Mr. Lane to claim that fair damsel as his bride, and to persuade her to retain her fortune, Mr. Key was relying upon that gentleman's promise to shake Janet's preference for him, which the ecclesiastic had not been slow to perceive. Moreover, he seemed to differ from her brother as to the most desirable destination for that portion of "the root of all evil" which had fallen to the young lady's lot.

"I wish we could get Janet into a con-



vent," the priest observed, with much relish of his own idea. "It is impossible to foresee the good that might be done with that £12,000. My college at Cambridge, the *Domus antiqua et religiosa*, as it was and ought still to be, was founded by a pious lady who lost her husband in a silly tournament on her wedding-day, and devoted her vast wealth to a better cause than matrimonial selfishness."

On hearing this remark it must be admitted that Mr. Lane, malgré his piety, experienced a slight access of that "cold chill" which Frank had complained of in Key's society. After refusing the meagre seductions of the divine's breakfast-table, the layman sallied forth on his melancholy errand, alone and disconsolate, promising to return and report progress of its fulfillment.

Little more than a week had elapsed since he had quitted the scene of his labors, but he felt as if years had transpired since last he trod these familiar pavements. The town itself looked old and quaint. The changes within him reflected themselves on the face of outward objects. For more than two years his life had flown evenly among these scenes. The current had been deep and swift, but unbroken. Now it seemed to have been suddenly checked, and, like a river turned aside, to be hurling itself against unknown obstacles.

The phantom of this young girl, whose fair dream he was going to dispel, had taken possession of the citadel within him—had, without his knowledge, and assuredly without his consent, seated itself on the throne of his affections, and assumed the regal sceptre. It had commenced its silent reign before he was aware of its intrusion. In one moment, as she stood before him in the tea-room on the evening of Mrs. Browne's party, he recognized the double of the tyrant which held sway within him. In that moment the exotic sentiment sprang up miraculously, assumed the stature and dignity of the master-passion, and cast the whole man, with all his noble attributes, into shadow. Gazing at a flower! He was dozing under the upas-tree, inhaling a delicious poison at every breath.

But it is one thing to be overthrown (if we may suddenly discard one metaphor and adopt another) and another thing to crawl out of the lists defeated. On behalf of the lady as well as himself Mr. Lane rose and renewed the strife. Who shall say whether the reasoning or the sensuous part of his nature predominates until he becomes involved in such a struggle as this? Who can predict which shall prevail? We may put out of the lists at once the victims of many little passions. They are incapable of understanding even the power of the master-passion. To them it can not by any possibility occur. This fiery trial is

reserved for the single-hearted, as if the strong man only were worthy of such a test. Of the other sex in such a case how shall a man write? Silently those sweet souls suffer, and often in their dole become so pure and holy that we can only wonder at them, and pay a higher tribute of admiration to the flower of womanhood than that which we lavished on the budding girl.

Mr. Lane honestly accepted the conditions of the strife. Imagination was not to be trusted. Reason was still at his disposal. He goaded it into activity, plotting sternly with himself as to the most effectual means of rendering himself distasteful to the girl he loved. He took certain words of Frank's letter literally: "There is only one way of curing her of this folly. It rests entirely with you." But by "this folly" Frank meant the giving up her fortune. Mr. Lane, who knew another way of preventing *that*, meant the taking to her heart a baneful love. And the cure to which Frank alluded was a very different process to that which Mr. Lane in his integrity contemplated.

Albert met him in the hall with a melancholy voice and visage. "Good-morning, Mr. Lane," he said. "How do you do? It is an age since we saw you last. Do you mind walking in here?" And so saying, opened the dining-room door, which was at the foot of the stairs.

But the visitor turned upon him rudely, and walked to the umbrella stand, saying, in a loud voice, "Is my gamp here—a large green one, with a yellow stick?"

"Oh, hush!" whispered poor Albert, tremulously, for he had left the dining-room door open, and Janet was within. "Haven't you—ahem! that is, has it not been returned to you? I remember it perfectly well."

"No, it has not," replied Mr. Lane, emphatically. "Do you think *you* could find it for me, to take away presently?"

"Oh, certainly," Albert acquiesced, performing imaginary manual ablutions, and in great mental trepidation—"certainly; I will make a point of finding it. It shall be placed in the stand."

"Thank you," said the visitor. But the tone of voice in which it was said and the fixed look which accompanied it approached nearer to a threat than an expression of gratitude. Then he entered the dining-room, and found Nelly and Janet, one seated on each side of the fire. Shaking hands with them in a cold and abstracted manner, he asked after Mr. Browne, and then after Mrs. George Baily, saying that he had heard from Frank, who had given him some slight sketch of the calamities which had befallen them.

"But papa is already a little better," said Janet; "and if he continues to improve, mamma is to take him to Dover next week:



he rallied there so wonderfully after his last attack."

"But who else do you think is going away?" asked Nelly.

"Who?" Mr. Lane inquired.

"Janet," cried Nelly, evidently thinking the announcement would stagger the gentleman; "Janet! She will persist in going away with Miss Lyte, when we are all so unhappy and want her so much at home. Is it not unkind of her?"

Janet was somewhat taken aback by this, and suddenly hoped Mr. Lane would expostulate with her on such an intention; for she had only thought of going to put an end to the dissension which had arisen about her inheritance, and perhaps to exhibit or manifest her indifference at Mr. Lane's protracted absence. But her heart melted at his presence, and she would gladly have capitulated at his first offer of a parley.

But what had come to Mr. Lane? He had not been inside their doors nor exchanged a word with any of them for three weeks; and yet now he seemed to ignore Janet's very existence. She was going away, so Nelly said, and he only made answer, "I shall be here for another fortnight. Perhaps I may come in sometimes *when they are gone*. I am such an old friend, you know." And turning to Nelly, with a sad smile, he went on: "I feel as if I were more welcome in a house of mourning than a house of joy."

He stood on the hearth-rug with his back to the fire, between the two sisters, and stared vacantly at the portrait of some ancestral Browne above the sideboard at the opposite end of the room. Janet had not caught a word of what was said outside, owing to the size of the hall and the length of the dining-room; she was consequently quite unprepared for Mr. Lane's altered manner, which was particularly galling and humiliating to her proud spirit.

"I don't," she blurted out, in rejoinder to his last words; "I don't. I am no use in a house of mourning, because I never think about any one but myself. Trouble only makes me angry."

Morbidly exaggerated as this was, there was a dash of desperate and truthful satire in it which ought to have called for deprecation and soothing from any gallant man. But there stood this grim Eliphaz between the two gentle girls, giving little comfort to either.

"Oh, *don't* believe her, Mr. Lane," urged Nelly. To which he only answered, mechanically, "People who let trouble make them angry are better out of the way of it."

Nelly was aghast. She could not tell what to make of it, and began in a confused and tumultuous sort of way to think that she must have been mistaken all along in this man, who proved so harsh and odious at such a moment. Janet cowered in the

large old-fashioned arm-chair, biting her lips and hardly repressing tears of anger and humiliation. Was this the requital of love—"young love, first-born, and heir to all?"

A servant came in and said Miss Lyte would like to speak a few words with Mr. Lane in the drawing-room. When he had followed the girl, Nelly came across and knelt down by Janet, taking her hand and stroking it gently.

"What does it mean, my pet?" she asked. "I *hate* him. He shall *not* come here when you are gone, with his grim, horrible old face, and his gamp!"

But Janet had thrown off her caressing hand as though it had been a serpent, and poor Nelly was on the horns of a sentimental dilemma. Seeing her distress, Janet brightened up with an effort, and took her hand back into favor. "Yes, he shall come," she said, "and you will have all the gentlemen to yourself, dear; for of course poor Blanche can not see any body. Perhaps *he* will make love to *you*: he never did to me."

"He is my brother," Nelly gravely responded. "At least I thought him so until this morning, because you love him."

"Don't be ridiculous, Nelly," the poor girl replied, but scarcely able to say it for the irrepressible sob.

"Oh yes, you do, dear," Nelly went on: "I have a heart, though you think I haven't. I can tell true love when I see it, at least in one of us. And I did think the Tulip loved you, though he is so absurdly grave about it. But now I do not know what to think of him. I suppose he is like the rest of the men, and wants money, and that Frank has told him you intend to give away your fortune without your hand."

Again Nelly's hand was flung away like a venomous reptile. "What did I tell you about *the* Black Tulip, the flower?" she asked.

"Oh, there's only *ONE*, of course—only one in the world!" replied Nelly, again taking the recalcitrant hand and stroking it. "But, for that matter, dear, there is only one Bachelor's-Button, you know; and I know *he* won't have poor *me* because Captain Lyte left me out of his will." "The Bachelor's-Button" was the botanical title of Mr. Perkins, Nelly's favorite admirer at that time, and a wealthy young man, being distantly connected with the brewing interest, but of a mercenary and unromantic disposition.

"Nonsense!" retorted Janet. "There are hundreds of bachelor's-buttons in the Sittington Woods. How dare you talk like that about Mr. Lane?"

"I thought, dear," this sly damsel replied, "that as you *don't* love him, I could say what I liked about him."

And Nelly went away to sit with her sister Blanche, thinking that perhaps it would be as well for Mr. Lane to find Janet alone.



when he returned from the drawing-room. For he would be sure to look into the dining-room again, she thought, before leaving the house.

Scarcely had she left the room when Albert came in, approached his sister nervously, and said, in a low voice, "*He* wants his umbrella."

"Did he say so to *you*?" asked Janet, again with that ball in her throat.

"Yes," Albert replied, softly. "He is vexed at something. I could see it in his eyes."

"He is angry with me," thought Janet—"with poor little me, though he is so kind to naughty boys. What have I done? I have taken Miss Lyte's part against my own family, and spoken up for that poor wicked young man because they are all so unjust to him. So would Mr. Lane take his part if he heard the whole story. And now they say I am running away from a house of sorrow. But they would only tease my life out because I am determined to give up a fortune to which I have no right, and which I don't want. What do I want of a fortune? *He* does not want the fortune, *nor me either*."

That suggestion of Nelly's found no place in Janet's mind. She was too noble to think ignobly of the man she loved.

Presently, seeing Albert still standing ruefully before her, and having her heart softened by grief, she said to him, "What is it that you want, you poor dear old Cipher?"

"*His umbrella*," Albert solemnly rejoins.

So she went slowly up stairs and into her chamber, opened the closet door, looked at her captive, released him, kissed his mended wounds, carried him slowly and tenderly down stairs, and placed him supine on the hall table, like a patient in a convalescent ward parting stolidly from his weeping nurse.

"Why should he hate me? What have I done?" she murmured, plaintively.

Then creeping up stairs again, more slowly, as far as the drawing-room door, she stood there for a few moments; with finger on her lip, hesitating. Did she know that her attitude was a charming *pose*, and herself an exquisite picture of courage tempered with feminine delicacy? I suppose not. Her hopes and fears and purposes and regrets were all too highly pitched, the tension of her mind too strong, for little feminine vanities to play their part. She paused with the mere delicate hesitancy of her age and sex at the thought of intrusion. But such was the temper of her mind and heart at that moment that, had the drawing-room been a powder magazine, and her movements inevitably productive of sparks, she would certainly have entered.

"I *will* see him; I *will* hear his voice again," she said, with a terrible conviction forcing itself upon her that she was about to do so for the last time. Then she opened

the door and walked in. It was the principal reception-room in her own father's house, yet she had no right to be there, and was evidently an intruder. Miss Lyte was sitting in a chair by the fire, and only looked up for an instant, taking no notice whatever of Janet. She felt that silent rebuff to be a heavy blow, but the pain of it was soon superseded by a more poignant agony. Mr. Lane was standing by the other side of the fire, with his back to the door, but plainly saw the reflection of Janet advancing toward him in the pier-glass. Neither did he pay her the least attention. At any other time he would have turned and acknowledged her presence at least with a courteous inclination. Now indeed she saw him and heard his voice again, for he went on with what he was saying to Miss Lyte: "You know I only effected that mortgage to buy *my wife* the annuity. And fortunately I would allow Bailly to have nothing to do with that. Smith pays *her* the annuity regularly, with the interest of her own two thousand pounds. The receipts in *her* own handwriting are sent to me twice every year."

He turned round. The fair, gentle, generous girl was standing within two paces of him. Would he say nothing to her, this hard, cruel man? Would he smite her thus, and leave her to stagger and fall under his coward blow? She looked into his face wildly for a little space. His eye met hers—that eye into which formerly she had seen the irresistible tenderness leap from the brimming fountains within. Now it glared at her with pitiless cruelty. Then half turning to the elder lady, he reiterated, "In *my wife's* handwriting, every January and July."

The stricken deer seeks a forest solitude to die in peace. And Janet thought if she could only reach her room without falling, there surely swift and utter desolation would stagnate the sources of her life, and insensibility would herald much-to-be-desired death. That she could any longer drag out the miserable filament of a human life she believed to be impossible. She thought that her mortal wound was already dealt, and only dreaded to die in agony under the hateful gaze of human eyes. Mechanically she turned, walked slowly and silently out of the room, and reached her chamber.

When she had gone, Miss Lyte spoke. "It is a severe blow to Janet," she said. "My heart bleeds for the sweet, gentle child. God grant I may soothe and comfort her, and that we may yet find some pathway through this tangled wilderness. In the mean time you have done what is right. We should always choose the least of two evils, and act promptly on our choice."

"You are right," he managed to say. But the blow which he had dealt had recoiled with such force that his knees now shook



under his own weight, and a giddiness and faintness fell upon him.

After a while he was going softly down stairs, entertaining a feeble purpose of stealing out of the house without confronting Frank. But that amiable person encountered him midway. "Oh, I am so glad you have come," he said. "Of course you have not seen Janet yet. I am just going to titivate. Come up to my room for a few minutes."

They ascended to the story above the drawing-room, and passing a door before they reached Frank's, Mr. Lane felt or thought to himself, "That is *her* door, and she is alone within." He had no certain knowledge of his victim's room, yet some inward monitor told him truly. That really was the scene of her innocent virgin hopes, of her hopeless mute despair. He passed in at the next doorway, and sat on Frank's bed while the Adonis laved and scented himself.

Frank resumed the talk over his toilet as if his letter to his friend had been spoken.

"A wild idea—madness! is it not?" he asked, looking round, and smiling between the ivory-backed brushes. "The idea of giving up her fortune—giving it to an Assassin!" That term of obloquy appeared to render some mysterious consolation to Frank under his recent trials and present difficulties. So he repeated it: "an Assassin." In his secret mind he believed the moral guilt of the perpetrator of the deed in question to be aggravated by the fact that his prey had been a member of the British aristocracy. But he wisely abstained from diverting Mr. Lane's attention to that abstruse question in casuistry. "I think a certain friend of mine will be able to cure Janet of that insane idea," he continued. "Love is a great physician. And common-sense, when prescribed by that practitioner, is more palatable than when a brother administers it. It is quite true, as my mother says, that the doctor and not the physic cures the patient. And then it's all moonshine talking about that Bedford Lyte being ill-used. The notion of ill-using an Assassin is too good! And pray why shouldn't you or I be allowed to leave our money (if we happened to have any) to a nice girl instead of to Dick Turpin? And why could not Captain Lyte leave his to his godchildren? And, what is more," pursued Frank, preparing to lubricate his gums with some aromatic paste, and supposing his queries to be satisfactorily answered—"what is more, he *did* happen to have some money, and *did* leave it to them, £12,500 to Blanche, and £12,500 to Janet."

Here Frank's monologue was temporarily interrupted by the gum paste, applied with a small sponge on the end of an ivory stick. After which he resumed:

"How that fellow Bailly can have squan-

dered all Blanche's fortune I can not think, nor, indeed, how Captain Lyte can have consented to leave the money so loosely. My father knew nothing about the captain's will, you know, till after his death, and Blanche had been married six months when he died. But, to say the least of it, the Bailys took an advantage of the old gentleman, and have behaved disgracefully throughout. Thank Heaven, Janet's twelve thou' is safe; and it shall not be thrown away or given to an Assassin if *we* can help it. And what I was foolish enough to say to her about you won't hold water. It was from no want of regard to you; but when I saw you so averse to marrying, and Janet getting so—you know what I mean—I tried to check her. I confess it. I didn't want her to sit 'like Patience on a monument smiling at Grief,' and all that sort of thing. But I failed. She stuck to you through thick and thin. And, let me tell you, Lane, though she's my own sister, that Janet is a very nice girl, and the sort of girl you won't pick up in every nasty little radical borough. And £12,500 in consols is a very snug little nest-egg. And the affections of a nice girl are not to be sneezed at because she has a little money. Is she to forfeit the love of an honest man because her godfather named her in his will? Besides which—*Hullo!* my dear fellow! What is the matter?"

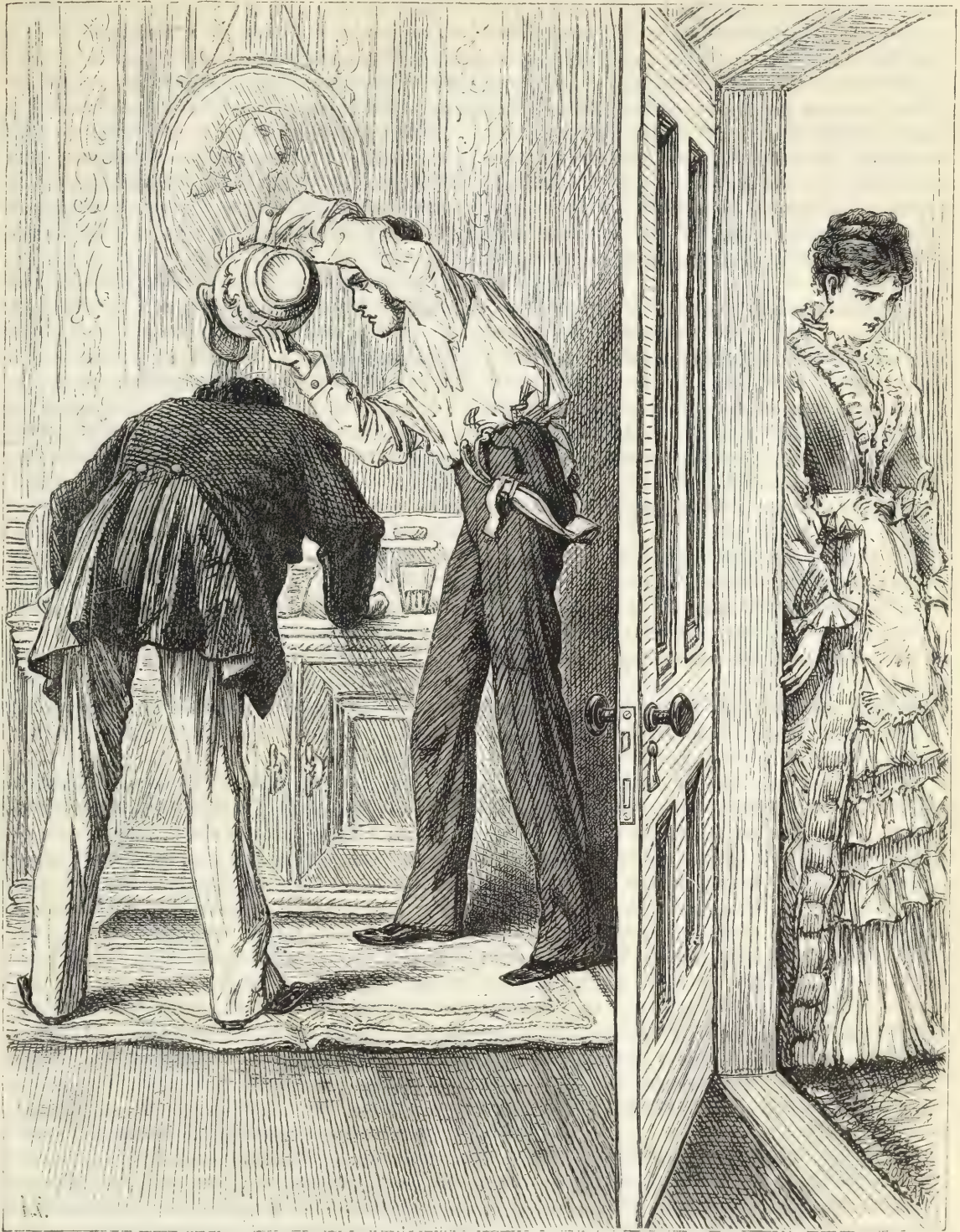
Mr. Lane's face was convulsed with twitches very alarming to contemplate. "Water!" he gasped, or croaked.

Frank handed him a tumbler of water slightly ensanguined with the cochineal gum paste. This he deliberately, but with a trembling hand, conveyed to the nape of his neck, and poured down his own back. Then staggering to the basin, and leaning over it, he said, "Pour on the back of my neck," which Frank obligingly did, wondering meanwhile at this sudden illness and its hydropathic treatment.

Mr. Lane now plunged his head into the large camp basin, and, after protracted immersions, stood up dripping. Frank threw a towel round his neck, and hopelessly applied other absorbents to his outward man, after which Mr. Lane spoke.

But before we listen to what he said, let us follow Janet with her dreadful news to the solitude of her chamber and the desolation of her heart. Half stunned at first, she felt the desolation growing and deepening upon her as sensibility returned. With a full consciousness and sense of her present misery, associations exquisitely painful, reviving ghosts of former joys, crowded about her heart. This humble apartment was the scene of all her sweet reveries. Here her conflict with Mr. Lane's stubborn indifference had been planned, here her gentle victory celebrated. On this very bed she had





“‘WATER!’ SHE HEARD MR. LANE GASP.”

sat at the return from the river the afternoon upon which she had first seen him. In that closet which served her as a wardrobe his retainer had been kept in affectionate durance. It had lain at her feet on the very spot which they now touched. How lightly she had stepped over it into bed! calling it the threshold of his heart, and other graceful similitudes. How heavily now her little feet drooped on the insensate floor! How hard and cold must that man's heart have been all the time when she was decking it in young love's flowery wreaths and posies! Not a tear rose to Jan-

et's eye, not a tender emotion as yet mingled with her grief. In her chastisement she could see no justice, no reason in the furious overthrow of her affections. She had chosen, as she thought, the noblest man, had loved him because he was good and god-like. She was tired of all that was morally mean and paltry around her, and had desired to worship some lofty ideal which would lift her into a purer region, where she might herself grow up to some nobler moral stature.

What sin had there been in her passion? what littleness, even, of which she might



accuse herself, and so find retributive justice in what had befallen her? Every one had held this man up for her admiration, her esteem. If she had venerated him, was it not because he seemed above them all in purity, in singleness of heart, in devotion, in truth? If she had loved him with a love in which, like the breath of a hot wind, her heart now seemed to wither, had not that love been the zephyr of her spring-time? Who and what had turned it to this scorching blast?

Had she wasted the breath of her affections, as many girls do, in fanning a succession of feeble sensuous fancies? Had she not, on the other hand, scrupulously cherished her maiden regard, reserving it till the man of glorious attributes appeared, and then (dazzled by no outward splendor, won by no vain allurements) given it to him without stint, without reserve, without exacting any return?

By no unmaidenly advances, no arts, no coquettings, had she sought to win his love, only by trying and praying that she might be worthy of it, by her beauty (if that might be), by modesty, by constancy, and singleness of purpose.

At this point in her reflections footsteps of two men passed Janet's door, and were lost in the next room to hers.

"And what has come of my two years' devotion?" she asked herself. "He strikes me down. HE. He says he has a wife, somewhere, put away. He has loved once and for all, and left loving before he ever saw me. What does it mean? Can it be true? Oh, why did he not come to *me*, to me alone, and tell me, and pity me? Then I could have borne it. He flung it at me like a stone, in the sight and hearing of another, without a word of pity, without a look of remorse. Hark! What is that?"

Frank's voice saying, in a high key, "Hullo! my dear fellow! What is the matter?"

She knew who "my dear fellow" was at once, without a moment's hesitation. She sprang to the door, opened it, and crept to the next door, which was slightly ajar.

"Water!" she heard Mr. Lane gasp. Then a pause. Then, "Pour on the back of my neck." Then a long splashing and trickling of water. After which she heard the voice which she still loved, somewhat altered, but still such that she could tell it among a thousand voices, saying,

"Frank, I must ask you to forgive me a great wrong which I have done to you and yours unknowingly; I beg of you to believe, unknowingly. My plea for your consideration, your pardon, is that I too suffer. I can not offer myself as Janet's husband, because—I have—a wife."

"Why didn't you tell me so before?" asked Frank.

And the voice went on, while Janet leaned against the door-post for support: "The story of my marriage is a horrible secret. I have felt obliged to conceal it, though now I see that in doing so I have done wrong."

"You must have seen that Janet liked you," urged Frank; and the frail form without shuddered against the friendly door-post. That she "*liked*" him! Conceive the adulation of her fervid young heart being called a "*liking*!"

"I had no eyes but for *her*," replied Mr. Lane. "My eyes were blinded by her beauty. I did not even see that I loved her. Do you understand, Frank? I love her." (Janet embraced the door-post tenderly.) "Only three weeks ago, on the night of your party, I found it out. Then I feared that she might return my love. Since then I have kept away until to-day. To-day I have said words which, if she *has* allowed herself to care for me, must indeed cure her of this disease."

"Told her you had a wife?" asked Frank.

"Yes; and in a way to make her loathe me as a coarse, base cur."

A long pause ensued, during which, in the painful stillness of the house, the beating of Janet's heart was so audible that she feared it would reveal her proximity to these two men.

Then Frank said: "This has taken me frightfully aback. But I am heartily sorry for you, Lane. I'm certain you are a good fellow, and would have made Janet a kind husband. I always knew you had some confounded secret. But you are so cold to women that I never suspected it was this. Of course you put your foot in it when you were young and foolish, and have grown wise since. I was annoyed at first; but I can find no fault with you at all. You have never humbugged Janet, or angled for her affection; and since you saw danger you have acted like a good fellow. Poor girl! It is very hard upon her. What she saw to like in you I confess I don't know; but that she *does* care for you I am certain. She will be very much cut up. And you mark my words: she will give up her fortune to that Assassin as sure as your name is Lane."

"I should scarcely think he'd be such a scamp as to take it," said Mr. Lane.

"Wouldn't he?" retorted Frank. "You don't know the fellow."

"Don't I?" thought Mr. Lane to himself.

"It's my impression," continued Frank, "that he would have assassinated his aunt to get her money if he had not lost his reversion of it."

Janet returned to her solitude with very different feelings from those which had possessed her a short while ago. Something warm again stirred at her heart. Was it infant love, or hope, or merely joy? She had thought it smitten to the death, and



with it all that was sweet and lovely in life had been enveloped in a funeral pall. But this vital principle had only been stunned or momentarily paralyzed with the crushing weight of sorrow which had fallen upon her. It must have been some generous seed which passed rapidly through its hour of decay, and now germinated in the kindly soil of her affections. What was that penetrating, life-renewing, sympathetic glow which pierced the darkness of the grave, shriveled up the envious cerement, and set the pulses of the heart throbbing and palpitating with new vitality, with a life which at once she knew to be eternal, undying, already strangling despair, like an infant Hercules in its cradle?

These questions she could not answer, although they chased each other with a myriad rainbow tints across the mysterious heaven which now vaulted all the former gloom, and swallowed up that former darkness in universal light. All was grand, splendid, incomprehensible, sublime! Welcome sorrow now, welcome trial, welcome suffering, self-abnegation, and hope deferred, if need be. She could bear all now. She dropped upon her knees and prayed for fortitude and continued light, that she might see the Hand that created her put forth to chastise her in love, and with a wisdom inscrutable but worthy of perfect child-like trust, that she might never again believe that she had fallen into the power of the Prince of Darkness, never again stumble so near to that awful fathomless abyss of doubt and dark despair.

She rose from her knees, after a long and fervid outpouring of her grateful heart, a gentle, submissive, trustful, loving woman. An hour before she was a vain girl, humiliated, crushed, angry, rebellious, and coquetting with despair.

Now she went again to her mirror, that glass wherein she was wont to hold counsel with herself, and to try to see herself with other people's eyes, to look at herself as it were from without.

She stood before it meekly, and saw her own beauty, and now for the first time recognized it as the gift of her Heavenly Father, and without any alloy of self-conceit or carnal vanity she thanked the Giver of all good for that little yet potent gift, from the fullness of her heart. Again, through all the shocks and pangs which she had so lately endured, a flash of intense pleasure forced its way upward and outward to her eyes and lips, and broke out in a sunny smile.

"His eyes were blinded by my beauty," she murmured to her own heart. "His dear, sad eyes! He loves me. He loves me."

Then she sighed, and again said: "His dear, sad eyes! He *must* not love me. I must not love him. But I will wait. I will never be untrue to him in life or death."

"Dear, sad eyes!" she murmured again; "they will be more sad now. I thought to make him happy *with my love*; instead of which I have taken his, and may not give him mine. But I will always be true to him. 'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.' O my love! my love!"

So crying she turned away from that tell-tale mirror, and flung herself prone upon her bed, and wept, and wept. Nor were those copious tears all bitter. When she sat up and rocked herself to and fro, hugging her sorrow, some of the pearly drops trickled into her little mouth, and they tasted very sweet.

When Mr. Lane reached the hall he found his *umbra* patiently reclining on the oak table. Resuming possession of this ancient property, he marched away dolefully, notwithstanding its repair, and the favorable interview which he had held with Miss Lyte.

"Well, how did it go off?" the parson inquired, on his return to the Rectory. Mr. Key, of course, was alluding to the important interview with Miss Lyte, which had sunk into quite a secondary place in Mr. Lane's estimation. The words, "How did it go off?" grated upon his highly wrought sympathy with Janet, of whom only he was thinking.

"It was fearful, horrible!" he replied, shuddering, and calling to mind the wild look of anguish with which Janet had appealed to him when those dreadful words were spoken.

"You surprise me," said Key. "I made sure that a woman of experience and judgment and Christian charity would take it well."

"Take it well!" rejoined Mr. Lane, fiercely. "Take it well! So she did. What did the poor girl do or say? Nothing. Nothing. But my brutal heavy hand had stricken her down. Key! Key! are you not human? Are you blind, man? I told her—told Janet—that I have a wife."

The priest was not aware *how* Mr. Lane had purposed to do the task assigned to him, although the secret of his school-fellow's early manhood had been fully confided to him. It was his habit to look more at ends than at the means by which they were to be attained, and it seemed to him well that Lane should have adopted this blunt and straightforward method. "It was a strong measure," he said, "but I think you have done what is right."

These were the very words Miss Lyte had used. How they jarred upon his finer sense of duty to one who had given him love, that priceless, that inestimable boon, the sweet odorous breath of a virgin flower, in return for which he had turned and trampled upon it! Right! What a righteous act to offer



to the powers above! Let us hope the anguish of his soul atoned in some little measure for the cruel wrong which he knew that he had done to avoid the risk of doing a still greater wrong to that innocent soul. He would not answer this ghostly approbation. Even a spiritual adviser can not gauge a lover's sensitive conscience, nor analyze the quality of his grief.

After a while he said, as if speaking in a dream: "She is going away in a day or two to spend a month with my aunt. There will be time for her wound to heal: eh, Key?"

"I think so," said the casuist, wishing to console his friend.

"You *don't* think so," retorted the penitent, with savage perversity. "It is cowardly, cold-blooded cruelty; and you know it. I struck her unmanly, foully."

There he paused for a few moments, and then cried aloud in his agony, "My love! my love!" unconsciously using the very words with which Janet had given vent to her own unconquerable passion.

The ecclesiastic was genuinely moved at this display; for he knew this man to be strong and resolute, unwont to be mastered by turbulent emotions. He waited till the great wave of passion had rolled by, and then said, gravely: "As God is my judge, and will hold me to account for any unnecessary suffering which I may cause His children, I believe that He will give her strength to bear this heavy affliction. And your own conscience tells you it was better to speak now."

But Mr. Lane had no patience or courtesy left. "Let conscience *go*, then," he exclaimed. "I've had too much of it. Let me feel like flesh and blood for once!"

For a few moments nature seemed to triumph in the expression of his face, which almost betokened the consummate abandonment of principle and all else to victorious love. But before this climax was reached a quick shudder convulsed his frame, like a movement in still water coming whence none can tell. Again the flinty aspect of introspective self-control darkened that wilder flash of passion, and Mr. Lane stood calm and strong.

The divine understood the conflict that was being waged within him, and respected it. For in a restricted and somewhat ruthless progress Mr. Key had occasionally paused to study the trial of feeling experienced by those who drift upon the sea of human passion, vainly trying to shape some course by two uncertain stars which they fondly call Moral Right and Abstract Truth.

"Never mind what I say, Key," Mr. Lane resumed, quietly. "I have a cross of the Malay in my blood, you know, and it will break out now and then. Besides, you know the tongue is an unruly member."

"But I *do* mind what you feel," the divine replied. "The battle is for the strong, my

friend, and the victor's crown of eternal laurel."

As soon as he was satisfied of his friend's recovered composure, Mr. Key asked several questions about the way in which Miss Lyte had received him, and the extent of her knowledge in his affairs. Mr. Lane satisfied his inquiries, and, indeed, had a most satisfactory report to make on this subject. Baily's dishonest behavior had shaken the lady's belief in his version of a certain old and grievous story, and only on this very morning she had received a letter from the Dowager Lady Balbry which disposed her to extend a greater lenience to her nephew than he had ever hoped to receive at the hands of man or woman in his proper and original person as Bedford Lyte. Of course the reader is aware by this time (if, indeed, the veil has not been transparent throughout) that Mr. Lane and Bedford Lyte are one and the same person; but it suits the exigencies of the story to retain the fictitious name which he has borne so long, and by which alone several of our *dramatis personæ* knew him to the end. He appeared, however, to derive little consolation from his relative's generosity. When a mortal and agonizing wound is rankling in the breast, the sufferer would almost rather receive stabs in other places than have his insignificant wounds dressed and bandaged. These small alleviations only seem to mock the greater malady which they are powerless to assail.

When this conversation was brought to a close Mr. Lane went away alone, much Key's disappointment, for the ecclesiastic had conceived a hearty friendship for the Assassin, and feared that Mr. Lane's purpose was to shut himself up and be alone with his sorrow.

This apprehension was warranted by the event, for the rector saw nothing of his parishioner during the next two days, and on the evening of the second old Ada came to him after even-song with a pitiful tale. "Master has a-shut hisself up with them dratted birds," she said, "and he won't let me nor Mr. Graves come a-nigh him, and he ain't had bite nor sup sin' he came back from London; and deary me, a-deary!"

Two high festivals of the Church! and a Christian man not take bite nor sup from St. John's morn till the day after the Holy Innocents!

The Reverend Cyprian was amazed.

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### TRUE FITNESS.

THE Fit is the Belonging—that which groweth  
From within outward; the soul's own raiment,  
Conforming nowise to an outward fashion;  
Her garb (it may be from the world's gaze hidden,  
Or sweetly be revealed to few hearts only),  
In which She stands in God's sight and the angels'  
Unshamed, though to profane eyes She were naked.



## THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE REPUBLIC.

[Fourth Paper.]

## MECHANICAL PROGRESS.—III.

OUR space will allow of scarcely more than a recapitulation of the remaining achievements which distinguish the present century. The subject of Printing, however, must be reserved for fuller treatment.

## ELEVATORS.

The *elevator*, as an ordinary apparatus in a hotel, business house, or building devoted to offices, is an American institution. The man-engine and the hoisting platform or cage have been for nearly a century the ordinary means of ascending mining shafts; the cage has more lately been introduced into factories to save the operators the labor of climbing, and now the winding apparatus has been much improved, the car luxuriously furnished and lighted, and safety devices introduced to prevent overwinding and to arrest descent if the rope breaks.

There are three principal forms: 1. That in which the winding drum is driven by a steam-engine, the rope passing over a pulley above the shaft, and thence downward to the suspended cage. 2. The hydraulic elevator, in which the water from the city main acts upon a ram with great force, and *fleets*, as the sailor might say, the blocks of a compound tackle, drawing upon the rope which passes over the sheaves at a rate proportioned to the number of sheaves involved. 3. The direct hydraulic lift; in this the platform is supported by a piston working in a cylinder into which water is admitted from the city main. This requires a piston as long above the lowest floor as the height to be lifted, and a well or cylinder as great a length below it. As the water runs into the cylinder it acts against the lower end of the piston, and when the platform is to be lowered, a faucet is opened, which allows the water to escape. It is safe, and is probably a French invention—the *Ascenseur Edoux*.

Besides these, there is a peculiarly American system of hoisting and storing grain, forming a prominent feature in the views of our sea-board and lake cities. An elevator-leg, as it is termed, reaches into the bin or well into which the wagons or cars have been discharged, or into the hold of the vessel. This leg is the extension device round which passes an endless belt with cups, each of which runs up full of grain and discharges into a hopper above, where the grain is weighed, and from whence it passes by spouts to the various bins. From these it is drawn, when reshipped, into cars or vessels.

In the American practice the grain is dis-

charged into the hopper of a weighing machine gauged exactly for one hundred bushels; by opening a valve the contents are sent by a spout to the bin, the valve closed, and the elevating process resumed. Seven thousand bushels an hour are thus weighed. An elevator at Milwaukee is 280 feet long and 80 feet wide. The total length of the great driving-belt, urged by a 200 horsepower engine, is 280 feet, that is, the half, extending from cellar to comb, is 140 feet, and the down half is of course equal to it. This belt is 36 inches wide and three-quarters of an inch thick, and is made of six plies or thicknesses of canvas, with sheets of India rubber laid between them. It drives nine receiving elevators, or belts set with buckets, each of which lifts the grain 140 feet. The buckets are made of thick tin bound with hoop-iron, and are well riveted to the belt at intervals of fourteen inches. They are 6 inches across the mouth, 18 inches long, and when full each contains a peck. They do not usually go up quite full, but, allowing for this, there are 100 pecks (25 bushels) loaded on one side of the belt whenever it is at work. If all nine are running at once, as is often the case, the quantity of wheat lifted on these swift-running belts is 225 bushels. The established weight of a bushel of No. 2 Milwaukee Spring is 55 pounds. This would make the total lift of the receiving elevators during the time they are at work over 12,000 pounds.

The bins into which this wheat is poured are of great size, being 60 feet deep, 20 wide, and 10 across, containing 12,000 cubic feet. The total receiving and storing capacity of this building is 1,500,000 bushels. Of the crop of 1869 it received 7,000,000 bushels.

In discharging into the lake grain vessels, as soon as a ship is moored beside an elevator the hatches are removed, and great spouts extended over them from the bottom of one of the bins described. The gate is raised, and a torrent of wheat pours down. The loading power of these spouts is 12,000 bushels an hour. A vessel with a capacity for 18,000 bushels may be loaded in an hour and a half. The Oswego and Ogdensburg schooners, and vessels destined for the Welland Canal, usually take from 12,000 to 20,000 bushels. The Buffalo vessels are larger, often receiving 30,000, and in a few cases 45,000 bushels.

No other mode of handling grain has ever been devised which affords such facilities for unloading, weighing, storing, loading, moving from one bin to another for examination or for ventilation. A hundred years ago the shovel, sack, and the hoisting chain,



or else the wheelbarrow, were the usual facilities of the grain merchant.

#### DOMESTIC MACHINERY.

*Domestic machinery* is not the least important of the features which characterize the present age.

The *sewing-machine* is an American invention of the last forty years. As was previously remarked of *reapers*, the European attempts at making machines to supersede the hand method served to exhibit the difficulty of the problem, but in no important degree to solve it. The shoe-sewing machine of Thomas Saint, patented in England in 1790, had a single thread, which was driven by a forked needle through a hole previously punched by an awl, and was then caught by a looper which held the loop so that it was entered by the needle and thread in their next descent, making a *crochet* stitch. The feed and the stitch-tightening movements were automatic.

The sewing-machine of Thimonnier, of Paris, was used in 1830 for making army clothing. Eighty of these machines, made of wood, were destroyed by a mob, which regarded them as an "invention of the enemy." They were afterward made of metal. Adams and Dodge, of Monkton, Vermont, in 1818, and more especially J. J. Greenough, of New York, in 1842, added improvements. Walter Hunt, 1832-35, made and sold lock-stitch sewing-machines, but neglected to pursue the business, which consequently attracted but little attention at the time. His extreme versatility prevented success; his inventions absorbed his time, and he seemingly had none left for securing the pecuniary results of his genius. He just missed, and by mere inattention, one of the grandest opportunities of the century. Elias Howe, with inferior inventive abilities, but with an adaptedness to follow out a single object persistently, and with business ability, reaped the field. The world, as we have had occasion to remark previously, thanks the man who gives an improvement into its hands. The name of Elias Howe is indissolubly associated with the success of the sewing-machine. This machine is no exception to the ordinary rule that an invention is a growth rather than an inspiration, and the discussion on the relative merits of inventors has been both voluminous and acrimonious. Examiners, commissioners, judges, each in their turn have found it a very knotty question how to apportion the respective credits. It is no small matter to conceive the need and apply one's mind to the intricacies of the problem. Then come the details. The original machine had a simple needle, and made a *running* stitch; next we see a machine which made a succession of loops, forming a *crochet* stitch; here the machine paused a while. A score of years was

passed in devising modes of feeding, continuous or intermitting, by various arrangements of parts. The greatest advance up to that time was the *lock* stitch, invented by Hunt, and made by passing a shuttle containing a lower thread through the loop of an upper thread carried down through the cloth by an eye-pointed needle. This was also the feature of the "Howe" machine. Following this were many improvements, variations, and nice adjustments, such as A. B. Wilson's four-motion feed and rotating looping-hook, the latter of which draws down the needle thread, and drops through it the spool containing the lower thread. There is no room here even to recite the prominent improvements. Finally, the machine is much indebted to the skill and enterprise of the mechanics and tradesmen in whose hands it has grown to the wonderful proportions it now exhibits. Without impugning the genius of the earlier inventors, it may still be said that the present proximate perfection of the machine is due to the men who took up the work where Howe left it.

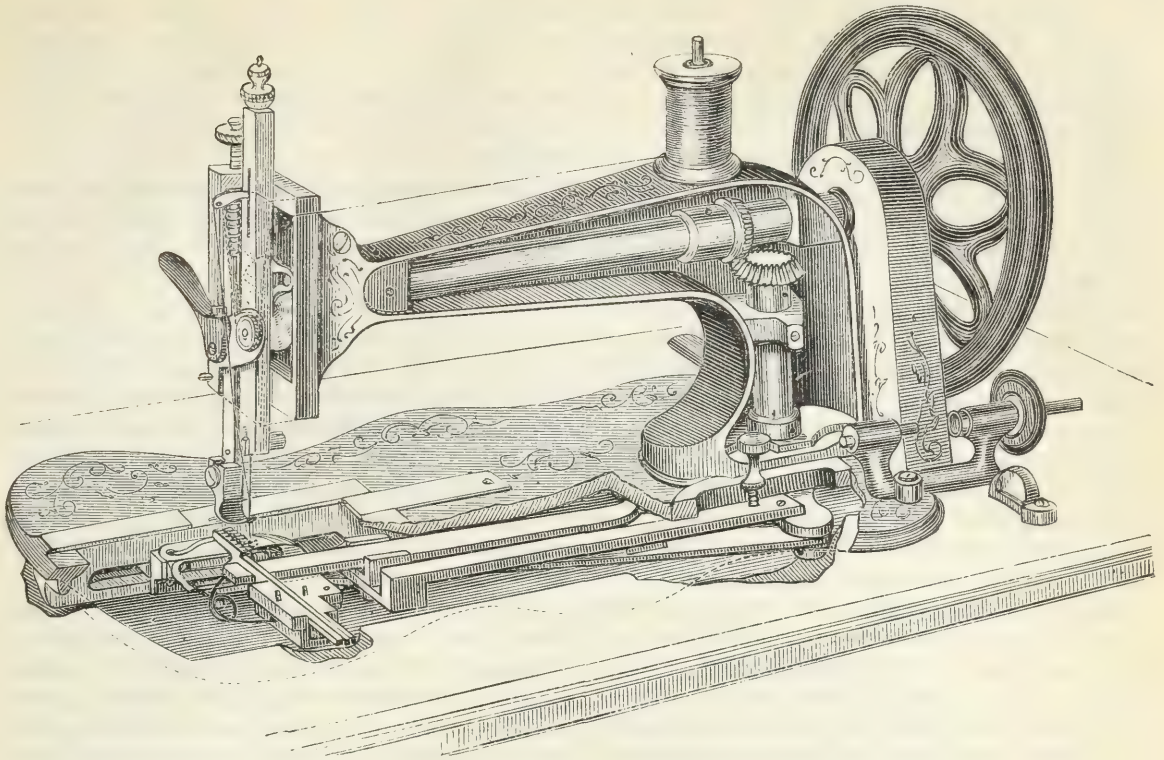
The original Howe machine had a curved eye-pointed needle attached to the end of a vibrating lever, and carrying the upper thread. The shuttle, carrying the lower thread between the needle and the upper thread, was driven in its race by means of two strikers carried on the ends of vibrating arms worked by two cams. The cloth was attached by pins on the edge of a thin steel rib called a *baster-plate*, which had holes engaged by the teeth of a small intermittingly moving pinion. This was the feed, and clumsy enough.

Space permits but one illustration, and the Singer is given as a representative machine. The well-known table and treadle are omitted, and the principal working parts only are shown. The motion derived from the treadle is imparted to the horizontal shafts, and communicated in two directions to the *needle bar* and to the *shuttle driver*. Various subsidiary movements occur which are tolerably familiar to our readers, and need not be explained at length.

About 2000 patents have been granted in the United States for sewing-machines: one improvement after another, until there seems to be no end to the devices. Some have reference to special parts, others are adaptations of the machine to new uses and materials to which it had not before been accustomed.

If required to point out three mechanical contrivances upon which the most extraordinary versatility of invention has been expended, the writer would most unhesitatingly instance the *harvester*, the *breech-loading fire-arm*, and the *sewing-machine*; each of these has thousands of patents, and each of them is the growth of the last forty years.





SINGER SEWING-MACHINE.

Although each of these was on trial, and to some extent a success, previous to 1850, yet it may be said, in general terms, that their celebrity and usefulness date from about that time. The Hussey and M'Cormick reapers were largely introduced to our countrymen by their success at the London World's Fair in 1851; the breech-loaders were forced upon an unwilling Ordnance Bureau by the exigencies of the late war, the demand of the public, and the stern determination of some civilians who were in authority; the first valuable working sewing-machine was the "Singer," made in the fall of 1850. Last year (1873) about 600,000 sewing-machines were made and sold; 232,444 of these were of the "Singer."

The security of patents has encouraged men of talent, capital, and enterprise to engage in the sewing-machine business, and as much as \$40,000,000 is now estimated to be employed in that manufacture. The retail prices of sewing-machines bear no proper relation to their cost, but the prices to the consumer result from the method of selling by means of a system of agencies and traveling canvassers, to the latter of whom so large a profit is allowed that they can afford to sell them on time, on trial, or on payment by installments. There are cheaper means, as with ordinary tools and articles of consumption and wear, of bringing the producer and consumer together; but in the sale of sewing-machines no substitute has been found for the personal solicitations of canvassers, who scour the country with their wagons, and receive for their pay one-half of the purchase price.

The organization of the corps of agents by the general agent absorbs another fifteen per cent., so that the manufacturer receives only about thirty-five per cent. of the price. This system will not last longer than the necessity for personal effort at the homes of the people; and when it becomes an established *want* in every family, as it is now an actual *need*, the price may be expected to come down to what will afford but a usual profit upon the capital and skill employed. The principal patents have already expired, and the business will soon be open to competition, when the best devised and constructed machines will be sold merely on their own merits, without the adventitious aids of exclusive rights to sustain prices.

The business of boot and shoe making has received a fillip from the introduction of machinery, enriching the manufacturers and cheapening the product. Without occupying room by even naming the machines which furnish the shoe factory, it may be stated that the M'Kay sewing-machine was the result of three years' mental labor and hand-work, and involved an expenditure of \$130,000 before a practical working machine was completed and put in operation in 1861. Since this time 225,000,000 pairs of boots and shoes have been made on these machines in the United States, besides many millions in England and on the continent of Europe. A very skillful operator has occasionally sewed as many as 900 pairs in a day of ten hours, and any good operator can easily sew from 500 to 600 pairs per day.

The *knitting-machine* is another form of iron-fingered curiosity, which will knit at



an unexampled rate, and with admirable evenness of tension. It is singular, too, the variety of stitch that may be made on the machine by certain peculiar dispositions and combinations of the needles.

We must not forget the *apple-parer*, which was quoted some thirty years since in England as the last comical vagary of the funny and awkward American cousin. A paring bee may be had without apple-parers, but it takes much longer to empty the apple baskets and fill the kettle with the quarters, which are stewed in boiled cider to make apple-butter for the winter pies and "sass." It was no chance thought or mere whim that set our folks to work. American patents for apple-parers were granted in 1803, 1809, 1810, and since that time about eighty patents have been granted for other implements for the same purpose.

Besides this we have for the cook and kitchen-maid the almond-peeler, pea and bean shellers, peach and cherry stoners, raisin-seeders, bread and cheese cutters, butter-workers, sausage grinders and stuffers, coffee-mills, corn-poppers, cream-freezers, dish-washers, egg-boilers, flour-sifters, flat-irons, knife-sharpeners, and lemon-squeezers. Then we have for the dairy-maid the milking-machines, milk-coolers, churns, cheese-presses, and a number of other aids to leisure.

We have, moreover, the baby-jumper and baby-walker for the nursery, and a wonderful variety of brooms, mops, carpet stretchers and fasteners, for the footman and housemaid.

Nor must the *washing-machine*, another strictly American notion, be disregarded. There are hundreds of patents. The typical forms are few; the variations on these forms are most amusingly numerous. The ins and

the outs of invention have been wonderfully diversified. The typical forms are, agitators, rubbers (reciprocating and rotary), centrifugal, pressure-rollers, pounders, dashers, plunger and balls, and the circulatory system.

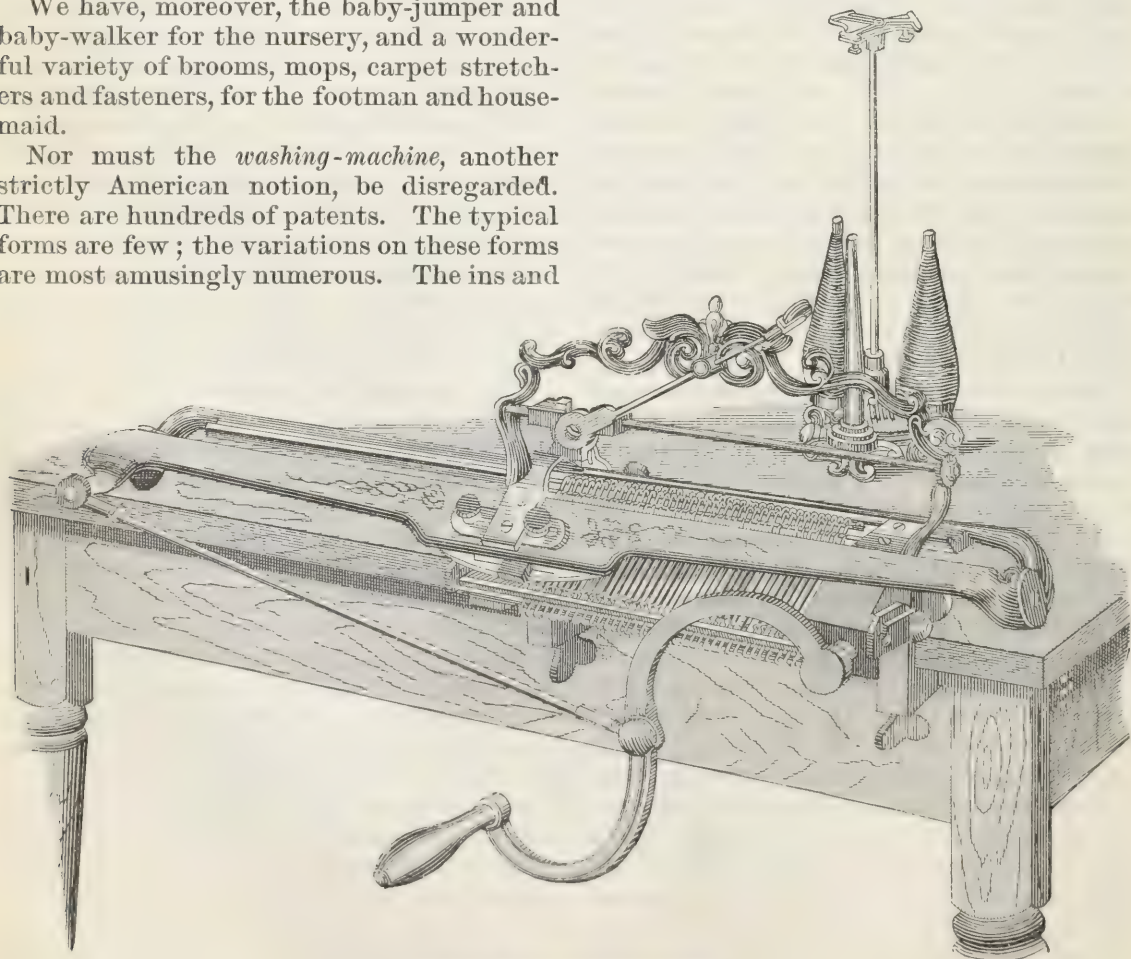
The wringer, consisting of a pair of rubber rollers, is a necessary laundry implement

#### SAFES.

In former times strong rooms and iron-bound oaken boxes were used to hold the cash and the muniments of merchants and families. Such chests were fastened by letter locks, which are the predecessors of our permutation locks. These boxes were hardly burglar-proof, and no defense against fire, but were a security against peculation by dishonest servants.

About 1776 began the manufacture of sheet-iron safes, banded with hoop iron crossing on the outside at right angles. These were fastened by locks throwing several bolts, and also by a bar with hasp, staple, and padlocks. Cast-iron chests were used in 1800.

Attempts were previously made to render strong rooms fire-proof by building the walls double and pouring in gypsum; but the first attempts at fire-proof portable safes were early in the nineteenth century, and con-



LAMB'S KNITTING-MACHINE.



sisted of wooden boxes covered with sheet iron and riveted bands, and an intervening thickness of gypsum.

After various experiments, in which the wooden box was saturated with potash lye or alum to render it incombustible, and was coated inside the sheet-iron casing with clay, lime, graphite, or mica, the boxes were made of iron inside and outside, with intervening non-combustible material, and known as "double chests." Such was the fire-proof safe patented in England in 1801. Asbestos was used in 1834. Chubb in 1835 attempted to make the safe burglar-proof by lining it with steel or case-hardened iron plates.

In 1843 Wilder made a safe of heavy plates of iron, with a filling of hydrated gypsum. Hydraulic cement, steatite, alum, and the neutralized and dried residuum of the so-called soda-water manufacture, were successively used.

Another idea was to connect the intervening space of the safe with the water main, to prevent a charring heat from reaching the contents when the outside became exposed to fire.

Lillie used slabs of chilled cast iron, and flowed cast iron over wrought-iron ribs. Herring made safes with boiler-iron exterior, hardened steel inner safe, and the interspace filled with a casting of franklinite over rods of soft steel.

The American safe of the best quality is really a first-class production, and is not equaled elsewhere. The locks are also wonderful specimens of ingenuity, worthy of an extended notice.

Safe-deposit companies in our principal cities have ranks of safes with curious unpickable locks inclosed in a chamber with grated doors, lighted by gas, and watched by attendants. These are rented to private parties.

Various plans have also been devised to give notice of tampering with the safe—electro-magnetic alarms, whistles sounded by setting free a body of compressed air imprisoned between the air-tight walls, generating asphyxiating gas in the chamber to choke the burglars. It is a race between the skilled mechanic and the equally skillful professional thief.

#### FIRE-ARMS AND ORDNANCE.

From the old wall piece or arquebuse with which the Swiss defeated Charles the Bold in 1476, to the Sharps, Remington, Winchester, or Maynard rifle, or the Parker shot-gun, is a great step. So of the pieces used by the cavalry of 1554, and named from Pistoja, to the Colt or the Smith and Wesson revolver of our day. Equally great is the advance in ordnance from the cannon used at the siege of Cordova, 1280, and those with which Ferdinand captured Gibraltar from

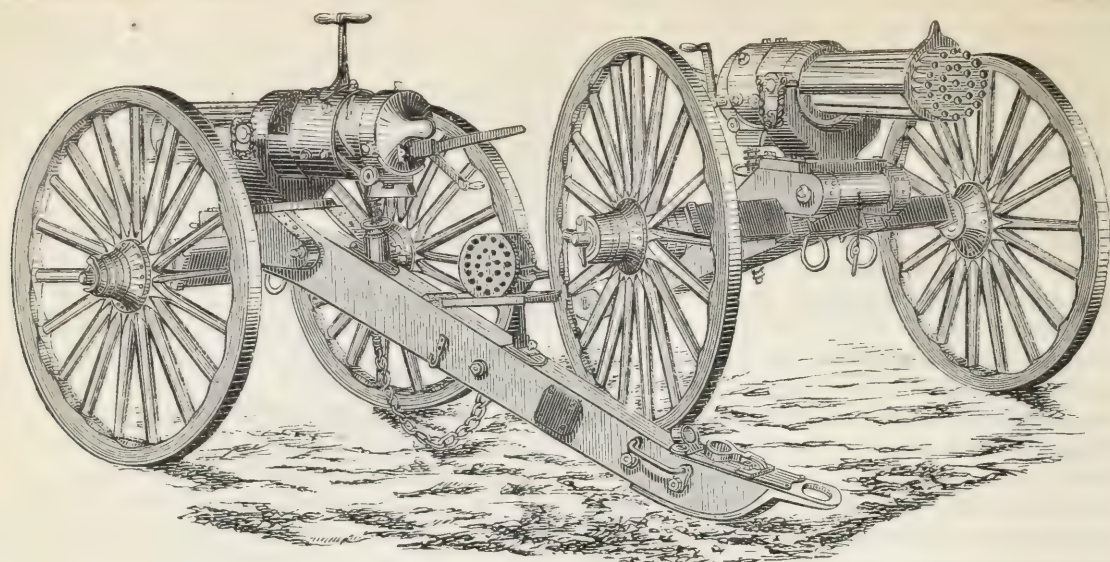
the Moors in 1308. The bore of the larger cannon down to the middle of the fifteenth century was as great as any modern pieces; but they carried large stones, had small powder chambers like a mortar, and could not possibly have withstood the modern charges of powder. The bronze gun *Tzar Pooschka*, cast A.D. 1586, had a bore of 36 inches; its projectile was said to weigh 2000 pounds, but its powder chamber had only 19 inches bore, only about 1 to 3.6 the area of the ball chamber. Its weight was 86,248 pounds. The bronze gun of Bejapoor, A.D. 1548, had a calibre of 28.5 inches, weight 89,600 pounds; that of Mohammed II., A.D. 1464, 25 inches, weight 41,888 pounds.

The modern guns are of scarcely equal calibre, seldom of greater weight, but are of very much greater strength, and the force of the projectile, due to its velocity, may be said to be out of comparison greater than that of those pieces of antiquity.

The Woolwich (England) 35-ton gun weighs 79,084 pounds; the large Armstrong (Big Will), 50,400; Krupp's 14-inch, 100,000; Rodman's smooth-bore 20-inch, 116,497. Every body is casting heavier and heavier guns, and these figures will not long represent the condition of things. The latest advance is in the guns for the British armor-clad *Inflexible*, which has armor 24 inches thick, and is to be furnished with four guns of 81 tons weight each (181,440 pounds). The total length of this gun, including the plug-screw at the breech end, is 27 feet; length of bore, 24 feet; calibre not determined, but either 14 or 16 inches. The ball of the piece, reckoned at 14 inches calibre, will be from 1000 to 1200 pounds, the charge of powder one-sixth of the weight of the ball. The 1000-pound shot, at an initial velocity of 1300 feet per second, will have a punching force of 11,715 foot-tons, the ball of 1200 pounds a penetrative force of 14,058 foot-tons. Eight years ago the English 7-ton gun was considered the limit of production. Entirely new sets of tools and plants have succeeded each other, as the 35-ton and 81-ton guns have been produced.

In getting gracefully back again from the great guns of the world to the military and sporting arms, we may pause a moment to regard a class of weapons which partake of the characteristics of each, known as machine guns, having a plurality of barrels, and mounted upon a carriage. The first hint of these was a piece upon a tripod, having a chambered breech revolving behind a single barrel. This was patented in England in 1718. The clumsy contrivance which Fieschi used in firing on Louis Philippe had a row of barrels fired simultaneously, and anticipated in the horizontal arrangement of its barrels the Requa battery in this country and the Abbertini mitrailleuse of the continent of Europe. The mitrailleuse of the French has





TAYLOR'S MACHINE GUN.\*

a cluster of barrels, in whose rear is placed a chambered plate, each of whose chambers corresponds to one of the cluster of barrels, against whose rear it is locked before firing.

The most efficient weapons, all things considered, are the Gatling battery gun and the Taylor machine gun.

The Gatling gun, invented by Mr. J. R. Gatling, of Indianapolis, has now a regular place in the military equipment of the United States and of England. It has a revolving cluster of parallel barrels, in the rear of each of which, and rotating therewith, is its own loading, firing, and spent capsule retracting mechanism. The usual American ammunition with metallic capsule and the fulminate in the flange is used. The barrels and the mechanisms for loading and firing are rigidly secured upon an axial shaft, which is revolved by means of bevel gearing and a crank. The ammunition is fed in at a hopper. Each barrel receives its charge as it comes to the top in the course of its revolutions, and fires as it comes to its lowest position, the firing being thus consecutive, and with a rapidity depending upon the rate of rotation of the crank. The complement of the hopper, 400 cartridges, may be fired in one minute if desired. The gun is manufactured at the Colt Works, Hartford.

The Taylor gun is the invention of Mr. Taylor, of Knoxville, Tennessee, and has a cluster of stationary barrels, in the rear of which is a chamber to receive the cartridges; these are secured in a charging block, and forced into the barrels by a lateral movement of the vertical handle seen in the engraving. This handle is attached to an oscillating sleeve having internal studs, which work in spiral grooves in a sliding breech

cylinder. The latter carries plungers, one for each barrel, containing central firing pins, retracted by rotation of a crank shaft carrying suitable tappets, so that the barrels may be discharged in rapid succession. The piece is built at the Remington Works, Ilion, New York.

The military and sporting rifles and shot-guns of our country have no superiors. The late trial at Creedmoor between the American and Irish teams has not proved the superiority of the breech-loader over the muzzle-loader, nor conversely; nor is there any difference worth mentioning between a string of 931 (Irish) and of 934 (American) in a possible 1080. It proves, however, the excellent character of the guns and the steadiness, sight, and skill of the men on both sides. The value of the breech-loading gun has been determined by other considerations than the actual shooting force, as rapidity of loading, the avoidance of shifting the gun end for end in loading, and also of assuming positions in handling which expose the marksman. The American style of fixed ammunition, carrying its fulminate in the base of the cartridge, has also a great convenience, and has riveted the former conclusion of the greater value of the breech-loader.

The cartridge was introduced by Gustavus Adolphus, who was killed at Lutzen in 1632. It at first only contained the powder, the bullets being carried in a bag. The idea of using sheet metal for cartridge cases originated with the French. In 1826 Cazalat patented a metallic cartridge case, drawn from a single piece of copper, and having an opening in the centre of the base for the communication of fire from the fulminate, which was covered with water-proof paper. Lefauchaux and Flobert, of Paris, improved and introduced the metallic cartridge, but it has received its final improvements in this country, being, in fact, a prominent feature in what is known as the *American system*.

\* All but two or three of the illustrations for this paper are borrowed from *Knight's Mechanical Dictionary*, published by J. B. Ford and Co., New York.



The systems of breech-loading are three: the "movement of barrel," the "movement of breech block," and the "revolver." Of these genera there are thirteen species and twenty-six varieties. Of the different modes there are about 1050 patents in the United States Patent-office, beginning with the patent of J. H. Hall, of North Carolina, in 1811, for a rising breech block, which slipped from behind the bore to allow the cartridge to be inserted at the breech. Ten thousand of these arms were made for the United States government between 1811 and 1839, and some of them were captured at the taking of Fort Donelson.

While it is true that the use of breech-loaders dates back to the sixteenth century, that form of arm being almost as old as the muzzle-loader, the actual use of breech-loaders on a large scale in military service, or the habitual use of them by sportsmen, is quite modern. The Hall gun of 1811, mentioned above, was manufactured on a small scale, and appears to have been locked up in arsenals, where it was forgotten. The *needle-gun* was introduced into the Prussian service to a limited extent in 1846, and into the Danish and Norwegian soon afterward. The Schleswig-Holstein war was fought with needle-guns. The French Chassepôt is reputed to have been first used in the Italian struggle in the Garibaldi times.

Previous to our own war of 1861-65 our principal breech-loading arms were Sharps's, Burnside's, Maynard's, Merrill's, and Spencer's. The number of breech-loaders purchased by the United States government between January 1, 1861, and January 30, 1866, is stated to have been as follows, arms of which the purchases were below 10,000 being omitted:

Burnside .....	55,567	Remington .....	20,000
Gallagher .....	22,728	Sharps .....	80,512
Joslyn .....	11,261	Henry .....	30,062
Merrill .....	14,295	Spencer .....	94,156
Maynard .....	20,002	Starr .....	25,603

Some of the above have fallen out of public notice; the Sharps, Maynard, and Remington and Winchester (known during the war as the Henry), Ward-Burton, Colt, and Springfield have taken front rank as military and sporting rifles, while the Parker, Maynard, and Remington are the prominent shot-guns. Reference has been made to the American system of assembling the parts, which are made interchangeable, and also to the development of the system by Colonel Colt, in the manufacture of his revolving-chambered pistol. The Smith and Wesson arm is made by the same process.

In 1866 Prussia with breech-loaders defeated Austria with muzzle-loaders. A few years afterward the Prussian *Zündnadelgewehr* and the French *Chassepôt* struggled for pre-eminence on the soil of France.

It may be added that, with a single ex-

ception, the main features of all the prominent military rifles originated in the United States. The exception is the European needle-gun, which is never likely to be used here. The English "Martini-Henry" gun is but a modification of the American "Peabody," which was the first military rifle to use the metallic cartridge. Six hundred thousand of the Martini-Henry gun are now being made by the Providence Tool Company, Rhode Island, for the Turkish government.

The "Winchester Repeating Arms Company," of New Haven, Connecticut, is making the ammunition for these guns. Four thousand tons of lead have been cast into bullets for the cartridges, and the boxing costs \$100,000. These cartridges will freight eight vessels of 500 tons each.

#### TELEGRAPH.

When the men of 1776 threw down the gage of battle, there were no means of signaling news other than by such semaphores as had existed in one form or another for 2500 years past, and are yet used by the Indians of the plains. Visible signals by swinging arms mounted on the tops of masts or of elevated buildings signaled the events even of Trafalgar and Waterloo along the Falmouth and Dover roads to London. In a less pretentious way, concerted fires and smokes by night or by day were made by the nations of antiquity, as recorded by Homer and Jeremiah; by the Highlanders, as recounted by Scott; and by the Indians of our Western plains, as lately described by General Custer.

The semaphoric system of Polybius was adapted to spell out messages letter by letter. Signaling by flags and lanterns is employed in military and railway practice.

The electric telegraph preceded the electro-magnetic by many decades. Gray, in 1729, noticed the conductivity of certain bodies; Nollet soon after passed a shock through 180 men of the French guards, and a line 100 toises in length; Watson observed that the transmission of the shock through 12,000 feet of wire was practically instantaneous, and signaled an observer by this means. Then came a number of experimenters, each of whom added something to the stock of knowledge on the subject. Le Sage, of Geneva (1774), had a wire for each letter, and pith-ball electroscopes for the excited agents. Lamond (1787) had a single wire and concerted movements of the pith ball. Cavallo, in 1795, proposed to transmit letters by combinations of dots and spaces. The next year Betancourt constructed a telegraph between Madrid and Aranjuez, a distance of twenty-seven miles. The messages were read by the divergence of pith balls.

Then came the discoveries of Volta, Gal-



vani, Oersted, Ampère, Faraday, and Henry. The experiments of the first two mentioned are at the bottom of the discoveries in dynamic electricity. Oersted, in 1820, observed that the magnetic needle had a tendency to assume a direction at right angles to that of the excited wire. The farther experiments of Oersted and Ampère, and the discovery of Faraday that magnetism was induced in a bar of soft iron under the influence of a voltaic circuit, and that of Sturgeon, in 1825, that a soft iron bar surrounded by a helix of wire through which a voltaic current is passed is magnetized during the time such current continues, gave rise to the first really convenient and practical system of electro-telegraphy. One difficulty remained—the resistance of the transmitting wire to the comparatively feeble current engendered by the voltaic battery. This was overcome by Professor Henry, who, in 1831, invented the form of magnet now in use, and discovered the principle of *combination of circuits* constituting the *receiving magnet* and *relay*, or *local battery*, as they are familiarly known in connection with the Morse apparatus. The effect of a combination of circuits is to enable a weak or exhausted circuit to bring into action and substitute for itself a fresh and powerful one. This is an essential condition to obtaining useful mechanical results from electricity where a long circuit of conductors is used.

In 1832 Professor Morse began to devote his attention to the subject of telegraphy, and in that year, while on his passage home from Europe, he invented the form of telegraph since so well known as "Morse's."

A short line worked on his plan was set up in 1835, though it was not until June 20, 1840, that he obtained his first patent, and nearly four years elapsed before means could be procured, which were finally granted by the government of the United States, to test its practical working over a line of any length, though he had as early as 1837 endeavored to induce Congress to appropriate a sum of money sufficient to construct a line between Washington and Baltimore.

Morse's first idea was to employ chemical agencies for recording the signals, but he subsequently abandoned this for an apparatus which simply marked on strips of paper the dots and dashes composing his alphabet. The paper itself is now generally dispensed with, at least in this country, and the signals read by sound—a circumstance which conduces to accuracy in transmission, as the ear is found less liable to mistake the duration and succession of sounds than the eye to read a series of marks on paper.

Professor Morse deserves high honor for the ingenious manner in which he availed himself of scientific discoveries previously made by others, for many important discoveries of his own, and for the courage and

perseverance which he manifested in endeavoring to render his system of practical utility to mankind by bringing it prominently to the notice of the public, and he lived to see it adopted in its essential features throughout the civilized world.

The attention of Wheatstone in England appears to have been drawn to the subject of telegraphy in 1834. His first telegraph comprised five pointing needles and as many line wires, requiring the deflection of two of the needles to indicate each letter. His first dial instrument was patented in 1840. Modifications were, however, subsequently made in it. The transmission of messages was effected by a wheel having fifteen teeth and as many interspaces, each representing a letter of the alphabet or a numeral, and thirty spokes corresponding to this, and forming part of the line. The circuit was closed by two diametrically opposite springs so arranged that when one was in contact with a tooth the other was opposite a space, when the transmitter was turned until opposite a particular letter and held there, a continuous current being produced, causing an index on the indicating dial at the other end of the line, which had thirty divisions corresponding to those of the transmitter, to turn until it arrived opposite the letter to be indicated. The revolution of the index was effected by clock-work, the escapement of which was actuated by an electro-magnet at either end of a pivoted beam, the ends of which carried two soft iron armatures. One of the line wires, as well as one of the contact springs of the transmitter, and one of the electro magnets of the indicator, were afterward dispensed with.

A magneto-electric apparatus was subsequently substituted for the voltaic battery.

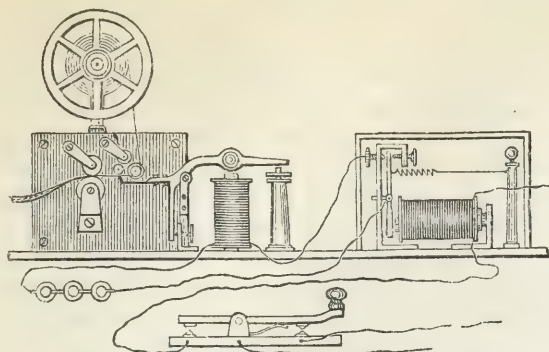
The single-needle telegraph of Cooke and Wheatstone is caused to indicate the letters and figures by means of the deflections to the right or left of a vertical pointer; for instance, the letter A is indicated by two deflections to the left, N by two deflections to the right, I by three consecutive deflections to the right and then one to the left, and so on. This is extensively employed in Great Britain and India.

Bain, in 1846, patented the electro-chemical telegraph, which dispensed with the relay magnet at intermediate stations, and subsequently Gintl, in Austria, and Bonelli constructed telegraphs of this class varying in details from that of Bain.

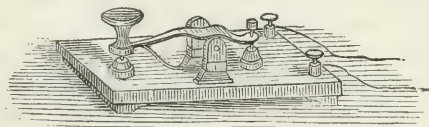
The diagram on the next page shows the system of indicator, relay, local battery, lines, and key.

The middle figure shows the *key*, which is worked by the sender of the message, and the lower figure the *register*, by which motions of the stylus under the excitement which renders it temporarily magnetic are recorded on the paper in dots or dashes,

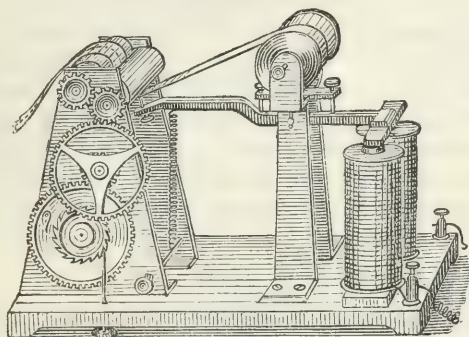




MORSE APPARATUS, CIRCUIT AND BATTERY.



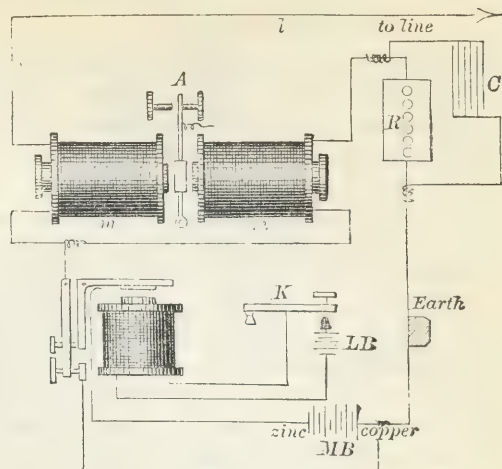
MORSE KEY.



MORSE REGISTER.

according to the length of time during which the circuit is maintained. This is the principal instrument in America and on the continent of Europe. Room fails to tell of the autographic systems of Caselli and Bonelli; the printing telegraphs of House and Hughes; the automatic telegraphs of Edison and others.

The *duplex telegraph*, by which messages are sent over the same wire in contrary directions at the same time, is so strange that a diagram and short description will be given. Several plans of duplex telegraph have been proposed. The device selected for illustration is that of Stearns, of Boston, which is based upon the plan of Gintl, of Austria, 1853. The relay, or receiving instrument, is composed of two pairs of electro-magnets (*m m*) acting in opposite directions upon a common armature lever (*A*). The key is the armature of an electro-magnet which is in a local circuit controlled by a Morse key (*K*). *LB* is the local battery. The main battery (*MB*) current is equally divided between the relay magnets (*m m*), one-half passing through one set of magnets to the line *l*, and the other half passing through the other magnets and a rheostat (*R*), equal to the resistance of the main line, to earth. The relay magnets are thus equally excited, and their influence upon the armature neutralized, so that the outgoing current gives no signal at the sending sta-

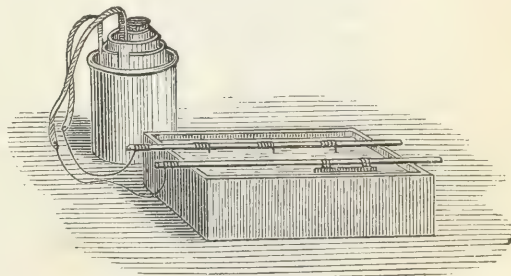


DUPLIX TELEGRAPH.

tion. A current received, however, traverses only one set of the electro-magnets, destroying the equilibrium, and causing a signal. The key is so constructed that it closes one circuit to the earth before breaking another, thus always preserving the continuity of the circuit, a condition essential in systems of this kind. A condenser (*C*) is placed in a shunt circuit to the magnets in the short or home circuit, in order to neutralize the effect of the extra current on the line magnets of the relay.

## ELECTROPLATING.

*Electroplating* is an invention of the century. Volta himself experimented about 1800. Cruikshank noticed the corrosion in one wire and the precipitation of metallic silver on the other when passing the "galvanic influence" through the wires in a bath



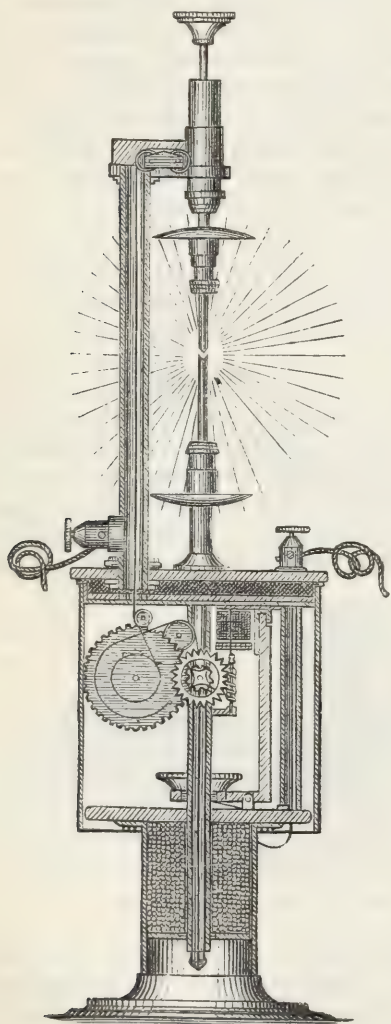
ELECTROPLATING.

of nitrate of silver. Wollaston experimented in 1801. Spencer made casts from coins in 1838. Jacobi, of Dorpat, soon after gilded the iron dome of the Cathedral of St. Isaac, at St. Petersburg, with 274 pounds of ducaut gold, deposited by battery. The art has grown into use, and now baser metals, in the shape of articles for household service, are cased with silver; electrotyped forms are used as printing surfaces; nickel is deposited on numerous articles which are exposed to damp, and on others to add to their beauty, as with movements of watches. It is impossible to enumerate the uses and applications, and not easy to exaggerate the value of the art.



## ELECTRIC LIGHT.

The *electric light* is eminently the child of the century. In its production and its uses it touches nowhere upon the knowledge or the methods of the men of the previous periods. It is a pure gain of the present. The bright spark from the electrical machine had been observed by Wall in 1708, the Leyden-jar was invented by Cunæus in 1746, and the experiments of Dufay, Nollet, Gray, Franklin, and others soon gave valuable results. Another whole series of observations and inventions founded upon the discoveries of Volta and Galvani was necessary before the transient spark was succeeded by the intense and unremitting light developed between two pieces of carbon placed at the



ELECTRIC LIGHT.

positive and negative ends of a voltaic circuit. The electricity may be developed either by a battery, or from magnets in connection with a series of helices arranged on a rotating wheel, the latter source being preferred for light-houses and in other situations where permanency is intended. The battery is the usual source for lectures in theatres having no regular laboratory.

The electric light was first brought into notice by Greener and Staite in 1846, in an

arrangement by which small lumps of pure carbon nearly in contact, and inclosed in air-tight vessels, were rendered luminous by currents of galvanic electricity. The break in the continuity of the circuit at this point causes resistance, generating intense heat and the consumption of the carbon, which is accompanied by an extremely brilliant light. As the carbon burns away, one or both of the pieces require to be advanced, and the chief difficulty was found to be in maintaining the points at such a distance from each other as to render the light continuous. This is now effected by means of an electro-magnet and clock movement, the duty of the latter being to bring the points together as they are gradually consumed, while the magnet checks the clock action when not desired.

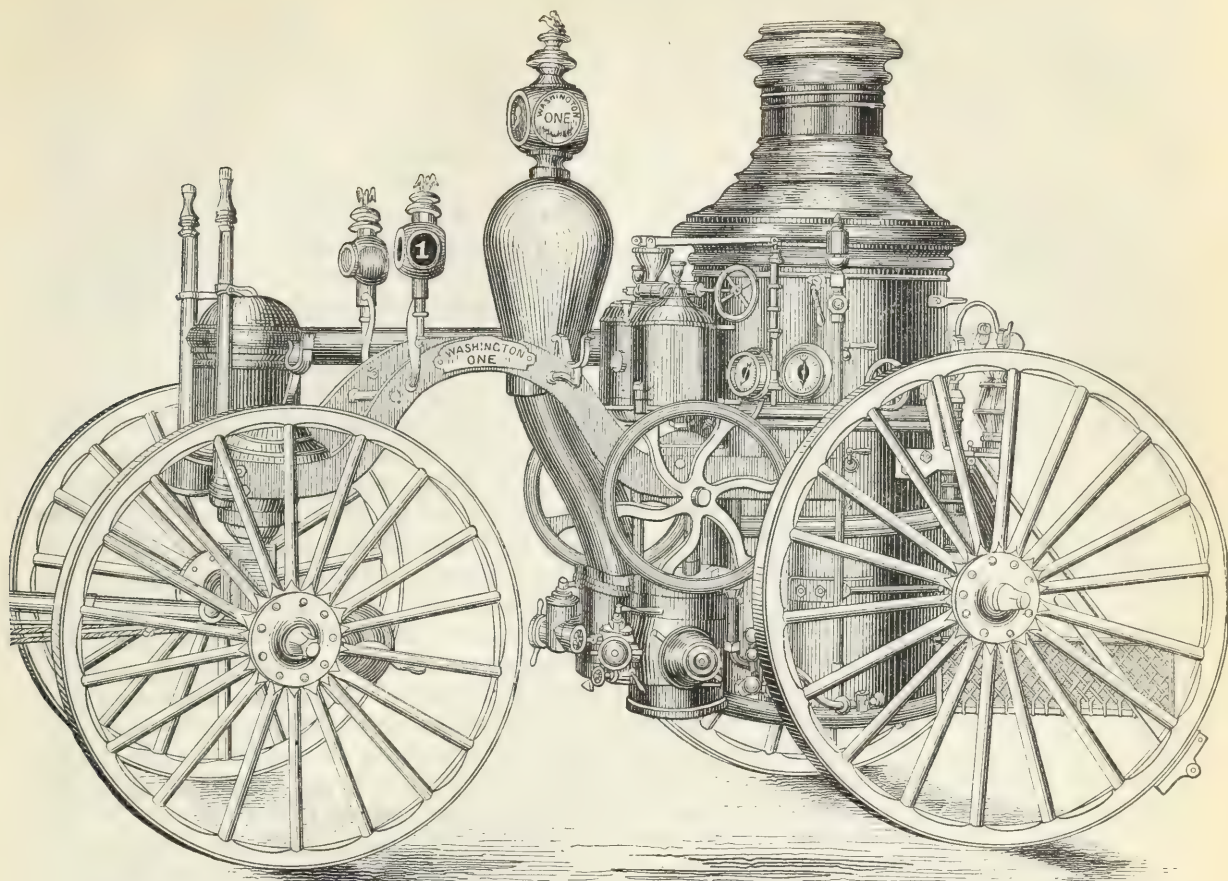
This light is very largely used in the lecture-room. It was introduced into Dungeness Light-house, on the southeast coast of England, in 1862; at La Hève, France, a year or two later. It was used in the excavating chamber in the base of the deep caissons of the St. Louis Bridge; during the excavation of the docks at Cherbourg; on various festal occasions in cities of America and Europe.

## FIRE-ENGINES, ETC.

In *fire-engines* America has hardly a rival. When our century commenced a clumsy hand-engine was employed, a gradual improvement upon the mere syringe which was used from the time of Trajan down to the sixteenth century. At Augsburg, about 1518, force-pumps were mounted on wheels and worked by levers. At Nuremberg, in 1657, the town engine had a cistern and pump mounted on a sled; the brakes were worked by twenty-eight men, and threw a stream through an inch nozzle to a height of eighty feet. The Van der Heyden brothers about this time much improved the device. Newsham's engine, about the end of the seventeenth century, had the double-acting force-pump with air chamber. This was not superseded till about 1832, when our personal recollections commenced, and about that time improvements were rapidly made which culminated in the gorgeous hand-engines with which we ran, of which we boasted, and, lamentable to say, about which we fought.

Steam-power forcing-pumps for extinguishing fires were in use long before portable steam fire-engines. The first steam fire-engines were perhaps those mounted on barges on the river Thames, and which were moved or towed to fires occurring on the river front. Next was undoubtedly the portable steam-engine of Captain Ericsson. This was made in Manchester, England, about 1830, a little after he constructed the "Novelty" locomotive, which contended for the prize on that famous day in 1829 on the





STEAM FIRE-ENGINE "WASHINGTON, NO. 1," BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

Liverpool and Manchester Railway. He also made a steam fire-engine in New York in 1842-43.

But, after all, the steam fire-engine as a fixed and valuable fact dates from Cincinnati, Ohio, where the talents of the brothers Latta and Mr. Shawk, inventors and builders, were seconded by the enterprise of Miles Greenwood. The "Citizens' Gift," one of the first successful engines, was built in 1853, and in 1866 was still among the most useful of her class. Since that time the principal cities of North America have been supplied with steam fire-engines; also many of the largest cities of England, and some few on the continent of Europe.

The American system of *fire-alarms* is likely to work its way gradually into the cities of Europe. It is one of those things which are difficult to introduce, and impossible to dispense with when once tried. We can not imagine such an impertinent and absurd proposition as to go back to the old times when the flames of a burning house were the signal to the watchman in the tower of the engine-house.

The fire-alarm telegraph first in use was merely a connection by Morse telegraph between fire-alarm stations. This was in use in New York and Berlin in 1851. The present system is founded upon the patented invention of Farmer and Channing, 1857. Mr.

Channing wrote upon the subject in 1845, and in 1848 Mr. Farmer devised a means of ringing bells by electricity, and in an experimental trial that year the bell in the tower of Boston City Hall was rung by an operator in New York. The fire-alarm telegraph was first put up in the year 1852, in Boston.

The primary requisites of a fire-alarm telegraph system are a telegraph line, a central receiving station, and a number of signal boxes suitably distributed for transmitting an alarm.

When there are a number of such boxes, as in most cities, they are not arranged upon the same circuit, but upon several circuits connected to some central station. The signal boxes generally used contain a spring or weight and gearing, rotating a circuit-breaking wheel and a fly for regulating the speed. The circuit wheel in one form is provided with projections, upon which a spring presses and closes the circuit, which is broken as the spring passes over the intervals between the cogs; in another form the surface of the wheel is smooth, an insulating material being let into the wheel so as to break the circuit. A train of gearing, upon one shaft of which is a cam or lug, operates the pivoted hammer. This gear is held in rest by the armature of a magnet acting as a detent; so every time a current passes, the armature



allows the gearing to revolve, and the hammer strikes once. At the same time the smaller alarm gongs are struck in the engine-houses. In the houses the horses are kept ready harnessed. At the end of the halter strap (where halters are used) is a ring through which a bolt upon the manger passes, securing the horse; from the bolts a string or lever passes to a weight or spring kept inactive by the gong-hammer lever; the first stroke releases the weight, which, falling, pulls the string or lever, withdrawing all the bolts securing the halters, and loosing the horses. When halters are not used, but the horses are turned into box-stalls, the latter have sliding gates, which are raised by the same kind of devices.

In the strictly automatic system there is no operator at the central station, but a repeater of very complex organization, having connection with all the various circuits, so that, an alarm coming in on any one circuit, the repeater is prevented from receiving from any other circuit (to avoid interference of signals), and caused to repeat the alarm automatically upon all the circuits, including the various alarm devices. A register is also used with the repeater.

#### ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY, ETC.

The *pneumatic tube* and *atmospheric railway* are other achievements of the century. It can not be said that they have come into extensive use for passengers, but for small parcels and letters they have been in successful use for fifteen years in London.

Dr. Papin, of Blois, in France, suggested the idea about the end of the seventeenth century, but, like some other children of his fertile brain, it never grew up. Medhurst in 1810 patented the idea of forcing a carriage on a pair of tracks along an air-tight tube by means of compression of air behind it.

Vallance in 1824 patented the other mode, exhausting the air in front of it. The idea was carried out at the Sydenham Palace, near London, where an ordinary railway carriage with a somewhat elastic piston traveled in an elliptical tunnel eight by nine feet in its minor and major diameters. The same idea is carried out in Beach's short tunnel under Broadway, New York, which has been visited by many of our readers.

Out of this grew the atmospheric railway, in which a piston traveling in a tube is connected to a carriage running upon rails outside, a long valve filling a slot in the top of the tube being displaced by a bar depending from the carriage, and falling into place again behind. This plan had many modifications, and was actually employed on two railways, but afterward abandoned—from 1844 to 1855 on the Kingstown and Dalkey, Ireland,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles; from London to Croydon, England, 10 miles. Good speed

was attained, heavy grades readily ascended, collision was impossible, but it was too liable to get out of order.

The *atmospheric brake* for railway cars is another recent feature, and has only attained its present excellence after many attempts. As many as twenty-four patents were granted from 1841 to 1865 for brakes actuated upon each car by a single impulse by the engineer, many of them employing air or steam as the means of applying the shoes to the car wheels.

The Westinghouse brake employs air as the means of transmitting power to the brakes. This is condensed to the required extent into a reservoir by a steam-pump upon the locomotive. From the reservoir it is conducted back beneath the cars of the train by pipes connected beneath the train by flexible tubes and valved couplings. Under each car is a cylinder to which the compressed air is admitted forward of a piston, the stem of which is connected to a bell-crank attached to the brake levers by rods, so that when air is admitted by the engineer to the pipes connected to the cylinders under each car, the brakes of each are simultaneously applied.

One test may be mentioned. September 18, 1869, a train of six cars descending the Horse-shoe Bend of the Pennsylvania Central Railway, a grade of ninety-six feet to the mile, at the rate of thirty miles per hour, was brought to a stand-still in 420 feet—seven car lengths.

*Blowers* and *blowing engines* are but forms of air-compressing or air-exhausting pumps, but it is hard to overvalue them. They increase the draught in metallurgic furnaces; furnish vital air to close and fetid places, such as mines, cisterns, holds of ships; supply warmed, cooled, moistened, or medicated air to public buildings, schools, hospitals, etc.; furnish a drying atmosphere to lumber and grain kilns and powder mills; assist in evaporating liquids and removing the steam from the vicinity of the boiling solution; raise liquids on the principle of the Giffard injector, as in oil wells and subaqueous caissons; assist in the dispersion of liquids, as in atomizers and some forms of ice machines; remove dust and chips from saw-mills and planers, the fatal dust from the stones and glazers of cutlers; supply breath to organs.

The blower of three centuries since consisted of one open-ended box slipping into another; it was used in that very remarkable city, Nuremberg, for furnaces, and was an improvement over the ordinary bellows. Later, about 1621, a bellows was used consisting of a valve oscillating in a sector chamber. The fan-blower dates from 1729. The water-bellows was invented by Hornblower.

The first powerful blast machines were



probably those erected by Smeaton at the Carron Iron-works, 1760. The furnaces grew larger in size, and more powerful blowers were needed. Watt's engine came just in time to crown the whole affair with success and revolutionize the iron trade. Neilson invented the hot blast in 1828.

Power blowers are now used. The forms are piston; fan; vertical open-ended cylinder plunging in water; pair of wheels, with alternate vanes and packing surfaces, and rotating in concert.

#### BALLOONS.

*Aerostation* is almost all within the century. Since Icarus fell into the Ægean Sea very little advance has been made in flying machines, the flight of Dædalus from Crete to Sicily being altogether the most successful on record. Some presume to doubt *this*. *Ballooning* was rendered possible upon the discovery of hydrogen gas by Cavendish in 1766. It is true it had been produced before, but was not understood or used. Dr. Black the next year suggested its use for aerostation. The brothers Montgolfier ascended by a fire balloon in 1783; the ascensive power was obtained by heated air rising from a fire made in the open mouth of the balloon. Pilatre de Rozière and the Marquis d'Arlandes repeated the experiment the same year. MM. Charles and Robert inflated their balloon with hydrogen gas, and ascended 9700 feet and reached a distance of twenty-five miles in one hour and three-quarters. Ascensions after this became frequent. Pilatre and Romain tried to combine a hydrogen balloon with a fire balloon; the expanding gas reached the fire, the whole was consumed, and the aeronauts perished. Balloons of observation were used by the French army at Liege and Fleurus in 1794. This was repeated at Solferino in 1859, and with our Army of the Potomac. The most remarkable ascent for a long time was that of Gay-Lussac, in 1804, who reached the height of 23,040 feet. Glaisher, it is said, afterward ascended to a height of seven miles. Green, in 1820, introduced the plan of inflating with the ordinary illuminating gas of the streets.

The history of the balloon since this time embraces many names—Wise, King, Lowe, and Donaldson in this country; Gifford, Godard, and De Lorne in France. M. Godard conducted the balloon postal administration during the siege of Paris. Wise's trip from St. Louis is the longest on record, nearly 1200 miles.

#### WEIGHING MACHINES.

Probably no invention, if we except that of the locomotive, has to so great a degree expedited the transactions of commerce as the platform balance, invented by the Fairbanks Brothers about 1830. The business

of making these weighing machines has grown to enormous proportions. From the Fairbanks manufactory at St. Johnsbury, Vermont, 50,000 scales are sent out annually to all parts of the world.

#### GAS.

Illuminating gas was unknown, except as a surface emanation or a laboratory production, in the year 1776. In China from time immemorial the natural flow of carbureted hydrogen has been used for lighting, and for boiling the brine yielded by salt wells. Similar convenient applications have been made at Fredonia, New York, Portland, on Lake Erie, Wigan, Scotland, in lighting, and at Kanawha, West Virginia, in evaporating brine. Gas emanating from a well 1200 feet deep is used at the "Siberian Works," Pittsburgh, under the boilers and in the puddling furnaces. The fire-worshippers of Persia have regarded such emanations with high respect, and the holy fires of Baku, on the Caspian, have a great local fame, and are thus maintained.

Gas was first obtained by the distillation of coal in 1688 by Dr. Clayton; Boyle refers to it in that year. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, 1756, Lord Dundonald, 1786, distilled coal and tar and burned the issuing gas. Murdock was the first to light a building with it. He thus lighted his house and offices at Redruth, Cornwall, in 1792. In 1798 he lighted with gas the works of Boulton and Watt at Soho. He illuminated these buildings in 1803 in the rejoicings for peace: Trafalgar, Austerlitz, and Jena, within four years afterward, are a curious commentary. Murdock's name stands at the head of the list as the man who reduced the idea to practice. In 1804-05 he lighted the cotton factory of Phillips and Lee, Manchester, with a brilliancy estimated to be equal to 3000 candles. This was a grand success.

In 1803 Winsor lighted the Lyceum Theatre, in London, and obtained a patent for lighting streets by gas. He established the first gas company. The first street lighted was one side of Pall Mall, in 1807; Westminster Bridge and the Houses of Parliament, in 1813; London streets commonly were lighted in 1815; Paris, the same year; Baltimore, 1816; Boston, 1822; New York, 1825.

This is all very recent, and yet how far into the past the dim period of street oil-lamps seems to have retreated! The mode of making illuminating gas is pretty generally understood. The coal is baked in retorts, and the gas flows therefrom in company with other vapors, which are removed by successive operations. It is conducted first to the convoluted pipes of the condenser, by which it is cooled and the tar precipitated. Thence it passes to the washer, where the ammonia is seized by the water, allowing the gas to pass on to the puri-



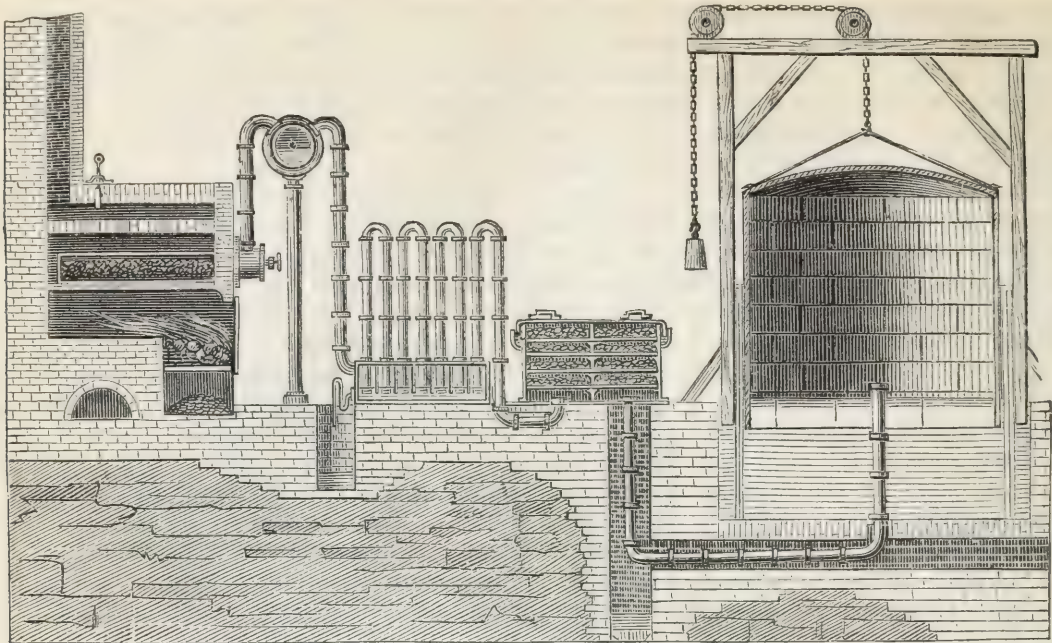


DIAGRAM OF GAS-WORKS.

fier, where it is deprived of its sulphur and carbonic acid by dry lime, or latterly by the hydrated sesquioxide of iron. Clegg invented the purifier and wet meter in 1807; Malam the dry meter in 1820.

#### SILVER.

The *silver processes* now adopted in our Western Territories are the result of long care and observation, with chemical analyses—the union of experimental test and scientific deduction.

Amalgamating pans and barrels are made in great variety; roasting furnaces and processes have been adapted to the varying characters of ore and the means at command for treating. One of the most satisfactory of the latter must stand as a representative of the whole family, as it is not possible to treat the matter either at length or in detail.

The Stetefeldt roasting furnace for silver ores containing sulphur is what is technically known as a *shaft furnace*; the ground and stamped ore is dusted in a shower into a vertical shaft, up which the flame of a furnace is directed.

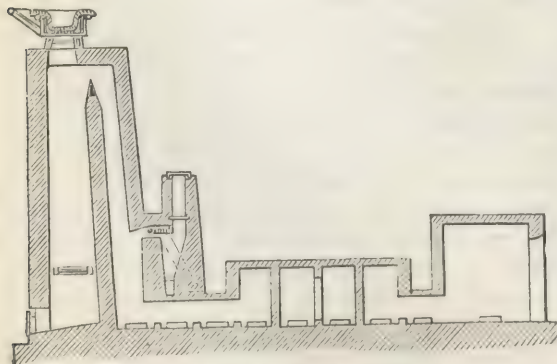
The ground ore is mixed with salt, and pulverized at the stamp battery. The pulp

is carried by a conveyer to the feeder at the top of the shaft, and shaken through the sieve so as to fall in a shower through the flame of the gas entering at the side apertures low down in the shaft. The principal portion falls to the bottom, but the finer matter passing over is exposed to a flame arising from the mingled air and the carbonic oxide of a charcoal fire discharging into the downcast shaft leading to the series of chambers in which fine metallic dust is eventually deposited, and from which it is removed from time to time.

In the furnace shaft a double decomposition takes place, which converts the sulphide of silver into the chloride, in which latter condition it is brought, as one may say, within the grasp of the mercury. In the presence of sulphurous gases from the sulphide of silver the chloride of sodium is decomposed, and yields its chlorine to the silver, forming the chloride of silver, while the sulphurous gases uniting with the soda form sulphate of soda, which is washed out with the tailings. The material from the furnace is ready for the amalgamating pan.

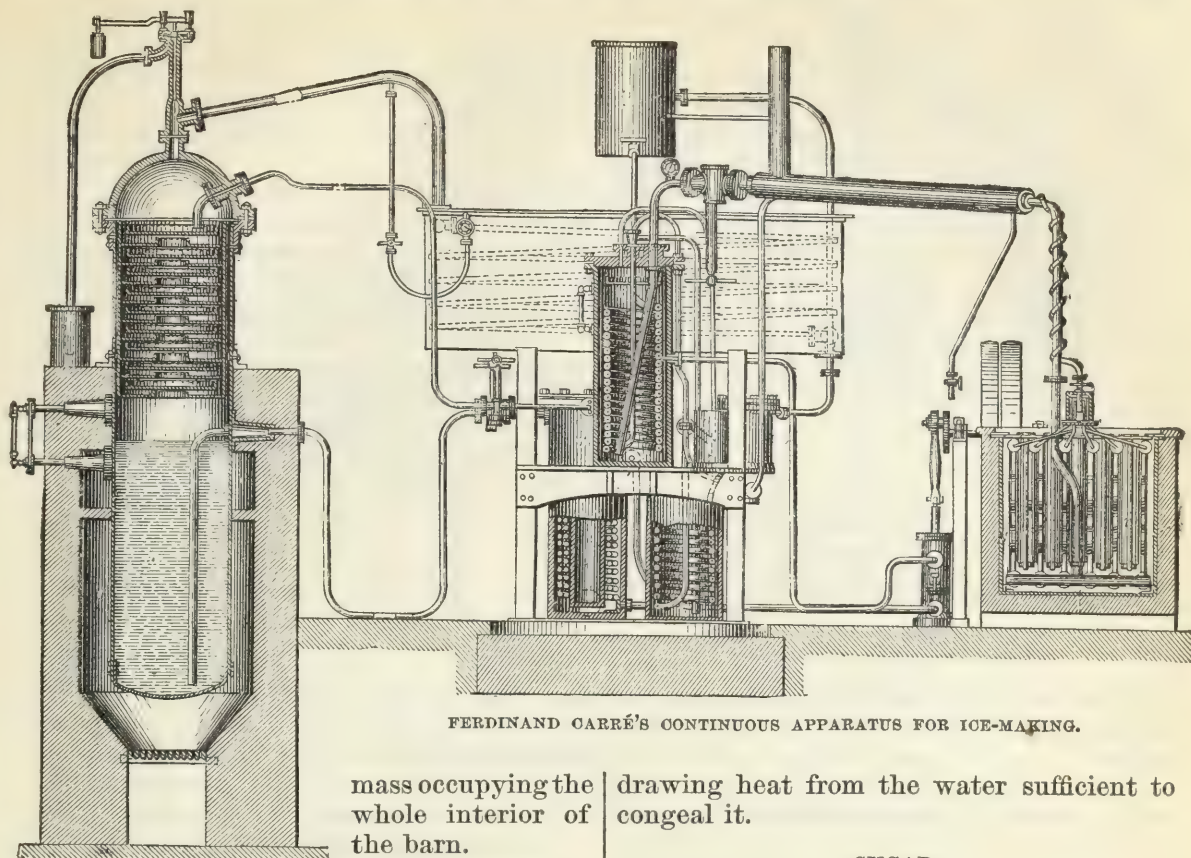
#### ICE.

Ice is one thing in which Americans revel in the summer-time. No other nation lays in such a stock, or so peremptorily demands an abundant supply. American ice is sold in London, Calcutta, and a hundred places between the two. Usually the ice is "harvested" on ponds or rivers in the North, and the business has created a whole set of peculiar contrivances for scraping off the surface and removing snow; sawing the sheet into blocks without quite detaching; splitting them off; floating them to the hoist; elevating them by endless chains; delivering them to the men who stow them in a solid



STETFELDT'S ROASTING FURNACE.





FERDINAND CARRÉ'S CONTINUOUS APPARATUS FOR ICE-MAKING.

mass occupying the whole interior of the barn.

More specially noticeable, however, are the machines for congealing water into ice, and which are commencing to work at a price below that at which the ice can be gathered and transported.

Speaking in short terms, there are four modes of making ice—vaporization, radiation, liquefaction, and sudden reduction of pressure.

Vaporization in a partial vacuum formed the basis of Dr. Cullen's attempts in 1755; in 1777 Nairne used sulphuric acid to absorb the vapor rising from water in an exhausted receiver. Edmond Carré's apparatus is on this principle, and is used to produce the *carafes frappées* so common in Parisian restaurants. In the continuous operation of Ferdinand Carré ammonia is employed as being more volatile than water, and under ordinary atmospheric pressure permanently gaseous. The apparatus is somewhat complicated, but effective. The water is in cans in a bath of uncongealable liquid, cooled by zigzag tubes, into which the liquid ammonia is conducted to expand, and thereby convert the sensible heat of the surrounding bath into latent, due to its assumption of the gaseous condition. There are many modifications of the vaporization principle, but no room to tell of them.

Liquefaction is another mode, and snow and ice are used in connection with salts. Combinations of salts are also used. Machines are also used in which air is exhausted by a steam-engine from a receiver, the expansion of liquid into a gaseous condition

drawing heat from the water sufficient to congeal it.

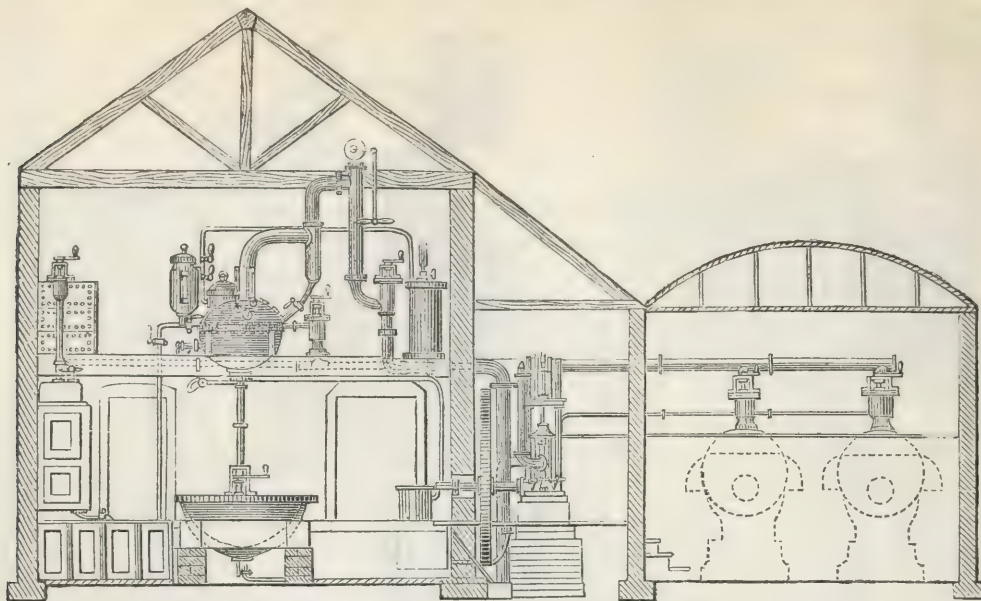
#### SUGAR.

Sugar is mentioned by Dioscorides and Pliny as a kind of honey obtained from cane, and was introduced into Europe by the Arabs. The first mention of it in European annals is in the account of Nearchus, who commanded the fleet of Alexander. The Crusades added to the European knowledge of it, and in the twelfth century it was grown in Sicily. Thence it was taken to Madeira in 1420, and thence to the Canaries, to Brazil, and to San Domingo in 1506; to Barbadoes from Brazil in 1641. It is a native of the East Indies, and its name is from the Sanskrit, *sarkara*; Persian, *schakar*; Hindostanee, *schukur*; Arabic, *sukkar*. *Kanda* (candy) is also Sanskrit.

It was used for many centuries as a vehicle in medicine before it became an article of food. For the refining processes we are indebted to the Venetians of the sixteenth century. As time passed, the clarification, defecation, and crystallization proceeded on a gradually improving scale, boiling, settling, filtering, white of egg, skimming, bone-black, etc., being used. Loaf-sugar was first made in Venice.

The vacuum-pan is the invention of Charles E. Howard, an English refiner, about 1813. In this a partial vacuum is obtained over the sirup, so that it will boil at a much lower temperature. This not merely saves fuel, but prevents charring and discoloration of the sugar. The modes of handling the sirup, so to speak, are also much simplified and assisted, the cane juice, by means of pumps or by gravity, flowing from the

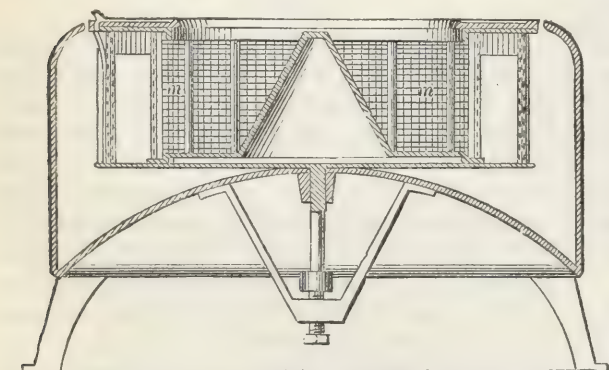




MODERN SUGAR PROCESS.

mill to the filters, to the defecators, to the filters again, to the vacuum-pan, and to the cooler.

Another very important aid in sugar-making apparatus is the centrifugal filter pat-



CENTRIFUGAL FILTER.

ented by Hurd, of Massachusetts, 1844. In this the magma is placed in a foraminous cylinder, and rotated with great rapidity, so that the liquid portion—the water and the uncrystallizable sugar—is expelled by centrifugal force, leaving the granulated sugar in the cylinder.

This really beautiful contrivance has since been adapted for many purposes as a drainer filter, and as a substitute for the clothes-wringer.

#### PORCELAIN.

*Porcelain*, although not finer in texture than the Chinese article of many ages back, nor of more graceful and agreeable shapes than the vases of Etruria and Greece, has, as far as we are concerned in the art, made almost all its progress within the century just passing away.

Wedgwood's improvements, 1759–70,

date the commencement of a new era for us, although Böttcher was half a century earlier, and founded the works of Dresden. The establishment of the porcelain-works at Sèvres, in France, was somewhat later.

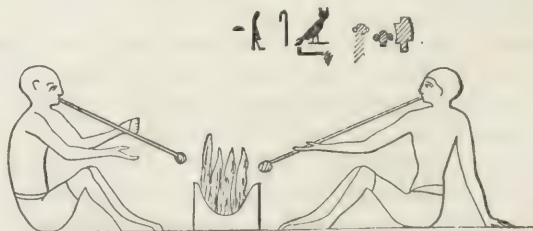
In Prussia, Austria, Russia, Bavaria, and France the works are governmental. Staffordshire, the old home of Wedgwood, is the centre of the English works, which are all private ventures.

#### GLASS.

*Glass* was known in ancient Nineveh, and was skillfully worked by the ancient Egyptians, though it was mostly ornamental, and did not probably enter much into the common uses of life. Pliny describes the mode of making it, and it was used all down through the ages to our own time. It is only within the last three centuries that its use

has become common. The manufacture of blown glass was introduced into England in 1559; plate-glass in 1673.

Cylinder glass was made for some scores

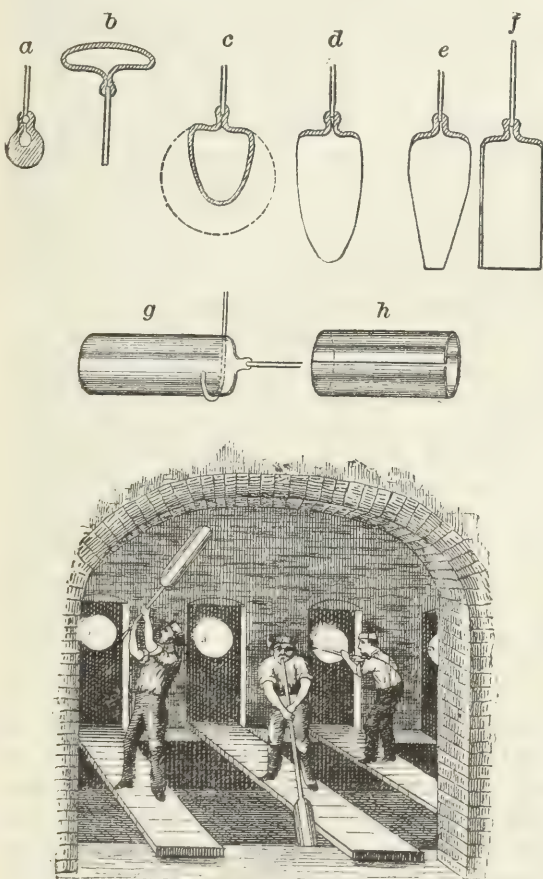


GLASS-MAKING IN EGYPT, 1500 B.C.



of years before it was introduced into England in 1846, just in time for the great Exhibition building of 1851, which was designed by Sir Joseph Paxton, and roofed with cylinder glass made by Chance and Co., of Birmingham.

The process is as follows: The workman collects a mass of glass (*a*) around the end of his blowing tube, and then distends and rounds it by blowing and rolling it on the *marver*, or flat cast-iron table. The subsequent operations consist in reheating, blowing, and swinging, until the diameter and then the length of the cylinder required are attained, the glass successively assuming the forms *b c* represented in the figure. In the fourth stage, where it has assumed a



SUCCESSIVE STAGES OF CYLINDER GLASS.

conoidal form (*d*), the point is very thin, and the blower, having filled the shell with air at a pressure, places it in the furnace, when the expansion of the air by heat causes the conoid to burst at the apex (*e*). The edge of the hole is then trimmed with shears, and enlarged by the *pucellas*, a peculiar hand tool, which resembles a pair of spring sugar-tongs with flat jaws. The cylindrical form (*f*) being then perfected, the cylinder is ready to be removed from the blowing tube, a circular piece of glass coming away with the tube, so as to make an opening in the other end of the cylinder. This separation is effected by a red-hot bent iron, in which the cylinder is turned round a few times, so

as to expand the glass at that point (*g*). A drop of water on the heated line makes an instant fracture. The cylinder is then split by a diamond, or by means similar to that which removed the disk from the end (*h*). *Flatting* and *annealing* finish the process. These are accomplished in separate furnaces, or apartments heated by the same furnace. In the combined form the *flatting furnace* consists of consecutive chambers heated by a furnace beneath. The cylinder is placed on the heated floor of the flatting furnace, with the cracked side uppermost. The heat of the furnace causes it to soften and spread out, when all the curves and lumps are removed by a straight piece of wood fastened crosswise at the end of an iron handle, and wetted before applying. The flatting stone is made very smooth, as any inequalities are transferred to the glass. The sheet of glass is then pushed into the annealing chamber, where it is set upon edge, and left to cool gradually.

The operations of making crown and cylinder glass are exceedingly interesting, and have some marked peculiarities. Wonderful is the command attained by skill over the plastic stuff, and in no other art except pottery is there such a growth beneath the hand of the operator.

The lower illustration shows the men, each one on his platform, one swinging his prolonged bulb above his head, another blowing and swinging it beneath his feet, while a third is observing the operation of heating the glass, which he keeps constantly turning round by means of the rod to which it is attached.

In articles of *bijouterie* and *virtu*, we have nothing to claim of elegance or beauty over the Venetians of centuries back. In glass-cutting the most interesting of modern inventions is Tilghman's sand blast, by which a stream of sharp sand or emery is directed upon glass to drill it, as may be required, or to sink a pattern into it, or sink a panel around a raised pattern. It is also used for drilling stone, and even the hardest varieties, such as agate and porphyry.

#### PAPER.

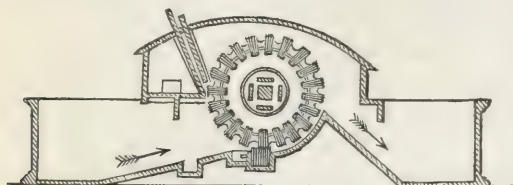
As Pliny remarked in the first century of our era, "All the usages of civilized life depend in a remarkable degree upon the employment of paper; at all events, the remembrance of past events." This he said of the material obtained by splitting apart the successive folds of the papyrus stalk, a reed growing plentifully then in the marshy grounds of Egypt, but which is now somewhat rare.

Paper, as we understand it, was not then known to the Mediterranean nations, and perhaps not out of China. Paper made by the maceration of rags was introduced into Europe by the Spanish Saracens during the



eightth century. It was, of course, made by hand, as it is in Asia at present.

All paper-making machinery is included within our century. By the hand process the rags, being sorted, washed, and bleached, are cut in pieces, and then ground or beaten to a pulp. This was done in mortars till the invention of the rag engine in Holland, about the middle of the seventeenth century. As now practiced, the beater or pulping engine grinds the rags into pulp, which is transferred to a vat.



PULPING ENGINE.

By the hand process, which is extinct in Europe and America, except for some grades of drawing and writing papers, the paper-maker dips into the vat a shallow triangular frame, known as the *mould*, having a closely woven wire-cloth, a sort of flat sieve with wire meshes. Lying upon this is an open rectangular frame like a slate frame, and known as a *deckle*, which forms a margin for the sheet of paper to be made. He dips the two into the pulp, and withdraws them in horizontal position, the mould being full. The water drips away as the man shakes the mould to felt the fibres, and he transfers the soft sheet to a sheet of felt, over which he lays another sheet of felt, on this a second sheet of moulded pulp, and so on, until the pile is high enough to be pressed. It is a second time piled, without the felt sheets, and again pressed, then sized, calendered, and made into reams.

Ten centuries passed and saw the civilized nations of the world making paper thus.

A few years after the commencement of our century, Robert, a Frenchman, devised a machine for making a web of paper from pulp. Before 1800 he had made it succeed in a degree, but it took a number of years and the brains of many co-workers before valuable results were attained. The scene of the effort was shifted from the paper mill of François Didot, of Essones, France, to the works of the wealthy brothers Fourdrinier, in England, who were assisted by Donkin in bringing the machine to perfection.

In the Fourdrinier or *flat web* machine the previously prepared pulp is introduced into a vat, where it is thinned with water previously expressed from the sheet during its formation, and agitated by means of a rotary stirrer. Passing through a peculiarly formed strainer, the invention of Ibbotson, by which it is freed from knots, the pulp, in a stream the thickness of which is regulated according to that of the paper to be made,

falls upon an apron, which conducts it a short distance to an endless wire-gauze flat web, by which it is carried forward and over a box partially exhausted of air; this flattens the web of paper, and partially extracts the water. The width of the sheet is governed by traveling deckles or side straps, which prevent any portion of the pulp from passing away at the sides of the wire-gauze. The web is then conducted upon endless blankets between two sets of rollers, which express most of the remaining water, and partially obliterate the marks of the wire-gauze, and dried by passing between several pairs of hollow steam-heated rollers, being finally wound upon a roller at the farther end of the machine, or delivered on to another machine by which it is cut into lengths.

In 1809 Mr. Dickinson, an English paper manufacturer, invented the *cylinder* machine.

In this a hollow brass cylinder perforated with holes and covered with wire-gauze is substituted for the flat web of the Fourdrinier machine. The air is partially exhausted from the cylinder through its hollow journals, producing the same effect as the vacuum box over which the web passes in the Fourdrinier machine. The remaining part of the process of manufacture is very similar in each. Combinations of the two systems are found: a web of cylinder paper, which is strongest in one direction, and one of Fourdrinier paper being united; also a number of webs united before drying to form a heavy paper or card-board; or a fine web of pulp has fibres of silk strewed upon it to be imbedded in the paper to form a paper for fractional currency. The quality of paper depends mainly upon that of the material, though the making is responsible for the evenness of its thickness and the smoothness of its surface. The best quality made in this country is hardly so good as that made from the longer fibres of silk or *broussonetia* by the Chinese; but our best is from new—that is, unworn—linen stocks, the clippings of garment making. Cotton rags are not so good, and old, worn rags, partly rotten, are worse. After this we reach still commoner material for stout brown paper, such as hemp and old rope, and the cheapest of all is straw, for wrapping paper.

#### INDIA RUBBER.

What would the men before '76 have said to the India rubber manufacture? The substance was first brought to England from Brazil as a curiosity early in the eighteenth century, and about 1776 it seems that Priestley suggested that it was "excellently adapted for removing pencil marks from paper." It was dissolved in turpentine, and used by Peal in 1791 as water-proofing composition for fabrics. Hancock and Mackintosh, about 1823, were the first to apply the gum to the



uses of water-proof clothing. The gum was placed between two thicknesses of fabric, and was a sticky affair at the best. The business never really prospered until the discovery of the *vulcanizing* process by Goodyear, the subject of his patent of June 15, 1844. He preferred the proportions of twenty-five caoutchouc, five sulphur, seven white lead; but these quantities and the nature of the substances employed were varied by Goodyear himself and by his successors. The same may be said of the heat employed in combining the substances, this being generally proportionate to the degree of hardness required in the vulcanite.

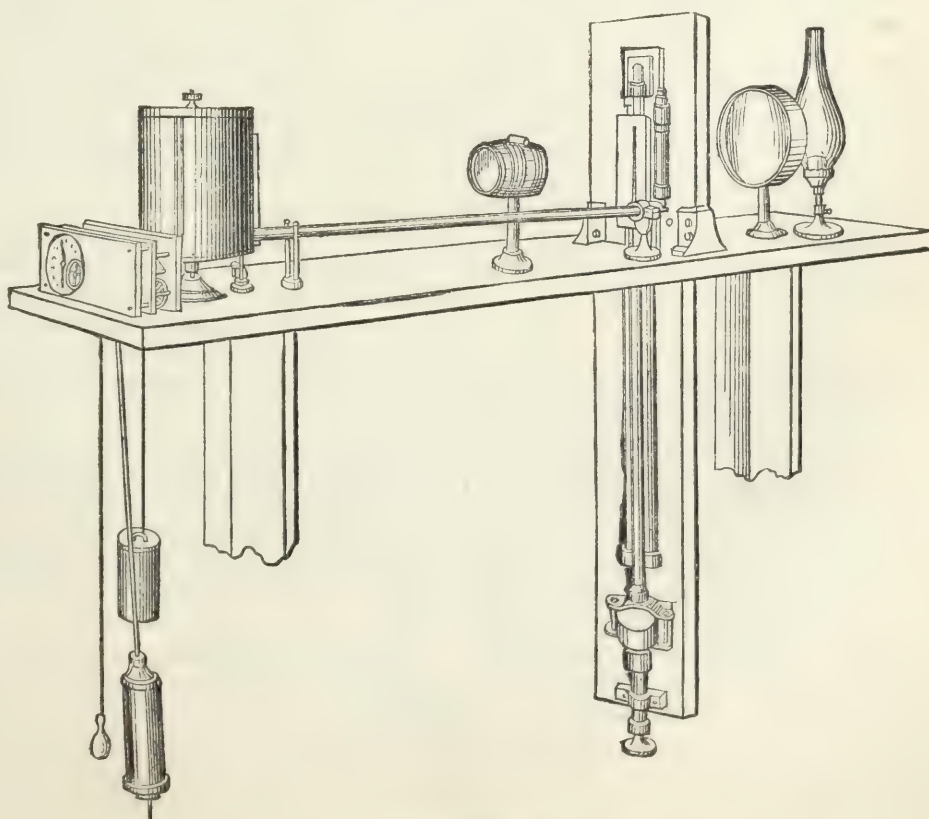
The history of invention does not furnish an instance of greater persistence under discouragement than is afforded by the struggles of Charles Goodyear. It was a purely tentative process. He first mixed the gum with half its weight of magnesia to dry it and remove the stickiness; but the compound softened. He then tried India rubber sap with magnesia, with better results. Next he tried surface treatment with nitric acid. This scheme, which seemed promising, was overthrown by the financial crisis of 1837. After a number of attempts, Goodyear shifted on to the line previously traveled by Hayward—the use of sulphur. Hayward had mixed and covered the rubber with sulphur, and exposed it to the sun's rays, producing a superficial hardening. While experimenting with some goods which had been thus made and returned as rotten, a piece of it was charred by contact with

the stove, and the result was sufficient to indicate to the alert mind of Goodyear that what was needed was the baking of the rubber and sulphur together. He then devoted himself to details, the proper proportions for given qualities of goods, the materials to be added to give color and solidity, the uses to which this admirable compound may be put. The results of his genius, care, and persistence are all around us.

#### METEOROLOGICAL INSTRUMENTS.

The *meteorological instruments* of the present day derive much of their public interest from the tri-daily report of the numerous stations to the Signal-office in Washington, where the generalizations are made, and from whence conjectures for the following twenty-four hours are transmitted. The principal instruments are the *anemometer*, for direction and rate of the wind; the *barometer*, for the atmospheric pressure; the *thermometer*, for atmospheric temperature.

Weather-cocks for indicating the direction of the wind are as old as the sailing of boats, but an instrument for measuring its force can be hardly said to have existed before 1776, when Lind invented an anemometer, which has been long since superseded by those of Whewell, Ostler, Robinson, and others. The present anemometers are self-recording. The *barograph*, or registering barometer, used at the Chief Signal-office, War Department, Washington, is shown in the figure. The barometer is in a dark case, with the mercury column exposed at a slit



THE BAROGRAPH.



through which the light of a lamp passes. At the farther end of the machine, shown at the left in the cut, is a cylinder wrapped with sensitized paper so as to blacken with light. This cylinder and its paper cover are moved by clock-work so as to rotate once in forty-eight hours. The image of that part of the slit above the mercurial column is thus caused to form a continuous dark band of irregular width on the paper, becoming narrower as the mercury rises and widening as it descends in the tube, the width of the band indicating not only the relative changes, but also the absolute height of the barometer. A shutter operated by the clock-work cuts off the light for four minutes at the end of each second hour, leaving a vertical white line on the paper.

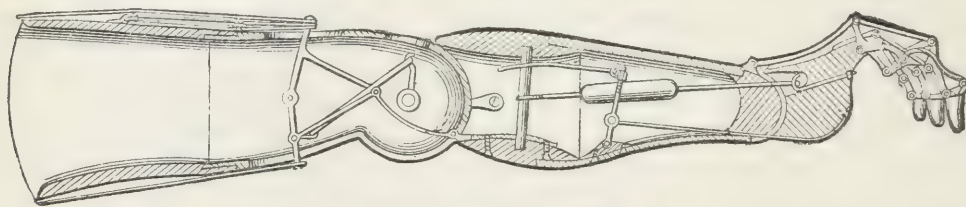
By the expansion of a zinc rod on each side of the barometer tube, in connection with a glass rod and lever, the thermometric changes are made, and the true barometric indications, with corrections for temperature, are photographically recorded. The

introduction of a safe anæsthetic. As Charles IX. said when he hid the Huguenot surgeon in his royal chamber to guard him from the assassins on the night of St. Bartholomew, "there is only one Peré." Palissy, another Huguenot, was similarly shielded by Catherine de Medicis, the queen-dowager, as there was "only one potter." Palissy died in prison eventually. Ether was known for many centuries before Drs. Morton and Jackson, of Boston, brought it into notice as an anæsthetic in 1846. Chloroform was discovered in 1831; first used as an anæsthetic by Dr. Simpson, of Edinburgh, in 1847.

#### ARTIFICIAL LIMBS.

*Artificial limbs* and other *prosthetic appliances* have advanced with the line—artificial hands and legs whose simulation of the natural is so close that a casual observer will not notice the difference.

The artificial arm illustrated has three motions derived from the stump, the arm



CONDELL'S ARTIFICIAL ARM.  
(Longitudinal section of left arm.)

strip after remaining forty-eight hours is taken off, the unaltered nitrate washed out, and it is filed away, an enduring record of the condition of the barometer for two days.

The thermometers are read three times a day, but may be made similarly self-recording. Maximum and minimum thermometers are a usual furnishing of observatories. The differential thermometer of Leslie is a hygrometrical instrument for ascertaining the degree of aqueous saturation of the atmosphere by means of the dew-point.

#### ANÆSTHETICS.

The use of *anæsthetics* has been brought to system, and new agents of ascertained strength and effect have been devised. Former ages used stupefying drugs and poisons which struck directly at the vital force. *Cannabis indica* was used in the Orient, *mandragora* by the Greeks and Romans. The modern anæsthetic agents are cold, deutoxide of nitrogen, chloroform, ether, hydrate of chloral, and some others of less note. From the times when Morelli, in 1674, at the siege of Besançon, invented the tourniquet, and Peré (1550) introduced the ligature and dispensed with actual cautery to arrest the bleeding of the stump, no such act has been accomplished for maimed humanity as the

being secured by bands to the body. The forward motion of the stump flexes the forearm, the phalanges are closed and opened by a sort of rotative motion which draws upon a cord, and the backward motion of the stump gives extension to the forearm. A man with only four inches of stump may with this arm take his handkerchief from his pocket, wipe his nose, pick up a marble from the table, and put it in his pocket. It does not take as long to learn the use of it as it does to become accustomed to the natural arm; but then the practice with the latter begins with very early life, and when the use is acquired it is much the better of the two.

Artificial arms, ears, eyes, feet, gums, hands, legs, noses, palates, pupils, and teeth are all to be purchased closely matching the remaining parts, or made to any shape desired in cases where no natural portion remains to protest against want of uniformity.

Mechanical dentistry is one of the triumphs of our time and country. Not only is excellence in the art a very recent achievement, but it is more thoroughly understood here than elsewhere. Pepys's diary records that his wife's "tooth was new done by La Roche, and was indeed pretty handsome,"



but it was probably a piece of ivory or walrus tooth.

#### AQUARIA.

*Aquaria* have been constructed on a scale sufficient to show aquatic animals and plants in their natural condition, and with a reasonable degree of freedom. The mode of aerating the water by a jet of air introduced into and ascending in bubbles through the water has much simplified that part of the matter. The proper understanding of the reciprocal duties and effects of the animal and vegetable tenants lies at the bottom of the success with an aquarium. The office of the flora is to abstract the excess of carbonic acid gas due to the breathing of the fauna, and restore the oxygen, as with the terrestrial flora. Then certain animals which feed on decaying vegetable matter are put in the miniature pond to act as scavengers to the community. The demonstration of these conditions is due to R. Warrington, 1850. N. B. Ward is also not to be forgotten. An aquarium 36 by 150 feet was constructed in 1860 in the Jardin d'Acclimation in Paris by Lloyd. The same person erected a large one at Hamburg. An aquarium at Manchester, England, has 750 feet frontage. The aquarium of the Paris Exposition was a large and effective one. That of Brighton is on a grander scale than any other. It occupies ground 100 by 715 feet, the general structure being a quadrangular series of tanks with plate-glass sides, and a central roofed apartment lighted through the tank sides so as to give the idea of being under water. The tanks have fresh or salt water to suit the tenants, and vary in size from 11 by 20 to 30 by 55 feet.

An aquarium car lately went from New England to San Francisco with young fish for stocking the Pacific rivers.

#### MATCHES.

The old-fashioned match was simply a wooden splint dipped in brimstone, and kindled from a piece of tinder set on fire by a spark from the flint and steel.

The tinder was sometimes ignited by an air-compressing pump. In other cases the matches were tipped with chlorate of potash, and set on fire by plunging in a vial containing asbestos saturated with sulphuric acid. Dobereiner's lamp, in which a hydrogen jet is brought in contact with platinum sponge, and a coil of platinum wire kept red-hot by alcohol, were also sometimes employed, rather, however, as curiosities than devices of general practical use.

Lucifer-matches have now superseded all other appliances for producing an instantaneous light, throughout the civilized world at least, and have become an article of manufacture employing an enormous capital. They are made by sawing or splitting

blocks of soft wood into splints, which are dipped into a composition containing either phosphorus or chlorate of potash as a basis, and dried.

Round matches are made by forcing the splints through plates having circular apertures, which at once cut out and compress them; the machinery employed cuts as many as 30,000 splints per minute. These are sold by the hogshead to those who make a special business of applying the composition, which is also effected by machinery.

#### MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Musical instruments should not be overlooked. They have advanced within the century equally with the other subjects stated.

The organ is as old as Ctesibus of Alexandria, who lived in the Ptolemaic period. The pressure of air was obtained by a sort of water-bellows, the pipes were but very few, and the compass of course quite limited. Down through the ages we find that it had a precarious existence. Haroun-al-Raschid and the excellent Gerbert of Rheims are two of the great names associated with its possession and use. The missals of the Middle Ages show a variety of clumsy contrivances for evoking sounds from pipes by machinery, but excellence was not attained much before the time of Father Smith (referred to by Pepys), who crossed the Channel to repair the damages occasioned in the English churches by the Parliamentary soldiers. Since this time the instrument has been much enlarged, its power, compass, and capacity increased, perhaps without increasing its sweetness. The great organ of Haarlem has sixty stops and 8000 pipes; one at Seville 5300 pipes. The organ of the "Albert Hall of Arts and Sciences," London, has 111 stops, 14 couplers, 32 combinations, and about 9000 pipes. The organs of the Boston Music-Hall, Baltimore Cathedral, and Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, are among the largest in this country.

The parlor organ is an outgrowth of the accordeon, which was introduced in Europe in 1821. The first metallic-reed musical instrument was the *Eolodicon*, by Eschenberg, of Bohemia, 1810. The rocking melodeon was a large accordeon on a stand. Carhart, in this country, has done more than any one else in the improvement of this instrument. He introduced the exhaust plan in 1846. Previous to this the air had been forced through the reed slits, and is still so in Europe. His first instrument had four octaves, but they were afterward increased. Mason and Hamlin in 1855 had instruments with seven octaves, four sets of reeds, and two manuals.

The piano is the successor of a whole series of stringed instruments, dating from the harp. It is a *prostrate harp*, whose



strings are beaten by hammers actuated by keys. The citole, clavicymbalum, virginal, spinet, and harpsichord occupy the period from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century. The piano-forte was really invented by Christofori, of Florence, 1711, but it was near the end of the century before it had attained excellence enough to supersede the spinet and harpsichord, the strings of which were twanged by plectra. The grand point to be attained in the piano, or as it was early called, the *hammer harpsichord*, was for the hammer to fall back immediately after striking the string, so as to allow the latter free vibration.

The improvements in this instrument are marvelous, and our country is in the front rank of ingenuity and excellence. The names of Broadwood, Collard, Erard, Steinway, Chickering, Knabe, with many others we can not find space to name, go to an admiring posterity in company.

WASHINGTON, D. C. EDWARD H. KNIGHT.

### CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

WHEN Agassiz wished to trace the progress of the glacier, he found it impossible to do so except by a method which enabled him to compare its condition in successive seasons. For this purpose he placed a row of stakes in the glacier extending in a straight line from stakes firmly fixed among the rocks on either bank. Then, by returning from year to year and comparing the relative position of his stakes, he could determine the rate and the nature of the progress which had been meantime made. It is by an analogous method that we must trace the progress which has been made in the world by and through the instrumentality of Christian missions. He who looks upon the stream can hardly persuade himself that any thing is in process of accomplishment. But he who is content to compare the state of the world where Christian missions have been at work with its condition where the Gospel is still unknown, or the present resources and activity of Christian missions with their condition a century ago, will readily perceive that the glacier is moving with a real and very vigorous progress, none the less that it is almost imperceptible to the casual and careless observer.

In this article we do not propose to enter upon a consideration of the theological aspects of Christian missions, but merely and briefly to indicate in outline what they have accomplished of visible and temporal good in ameliorating the horrors of war, promoting the arts of peace, and enfranchising and developing the mind of the individual.

The condition of the world at the advent of Christ is one which our imagination can not easily and rarely does correctly picture.

A certain civilization certainly existed in Greece, Rome, Egypt, Phœnicia, Carthage. But those features of modern civilization which enure to the benefit of all mankind were absolutely unknown. Natural science had no existence, and could have none, so long as men were taught to believe that nature itself was deity. No Franklin could be guilty of the impiety of sending a kite into the heavens to catch the lightning so long as the lightning was believed to be Jove's thunder-bolts. No mariner was likely to be sufficiently audacious to conceive even a system of navigation which should carry him far out to sea so long as the sea was the exclusive domain of Neptune. The common conveniences of our modern life were unknown to heathen Rome even in the period of its greatest luxury. There was no postal system. If a Roman wished to send a letter to a friend in Corinth, he must do it by private messenger. There were private bankers, but no banking system. If one wished to transmit money, he must carry it in person at the risk of robbery, or send it by a herald at the greater risk of embezzlement. There were magnificent palaces, but no houses. It is doubtful whether under the Cæsars there was a chimney or a glass window in all Rome. If either existed, it was only in the privileged houses of the wealthy few. Nor is it to be regarded strange that inconvenience and semi-barbarism thus accompanied wealth and luxury. The intimate relations of friendships, which are directly traceable to the genial influence of Christianity, and the intricate relations of a universal trade and commerce, which are indirectly traceable to the stimulating influence of Christianity, never existed to any considerable extent in pagan lands, and without them the post-office would have been an unused convenience, and banking at once impracticable and incomprehensible. The very word *home* has no equivalent in either the Greek or the Latin languages; and where the institution was comparatively unknown, the outward comforts and conveniences which it has created for itself, as the silk-worm weaves its own cocoon, were also naturally, if not necessarily, unknown. So long as the wife was only an upper servant whom the husband might dismiss at his pleasure, as he could under both Grecian and Roman law, so long it was not strange that her kitchen was usually a portable stove in the open yard, and her boudoir an attic chamber, where she lived apart from her lord, except when he was pleased to command her presence.

How far the progress which has been made since the first century is due to general laws of development, how far to the influence of race, and how far to the direct or indirect influence of Christianity, is a question which we shall not here attempt to dis-



cuss. But he who notes the fact that modern civilization is contemporaneous with Christianity, that the much-vaunted nineteenth century has not conferred the public school on Africa, nor the steam-power on India, nor the electric telegraph on China, nor, in brief, any of the features which are supposed to characterize it on any pagan nation, except in so far as paganism has borrowed them from Christendom, will not be inclined to deny that at least Christianity as a moral force is one of the principal factors in producing what we commonly and correctly call Christian civilization. "The government of India," says the last Parliamentary Blue-book, "can not but acknowledge the great obligation under which it is laid by the benevolent exertions made by the five hundred missionaries, whose blameless life, example, and self-denying labors are infusing new vigor into the stereotyped life of the great populace placed under English rule, and are preparing them to be in every way better men and better citizens of the great empire in which they dwell." "As you ride about the suburbs of Honolulu," says Mr. Charles Nordhoff, writing of the Sandwich Islands, "and later as you travel about the islands, more and more you will be impressed with a feeling of respect and admiration for the missionaries. Whatever of material prosperity has grown up here is built on their work, and could never have existed but for their preceding labors; and you see in the spirit of the people, in their often quaint habits, in their universal education, in all that makes these islands peculiar and what they are, the marks of the Puritans who came here fifty years ago to civilize a savage nation, and have done their work so thoroughly that even though the Hawaiian people become extinct, it would require a century to obliterate the way-marks of that handful of determined New England men and women." These testimonies from observant and unprejudiced witnesses might be indefinitely repeated. We quote them here, however, not to maintain a point, but to indicate it, which, however, we can do still better by a single illustration.

There is perhaps no people in the world more inaccessible to the direct influence of Christian missions than the Mohammedan. Whether it be a certain native stubbornness in the Moslem character, or whether it be the peculiar fanatical and almost fierce attachment to his own religion, or whether it be the traditional and inherited hate of the Christian dogs, descending from father to son ever since the days of the Crusades, or whether it be the inherited abhorrence of pictures in the churches, which characterize the forms of Christianity with which the Turks are most familiar, the Greek and the Romish churches, or whether it be all

combined, certain it is that nowhere does the Christian religion find obstacles so apparently insuperable to its direct progress as in Turkey. But in Turkey Christian missions have indirectly been the means of revolutionizing the national system of schools. When the missionaries first commenced their labors in Turkey there were Turkish schools in connection with the mosques, answering somewhat to the parish schools of the established churches in Christian lands. But these schools were neither graded nor classed. From twenty to one hundred pupils sat in a semicircle before the master, whose whip was generally long enough to reach the outer circle. Each day the teacher began with the alphabet and droned through it to spelling and reading words of one, two, and three syllables, all in the Arabic tongue—the language of the ecclesiastics, but not of common life. Each day the most advanced pupil had to traverse the well-known lesson of the weeks and months before, and the youngest pupil had to look on in stupid ignorance at the spelling and reading of the older scholars. The Christian missionaries introduced text-books, taught the common language of the common people, graded and classed their scholars—really taught them the rudiments of a secular education, and so drew away the pupils from the mosque schools that the latter in pure self-defense were obliged to abandon their ancient routine, take the text-books which the missionaries had printed (for there were no others), and imitate as well as they could their example. And to-day there is not left any where within the influence of a missionary station an ancient mosque school in all Turkey.

Such unrecognized revolutions as this are not estimated when men ask the question, Do missions pay? They justify us in believing that what Mr. Nordhoff says of the missionaries in the Sandwich Islands is true of their work every where: "Their patient and effective labors seem to me, now that I have seen the results, to have been singularly undervalued at home."\*

The true missionary, save in those cases in which his lot is cast in a land whither commerce has already carried material civilization, must of necessity be a man of unusual versatility. He must be a mechanic; for when he begins to construct a house to live in he will find no architect to draw plans for him. He must be "handy" with tools, and be able to repair the broken fur-

\* *Northern California, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands.* By CHARLES NORDHOFF. Harper and Brothers. For an admirably concise though necessarily incomplete statement of the obligations of literature, science, and commerce to Christian missions, see a paper read by Dr. Eddy before the Evangelical Alliance in New York—*History, Essays, Orations, and other Documents, of the Sixth General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance.* Harper and Brothers.



niture, to re-arrange the disordered clock, to set up the pump he has brought with him from afar. He must have some practical knowledge of gardening, or live on roots and herbs, in the absence of a public market; for cabinet-makers, watch-makers, plumbers, and gardeners are unknown in his new home. He must be something of a physician, or stand by helpless and see his wife and children languish and die for want of medical knowledge, which, in the wilds of Africa or the interior of India, no money can procure. These and like qualities are essential not merely to his highest usefulness, but even to his very existence. But these qualities, combined with courage, energy, and prudence, will soon make their influence felt. To the savage a house with doors, windows, wooden floor, water-tight ceiling, clean and comfortable beds, a cistern, a pump, and always plenty of water, a fenced and cultivated garden, kept fruitful even in time of drought by systematic irrigation—this is itself a silent teacher, whose influence is all the more incalculable because it is unconsciously exerted. The reader, then, when he glances at the missionary maps which accompany this article, must not imagine mere chapels in which once a week a new theology is discoursed to an untutored congregation; he must imagine a typical American home, or perhaps a typical American village, characterized by a high degree of virtue, intelligence, and culture, and itself a little centre of civilization. Each one of these stations affords to the surrounding population a knowledge of what we call the necessities of life, but what are to the child of nature marvels and mysteries of convenience and luxury; and each one thus becomes a silent witness to the present and temporal value of Christianity.

These physical aspects of missions are too little regarded, too little understood. Today in Asia and India and China the instruments of toil are what they were in the days of Christ—yes, in the days of Abraham. The two women still are to be seen grinding the wheat in the little hand-mill; the plow is still a sharpened stick of wood that barely scratches the surface of the ground; the houses of the peasant population are huts of one story; the same room often holds both the people and their cattle; the carpenters' tools are fac-similes of those with which Jesus worked in his father's shop in Nazareth. As late as 1850 all the lumber that was sawed even in the city of Constantinople and vicinity was sawed by hand. The first true saw-mill was introduced there by an American missionary. The gospel of hoes and plows and rakes, of axes and adzes and planes, of grist-mills and saw-mills, of sewing-machines and pianos and reed organs—the gospel of a temporal civilization—goes with that of the printed Bible. There

lies before us as we write a package of letters from a well-known missionary to his brother. They cover a period of six months of missionary life. From these letters we cull the following list of articles ordered for his one station: A grist-mill, with all accompanying apparatus; spokeshaves; ten pairs of scales; four clocks; axes; stoves; saws, both straight and circular; an emery wheel; a large flour mill; door springs; jams, sirups, and preserved meats; twenty bags of coffee; six revolvers; a stationary steam-engine; a caloric engine, fifteen horse-power; a last machine. In this list we have not included furniture, food, wearing apparel, etc., intended for the use of the missionary and his family; only articles which were for the benefit of the community. Where he obtained either cash or credit to pay for the purchases indicated is a perplexing problem. The proceeds of every purchase went into the station; and the writer in one of his letters says, with touching pathos, "When I die, should it be on the land, I shall not leave the means of putting a stone over my place of lowly rest; should it be on the sea, the expense will not be required." He has lived long enough to experience his reward in seeing the wonderful impetus given to a Mohammedan community by implements of industry which he imported from a Christian land.

If now we turn from a consideration of the influence of the individual mission to trace the external progress of missions, the growth of the missionary organizations, and the multiplication of missionary stations, we shall find abundant reason to recognize a marvelously rapid increase in results.

Ordinarily, and perhaps properly, modern missions are traced to the influence of Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the order of the Jesuits. It was his object to establish an order, not of mendicants nor of pietists, but of propagandists. His great disciple, Francis Xavier, was the first whom he sent out to convert the heathen. In such words as these Loyola announced to him his appointment: "By higher counsels than those of our short-sighted judgments, Francis—for we can not penetrate the designs of God—you, and not Bobadilla, are destined to the mission of the Indies. It is not the single province of Palestine, which we were seeking, that God gives you, but the Indies, a whole world of people and nations. This is the soil which God intrusts to your cultivation; this is the field which He opens to your labors." Xavier landed at Goa on the 6th of May, 1542. His own marvelous energy and zeal, and the exceptional position which he occupied as a pioneer, have made him by far the most notable missionary since the days of St. Paul. His life is an honor to the Church Universal. He left Rome with no other provision for his missionary journey than his breviary. His



life was spent in what was then, far more than now, an unknown land—India, Japan, and the coasts of Travancore and Malabar. Toils and fatigues, perils by sea and by land, and all the deprivations of a voluntary exile only increased his exultation; and when, in his forty-sixth year (1552), he died, alone on the sandy beach, in a journey to China, under a rude shelter which a compassionate Portuguese put over his head to protect him from the sun, his only regret was that he was not permitted to die a martyr. His life was sufficiently noble in its purely human traits to render quite needless the imputation to him, since his death, of miracles which he disavowed while living. And his zeal, and that of his followers, were followed by such apparent though transient success that it seemed as if India, China, and Japan were almost immediately to be converted to Christianity. At the same time, Abyssinia and large tracts of Western Africa were in an equally hopeful state. In this, as in other and later instances, zeal abroad awakened a corresponding zeal at home. In 1621 the first foreign missionary society was organized, the *Congregatio de Propaganda Fide* (the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith), an organization founded at Rome, and existing to this day, to which is intrusted the care of missions among the unbelievers. It consists of thirteen cardinals and four other members, and settles all such questions as that about the worship of ancestors in China, and the caste question in India, which divided the Jesuit from the Franciscan and Dominican missionaries, and was giving so much trouble to the Pope at the time of the establishment of the Propaganda. This committee has entire charge of all missions, but does not collect money for them. In the eyes of the Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, Protestants stand in quite as great need of missions as do the heathen. It is this congregation, therefore, which directs the missionary operations in the United States; and we are assured on private and, we believe, trustworthy authority that it possesses a map of the extreme Western States of the Union which for accuracy and detail is not surpassed by any public atlas, and which is corrected from year to year. By aid of this map it selects the points which our new railroads are opening, and determines the site of its present missions and its future cathedrals. The Church of Rome has no missionary societies quite analogous to those of the Protestants, but it does the same work by methods differing only in detail. Urban VII. established at Rome what is called the Propaganda College, which is richly endowed, and educates candidates for the mission work from all nationalities. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith has its centre in Lyons, and previous to the war of 1870 raised about a million dollars annu-

ally for the support of missions. Besides this there are the Leopoldine Society of Vienna and the Society of the Holy Childhood in France. These bodies simply collect money in small weekly contributions, and disburse it in aid of missions as they please, but have no control whatever over the mission, and send out no missionaries.

But though foreign missionary organizations have thus been in existence for over two centuries and a half, and though missionary operations have been actively carried on ever since the days when the little church at Antioch, in Syria, sent Paul and Barnabas on the first mission to the heathen, Protestant missions, in their present form, have only existed from about the beginning of the present century. The Moravians were forerunners and pioneers in this work. In 1733 two of their number went to Greenland; in 1771 a mission was established in Labrador, which is sustained to the present day; and even prior to that time, in 1701, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was founded in the Church of England, under the fostering care of the English bishops. But its energies were mainly, if not exclusively, confined to labors among the English colonists. And it was not until 1793 that missions, on any extended scale, to the heathen were undertaken. Then it was, despite much open opposition and more lukewarmness, indifference, and moral inertia, that William Carey succeeded in awakening an interest in foreign missions, which resulted in the organization of the Baptist Missionary Society.\* Two years later (1795) the London Missionary Society was organized by Rowland Hill and others, and in the following year sent a company of twenty-nine missionaries to the South Sea Islands. Five years later (1800) the Church Missionary Society (Church of England) and the Wesleyan Society (Methodist) were organized. For this, as for so many other humane, philanthropic, and religious enterprises, this country is indebted to the mother-land. Not until 1810 was the first missionary organization in the United States founded—the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Thus we are justified in saying that modern Protestant missions are all the growth of the past seventy-five or eighty years; and he who

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\* Marshman, in his "Life and Times" of Carey and his associates, relates the following singular occurrence at a meeting of Baptist ministers in Northampton. He says: "Mr. Ryland senior called upon the young men around him to propose a topic for discussion; on which Mr. Carey rose and proposed for consideration, 'the duty of Christians to attempt the spread of the Gospel among heathen nations.' The venerable divine received the proposal with astonishment; and springing on his feet, denounced the proposition with a frown, and thundered out, 'Young man, sit down; when God pleases to convert the heathen, He will do it without your aid or mine!'"



will look even casually at the maps which accompany this article can hardly fail to recognize the fact that even the visible results already achieved are wonderful.

They will seem to him more wonderful if he will but consider the difficulties under which the work has been carried on, and the obstacles which it has been necessary to overcome. The missionaries have entered countries with whose language, whose customs, whose national traits they were unacquainted; to whose climate they must become inured, to whose civilization they must learn in no small measure to conform. They have had to meet the open opposition of governments, the secret machinations of the priests, the stolid prejudices of the people. Some have died of exposure to perils of climate of which they were unaware until it was too late to correct the error; others have been driven from their places by the edict of the government under which they had voluntarily placed themselves; still others have been exposed to the violence of mobs. Dr. Hamlin waited seven years after purchasing the land before he could obtain from the Turkish government permission to break the ground for the erection of Robert College at Constantinople. Henry Martyn died at the age of thirty-one, a victim of overwork and a debilitating climate. The list of martyred missionaries, if space permitted us simply to print it, would amaze our readers.

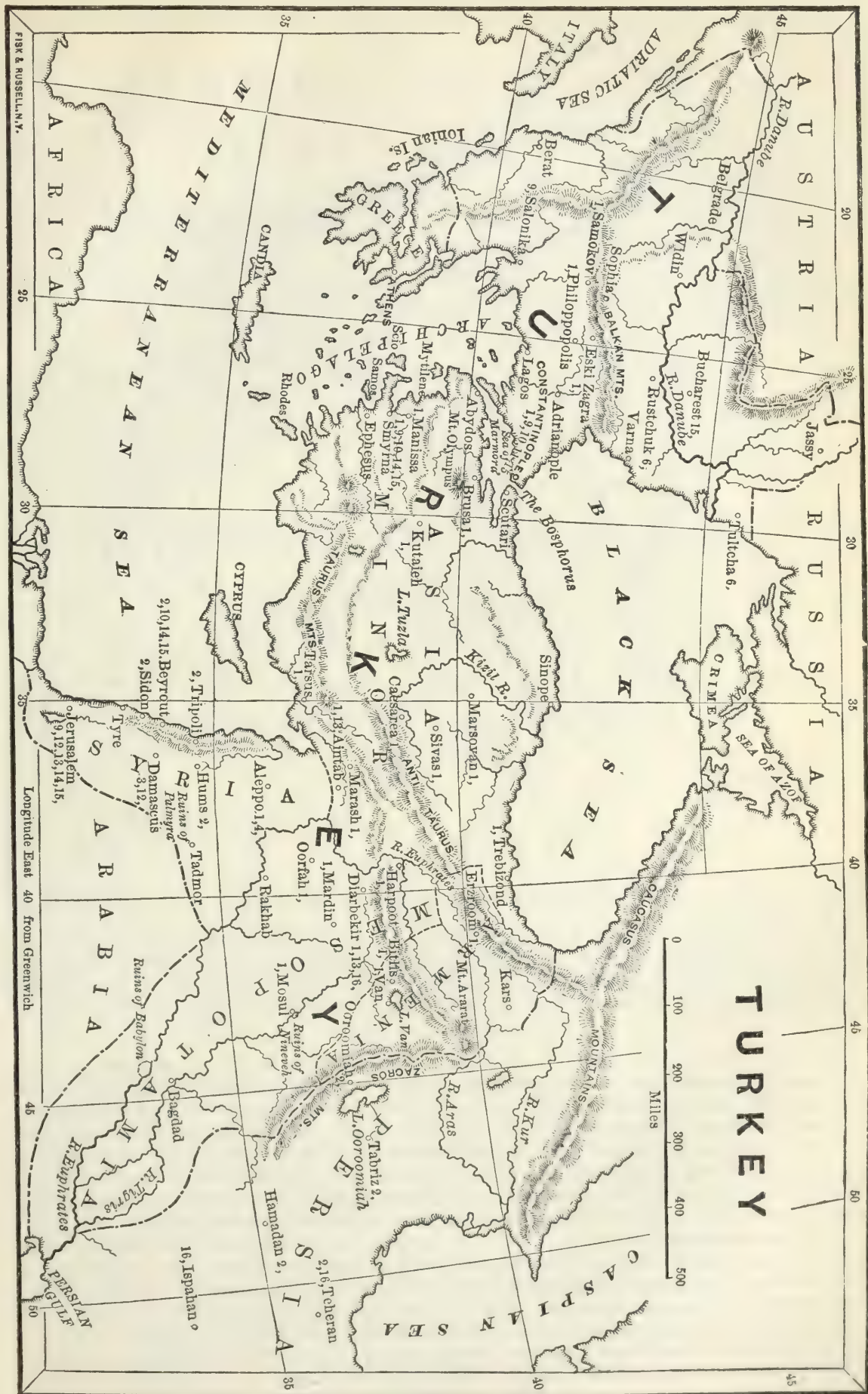
When these difficulties have been overcome, the work has but begun. A language has to be learned, in many cases to be created. For in a large proportion, perhaps in a majority, of instances there is neither dictionary, grammar, nor even a printed or written literature, and the unintelligible jargon of a heathen dialect has to be framed into something like a systematic language before the work of preaching the Gospel can really begin. Two significant facts indicate the extent of this difficulty. The Bible has been, chiefly by the labors of missionaries, translated into over one hundred and fifty different tongues; and in England a society has been organized, The Christian Vernacular Educational Society, for the purpose of translating Christian literature into heathen languages. This preliminary work it has thus far been necessary to carry on in the face of other obstacles interposed from the home of the missionaries yet more discouraging. Commerce has brought with it to heathen ports not the virtues but the vices of Christendom, and the preachers have had to contend against the drunkenness, the violence, the corruption, and the flagrant vice of seamen, whose lives have brought disrepute on Christianity and hatred on those who were attempting to introduce it. Foreign consuls have had but little sympathy with missionary labors, and

too often have denied to the missionary the protection which they would have been quick to extend to any other citizen. For years the English missionaries in India were hampered and hindered by the undisguised hostility of the East India Company and the open opposition of the English officials.\* The results of missionary enterprises have been so remote, the reactionary benefits to civilized communities have been so intangible, the whole movement has been necessarily so dependent on faith in God and the future, that many wise and good but not far-seeing observers have doubted the wisdom of missions; others have felt a certain objection to them as an intrusion and an assumption of race, national, or religious superiority, likely to produce needless antagonism; others have realized the immediate difficulties and dangers far more clearly than the remote and seemingly contingent advantages, or have been impressed by the occasional errors in judgment, and oblivious of the courage and sagacity which have conquered or eluded obstacles to most of us unknown; while the great majority of even warm-hearted and sincere Christians have been comparatively indifferent to the evils of a portion of humanity with which they had no connection, whose condition was never brought home to them, and lethargic concerning a work about which they did not even know enough to question its wisdom. When the lack of interest and enthusiasm at home and the multiplication of obstacles abroad are considered, the progress which foreign missions have made, as indicated by even a glance at these missionary maps, must be regarded as a testimony alike to the self-sacrificing zeal of the comparatively small band of missionaries who have served as heralds of a Christian civilization, and to the divine power of that Christianity which could furnish them with so noble and so enduring an impulse. Although within the present year an edict has been issued in Turkey forbidding the circulation

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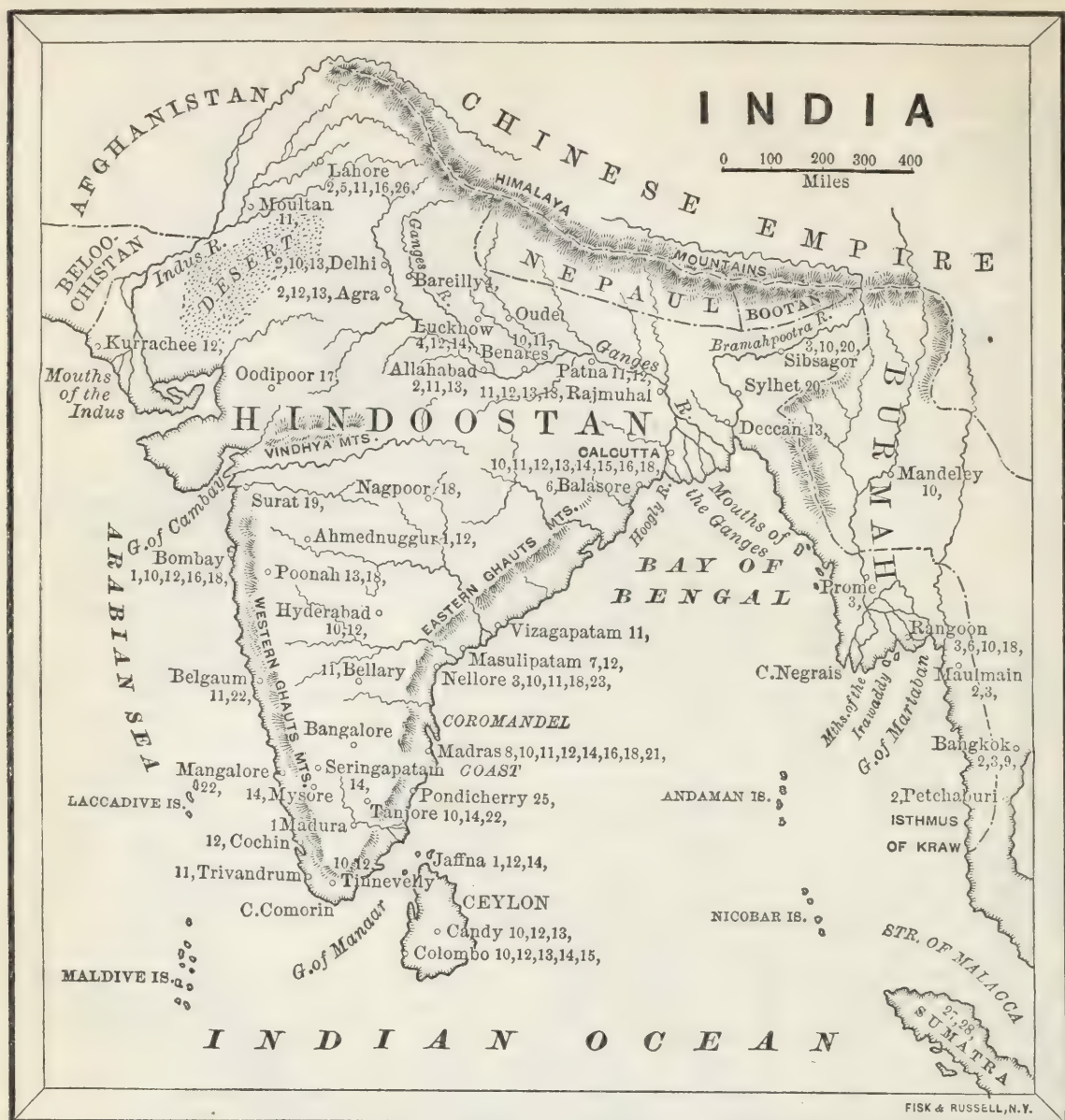
\* "There was a time when, through the extensive preaching of the Gospel by the Tranquebar and Tanjore missionaries, and other causes, the temples in the Madras Presidency began to be deserted and fall into decay. Then it was the (English) government of Madras took them under its own protection, appointed the officiating priests, received the offerings, disbursed the expenses, publicly presented gifts, and restored new vigor to the dying system. The government of Madras made itself trustee of the pagoda lands. In times of drought the collector ordered the Brahmins to pray for rain, and paid money for their expenses. European officers joined in salutes to the idols. Some, of their own accord, would make their obeisance, and others would ride in front of the cars, shouting with the multitude, 'Hari Bol!' Villagers were summoned to draw the cars by order of the collector, and were whipped by the native officials if they refused. The temples were kept in repair by the government, and the illuminations at the festivals were paid for from the treasury."—Dr. MULLEN'S *Result of Missionary Labor in India*.





1. Am. Board (Cong.). 2. Am. Presb. M. S. 3. Am. United Presb. M. S. 4. Am. Ref. Presb. M. S. 5. Am. Southern Presb. M. S. 6. Am. Meth. Epis. M. S. 7. Am. Prot. Epis. M. S. 8. Am. Bapt. M. S. 9. Eng. Church M. S. 10. Scotch Estab. Ch. M. S. 11. Scotch Free Ch. M. S. 12. Irish Presb. M. S. 13. Bishop Gobot's M. 14. Jerusalem Verein. 15. Kaiserswerth Deaconesses. 16. Independent Missions.





1. Am. Board (Cong.). 2. Am. Presb. M. S. 3. Am. Bapt. M. U. 4. Am. Meth. Epis. M. S. 5. Am. United Presb. M. S. 6. Am. Free Bapt. M. S. 7. Am. Luth. M. S. 8. Am. Ref. (Dutch) M. S. 9. Am. Miss. Assoc. 10. Eng. Soc. Prop. Gospel. 11. Eng. London M. S. 12. Eng. Church M. S. 13. Eng. Bapt. M. S. 14. Eng. Wesleyan M. S. 15. Eng. Presb. M. S. 16. Scotch Estab. Ch. M. S. 17. Scotch United Presb. M. S. 18. Scotch Free Ch. M. S. 19. Irish Presb. Ch. M. S. 20. Welsh Calv. Meth. M. S. 21. Leipsic M. S. 22. Basle M. S. 23. Hermannsburg M. S. 24. Gossner's M. S. 25. Danish M. S. 26. Moravian M. S. 27. Rhine M. S. 28. Dutch Zending M. S.

of the Scriptures in that country—though in China the preaching of the Gospel is carried on in the face of mobs instigated by the mandarins, whose violence has even within a few years past horrified Christendom—the epoch of open opposition and violent persecution may be regarded as well-nigh past, and the epoch of direct Christian work as fairly inaugurated.

Bear in mind, first, what a Christian mission is—not a mere preaching station, but a nerve centre, a focus of civilization; bear in mind, secondly, the preparatory work which the founders of these stations have been obliged to go through in order to establish them; and then make with us a flying missionary tour around the globe.

We begin at Constantinople, the extreme eastern boundary of Christendom, the capi-

tal of Constantine, the first Christian emperor, and to-day the most cosmopolitan city on the face of the earth. This is the centre for operations in Turkey. There the missionaries of several societies are gathered for the literary labors connected with the people of Turkey. Although the Mohammedans are still almost inaccessible, and even yet it is with the certain loss of all social position and at the risk of even life itself that any Turk abjures the faith of his fathers, the American Board had in 1871 in Turkey forty-five missionaries and 4055 church members, with a regular Protestant population of 20,000—a number large enough to require that they should be recognized by the Turkish government and represented before the Porte by a "head" of their community, like other churches. The influence of these mis-





1. Am. Board (Cong.). 2. Am. Presb. M. S. 3. Am. United Presb. M. S. 4. Am. Southern Presb. M. S.  
 5. Am. Meth. Ep. M. S. 6. Am. Southern Meth. M. S. 7. Am. Ref. (Dutch) M. S. 8. Am. Bapt. M. U. 9. Am.  
 Southern Bapt. M. S. 10. Am. Seventh Day Bapt. M. S. 11. Am. Prot. Ep. M. S. 12. Eng. London M. S.  
 13. Eng. Church M. S. 14. Eng. Wesleyan M. S. 15. Eng. Bapt. M. S. 16. Eng. Presb. M. S. 17. Eng. United  
 Meth. M. S. 18. Eng. Meth. New Con. M. S. 19. Eng. China Inland M. S. 20. Scotch United Presb. M. S.  
 21. Irish Presb. M. S. 22. Basle M. S. 23. Rhine M. S. 24. Berlin M. S.

sions in modifying and liberalizing the Armenian and Greek churches, and in quickening an interest in education, is something which statistics can not show. The missions in this general field extend throughout Turkey proper, and are especially numerous in Palestine, where this crusade of the nineteenth century for the recovery of the Holy Land is far more hopeful of results than those of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The work of education has been pressed with perhaps exceptional vigor. At Constantinople, Robert College, founded by Christopher R. Robert, of New York city, is overcrowded with students, is already self-supporting, and its president, Dr. Hamlin, is now in this country endeavoring to increase its capacity by further endowments. At Bey-

rout is another Protestant college, to which an excellent school of medicine is attached. The missionaries have made of this town a true literary centre. Here the Bible was translated into Arabic by the labors of Drs. Smith and Van Dyck, and here a well-appointed Arabic printing-press provides a Christian literature for all Arabic-speaking peoples.

Directly east of Turkey, among the mountains of Persia, in a land the clearness of whose atmosphere, the fertility of whose soil, and the beauty of whose scenery are the admiration of all travelers, is a Christian sect which unquestionably dates as far back as the fifth century. Its adherents claim to have derived their faith directly from the apostle James. Rejecting many of the ad-



ditions which a later age made to the simple creed and ceremonials of the New Testament, such as auricular confession, image worship, and the doctrines of purgatory and penance, the Nestorians have been not inaptly termed the Protestants of Asia. But the formalism of their religion and the immorality of their lives render this an appropriate field for missionary labor, and seventy-two schools with 1000 pupils are successfully introducing the rudiments of an education among a people whose clergy have been to the last degree illiterate and superstitious.

Passing by Arabia, the major portion of Persia, Afghanistan, and Beloochistan, which are purely Mohammedan (with the exception of resident Jews), and which have never been approached by Protestant missionaries, we come to the chief field in the world of missionary enterprise—that included within the British Indian Empire. Since 1793, when Protestant missionaries first entered India, nearly every missionary society in the world has engaged in work in this field; and so dense is the population that there is room for them all. The Brahminical religion, dividing the population into castes, which date from the conquest of the peninsula by an Aryan race, has given a pride of birth and race to the higher castes which has been very unfavorable to their reception of Christianity. But the same cause has rendered the lowest castes, which have no rank to be proud of, and who are also of a race that seems to receive religious influences readily, more accessible to the Gospel. The great successes are almost entirely among these non-Aryan, aboriginal tribes, such as the Kols, Santhals, and Shanars, of Tinnevely and Travancore, and chiefly in the country districts. Here, as nearly everywhere, the great cities have afforded the most difficult fields, and have shown the least immediate results. According to Dr. William Butler,\* there were in India and Burmah in 1872 nearly 4000 mission stations of various descriptions, between 800 and 900 missionaries, besides between 7000 and 8000 native teachers and helpers, with an aggregate church membership of 70,857, and a population of nominal Christians of from 250,000 to 300,000. The statistics of Roman Catholic missions in the same territory can only be approximated. The Roman Catholic population is variously estimated at from 700,000 to 763,000. One peculiar feature of mission work characterizes the Indian field. This is the organization among the native population of a new sect, which, without accepting the peculiar tenets of Christianity, rejects the superstitious doctrines and the burdensome ceremonialism of the heathen religion. This sect, known as the Brahmo Somaj, is a

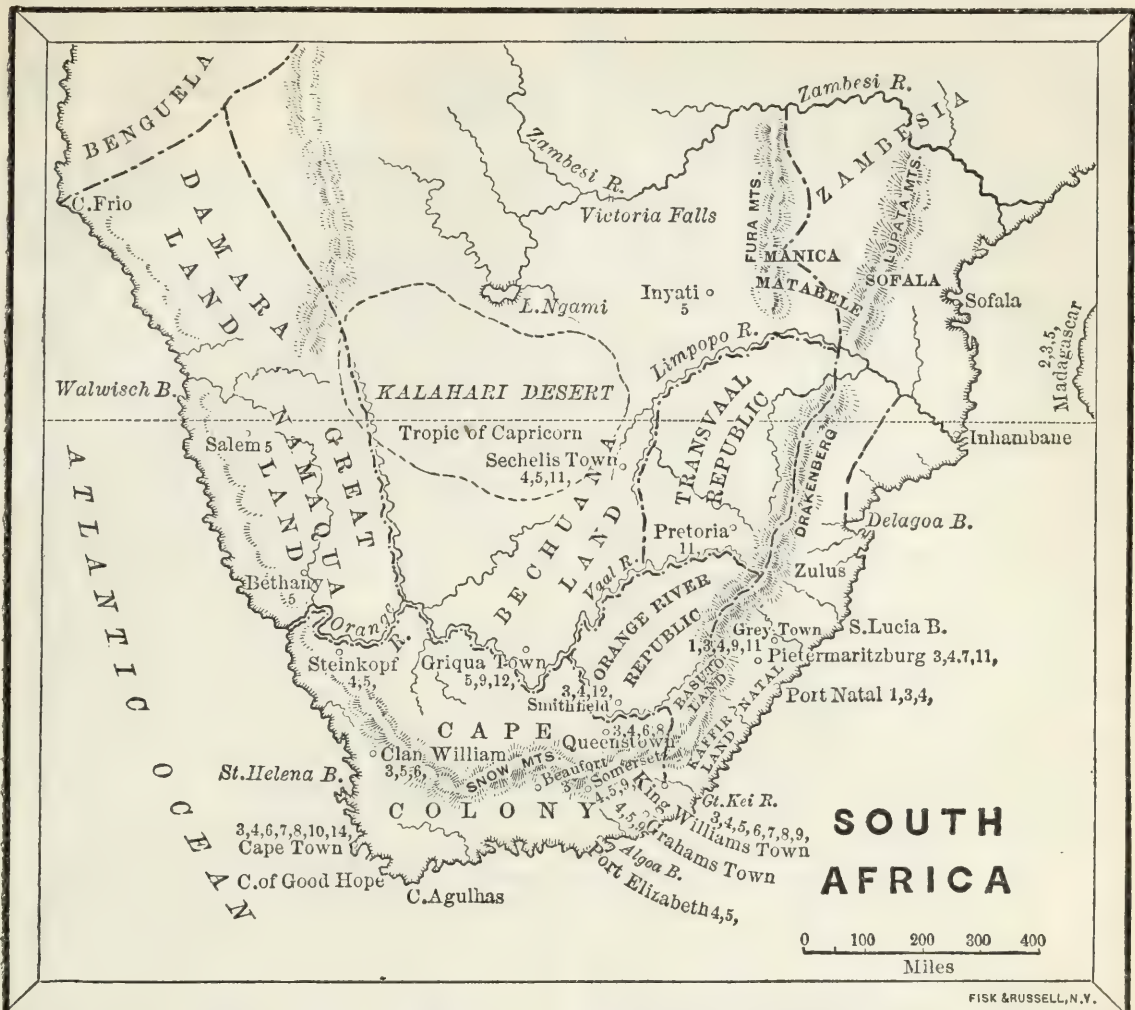
purely theistical body, which unites to the deism familiar in Europe and America the sense and confession of sin which are characteristic of Christianity. It may be defined as Christianity without faith in Christ, and appears as a spontaneous movement, though unquestionably incited by a religious awakening, which the advance of Anglo-Saxon civilization and Christian missions have combined to produce.

A curious and significant feature of the mission work in India is what is known as the Zenana Mission. Zenana is the name given to the inner or women's apartment of the houses of high caste in India. The inmates of these zenanas can not go out except in a closed palanquin or carriage, and closely veiled. Their rooms are bare and unfurnished, their minds are left without knowledge or culture, and formerly they were absolutely inaccessible to all educative and civilizing influences. The first missionary who gained access to them was a Mrs. Mullens, an English missionary, the daughter and the wife of a missionary, and herself born in India. Calcutta was her home, and throughout her life the daughters of Bengal were the objects of her thoughts and labors. The entrance which she succeeded in gaining into the zenanas opened the way for others to follow, and Miss H. G. Brittain, sent out in 1861 by the Woman's Union Missionary Society of America, has become known throughout Christendom by reason of her efficiency and success in this peculiar and difficult field of labor. An entering wedge into the zenanas is afforded by an offer to teach the inmates how to sew, and especially how to do fancy-work and embroidery for their husbands and children. Access once thus obtained, it is not found difficult to embrace the occasion for affording other instruction, both secular and religious. The women are like children in their ignorance, and are eager for instruction and improvement. In connection with this teaching in the home, which has already done much to break down the high-caste notions, and to give to women a larger liberty as well as a larger knowledge, schools have been opened for children, and an orphanage founded; and the method inaugurated by Mrs. Mullens, and prosecuted so successfully by Miss Brittain, is now adopted by most if not all the boards which have missions in India.

In the thirteenth century Jesuit missionaries had already obtained an influential position in Japan. But the temptation to employ their influence for political advancement, which was quite in accordance with Jesuit principles, proved their ruin. The party against which they had combined was too strong for them; an edict provided for the exile of all missionaries and the destruction of all churches, and for once in

\* *The Land of the Veda.* Methodist Book Concern.





1. Am. Board (Cong.). 2. Eng. Church M. S. 3. Eng. Soc. Prop. Gospel. 4. Eng. Wesleyan M. S. 5. Eng. London M. S. 6. Eng. Moravian M. S. 7. Scotch Free Church M. S. 8. Scotch United Presb. M. S. 9. Berlin M. S. 10. Rhine M. S. 11. Hermannsburg M. S. 12. French Evan. M. S. 13. Norwegian M. S. 14. Holland Ref. of Natal M. S.

the world's history a successful religious persecution was instituted. The number of Christians put to death in the succeeding years has been estimated as high as two millions. A law, which was not abolished until 1872, required every Japanese to show his abhorrence of Christianity by trampling on the cross, and every port in the island was closed against Christian commerce. How lately these barriers have suddenly and inexplicably melted away; how foreign missionaries have been invited to take part in the counsels of the nation, and how especially the education of the people has been framed by them, and is to a considerable extent administered by them; how the young men of the kingdom are sent at government expense to this country to learn here what is Anglo-Saxon civilization and what Christianity—all this is familiar to our readers. As yet, as the map on page 399 shows, Protestant missions have but touched the coasts of either China or Japan, except in a few instances. These missions, moreover, have been in operation for so short a time, and the reasonable prejudice of the Chinese especially to the barbarians

who prosecuted against them the opium war is so intense, and the opposition of the literary hierarchy, the mandarins, is so determined, that it is as yet too early to look for results. But already a Chinese Christian literature is in process of formation, and already a Christian civilization is making its way with a rapidity which threatens possible reaction among the more intelligent and less obtusely stubborn Japanese, the Yankees of the East.

But it is in Africa more than on any other continent that the romance of missions has been witnessed. For in Africa savagery and civilization meet face to face. Religion a degrading species of fetichism; government a personal and irresponsible despotism; marriages polygamous, wives slaves; marriageable daughters a marketable article sold at so much per head to their suitors; internecine war the rule, peace the exception; slavery and the slave-trade not only suffered, but maintained as a chief source of commercial prosperity by certain of the tribes—these are some of the features of African life as it has heretofore existed. Of Christian missions it must suffice here to remind



our readers that it is to the explorations of such men as Moffat and Livingstone that we owe our chief knowledge of Africa, and to their efforts we are largely indebted for the present reduction and prospective extinction of the African slave-trade. Columbus discovered a continent: it is not too much to say of Christian missions in Africa that they are in the process of redeeming a continent to civilization, commerce, and Christianity.

Of Polynesia it is enough to say that, with the exception of the aborigines of Australia and New Guinea, the population of these islands are so almost universally converted to Christianity that the work of missions in this region may be said to be substantially over. The civilizing effect of Christian missions in the Sandwich Islands has been recently evidenced in a remarkable manner by the election of a king so recently held there. Indeed, the republicanism of the Sandwich Islands has proved itself of a more stable type than that of either France or Spain; for though the government is a nominal monarchy, the monarch is elected, and thus the people are the rulers of these islands.

However valuable statistics may be to the student, they are rarely entertaining to the general reader. We have therefore refrained from giving them in this article, except incidentally, and as a means of indicating results in particular fields. One significant fact, however, albeit it is statistical, can not well be passed by in silence. The Christian Church has grown as the banyan-tree grows, each branch has become in time a root, sending out other branches to root themselves in turn. Each mission station has become a theological school, in which native Christian laymen have been trained for the work of the ministry among their own people. The extent to which missionary labors have been throughout the globe thus self-multiplying is indicated by the fact that there are to-day over 10,000 converted heathen Protestants who have consecrated themselves to the work of teaching and of preaching the Gospel—more than double the entire number of foreign missionaries of all Protestant sects and denominations.

Here we must take leave of our readers and of our subject. We trust that in this summary review we have indicated enough to satisfy the unprejudiced reader that Christian missions, apart from their spiritual significance, are worth all they cost as a civilizing and educating motive power, and that there is nothing in their past history or present condition to discourage those who look forward with hope to the time when the essential principles of a Christian civilization will belong to the people of the entire globe.

## ELECTRA.

**PERSONAL.**—Wanted, a good mender. Steady employment for a week. Room 23, rear, 1000 Bleecker Street.

**N**O use looking for the room and the house now. Figures will lie sometimes, when they are made to. It happens just now that the figures are the only falsehood in the story I have to tell.

That little advertisement of two lines in the New York *Herald* is the little thread that drew me for a time into the woof of a life as strange and incomprehensible as that Melchizedek of a comet that has just flashed in and out of our experience, terrestrial and celestial, in the year of our Lord 1874.

Caprice and strangeness enough there is in the story, but it treats neither of theft, murder, nor fornication. Of no crime whatsoever, unless, indeed, it be a crime to live and suffer—in other words, to love. Whether the woman was tyrant or victim, whether she conquered the world or was conquered by it, her story will show in part. The whole will never be known till the struggle is fairly over, and she lies at rest with white hands crossed on her quiet breast.

I'm a quiet, plodding sort of little body myself, without a particle of talent for any thing in particular, or any gift but that of patient persistency in whatever I undertake. So far this very small iron spoon which Dame Fortune thrust in my mouth for a birth-gift has enabled me to win food, clothes, and shelter—which is all the king gets out of life, after all.

There are two of us, my dear blind mammy and I. She has never seen her daughter's face, and I never saw my father's; so our lives are just each other's. A quiet bit of prose we make out of it, no doubt: "a poor thing, but my own."

I suppose I should have gone out to service long ago, and solved the problem of life below stairs to the relief or torment of some distressed housekeeper, but for the sake of this dear mammy, whose home shall be my home till that narrow tenement is hers which is always given to tenants, single and unincumbered; then— But it is neither *my* past, present, nor future that I have to relate.

Work was dull. I had been making shirts for a constant diet through the winter, filling in the evenings with millinery trifles for Madame Foucaud, who was pleased to make the Dutchman's little "doo ber zent" on my handiwork, getting thirty dollars for every ten dollars I furnished her in materials and labor.

But Mrs. Potiphar had gone to Long Branch, Miss M'Flimsy was at Saratoga, and no chance of any extras just now. I had searched the columns of Wants and Personals till my eyes ached. Absolutely nothing



seemed to offer the least encouragement to apply but the brief indefinite one which heads my story.

What sort of a mender? I queried. Glazier or carpenter? Perhaps a roofer or plumber; perhaps a toy-maker has come to grief, or the best dinner-set needs a gross of diamond cement and a week's steady work.

I would think about it, at all events—sleep on it. If nothing better turned up I would go in search of Room 23, rear, 1000 Bleecker Street. Not suggestive of style or luxury, possibly not of respectability; but I have learned not only is there honor among thieves, but no one steals from the poor, even in Bleecker Street. The night and the morn may look on a thousand crimes and follies, but it is rare that sunrise or even eight o'clock of a bright June morning finds much wickedness astir.

Mammy had her breakfast, the room was tidied, her knitting within reach. She earns many a penny with the pretty, airy, fleecy nothings she creates on her big wooden needles for the fair belles and grand dames who never ask or care where the sea-foam hoods were born, so they drift into their reach on a wave of Madame Fouchaud's raising.

There was little to attract attention in any way in my gray linen skirt and belted sacque. No one looked at me or after me as I took the car at University Place, and got out at my nearest point. I knew well enough what the rear of one of those houses meant, and found, with little delay, the narrow archway which led from daylight and dirt in front of Bleecker Street to twilight and dirt behind Bleecker Street.

The road was straight and narrow enough to have led to heaven, and full dark enough to have led elsewhere. No wonder our portly aldermen and street commissioners neglect to clear such slums: they would need a course of Banting to get in to the very gates.

My courage almost failed me; but that same pertinacity which is, like a good deal else that goes by the name of perseverance, nothing but obstinacy and a determination not to throw up the sponge while there's breath, let alone life, remaining, carried me through.

Whether the court-yard had originally been intended to give light and air to the building in the quadrangle around it, whether the tall thin tower of a building which had sprung up in the middle was a deliberate intention or an after-thought, whether it was planted or grew up in a night, like those noisome toad-stools that breed death, can only be settled by those who undertake to reconcile free-will and fore-ordination. There it stood, and there it stands.

I recalled the number of the room—twenty three. Four rooms on a floor, that must be the sixth story. Up, up, up, nearer and

nearer the square sky-light which alone lighted the stairway. It is certain to bring us nearer heaven one way, I thought. By comparison with the depths below, it was almost light on the final landing; it was easy enough to find No. 23. On the door was tacked a square visiting-card, with the legend *E. A. Pascovitch* written in a bold, rather mannish hand, though what is mannish is rather difficult to decide nowadays, since book-keepers and clerks write fine copper-plate, and young ladies affect five lines to the page and three words to the line.

I knocked a quiet, firm little knock, not in the least, I flatter myself, like a postman's or a beggar's—a knock that said, modestly but decidedly, "Business; yours as well as mine."

The voice that answered was a woman's voice unquestionably, but it was too full and resonant for an American voice, even without the accent and peculiar rising inflection which foreigners almost always give to even short phrases in our language.

I opened the door as I was bid. Good Heavens! how I winked and blinked, though my gray veil was over my eyes! But it was absolutely overpowering to come in from the dim irreligious light without to the brilliancy of the room and its inmates.

The tower in the quadrangle, in its desire to reach daylight, had shot up a full story higher than the buildings around it. In the centre of the room was a large dormer-window. Some one had been liberal; perhaps, like the hidden carvings in Strasburg Cathedral, this window might have been some one's practical repentance. The glass was spotless as hands could make it, though that would have mattered little, since the window was wide open, letting in an absolute flood of light and whiteness. It seemed to me at first that every thing was white in the room; the walls and ceiling were fresh with whitewash, laid on liberally, with an unskilled hand, doubtless, but serving just as well to hide from sight much that must have been doubly hideous in that pure light from heaven; the floor was covered with coarse white cotton, like a parlor for dancing, I remember thinking.

The narrowest of pallets lay on the floor in one corner, tucked snugly in with a white quilt. A light cane-seat rocking-chair was the only conventional piece of furniture; seats there were, but their square angularity suggested trunks and packing boxes covered with the same coarse white material. Nothing soft, nothing round, nothing lovely, I had almost said, in spite of a royal fuchsia, heavy with crimson and purple bells, standing on the broad window-ledge.

It was the strange whiteness and unexpected purity which dazzled me, I think. I did not come out of my daze till the same



peculiar voice that made me think of golden Falernian, such as the monks pour for their choicest guests, broke the white stillness. "It is dat *de chile* will wiss someting?"

The voice made the form tangible, but it seemed almost uncanny to see such wonderful beauty in such a place. Something made me think of Una and her milk-white lamb. The woman was tall, very tall—no wonder I seemed a child to her. Hers was no slender stateliness, but the magnificence of Freya herself. Her robe, unlike in fashion any thing I had ever seen, flowed in amplest folds to her feet. As she walked toward me with the step of a goddess it trailed like a white cloud behind her; sleeves open to the shoulder fell nearly to the bottom of her dress, in shape not unlike what are technically called "angel sleeves"—on what authority for celestial drapery I am ignorant. I have handled too much haberdashery not to know in an instant that the dress was of finest linen lawn; the edging on the ample sleeves and about the open throat was the rarest Valenciennes. An immense quantity of golden hair was twisted in loose careless coil about a rather small head, as if with no thought save to be rid of a burden; but it glittered and undulated in waves of light, while the loose threads and struggling tendrils shone like a nimbus as she passed through the direct sunbeams to meet me. By her side was a huge white dog. I am no dog-fancier, and don't even know the names of the different varieties when I see them; but this was like an immense Newfoundland or St. Bernard, save that his hair was silky fine and snow-white. A poodle would have been out of place in that presence and that atmosphere, but this huge white ghost might have lived in Scandinavian rune, with a history of his own.

It takes minutes to describe this, but only an instant to be conscious of it. She was flesh and blood, I could see, after all, with her amber eyes looking down into mine, upturned as they must needs be to look into her face. The hand that she laid gently but firmly on my shoulder was not small, but shapely, lissome, and white. I was conscious of a distinct thrill as she touched me. It was that rather than her words or the inquiring look which made me reply, hastily, "The advertisement—a mender. I thought I would come and see."

"Ess, ess; to be darn-ed, I tink you call it; dat it is I seek."

My divinity was not perfect in her English by any means, but we soon came to an understanding. No references were given or required. She had the work to do, I the skill to perform. In one of the white-covered boxes was the mending—forty-seven pairs of stockings in every stage of dilapidation! A curious study in hosiery, as if variety of style in that line were Freya's

idiosyncrasy. Elegant silk stockings, such as an empress might wear, heavy with embroidery and silk-wrought clocks; lisle-thread, like vanity; heavy raw silk and lamb's-wool; Balbriggans; shapely French hose, and coarse German stockings. There were some that would have been dear at a shilling, others that would have been cheap at twenty dollars. I stared in dumb amazement.

"Ess. I know not to sew. See wasses and wasses till dey are no more but clean and white. I lay dem side and buy me, till I tink I may be darn-ed."

I agree to put them all in order within the week, with the proviso that I take them with me, for I could not leave my mammy.

This seemed a relief rather than an annoyance. I made a large bundle of them in what must have been a fragment of that same coarse white cloth, and threaded my way out of the light into the dark, down the stairs, through the archway, not quite sure whether I was somebody else or my own self till I was fairly in our snug upper room in University Place.

Of course I told mammy: we never have any secrets from each other. Each time I took up a fresh pair of stockings I laid them in her hands—her finger-tips were as good as my eyes to tell texture and quality; then I would survey the rent, and, unlike poor obstinate Ursula, was willing to run a fine thread around the ragged edges and draw them together before I began my patient weavings in and out. Darning isn't stupid, or vulgar either, if you put the poetry of truth and thoroughness into it. They were pleasant hours, with fancy creating as intricate a web and woof as my slender, glittering needle.

When the work was about half done I thought I would carry back all that were finished: possibly Miss Pascovitch might need them—possibly, too, as I am a woman, I might have been burning with curiosity. If it was to see her, though, it signally failed; nobody was at home but the big white dog; he, however, seemed to know me for a friend, permitting me to enter unchallenged and deposit my bundle. This time I really took to look around for a moment. Every thing was as pure and spotless as before, but the magic light and whiteness of her presence were wanting. Two things I discovered, one present and one absent (this last is rather an Irish bull, but that comes by my father, and I'm not ashamed of my Celticisms). To make the last first, as most remarkable, there was not so much as a square inch of a looking-glass in the room—that, too, in a beautiful woman's room. That was what I saw wasn't there. What I saw *was* there was not half so remarkable—a picture of a fine-looking man in a foreign-looking fur-trimmed coat, not unlike



the picture of Louis Kossuth the girls used to rave about twenty years ago. Nothing to tell whether he was father, brother, husband, or lover. I was pretty sure there was no kinship, though one does sometimes see just such freaks in families; but this man had black eyes and hair, and a kind of military air, as far as possible from the dreamy, unpractical beauty of my goddess.

However, it wasn't for me to play spy; if the leaf was to be turned for me in this new book of life, it must come in the natural course of things: I am no meddler. Ranging the soft white rolls in rows on the window-ledge where the owner could not fail to see them, and patting the snow-white Cerberus at the door, I sped away with new food for my dreaming.

Saturday night saw the rest of the work finished, but mammy was not quite willing to have me carry it home even to the white lady; there was too much material as well as moral darkness to be encountered. I was not sorry to feel it rather my duty than otherwise to seek Miss Pascovitch on Sunday morning—my one holiday, when I might dare be at leisure without conscious theft of my time or another's. It was God's time—a free gift to His children, to use or waste as they would, rendering account to Him, but not to man.

Even Bleecker Street is quiet on Sunday, comparatively: there are clean spots on faces which through the week have exhibited no such oases. More men in their shirt sleeves are lounging in the doorways, quite as many slatternly girls are gossiping and leaning out of the dingy windows; but there is a little evident smartening up of the frowzy heads, and perhaps a trifle less banging and cursing; but that may be only a fancy: there's too much when there's least.

I wonder now if any thing short of that white, pure, airy room, lifted so far away from noisome sights and sounds, could have led me on: it was like the attraction of the magnet to the needle. After the first time there was no questioning, but obedience simple and entire.

The door opened as I reached the landing.

"Ess, I know. De child it is."

"You draw me, and I needs must come," I answered.

"Ess. Electra am I. It is because I will."

Like a flash it came to me. The pure white light of her presence was like the lambent flame which plays around lofty mountain peaks, unheeding the dark depths below. The atmosphere was radiant as much with her magnetism as with the sunlight. Was this wonderful creature the outgrowth of her name, or was the name the efflorescence of herself? Either way explains much.

There was something inexpressibly sim-

ple and grand in her ways; an utter unlikeness to every body and every thing, with an unconsciousness of it all that was touching in the extreme.

She thanked me for my work and my promptness, praising me not so much with the air of one who discriminates between good and bad sewing, but with the half-deferential, curious way in which one commends that of which one is quite ignorant.

"Dey was holey; dey are whole. Dese littel hands it is haf done it!"

Before I was aware of her intention she had kissed my fingers. "I know not to sew. I am so big. I teach. I know not to sew. See wasses and wasses and rends" (apostrophizing an absent laundress with an indescribable gesture of horror and disgust). "Clean rags haf I. De littel child make whole. Will see make *all* whole?"

I guessed she meant her clothes generally by this, and said, simply and sincerely enough, "Yes, I will put every thing to rights, inside and out, if you will let me."

"De outside you sall; de inside, none, no, not Electra herself, can put right."

I can not put into words the hopeless sadness of the tone. She was far away, withdrawn from the body, it seemed, almost. A cloud passed over the sun; the white room was in shadow; a thin gray mist seemed to infold all that luminous presence.

With the cloud it passed away, or, as she came to herself, the cloud passed away. It is impossible even now for me to distinguish between cause and effect with her and various physical phenomena. I had not learned it then; but there were times of light without warmth, of whiteness that might be frigidity, or of heat so intense as to be colorless; but under it all was this quivering electric flame that thrilled and swayed and governed at her will and when she would. I, at least, never resisted.

If the box of stockings had been a curious sight, even more wonderful were the revelations of those trunks. Truly "see had wassed and wassed and rended." Delicate fabrics, fashioned with skill and intricacy, had felt the vigor of a Hibernian arm and scrubbing-board; mangled in more ways than one. Coarse untrimmed garments of the plainest manufacture had evidently replaced those no longer wearable, telling either of inexperience in shopping, a straitened purse, or absolute indifference, unconsciousness perhaps; likely enough all these.

There was work enough for many weeks. In and out of those weeks flew the shuttle of destiny, weaving a strange tangled web. Fragmentary conversations from time to time between Electra Pascovitch and her little mender helped to give unity and color to the woof and warp that mammy and I took so much pleasure in creating, while my



fingers were busy with the rare, strange fabrics, whose like in texture or form I had never seen before.

Of the future we could guess nothing—we were not clairvoyants. The present seemed more unreal than the past—such a past as mammy and I made from the stray threads gathered and linked together, till this much of a story we felt sure about:

A German evidently, perhaps Hungarian—we were not wise in philology; high-born, if blood and breeding can make a queen accustomed to such wealth and unlimited service as had rendered even the merest rudiments of sewing of little consequence; unpractical and unsuspicious to the last degree; with a horror of debt which would lead her to be hungry and cold rather than borrow, much less beg; self-sacrificing and devoted to the point of going dinnerless herself that Max, the great white dog, should be fed; valuing money so little, so ignorant in her expenditures, with such inherited luxurious tastes, that with five dollars in her pocket she could not refrain from dinner at Delmonico's or the best seat at the opera; so grand, so pure, so environed in her own Una spotlessness that the man was not living who would have insulted her by so much as a word or a look as she threaded her way like a pure white flower in the midst of foulness and corruption.

As our daily intercourse grew more frequent, something very like love grew up between us, that is, I adored her to that extent that I could have kissed the hem of her garment, while she—as is always one part of loving, in its one-sidedness—accepted my love, and was happy in the consciousness of being beloved.

Sometimes I went with her to the opera or concerts, the only companion she ever permitted. Sometimes she would come and sit with my dear blind mammy, and sing to her, in that voice like the grapes of Eshcol, wonderful wild Polish songs—songs that had always a tear in their heart, and called forth ours instinctively, though we knew not a word of the language.

I had known from the first that she taught, my incomparable Freya—as if goddesses had any thing to do with teaching—music presumably, the resort of all penniless women with whom it is possible, but I had never heard her play; it was quite out of my line.

The world this side the water was ringing with the praises of Herr R—, as the world the other side had been any time this twenty years. It did not in the least surprise me when Electra showed me tickets for a night in Steinway Hall. Likely enough she had sold a ring or a rare bit of lace. I was used to such revelations from the white boxes, and, sorry enough to say, quite as familiar with their disappearance, and consequent flood of fortune for a few days, as inevi-

tably followed by its ebb as any tide in Fundy Bay.

Protests, which were useless and annoying, I had ceased to make. It gave her pleasure to confer pleasure in her regal way, while I was only too happy to share her presence; that in itself was bliss.

Our seats were none of the best, unless it were best to face the man, scarcely twice the length of the instrument from us it seemed. We were in that queer little box that thrusts itself out from the corner with a sort of obtrusive shyness, like a prude's modesty advertising her virtue and exclusiveness. Theoretically not a good place for effect musical: for the effect really born of it nothing could have been better.

I am not going to rhapsodize over Herr R—and his wonderful playing. Is it not all written down in the daily papers that chronicled his triumphs? We all know the calm immovable gray face, like burned-out ashes over an extinct volcano: extinct? nay, not dead, but sleeping!

I do not know what he played. Look in the programme for that, if you are curious. The performance was wonderful enough, it seemed to me, to have won a word of praise from Electra; but the artist's face was no more rigid and immovable than hers; she was in no mood for speech; my rôle was perfect silence. Occasionally she muttered a few words in German—token enough that she was far away, even had I been less conscious of the palpable coldness and distance. The body, indeed, was there: Jung-Stilling perhaps may tell where the ethereal fluid, the luminous body which the soul takes unto itself and with which it abides in the corporeal, was then wandering. I speak of that only which I know, and affirm myself as susceptible of change in Electra's psychical atmosphere as in that which determines the rise and fall of the barometer.

The applause following some wonderful programme piece had been deafening. A faint angry flush swept over Electra's impassive face. It was gone while I noted it, but, amidst words whose import I could not guess, I distinctly heard Electra say, "Other and better shall he do!" Slowly she raised her queenly head; slowly the white lids rose from those marvelous amber eyes, directed, for the first time since we entered the box, full in Herr R—'s face.

Instantly a slight shudder, like a thrill, yet surely not of pain, passed through him; the face which had been hitherto opaque and dead became, as it were, translucent, glowing from within; almost against his will, it seemed, the heavy drooping lids were raised; the dull Slavick face was like a lambent flame. Without the courtesy of a bow to the expectant audience he shook back his shaggy mane, like an impatient, eager lion. Did the notes leap to his fin-



gers? or did his fingers command the notes? I can not tell. It was an improvisation, grand and wild: the story of a life, it seemed to me; flashing with light, throbbing with pain, with gathering cloud, and darkness growing palpable and thick. In and out were woven those strange weird Polish airs that Electra had sung to mammy, with the wail of anguish, the laughter of demons, the sigh of repentance, the rosy glow of hope, the pure white light of peace. Yes, I was sure of that, as I was sure that the amber eyes were veiled, that tears were dropping.

To this day it is all I can remember of the concert. We waited till the hall was nearly emptied before we left our seats. Herr R—— had departed long before, yet I was not surprised—least of all could she have been—to find him awaiting her in the vestibule.

He grasped her hands earnestly, eagerly; asked short rapid questions in an unknown tongue, looked doubtful, then glad, as she answered in the same sweet, strange language, not one word of which could I understand but Electra Androvna Pascovitch. For a moment, and only for a moment, I fancied I should discover something else; but a woman's intuition is rarely at fault. I knew after the first instant that Herr R—— was not her lover. I believe I should have been sorry for any lover to have appeared who was not the original of the grand dark face in the high white aerie.

We walked slowly home, after the last earnest hand-shake, from the very steps of the maestro's carriage, impatiently waiting to bear him away to fresh social triumphs.

I did not speak, but Electra answered my thought.

"He wass mein freund. We studied de music togesser, till he wass mein master, and I of him learn, den in mein fader's house. He will dat I play wid him at Madame Liston's to-morrow night."

"You will?"

"Electra will."

More food for dreams and phantasies!

She let me modernize a trifle a wonderful blue velvet Gabrielle, whose priceless lace trimmings had been eaten and drunk long ago. But delicate tulle ruchings at the throat and wrists set off her white beauty as daintily as Mechlin or Chantilly; her regal head needed no other adorning than its own golden crown.

The queen's coach was a Sixth Avenue car; but the night was clear, and the little walk beyond brought a delicate rose to her cheeks that many a belle of eighteen would have envied.

Madame Liston's *musicale* was a triumph. I knew that from *Our Best Society*, a copy of which was always to be had at Madame Fouchaud's.

Had Electra been less proud, her fortune

in America from that day would have been made; but what she was she could not alter, let the world "clank" as it would.

"And what did Herr R—— say?" I asked.

"Wass I well? Wass I happy? And I say ess. Vere do I lif? My boudoir it is hung wiss wite. My flowers grow in de sunshine. I vere wite robes, as Siegfried lofs. Ven vill I return to marry Siegfried? Ven I makes a littel more moneys. Electra come for her fortune. Eh?"

"And you did not tell? You did not say—"

"No. Electra can die, can starve; Electra can not say *see haf failed*."

It was useless as ever to remonstrate. After all, what did I know? Simply nothing. We can not force the Book of Fate.

Whether that evening at Madame Liston's wrought for good or evil, who shall say? From that hour Electra was an altered woman. She grew moody and restless, sometimes suspicious of me, repelling me with cold disdain; then reproaching herself bitterly, she would fling her arms around me, and bury her face from my sight with hard dry sobs that shook her whole frame with the strength of repression. I could not force her confidence; my only answer to the passion I could not understand was a hand laid gently on the golden head so bowed before me.

She spent whole hours caressing Max, her big white dog, who answered with eloquent eyes and the quietest submission to her caresses and words of endearment. She no longer taught; indeed, she scarcely left her room. As the winter wore away she failed visibly. I could not help it; it was all mammy and I could do to keep the wolf from our door; and for Electra, one after another the few remaining relics of grandeur, such as I had only dreamed of, were sold or pawned for food, fire, and lights.

Through it all, in spite of it all, the room kept its pure, cold whiteness. Her last dollar would go, I knew, for the laundering of the white robes "Siegfried lofed."

At length from debility it turned to fever. Mammy darling insisted that Mrs. Sanford, who had offered, should care for her simple wants and leave me free for Electra.

Oh, the long, long, weary nights and days, when I could do nothing but bathe the burning head, heavy with its yellow glory, and wet the parched, fevered lips! I could not bear to cut off the glittering golden hair, she pleaded so earnestly. "Siegfried lof mein hair more as mein gold; mein gold iss gone; mein hair muss I save."

Little by little, a word here, a word there, unconsciously to herself, I gathered her story, so strangely like the fanciful web that mammy and I had woven. Threading the links most patiently, at last I knew that in the father-land Electra Androvna Pasco-



vitch had walked in palaces, with the noble and the honored at her feet, eager to do her bidding. Siegfried, a young musician whose name even now is famous, had won her love in the dangerous intimacy of musical study with Herr R——, whose wife was also Electra's friend.

Count Pascovitch tauntingly bade his daughter marry her musician when her beloved music should coin diamonds and golden thalers! Not a groschen of dowry should she have from him.

This girl so delicately nurtured, with talent, perhaps genius—who knows?—lacking experience and common-sense, dazzled by reports of fortunes acquired in America, the El Dorado of impecunious artists, conceived the bold idea of flashing upon the American public, winning success and shining dollars, to lay all at Siegfried's feet.

Alas, poor Siegfried! even then in the relentless grasp of Prussian military service, powerless save with the sympathy of suffering, nothing remained for him but impotent rage and fierce gnawing of his heavy black mustache, when, through the undeserved charge of connivance at her flight, he first learned that his dove had flown. The letters between them had been few and unsatisfactory, as the army corps to which the young officer was attached swept hither and thither at the nod of the mighty power behind the throne. Electra's scorn of falsehood had not prevented her withholding truths. As she had truly said, "Electra could die, Electra could starve, Electra could not say see haf failed."

When delirium set in I sent for Dr. Brandon, the one friend to mammy and me for long years. He shook his head gravely and tenderly.

"Poor child! Has she no friends?"

"None this side the water," I answered, sadly enough; "and of those the other side I have no trace or address."

"She will die without some home voice, some love of her childhood, something outside of this unreal life of hers."

I could not restrain my tears as I begged and pleaded with him to save Electra, reproaching myself for fancied neglect or lack of skill.

"You have done all that a woman could do for a sister, Margaret. I will do all that I can, as if she were your sister."

He kissed my forehead as he spoke. He had a right. If I have not said it before, it is because it was Electra's story, not mine, that I was telling; and it seemed useless to sentimentalize over our ten years' engagement—since we were children almost, and he just getting into practice.

It was early spring now. I knew that by the tiny bunches of blue violets I always found by Electra's bedside after Dr. Brandon's morning call. One day on a stray bit

of paper I saw it announced that Herr R—— was to sail the next morning in the Cunard steamer if he made the through connection.

It was just a thread to cling to. I dared not say a word to mammy, to Dr. Brandon even, still less to Electra, who was slowly winning back to life, thanks to my Archibald, but weaker than a child still, and looking for his daily visit as the one excitement in her blank, colorless life.

Choosing the hour of that morning call, when none would miss me, I hurried as I never hurried before. Regardless of extortionate hack-men, so only I could win one word with Herr R——. He had left the hotel. No matter; they might set me down as insane, or madly in love with him, or any thing else equally far from the truth, so only I could win to him at whatever cost.

Just stepping from his carriage to the plank I seized his hand, with one word, "Electra!"

"What is it?" he answered, as eagerly.

"She is ill—almost dying. She has been cold and hungry often. Is Siegfried living? Does he know?"

"Fool that I am!" half angrily growled the master. "Don't you see I am helpless? Fool, to believe a proud woman's story of herself! She would die and make no sign?"

"She would die and make no sign. It was in her fever that I learned there was a Siegfried."

"Your name? Quick. The bell is ringing!"

I thrust one of my little working cards into his hand, just in time to be hustled away by the guardians of the public peace. It wasn't much, but I had done what I could. He had my card,

Margaret Arnold,  
138 University Place.

Needle-woman.

How I kept the secret that was so much too big for my little body I hardly know. Sometimes I trembled and grew still with fright; yet I had done that which seemed right. If nothing came of it, no harm was done; and if— Well, fancy was not daring enough to go beyond.

The weeks wore slowly away. Again it was June: roses had taken the place of violets and lilies; again the strong pure white light flooded the room each morning. The purple fuchsia bloomed as freely and gracefully as if neither pain nor poverty had been its comrades.

Electra was able to sit up nearly all day now, so I divided my time between her and dear, darling mammy, always waiting, always hoping, for the letter which sooner or later, I felt sure, would come from Herr R——.

It came at last just when I least expected it, as things long waited for often do, and



not either *as* I expected, but in a way ever so much better than I had dared to hope.

A quick peremptory knock on my door just as I was ready to start out in the morning didn't surprise me in the least, though it wasn't time for the postman. I wasn't one bit surprised either when I opened the door to see the original of the dark soldier in Electra's room standing like a sentinel before me, and quite filling up our little entry.

"She is living? Tell me all! I must bear it!" wringing my hands the while in a way I could not bear at all.

"She is living, and gaining slowly. She will get well now. I am just going round to see her."

Explanation was useless. I could not have found words to answer if he had questioned.

What this fine soldier thought or what he had endured on that sea-voyage, or, hard-

er still, as we made our silent way through such strange devious ways up to that high white room, will never be known.

I led, he followed, up, up, up. I motioned to him to wait on the landing. I opened the door softly. She was standing by the window, training a spray of fuchsia with crimson drooping bells about his picture. Max had been lying at her feet. As I opened the door he rose, with an eager, expectant look in his dark wistful eyes, and stood trembling with excitement, scarce restrained by the firm white hand laid caressingly on his head.

Without speaking I withdrew.

Electra turned her sweet pale face. Out of the darkness came one with open arms reaching to the light.

"Electra!"

"Siegfried!"

And the light that shone was pure and white and warm.

## DE WITT CLINTON AS A POLITICIAN.

By JOHN BIGELOW.

THE most intimate, and perhaps, in the common acceptance of the term, the most useful, friend that De Witt Clinton had during the latter half of his life was a merchant of New York, of whom very few of the present generation have ever heard.

In the very month and year that Benjamin Franklin died, and in the second year of Washington's Presidency, a young man by the name of Henry Post came down from Westfield, in Connecticut, to New York, and entered the counting-house of Prior and Co.

These people were friends of Clinton, who during his mayoralty was in the habit of frequenting their office—a sort of political rendezvous in those days—and where in due time he made young Post's acquaintance. This acquaintance soon ripened into an intimacy which only terminated with Clinton's life.

Of that intimacy precious memorials are happily preserved in a most confiding correspondence, covering a period of more than twenty years of Clinton's most active public service. There was no subject so trifling that Clinton did not solicit Post's advice about it; no end to be served in which he did not invite Post's co-operation. If he wished a public meeting called or a hamper of wine sent to him, a note discounted or a newspaper brought into line, or public sentiment manufactured for any purpose whatever, Mr. Post—or Colonel Post, as he was familiarly designated—was the ready and efficient friend whom he first took into his counsels. In periods of critical interest he used to write to Post daily; and it is a curious illustration of the absorbing nature of Clinton's interest

in public affairs that in the vast collection of from twelve to fifteen hundred of his letters found in Mr. Post's possession at his death there were not a dozen which were not devoted mainly, if not exclusively, to political concerns. None of these letters have been published, nor do they appear to have been consulted by any of Clinton's biographers.

De Witt Clinton is now only remembered as the author of the most important commercial highway of its kind in the world. Of the other events of his laborious public life, characterized as a large proportion of them unquestionably were by a high order of statesmanship—of his furious party strifes and struggles, conducted with a degree of acrimony from which the politics of our day (not yet specially renowned for decorum) are comparatively free—but little is known. His contemporaries for the most part are with him in the grave. His biographers have left very meagre details of his life, and what they have given us were generally selected and colored with the strong partialities of political as well as personal friendship. Clinton's letters to Colonel Post, written as they were under the conditions of the most unreserved intimacy and confidence, admit the reader, therefore, and for the first time, to Clinton's most interior life. They give us Clinton the politician rather than Clinton the statesman; they uncover the most secret recesses of his heart, his passions, his prejudices, his ambition, his lofty pride, his scorn of every form of meanness, his singular indifference to all such distinctions as wealth alone can con-



fer; and they enable us to comprehend the otherwise unintelligible virulence of his adversaries on the one hand and the reckless devotion of his friends on the other.

Before proceeding to lay before our readers, as we propose to do, some specimens of this correspondence, which has been kindly intrusted to our editorial discretion, they may be pleased to become somewhat better acquainted with the person who was able to inspire so eminent and sagacious a man as De Witt Clinton with such a cordial and enduring friendship.

At the conclusion of his clerkship Mr. Post entered into business as a shipping merchant with a Mr. John Russell, under the partnership title of Post and Russell, and shortly after became united in marriage with Mary, daughter of William Minturn. During the "embargo" under Jefferson's administration the firm of Post and Russell was dissolved, and a new firm was formed, of which Mr. Post was the head, under the name of Post, Grinnell, and Minturn. This was the beginning, and Mr. Post deserves to be regarded as the parent of one of the oldest and most distinguished commercial houses in this country, still flourishing under the familiar and honored title of Grinnell, Minturn, and Co.

Mr. Post was for many years one of the governors of the New York Hospital, and from 1803 to 1813 was secretary of the board. He was also a member of the Academy of Fine Arts, of the New York Historical Society, of the New York Agricultural Society, of the Manumission Society, and of the Linnean Society of London.

Colonel Post and his family for many years occupied what was known as the old Franklin House, on Franklin Square, part of which is now covered by one corner of the vast publishing house of Harper and Brothers. In his journal, which is preserved, Colonel Post makes an interesting allusion to this classic residence:

"When I arrived, Congress was in session, it being at the Federal Hall, Wall Street, and George Washington lived at the Franklin House, in F. Square, and soon moved from it to M'Comb's four-story Double House, Broadway, from which, when Congress moved to Philadelphia, he also went there. I saw George Washington ride out several times, and once walk by E. Prior's house, in company with Tobias Lear, the President's secretary, Thomas Jefferson, and Page of Virginia. I little thought then I should by any course of accidents live in the same Franklin House in which he resided as first President under the new Constitution, while putting the govt. into operation. I even slept with my wife for about ten years in the same room in which slept Washington and his wife, as also the great De Witt Clinton, who resided in the same House several years previous to my occupancy. The House was built by Walter Franklin in the year 1770. He dying in a few years, his daughter

(Widow of David Bowne, a Quaker speaking Elder) married James Osgood, one of the Commissioners of the Treasury under the old Constitution, who lived in it till Gov. D. Witt Clinton occupied it. The Walton Houses, near Peck Slip, in Pearl St., were during the war of the Revolution distinguished for size and consideration, and were considered as far up town, and by some called out of the Main City, which was low down."

The Franklin House has been thus more minutely described by one of Colonel Post's children:

"It was a handsome old house, with its thick walls, richly carved staircase, deep window-seats, wainscoted partitions, and open fire-places quaintly tiled with blue India china, I remember, in one room, although the house was somewhat modernized when my father went to live in it. The wall-paper in the Second Hall was of never-failing interest to us children, with its gay pictures of men and women of full size walking in beautiful gardens, sitting by fountains with parasols, or sailing on lakes with guitars and flutes in their hands."

Silvanus Millar, for many years surrogate of New York, was also at one time a tenant of the Franklin House.

Colonel Post seems to have been a man of great prudence, and endowed with rare capacities for ascertaining the drift of public opinion. Of both these qualities Clinton learned the value by experience. He used sometimes to take a playful revenge for the checks which his more impetuous temperament received from his friendly Mentor by addressing him as "Colonel Prudence."

This correspondence abounds in expressions of respect for Post's character, energy, and sagacity; for as Clinton loved to be reminded of his own strong points, he did not begrudge the same pleasure to others. Thus in one of his letters he writes:

"In a word, timidity is the Bohun upas which prevents our people from getting the complete control at the November election. The least reverse sinks them to the earth. Energy like yours would do every thing, and twelve men of your intelligence and decision would save the city."

In 1823 Clinton had noticed one of his younger political protégés showing a disposition to burn incense to strange gods; and on the 11th September, alluding to the fact in a letter to Post, he adds:

"The whole is an arrangement *for his own benefit*, and I think, with very little heart and with an overrated head, he will sink *into utter insignificance* in time. Remember this prediction in Silence. We must take the world as it is, and, my friend, I should think it a very bad world were it not for such virtuous and enlightened men as yourself, who redeem human nature from the odious imputations that are cast upon it. I speak this *Seriatim* [*sic*], and with some warmth of feeling. I know your friendship, and I respect you in every point of view. I am your



friend, and I hope that you will experience the benefits of my friendship."

De Witt Clinton was born at New Windsor, on the Hudson, on the 2d of March, 1769; he was admitted to the bar in 1788, and the same year reported the debates of the State Convention which ratified the new Constitution of the United States for a New York journal. He was sent to the Assembly in 1797, to the State Senate in 1798; he became a member of the Council of Appointment in 1801, and at the exceptionally early age of thirty-three was chosen United States Senator. In 1803 he resigned his seat in that body to take the office of Mayor of the city of New York—an exchange scarcely intelligible to those who judge by the relative importance of those positions in our time. He held this dignity almost continuously till 1815, during part of the time—from 1805 to 1811—occupying also a seat in the State Senate. He was also Lieutenant-Governor from 1811 to 1813, besides being an unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency against Madison in 1812, receiving 89 against 128 electoral votes.

In 1815 he wrote a memorial in favor of uniting the waters of the Great Lakes and the Atlantic by a canal, which was adopted at a large meeting of the citizens of New York, and so numerous signed that it may be said to have overcome all effective opposition in our State Legislature to the prosecution of that great enterprise, which had already seriously occupied Clinton's thoughts and time for many years.

In compliance with the prayer of his memorial an act was passed by the Legislature on the 17th April, 1816, "to provide for the internal navigation of the State," and Stephen Van Rensselaer, De Witt Clinton, Samuel Young, Myron Holley, and Joseph Elliott were named commissioners to devise plans, etc., with instructions to report within twenty days after the commencement of the next annual session of the Legislature, and \$20,000 were appropriated for the expenses of the commission.

The commissioners set about their work without delay. The following are extracts from letters written by Clinton to Mr. Post from Buffalo and Utica, while engaged in executing the instructions of the Legislature.

"BUFFALO, 28 July, 1816.

"MY DEAR SIR,—.....All the commissioners are here except V. Rensselaer, who was forced to go home by the peculiar situation of his wife. We had a full board at Utica, with the exception of Elliott, who was detained home by indisposition. We have as hitherto proceeded with the most perfect harmony, and every thing presages well. The whole route of this as well as the Champlain Canal will be finished in season. Our measures will unite prudence and energy.

"Our business here is to locate the source of

aminating the land and the water with a scrutinizing eye, superintending our operations, and exploring all our facilities and embarrassments.

"I have had the pleasure of seeing many of our friends, and all seem to be so. The people of this country are uncommonly intelligent. The pretended constitutional difficulties are viewed with the most supreme contempt.

"I write this with a view of Lake Erie from my open window. The wind northerly, and the surface of this sea gently ruffled—a square-rigged vessel sailing up the Lake—a sail-boat passing to Canada, and a British vessel of war in sight. A little to the right is the site of Fort Erie, and before me I see the remains of a house destroyed in the general conflagration of this place. Some of our red brethren are in the street, and on the ruins of an old battery are some young gentlemen from the South contemplating the magnificent scenery of the Lake. When we look to the past, and conceive that about thirty years ago this land flowing with milk and honey (I speak figuratively) was exclusively occupied by the wandering Tartars of America—that since that period it has been the theatre of naval and military achievements which will render it classic ground to future generations—that these immense seas will in a few years be whitened with commerce—that they will be connected by inland navigation with the ocean, and that the place where I now write will, in all human probability, before the passing away of the present generation, be the second city in the State—the mind is lost in wonder and perplexed and confounded with the immensity of the ideas which press upon it."

"UTICA, 14 August, 1816.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am so far on my way back, but shall be detained some weeks in visiting the country down and the Champlain Canal. The commissioners are now all scattered, but will be together in 8 or 10 days. *Buffalo* is to be the point of beginning, and in 50 years it will be next to N. York in wealth and population. We have looked at all the difficult points, ascended mountains, penetrated forests, descended into wide-spreading and deeply excavated ravines, and have, upon the whole, encountered more fatigue than I thought I could bear. The result is most satisfactory. The work can be easily effected, and the utmost cost will not exceed our calculations. The public sentiment is also fixed in its favor. There is scarcely a dissentient in this vast country. One-half of the line from Rome to the Seneca River is nearly run, making a distance of 90 miles, and the scenery exceeds the most sanguine expectations—a level of 45 miles after a descent of 6 feet, then a descent of 16 and a new level of 30 miles, then 6 or 8 feet to the Seneca River.

"In other respects this exploration has been most satisfactory. I have seen many valuable subjects in Natural History, and have made many interesting remarks on the antiquities, geology, etc., of this important country.

"Our reception has been friendly throughout. On all sides we have met with every attention.

"As to the constitutional question, it is hooted at by every body. My colleague, Mr. Y.,\* and Genl. P. B. Porter have no doubt on the

\* Samuel Young.



subject. Govr. T.\* is well understood by the intelligent. On all points connected with great political bearings you may be assured that there is almost an unanimous coincidence with your feelings and wishes."

At the election in 1816 Tompkins had been chosen Governor of the State of New York, and also Vice-President of the United States. The Legislature of the State ordered a new election for Governor in April, 1817, which resulted in making Clinton Tompkins's successor. As Clinton's standing with the Republican party had become somewhat compromised, his relations with Tompkins had not been either politically or personally quite friendly; hence the truce between them described in the following letter. Van Buren had engineered the opposition to Clinton, and had chosen Porter as its candidate. This will explain the allusion to V. B. in the postscript. The chancery suit to which reference is made in the same letter, and in which Clinton says, emphatically, that the Court of Errors "without doubt" would decide in his favor, was brought by the residuary legatees of his wife's father to set aside a sale of a large tract of land that gentleman had made to Clinton and a Mr. Norton. It was a regrettable circumstance that every Senator who voted in caucus against Clinton's nomination for Governor voted for reversing the judgment of the court below, and every one who voted for Clinton in caucus voted for sustaining it. Thirty-five men voting as judges upon a purely legal question exactly as they had already voted upon a strictly party measure was a coincidence not particularly favorable to the tribunal in which it occurred, and none the more so because of Clinton's confident prognosis of the result. Van Buren was a member of the Senate and of the court, but, as he had been of counsel for one of the parties in the court below, did not vote on the appeal.

"ALBANY, 6 April, 1817.

"DEAR SIR,—I have just come from a visit to Vice-P. T.† At the close of it he said that if the oppugnation of the *Columbian* to the District Senatorial nomination was discontinued there would be no difficulty there, as he was assured by one of the most violent men, probably meaning Targee. Upon a review of the whole case, and in accordance with the general sentiment, I believe that if our friends observe these three negative rules there will be no disturbance now or hereafter from our present opponents:

"1. Not to quarrel with Monroe. He is, as Gen. B. assures me, friendly—all about him *very* hostile.

\* Governor Tompkins. This gentleman had separated from Clinton at the date of this letter, and had discouraged the canal project, partly, no doubt, because its fortunes were so closely identified with those of Clinton.

† Daniel D. Tompkins, Vice-President.

"2. To treat the V. P. well; if this can not be digested by all, not ill.

"3. Not to stir up strife with the Martling men. In contention they live and move and have their being. *Cessante causâ, cessat effectus*, is a maxim as true in politics as in philosophy. Remove the aliment of their dominion, and they dwindle into nothing. The fire-brand is their sceptre, and their throne is composed of tomahawks and scalping knives.

"My stay here is unexpectedly protracted. If I go away, the Canal Commissioners can not form a board, and the law is not yet decided on. Something will be done. But if that also fails, it will be owing, I think, to invidious or foolish friends. The appeal from Chancery will be decided to-morrow—favorably, I have *no doubt*.....

"We are all harmony. An obscure painter of the Flemish school has made, if my recollection serves me, a very ludicrous and grotesque representation of Jonah immediately after he was ejected from the whale's belly. He is represented as having a very bewildered and dismal physiognomy, not knowing from whence he came nor to what place bound. Just so looks V. B., the leader of the oppugnation army."

The following letters were written after Clinton had resumed the Governor's chair, in July:

"ALBANY, 24 July, 1817.

"DEAR SIR,—I received your letters, and thank you for them.

"My Western journey was pleasant and highly satisfactory. The Canal is in a fine way. Ten miles will be completely finished this season, and all within the estimate. The application of the simple labor-saving machinery of our contractors has the operation of magic. Trees, stumps, and every thing vanish before it. The blockheads who manage the Martling paper with you appear to be ignorant of the A B C of the subject. It is questionable whether they even know what a cubic yard is.

"We located ourselves in the new house to-day, and will continue in a disorganized state until the latter end of next week. My library will exact severe labor for its arrangement.

"I will thank you to request Mr. Astor to send me a small box of new tea; Comstock, the cyder merchant, six dozen of his best cyder; and William Bruce, of Broadway, a barrel of his best porter—all to be charged to me.

"Let me hear from you often, and believe me,

"Yours sincerely,

"DE WITT CLINTON."

The "friend on Staten Island" referred to in the following letter was Vice-President Tompkins, whose accounts with the government for expenditures made in the war of 1812 while he was Governor had been so carelessly kept as to place him before the public for a time in a very embarrassing position. He did not resign the Vice-Presidency, however, but on the contrary was re-elected to that office in 1820. The Comptroller was Archibald M'Intyre, who was charged with the auditing of Tompkins's accounts.



"ALBANY, 21 Sept.\*

"MY DEAR SIR,—.....The Comptroller has returned, having done, and expecting to do, nothing. Our friend on Staten Island is unfortunately sick in body and mind. He talks of resigning and taking the Collectorship, and making Anthony Lamb his Deputy. This is, no doubt, his serious intention, and you may look out for it. I do not think he will be appointed unless he settles his accounts at Washington. His situation is upon the whole deplorable, and calculated to excite sympathy.

"The Canal proceeds wondrously well. The Martling opposition *has ruined them forever*. The public mind was never in a better train for useful operations. John Townsend has just come from the West. There is but one sentiment.

"Jacob Barker has bought up the Sandy Hill Bank. He is a dangerous friend in politics. His conduct in relation to Slocum and Staff is highly exceptionable.

"*Peaceful's* letter from Owasco makes a great noise. The foot of Hercules is to be seen in it.

"Yours truly."

In the fall of 1807 Jesse Hawley commenced the publication of a series of papers in the *Genesee Messenger* to develop the idea of uniting the Great Lakes and the Atlantic by a canal. These papers were thought very able, and to have done very much to prepare the public mind for its practical consummation by Clinton. His letters were signed "Hercules." This explains the allusion to the probable authorship of "*Peaceful's*" letter in the last paragraph of the preceding letter.

Clinton's relation with the administration or Republican party had been any thing but cordial for many years, and he thought he had reason to believe that President Monroe was using the patronage of the Federal government against him. Stung with these suspicions, Clinton, on the 19th of November, 1820, wrote as follows to Colonel Post:

"ALBANY, 19 Nov., 1820.

"DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter, and, like its author, it is very good—very wise and very politic.

"The Tammany Horse rides through the Legislature like a wild ass's colt. All will end well. Thousand and tens of thousands of Office Seekers under the new Council.

"I want authenticated testimony of the interference of the National Govt. in our Elections. Our friends must be up and doing on this subject. It is all-important. I have written to Haines on this subject.

"Pell will hand you a correct speech. He will also speak to you on the above subject.

"The trial of Verplanck for a riot must be published. Give the manuscript to him."

The paragraph about Verplanck deserves a word of explanation.

During the year 1814 Gulian C. Verplanck, under the *nom de plume* of Abimelech Coody,

published some papers in a New York journal on the impropriety of opposing the war, and urging a manful defense of the country. In these communications he criticised Clinton with great severity. They were answered under the signature of "A Traveller," supposed to be Clinton, who attributed Verplanck's hostility to a charge to a jury given by Clinton while Mayor of New York, on an occasion when Verplanck was indicted with others for provoking a riot during the Commencement exercises at Columbia College in 1811.\* Near the close of his paper the Traveller says: "He (Coody, *alias* Verplanck) has become the head of a political sect called the Coodies, of hybrid nature, composed of the combined spawn of Federalism and Jacobism, and generated in the venomous passions of disappointment and revenge, without any definite character—neither fish, flesh, nor bird nor beast, but a nondescript made up of

"All monstrous, all prodigious things."

The paragraph in the text goes to confirm the suspicion that Clinton was the "Traveller."

Eight days after the preceding letter was written Clinton applies more specifically for evidence of the abuse of Federal patronage.

"What," he asks, "is the annual amount of the patronage of the National Government in this State? Custom-house we have —; Navy-yard, —; army, —; navy, —; contracts, —; Judiciary, —; Treaty of Ghent, —; Post-office, —. Knowing the accuracy of your calculations, I rely much on you. The question is important. Consult Eckford and Davis cautiously."

Clinton approved of Quakerism in religion, but not in politics. Post had evidently cautioned him against an aggressive warfare upon the administration, for which the list of Federal office-holders in the State was to furnish ammunition. To this he furnishes a most characteristic reply, for Clinton's political church was nothing if not militant.

"ALBANY, 20 Nov., 1820.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter, and approve of its proper and judicious remarks in all respects excepting its general tendency to cramp energy. In political warfare the defensive side will eventually lose. This is also the case in military collision, and you may trace its influence to a game of chess. Energy in a good cause will carry every thing. The meekness of Quakerism will do in religion, but not in politics. I am not in the least apprehensive of the investigation about official interference. I repeat it—every thing will answer with energy and decision.

"Our friends are in high spirits. The month of February will shake the faction to atoms."

\* See a full account of this riot, and the trial which ensued, and Clinton's charge to the jury, in the admirable eulogy of Verplanck read before the Century Club in 1870 by Judge Daly.

\* No year given. Probably 1819.



In 1818 Mr. Van Buren, who had for many years been estranged from Clinton, set on foot a new organization of the Democratic party of the State of New York, and was the ruling spirit of a coterie of clever politicians, among whom William L. Marcy, Edwin Croswell, Azariah C. Flagg, and Benjamin F. Butler afterward became prominent, by whom the political control of the State was uninterruptedly exercised for more than thirty years. This was the "faction" alluded to in the foregoing letter. The apprehensions about Van Buren expressed in the following letter were confirmed by his election to the United States Senate in 1821, defeating the combined forces of the Clintonians and Federalists:

"30 N.\*

"DEAR SIR,—Yours of 28th duly received. Its contents quite interesting.

"The hint about Dutchess good, quite good—had ought to be followed up. The present Atty. Genl.† will certainly be turned out. Suppose he resigns before the 1st of February, the time of the expiration of the old Council, whom shall we appoint in order to defeat the arch-scoundrel V. B.‡ I am afraid he will beat Sanford for Senator. He will, unless his friends stand out against a Caucus decision. This intimation is a great secret.

"I think that we will give the faction a great prostration, with suitable energy. Go on with your collection of proofs. I think that with a little industry this matter will stand well.

"Yours."

During the session of the Legislature in 1818, Ogden Edwards, then a member of that body from the city of New York, introduced a bill into the Assembly calling for a State Convention to revise the constitution, the main object of his partisans being to abolish the Council of Appointment. The bill was rejected by the Assembly, but the policy of a convention was adhered to by the party, of which Van Buren was then the leader, until in 1821 a bill calling a Constitutional Convention was finally passed. Clinton discounted Edwards's bill, and any other which conferred upon the convention unrestricted powers. The following letter states compactly the grounds of his qualified opposition:

25 Nov.‡

"DEAR SIR,—.....The objections of the Council will be sustained by public opinion. There is no inconsistency. I am in favor of a Convention properly and fairly called, but not for one got up precipitately for bad purposes, under bad auspices, and with a view to shake society to its foundations in order to sustain the predominance of bad men.

"The public mind is in fine order. Nothing but energy is necessary to carry every thing.

The vulgar insolence of the Senate has destroyed the respectability of that body.

"Washington is in terror and confusion. We must confine the express charge to the officers and the Postmaster-Genl., leaving a wide door open for implication. We have nothing to gain by temporizing with these gentry. Have you seen Pell? I referred him to you because one can not speak *in extenso* on paper.

"Woodworth and Yates have d——d themselves. Against a convention, and yet in favor of the bill calling one; preferring other provisions, and yet in favor of those they did not approve—weak men with sinister purposes.

"There are great and consoling views in future. Republican govt. must and can be supported in its purity. The people are wiser than the men who attempt to deceive."

It would seem from the foregoing that Post's statistics of Federal interference had taken effect in Washington, and that Clinton meant to avail himself of them to the uttermost. His "leaving a wide door open for implication" shows that at least some of the uses and abuses of a partisan press were quite as well understood half a century ago as to-day, and were the familiar resources of statesmen at least as prominent in those days as those who employ them in ours. In the following letter Clinton shows that his proposal to leave "a wide door open for implication" was neither a hasty nor careless expression. He says that in discussing the policy of the government they must not limit themselves to facts, but "recourse must also be had to inferences," therein uniting "boldness with prudence."

When such maxims were laid down by the *sommités* of political circles, we need hardly be surprised to find such epigrams as the following circulating freely about the swash-bucklers of the press:

"Lie on, Duane, lie on for pay,  
And, Cheetham, lie thou too;  
More against truth you can not say  
Than truth can say 'gainst you."\*

"ALBANY, 27 Nov., 1820.

"DEAR SIR,—.....From the developments of public opinion which are constantly occurring it really appears that the people are hostile to a convention.

"The letter of V. B. is a precious morceau. It sets grammar and truth at defiance, and it speaks out plainly that the aid of the General Govt. is necessary in the election, and this aid was unquestionably afforded.

"The course of exposition ought, I think, to be this: to collect a voluminous mass of documents detailing facts, and to form from them a lucid, intelligible statement. On the representation of facts recourse must also be had to inferences, and it ought also to unite boldness with prudence.

"Y. and Woodworth were both frightened,

\* Probably November, 1820.

† Thomas J. Oakley was appointed Attorney-General in 1819, Samuel A. Talcott succeeding him in 1821.

‡ Van Buren.

§ Probably 1820.

\* William Duane was editor of the *Aurora* and Cheetham was editor of the *Citizen*. This epigram appeared in the *Evening Post* in the days when those prints were most influential and disreputable.



and have damned themselves. The latter supposed also that he would distinguish himself by his independence. I don't know a fellow more intrinsically despicable. I intend the first convenient opportunity to cut him to the quick. Y. is a miserable fellow—the dupe of his own vanity and the tool of bad principles.”

Owing to the rapid growth of the State in commerce and population, the Supreme Court, as early as 1819, had become surcharged with business, and some relief had become indispensable. It was proposed by one of the Clintonian members of the Senate that, besides filling the vacancy created by the resignation of Judge Thompson, two more judges should be added to that bench, and that one of the three new judges should be Van Buren. Referring to this situation, Judge Hammond wrote:

“I am not authorized to say that Mr. Van Buren would have accepted the appointment, but I have some reason to believe he would have done so. He appeared to be tired of the eternal political struggles to which he seemed doomed, and such, in truth, he told me was the fact. The probability is that if at that moment the office of judge had been tendered to him he would have gladly retired from political contests, and employed the great powers of his mind in the discharge of his official duties, and would have confined his ambition to the acquisition of distinction and fame as a jurist. Had this scheme been adopted (if one may be allowed to speculate on probabilities), it is reasonable to conjecture that the then existing judicial system would not have been broken up, that Mr. Clinton would have been sustained, and that probably Mr. Van Buren never would have been President of the United States. It must be confessed that one object of the proposer of this plan was to get Mr. Van Buren out of the Legislature, and detach him from the active management of the party of which he was the life and soul.”\*

A knowledge of the foregoing facts adds interest, if not importance, to the following. It farther illustrates Clinton's way occasionally of permitting the end to sanctify the means:

“ALBANY, 2 December, 1820.

“DEAR SIR,—W. P. V. N.† and the Burrlike portion of the Bucktails, and others opposed to V. Buren, were very anxious to know some time ago whether he had not made overtures to Govr. Clinton, and promised to withdraw himself from office if appointed a judge, about the time that question was pending. Such overture was made through two respectable men, and rejected. The fact may be communicated and boldly asserted, leaving my name out of view. He dares not bring it to a scrutiny. The mode of communication is left to you. It is very important to destroy this Prince of Villains.

“Go on and collect testimony. The public mind is in good trim.

“Your friend in verity.”

As early as 1822 Clinton's correspondence betrays the preoccupation of his mind with the question of a successor to Mr. Monroe. On the 21st of August in that year he writes:

“I have just received a letter from H. Howland, of Scipio, who has just returned from Pennsylvania. He says: ‘I can not descend to the meanness of flattery. I think I never have with thee. Circumstances may require frankness. I find thou art much approved in Pennsylvania, and that not limited to parties. There is a time when public envy is satisfied. Public opinion is running rapidly in thy favor in this Country, and here not confined to parties. It is my wish, as one American Citizen, that thou shouldst be a candidate for the next Presidency. Ohio, now powerful, has a deep interest in internal improvements. Indiana limited. My friend Wm. H. Brown, editor of the Illinois State Paper, constantly advocates thy measures. Missouri looks this way.’

“I have also received a letter from Col. Meeks, of Kentucky, quite enthusiastic; from Robert Smith, of Pennsylvania, Pittsburg, who signs himself Printer. Can you find out who he is? The affair of S. H.\* will, I am afraid, turn out badly for him. I know his history; caution and courtesy are requisite. Duane is correct. A life of adventure and intrigue. He is, I have no doubt, friendly, but when he finds it his interest he will leave you. Mullet is a farmer at Greenbush, is a drunkard, and has had communication with Russell, who is a Yankee rascal adventurer, with sharp wits and total destitution of principle. The whole is a bad affair, and Hunt will be ruined, I am afraid. Russell is too cunning to have committed himself on paper.

“I am sorry for W. Duane.† I think that his circumstances must be very low. His paper has lost much of its circulation, and most of its influence. The *Columbian Observer* is an able paper. I have ordered it.

“Van Buren is very busy. I left him at the Springs waiting the arrival of Secretary Thompson and family, who leave Albany this day for that place. He was very civil, and looks distressed. Young I have seen frequently lately, and several of his adherents; their tone is sensibly altered. Yates is unpopular, and Southwick will beat him in this city and Schenectady. Adams stands no chance, and Crawford's friends exhibit more smoke than fire. Be assured he has no strength of any magnitude in this State.”

Near the commencement of the century the William Duane referred to in the preceding letter, intoxicated with the new political ideas of the period, started a paper at Philadelphia, which he called the *Aurora*, and which espoused the most advanced ideas of the Jeffersonian Democracy. For some years it exerted considerable influence. Mr. Jefferson even flattered the editor by attributing his election to its vigorous support. When the seat of government was transferred from Philadelphia to Washington the political importance of the *Aurora* began to decline, and its editor to become needy and

\* Political Hist. of New York, vol. i., p. 499.

† William P. Van Ness, Burr's second in his duel with Hamilton.

\* Seth Hunt.

† Editor of the *Aurora*.



dependent. Among Mr. Post's letters were many from Duane, most of them revealing different aspects of the desperate situation of his affairs, and his anxiety to ingraft his financial fortunes upon the political fortunes of Governor Clinton. In January, 1822, we find him acknowledging the receipt of fifty dollars from Mr. Post. On the 2d of August he writes again:

"You may judge of the necessity of my doing something when I tell you that yesterday my wife and children had no dinner, nor money to purchase one, and I can not run in debt without a prospect of paying. I have very promising prospects by going on a mercantile adventure to Caraccas, and have been solicited to go to Mexico, but the imperial atmosphere is not fit for my lungs.....I have declined taking the *Advocate* from a sense of decency, which, I regret to perceive, does not prevail much in my native State, or such a nuisance could not exist there, in the fermentation of its own corruption."

On the 12th of August in the same year he wrote again:

"As to the *Aurora*, the 'powers that be' have not been idle nor unsuccessful in their efforts; they have gradually withdrawn 300 subscribers from it, all principally in the Southern direction, and have actually embarrassed me so much, in addition to the hard times, and the War Department withholding above \$7000 due me, that it is even now problematical whether I can weather the storm, having in vain endeavored to obtain \$1000 only till May, for which I tendered a bond and mortgage on my whole office. Confidence is entirely gone here, and I find it difficult, with \$40,000 due to me, to collect domestic subsistence and half wages to my establishment. If I could obtain about fifty subscribers to Franklin's works, it would carry me triumphant through the winter, and, the State election completed, I should be better off than at any time since the war. I should suppose this would not be difficult, if there was any one who would set about it. It would keep my mind free from the most painful of all incommodations—the applications for money when there is none to pay."

It will be apparent from the paragraphs above cited that the correspondence between Post, as the agent of Clinton, and Duane was not entirely disinterested on either side; that Duane had a pen for which he was anxious to find a market, and Clinton had ambitions to the gratification of which such a pen might contribute. This explanation and the letter from Duane which follows seem a needful introduction to the next succeeding letter to Post from Governor Clinton.

"PHILA., 3d April, 1822.

"DEAR SIR,—An article from the *Ontario Messenger*, published in the *Advocate* of yesterday, has somewhat surprised me. Be so good as to let me know whether that article speaks the intentions of Mr. Clinton's friends, or if it be an act of the individual only.

"I have not written to you for some time, for, in fact, I had nothing to say that was not public, and my situation has been such as to render what was formerly a recreation—that of editing my paper—now a hard and hopeless task. I have struggled through the last eleven months under a weight that I can not well endure, and see no prospect now before me but utter deprivation. The morbid state of the public mind is not suited to my temperament, and my paper and my ideas of right and wrong are not suited to the actual state of society. Necessity drags me along as the wrecked mariner clings to the plank that remains; but the slightest ruffle of the waters overwhelms him. I am just so, and out of sight of land, without compass to steer by, and every thing overclouded.

"Were I of that kind of stuff that is most current, I could make terms of sale for myself. I have had overtures most audacious from Adams, and some oglings from Calhoun, and some of Clay's friends have been trying what ground I should take. I have had no reserves, and have none. If Mr. C. is to be a candidate for the Presidency, let me know explicitly. If any other course be pursued, let me know; for in the event of his not being the man, it will be wholly indifferent to me who is.

"Clay has been in this city a week; he is now confined to his chamber, having been bled. I suspect incipient pleurisy. As I do not personally know him, I can not say any thing of what he is doing or means to do. I met him at the South American minister's, but did not exchange even a bow. He lodges with Mr. Meade, he being counsel for Meade in the Florida treaty indemnities.

"Do not delay to apprise me of what is the state of things. If all is abandoned, in the spirit of that Ontario article I shall indeed be mortified, because a good plan of operations, well digested and acted upon, with the time that is to elapse, would, in my mind, be effectual. Seven weeks before Thos. Jefferson's nomination his nearest friends and the most active politicians had no hope of his election. It was a well-digested plan, well executed, that produced the effect. I am a too *pauvre diable* to do any thing but write and think; and tho' I shall be wrecked, I trust my faculties will not sink under the shock. At least personal ill or privation could not affect me for an instant. I could live on bread and water, and so I was only warmly clad, a plank would not discompose me in my natural sleep; but there is a little circle of sweet sensible girls, to whom I am the raven, and whose wants would be more wounding than bayonets.

"Pardon my incoherency; but do not neglect to advise me, as I must call up all my force to extricate myself from the peril that I am in.

"Yours, very truly."

The following from Clinton was obviously written after a perusal of the preceding:

"ALBANY, 5 April, 1822.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I return you the letter. It is, as usual, very interesting. The *Ontario Messenger* article is the exclusive work of J. C. Spencer, who has been for a long time a Malcontent on account of the Office of District Atty. being confined to a County, and because he was not appointed Atty.-Genl. He is an incubus on



the party, and the loss of Ontario and some of the neighboring Counties may be imputed to his deleterious management. Apart from him, we will stand well; with him, we participate in all his unpopularity. His father,\* who is really —, and who has injured us a thousandfold, disavows his conduct; but that he is in favor of Yates, with a view to retain his office, is not doubted, and there is but one general undivided sentiment of contempt. The friends of Young say they will be now with us; the obstacle is removed; and the friends of Yates implore them to be silent.

"Pell's conduct is not a little surprising. It exposes me to reproach, and himself to more than suspicion. I shall not give him up until I know why he has disobeyed my peremptory orders.

"The tax on banks will not pass. It is a ramification of a system of Jacobinism—a war against property.

"The policy of our party is to be concentrated for action, to be silent, and to act when an opportunity offers. Our prospects are excellent. We shall prevail as sure as fate.

"As for Crawford, and Calhoun, and Adams, and Clay, they have outraged public sentiment by their obtrusive claims."

Clinton's Presidential aspirations made him a very censorious judge of all who did not sympathize with them. The four competing candidates, Crawford, Clay, Calhoun, and Adams, could hardly be paralleled, Clinton being judge, by any equal number of the twelve Cæsars of Suetonius. Crawford is "as hardened a ruffian as Burr;" Calhoun is "treacherous," and "a thorough-paced political blackleg;" Adams "in politics was an apostate, and in private life a pedagogue, and every thing but amiable and honest," while his father, the ex-President, was "a scamp." Rufus King's speech in the United States Senate on the Missouri Compromise was "an absurd declamation." Judge Smith Thompson, of the United States Supreme Court, "is one of the domestic circle of President Monroe, and one of the coterie of old women that surround him;" "a tool of Van Buren." Governor Yates is "perfidious and weak." Henry Wheaton's "conduct is shamefully disgraceful, and he might be lashed naked round the world; but he has already got an exuberant portion of public contempt, and he has destroyed himself forever." "There is but one opinion about Wheaton, and that is that he is a pitiful scoundrel." Chief Justice Ambrose Spencer is classed as a minus quantity, and his son John C., "the political millstone of the West." Peter B. Porter "wears a mask." Mullett is a drunkard. Russell is "a Yankee rascal adventurer, with sharp wits and total destitution of principle." Hoffman is "a poor devil; he goes to bed drunk every night." Dr. Stuart "is a notorious story-teller;" "he will lie to any conceivable extent." Wood-

worth, "a weak man, with sinister purposes." Root is "a bad man." General Bogardus was "a mere driver." Cramer and Rogers "are always in the market, and you can infer nothing from what they say." Mallory and Wright are scoundrels. Gardner, "as stupid as base; a fool in talent and a scoundrel in grain." Hackley is "a great scamp."

"The publication of Adams's letters" (he writes in 1823), "altho' highly dishonorable, will be very detrimental to the views of his son. They show what every body must have known, that the conversion of the son was a personal arrangement. I never had a doubt but that it was a treaty well digested between him and Madison."

Samuel Young "is unpopular, and suspicions are entertained of his integrity;" he is, besides, "much of an imbecile." J. B. Murray is "a busy meddling fellow," "the mere machine of a machine." "There never was a lot of greater scoundrels combined in deluding the people than Halsey, Rogers, Suydam, Meyer, Goodell, Wheeler," etc. The *Advocate* and the *Patriot* newspapers—"put them in a bag and shake them, and the one that comes out first is the greatest scoundrel."

When we have such accounts from a man like Clinton of the most prominent statesmen of his generation, we are constrained either to think less favorably of him or less unfavorably of those who look after political affairs in our own "more degenerate days." It is certain that no responsible statesman of this generation would use more unmeasured language in denouncing the greatest political reprobate of our day than Clinton applies to the most eminent statesmen of his.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## LITTLE ICEBERG.

"THIS is the place, then," said Clarence Broughton to himself, as he paused to bestow a contemptuous glance on the faded green door of a photographic establishment in an out-of-the-way street of a German town. "Number 7 Steinstrasse—and well named too. I only hope Tina's photographs are ready, for I don't see the joke of hobbling over these confounded stones twice in one day." With which he opened the green door and entered.

There was nobody visible inside, and Mr. Broughton, to beguile the period of waiting, lounged up to the counter and began listlessly turning over some photographs lying there. But in another moment the listless air changed to one of pleased interest, as, pushing the others aside, he fixed his attention on a single picture, which he turned now this way, now that, to catch the varying light on the face.

He was still deep in the study of it when

\* Chief Justice Ambrose Spencer.



a door at the back opened and a woman came in hastily. Mr. Broughton lifted his hat, and demanded in his best German if the picture were for sale.

"Ask behind the curtain, please," answered the woman, snatching something off one of the shelves, and flying away, as hurriedly as she had come, to the back regions, where some kind of domestic crisis had apparently arisen. Mr. Broughton accordingly turning to comply with her directions, drew aside the screen dividing the shop, the picture still in his hand, and—found himself in the presence of the original.

She was sitting with bent head, her hands loosely folded over the chair arm, her gaze on the ground, her thoughts, to judge by the expression of her face, far enough away from her surroundings. At Broughton's muttered apology she looked up at him with dreamy eyes that seemed only half conscious of what they rested on.

"Are you waiting for the photographer?" she said. "He will be back directly." And then her eyes dropped back once more, and her thoughts with them apparently, and she seemed to have forgotten all about the scene and the stranger before her. He perceived it, and after another long look retreated and left her to herself.

Presently the curtain was put aside again, and the photographer bustled in, smiling and full of apologies for having caused the Herr Engländer to waste a moment of his precious time in waiting. But the Herr Engländer's time in his own eyes did not seem so precious. Perhaps he liked the opportunity of exercising his German; at any rate, he was certainly in a very leisurely and talkative humor: he discussed the weather, the news, art in general, apropos of the photographs he had come for, and finally, in a discreet under-tone, made some inquiry respecting the sitter behind the partition. But, with all the good-will in the world, the chatty old man could tell him nothing except that she was English and "*bildschön*," which Mr. Broughton did not need to be told. Finding there was nothing more to be learned, the Herr Engländer's time suddenly became valuable again; he thrust his sister's commission into his breast pocket and departed.

But not to go far—only to the corner and back again. Had any young lady of his acquaintance had her abode in the Steinstrasse, she would assuredly have concluded him to be making a "window-parade" that morning, with herself for its object. As it was, old Fräulein Obermeyer, who had nothing better to do, peered at the stranger over the long purple stocking she was knitting, and wondered to see him come and go, and come and go again, till her mind was in nearly as distracted a condition as she decided his must be. But he knew what he was about, though she might not. For if

Clarence Broughton's fancy had been bewitched—as it had been—by that picture just now, the charm had lost none of its power from view of the original; and yielding to impulse, as he was very apt to do at all times, he had resolved to find out for himself what the photographer could not tell him. Which was the explanation of the behavior that nearly caused Fräulein Obermeyer to drop several stitches in the purple stocking.

By the time Mr. Broughton had learned the exact contents of every shop window in the Steinstrasse, and the precise position of every stone in its paving, the faded green door opened and closed again, making a background for a slight figure in nun-like black, relieved only by the glint of gold on the cross clasping the jet chain on her bosom, and in the masses of the long hair hanging loose over her shoulders. As she stood a moment on the steps, glancing up and down the street, Broughton became abnormally interested in the stoves and fire-screens his promenade had just then brought him opposite, fearing lest in recognizing him she should suspect the object of his delay. There was no such danger, except in his guilty fancy: she had not remarked him enough to recognize him again, and in any case would never have thought of connecting his stay with herself. After an instant's indecision she turned up the street in the other direction from where he stood. He followed, keeping her slow movements just in sight.

As to the rest, his ideas were rather indefinite: to learn where she lodged, to examine the strangers' book, question some servant—that was what floated vaguely through his mind. But his way was simplified; for as his unknown beauty turned aside into a hotel court, she was met by a young man, with whom she exchanged some words, and in this blessed individual Clarence Broughton saw an old acquaintance of his own.

"You here, Broughton?" said George Paulett, as he shook his hand. "You turn up just in time to do penance with me in the museum. Awful bore, isn't it?" But one doesn't dare leave the place without having been inside."

But Broughton was in no mood to occupy himself with the pleasures or pains of a museum. He turned the conversation to the subject of which his thoughts were full; but at the first word Paulett's face changed.

"Oh," said he, dryly, "so that's where you are! If you take my advice, you'll be quit with one wasted morning, unless you want to have your trouble for your pains."

"You mean I come too late?" said Broughton, with a pang of disappointment the keenness of which surprised himself.

"I mean— Look here, Broughton: you



might as well make love to one of those stone women in the archway there. She wouldn't understand you, in the first place, and if she did— The amount of it is, she's a— a little iceberg. There isn't a spark of fire in her whole composition."

"An iceberg, with those eyes?" said Broughton.

"You don't believe it now, of course; I had no idea you would; but you'll come round all the same in the end. Only try it," concluded Paulett, with a short laugh.

"Only give me the chance!" said Broughton, answering with another laugh. "Come, old fellow, don't take it so *au grand sérieux*; a pretty girl is worth a few shivers, and I'm not obliged to stay and freeze longer than I like. She may be as cold as those stone women, but she is a long way better worth looking at than any I have seen; so if you don't unlock the door of the gallery, why, I shall have to get in at the window, that's all. I don't stick at trifles, as you know."

Paulett did know, and, besides, had no pretext for refusing; so Clarence Broughton had his own way, as usual, and made Marguerite Fane's acquaintance.

He had made light of the matter to Paulett, but it was not a light matter to him for all that. He had been swayed by impulses enough in his life before, but none that took such entire possession of him. His whole heart was in the venture, and to his impetuous nature, which circumstances had conspired to spoil, the delay and caution necessary for success were almost intolerable. His wishes had never brooked opposition, and it was late to learn the lesson now.

Marguerite was such a mystery to him! Was she indeed so cold? But why, then, that softness that lay in the depths of her dreamy eyes, that strange wistfulness which hovered about the child-like curves of her lips? They were not for him, it was true; but if they were in her soul, might they not one day be for him, if he could only school himself to wait? As for that, he could wait any length of time, he thought, with such an end in sight; still, the words were trembling on his tongue ten times a day, and it was only the fear of ruining his own cause that kept them back.

They were spoken at last. It was one morning that he brought her a handful of mountain blossoms which he had gathered at no little trouble and some risk. But what did that matter, if he could make her eyes look at him an instant with that look which a flower, a picture, a breath of music, could call into them? He had his reward, but the look faded again as she said,

"But, Mr. Broughton, Lieutenant Von Andernach said these flowers grew only on the Wasserberg, and that the ascent was dangerous?"

"Lieutenant Von Andernach often talks nonsense," answered Broughton, lightly.

Marguerite looked at him a moment still, and then with a sudden movement dropped them into the rapid stream that ran foaming through the ravine below.

"That is very flattering," said Broughton, biting his lip. "Supposing I had risked my life, it is pleasant to know what value you set on it."

"What right have I to your life?" said Marguerite, in a low tone. "Did you think I would take them at that price?"

"Why not?" he returned, coming and standing before her. "Don't I know I am nothing to you in comparison? Haven't I seen you look at those senseless things with a look I never could hope for, though I would sell myself ten times over? Haven't I seen the tears in your eyes—"

He could see the tears in her eyes now, and they made him pause.

"Marguerite," he said, bending down and taking one of her hands in his, "I have no right to speak to you so, I know, but you try me beyond my strength. Since the day I saw you I have had no thought but you, and you are hardly conscious of my existence. You live in a world of your own, and see nothing and care for nothing outside. If I had gone over the Wasserberg, or were lying at the bottom of that river, I dare say you would not remember it by to-morrow; you would have the mountains and the clouds to look at, and would not miss me. You are so cold! Oh, Marguerite, am I nothing to you? can I never be any thing?"

"I don't know," she said, vaguely. Her face wore a look of pain and perplexity, but in the eyes she lifted for a moment there was something that was like a revelation to him.

"Marguerite," he whispered, "you do care for me—a little? say, dear?"

"I can not tell—perhaps; but I am so cold, as you say," with a little quivering smile; "and if I am cold, I can not change my nature for you."

"As if I would have you change!" he exclaimed, with all a lover's inconsistency. "I love you for what you are: only let me love you. Little Iceberg!" he said, looking fondly down at her; "but fire will melt ice."

"Or ice put out fire," she answered, with another faint smile.

"I am not afraid of that," he replied; and indeed in that first fullness of his unlooked-for happiness there was no room in his thoughts for doubt or fear—for any thing save the feeling that he had won his life's great stakes; that the smile that had seemed as far away as a star was to be his light henceforth; the heart that had never known one throb for another was his own, too, to quicken at his will. He was all security in the present and confidence in the



future: it was an easy thing to wait patiently, now he had gained so much and was so sure of the end.

But this mood did not last; it could not with a character like his. It was easy, doubtless, before making the trial to resolve to be patient and give this girl's heart time to learn the lesson love had begun in it. But patience was precisely what Clarence Broughton had never possessed. He could conquer difficulties with an impetuous effort, but he could not wait to see them vanish of themselves. Things in their course never went fast enough for him; an hour must do a day's duty, a week the work of a year. Marguerite was as much as ever a mystery to him. He could not comprehend a woman who could love and yet not blush and tremble; who could see him occupied and occupy herself with other things, quietly content without perpetual assurance. Passion and protestation were natural to him, and he expected them in return from her, forgetting that love does not work by miracles, forgetting her own words that she could not change her nature for him. He had declared then that he would not have her other than what she was, but gradually he grew to resent the very peculiarities which had attracted him, to wish her more like other girls he had known. "Paulett was right; there is not a spark of fire about her," he would tell himself, till he had made for himself a grievance over which he brooded sullenly.

The very hold which he had over her grew into a kind of injury in his eyes. Since he had so much, he ought to have more, instead of being put off with the shadow of a right. So he reasoned, till he had come to the conviction that, for Marguerite's sake as much as his own, some sort of forcing process was necessary for a love so slow of growth. A little jealousy, for example, would do no harm. She was too secure of him, evidently, to set a proper value on him. It might be well just to give her an idea of possibilities. Thus he set himself to experiment on the mystery of a woman's heart as unhesitatingly as a boy would tear apart the leaves of a rose-bud that opened too tardily for his impatience.

If one makes a resolve better left unmade, does not the opportunity to carry it out hasten to offer itself? Clarence Broughton's did, at any rate. George Paulett, who was about to take his sister back to England, left her for a few days with her school friend Marguerite, just in time to take her rôle in the scene Clarence was preparing. Certainly if a man desired to play at love, he might look long without finding a better partner than Cora Paulett. Pretty, vivacious, a coquette to the very marrow, she feigned to perfection, without any troublesome reserve of feeling, to turn the jest into earnest un-

expectedly. Besides, she had that experience which is desirable to make the pastime thoroughly entertaining; she had played at it so often that she not only knew all her own cues, but could prompt her companion into the bargain. All was fish that came to her net, but still she had a choice in her fish. Clarence was particularly to her taste, and she had not been a dozen minutes in his company before her eyes told him so as plainly as ever eyes could speak. He was at no loss to understand as much, not being by any means a tyro himself in such matters; while Marguerite in her innocence saw the whole, and understood nothing except that her lover and her friend promised to get on well together, which was fortunate, inasmuch as it would prevent Cora from feeling dull, and dullness was, in that young lady's estimation, the one intolerable evil of this world.

"If I had thought twice about it," she said, the evening of her arrival, "I wouldn't have let George leave me here, under the circumstances. I suppose you two will go mooning about by yourselves, like all true lovers—so cheerful for me! What nuisances true lovers are! they ought to be suppressed by law. I believe I shall have to set up a lover of my own in self-defense. Only where to find him on such short notice!"

"If I might venture to offer *my* services," said Clarence, looking into the laughing blue eyes that challenged his so saucily.

"Rita, do you allow him to make those pretty speeches? If I were in your place I should keep a tighter rein on my lord, for fear—for fear—"

"But I am not afraid," answered Marguerite, with a smile at Clarence, from which he turned away, vexed instead of gratified by her simple confidence.

"That alters the case," said Cora, demurely. "Then if you are really not afraid for your treasure, will you lend it to me for a little while now and then?"

"When you like, and as long as you like," answered Marguerite, laughing.

"Rather a dangerous permission," said Broughton, "considering the heart of man—"

"Is deceitful and desperately wicked," suggested Cora.

"Desperately susceptible, at least," he rejoined.

"It comes to the same thing when the man is an engaged man," said Cora, giving him a provoking glance.

"In that case, I must confess myself a deplorable sinner," said Broughton, with another longer look into the wicked blue eyes.

"Well, then, sinner, leave the saint to herself—she doesn't want us—and come and look at the moon with me," said Cora, laughing, as she turned to the door.

"Like to like," said Broughton, following



her, without so much as a parting word or glance for Marguerite.

She, for her part, lifted her eyes and looked after them with a sensation of surprise—only surprise, but still not wholly agreeable. For where one has been used to be first object it is not pleasant to see one's self set aside with so little ceremony. And then, perhaps, had either of them hinted at such a possibility, she might have preferred looking at the moonlight too to sitting alone over her herbarium; but not only had they not hinted at it, they had ignored it so decidedly that, absurd as it was, she felt as if to join them now would be almost an intrusion. So she sat on alone, by the light of the oil-lamp turning over the dry leaves rather listlessly, while those two outside among the fresh dews and scents of the garden found the time pass agreeably enough in looking at the moonlight and saying, it may be, some of those things which moonlight is very apt to suggest.

Undoubtedly the *tête-à-tête* was a pleasant one—enough so to make it worth while repeating it pretty often. Miss Paulett had little reason to complain that Marguerite went off mooning with Clarence; if any body went mooning with him, it was herself. A stranger, indeed, might have fancied him the lover she had set up in self-defense, though defense of what it would be harder to say. No need to be minute in describing the progress of so familiar a game: most people have played it or seen it played at their own or somebody else's expense: enough to say that it went on very much to the satisfaction of two at least of the trio; as for the third, her feelings are not so easily expressed. Strange as it may appear, Marguerite did not comprehend the play that was being played before her eyes. In such matters she was innocent and ignorant as a child; there was nothing in the dream-life she had lived hitherto to give her experience of the world and its ways; her imagination had developed before her heart, which was hardly yet aroused to know its own capacities of suffering or passion. She had not yet begun to learn the lesson Clarence was at such pains to teach her; she was not likely to be an apt scholar, measuring others, as she unconsciously did, by her own standard of faith; and if she felt a strange uneasiness, like a vague presentiment of evil, during those days of Cora's reign, she could not in the least have told why.

But those days were almost at an end; there was only one more now before George Paulett would return for his sister. Marguerite had spent most of that afternoon in the room of her aunt, who was suffering from one of her frequent nervous headaches, and was as capricious and restless as usual under those circumstances. Toward even-

ing Mrs. Wyndham dropped asleep; perceiving which, Marguerite stole out of the room and out into the garden for a breath of fresh air. It was beginning to be dusk; the stars were glimmering out, and the air was full of flower scents: every thing was so deliciously sweet and still, after her weary afternoon, that it was no wonder if Marguerite lingered and fell into a reverie that was half dream, half wake.

All at once she was roused by Clarence Broughton's voice speaking near her; he and Cora had been away together that afternoon, and were just returned. Marguerite rose, meaning to join them; but as she looked over the trellis between she saw that his arm was round Cora and his lips bent close to hers.

That moment tore the veil from Marguerite's heart with a rudeness that seemed to wrench some of her life's fibres with it. She turned dizzy with the passion that strove in her, a hot wave of blood seemed to leap up and choke and blind her, her lips parted in a gasp, and she fell back on the seat.

The others started at the sound. Cora freed herself and ran away toward the house; but Broughton, instead of following, passed round the trellis, and discerning the motionless figure crouching there in the dusk with hidden face, he was at no loss to comprehend that his design was fully achieved. To do him justice, he had not intended the lesson to be quite of this sort, and it was with as much misgiving as triumph in his voice that he exclaimed,

"So I have melted the ice, have I? I have made your heart beat at last?"

There was no answer nor movement. Something in that absolute stillness frightened him. He knelt down and took her hand in his—it was cold; he raised her head; there was no breath on the lips, no light in the eyes: she was blind and deaf to his passion of despair.

He had melted the ice, and it had slipped from his hold; he had made her heart beat, and broken it. She was dead.

## EVANESCENCE.

WHAT'S the brightness of a brow?

What's a mouth of pearls and corals?

Beauty vanishes like a vapor,

Preach the men of musty morals.

Should the crowd then, ages since,

Have shut their ears to singing Homer,

Because the music fled as soon

As fleets the violet's aroma?

Ah, for me, I thrill to see

The bloom a velvet cheek discloses:

Made of dust—I well believe it!

So are lilies; so are roses.



## THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.

BY EMILIO CASTELAR.

[Sixteenth Paper.]

III.—THE GERMANIC PEOPLES.—(Continued.)  
RELIGIOUS IDEAS.—XII.

THE exaggerations of the orthodox school brought with them necessarily a genuine impulse toward the philosophical school. The most important at that time was the school of Hegel. In his desire to constitute a synthesis within which all the manifestations of activity should be embraced, Hegel accepts religion as a necessary phase of the spirit, as an incident required in the total development of the idea. In this point of view his system was of use to the theologians; but religion, superior to art, in Hegel's theory, is inferior to philosophy, and in this point of view the Hegelian system was of very little service to Protestant theologians. It was not possible that pious souls should admit human science as a worthier, purer, and more luminous manifestation of faith than the traditional revelations of God. The excesses of the theological school had been such that the general thought, flying from this dreary dogmatism, took refuge in philosophy, where at least the air of liberty came to soothe and refresh the spirit. One of the most eminent theologians of this time and of this tendency was Daub. He delighted especially in the contemplation of the Kantist formulas, of his categorical imperative, dictated by conscience as the supreme law of duty, his pure subjectivity where the individual recovered for himself all inner liberties, his severe and austere morality, his God buried in the icy deserts of those eminences where pure reason isolates itself, and afterward resuscitated in the deep valleys of reality and practical reason. And from the critical philosophy he precipitates himself with a leap, as if seized with dizziness, in the immense ocean of objective idealism, in its intoxicating life, its exuberant nature, its mysterious magnetism, its electric currents, in its gigantic flora of ideas, in its supernatural intuition, its miracles, and its revelations. He goes next, as if weary of repose and abhorrent of constancy, toward Hegelianism, and its eternal voyages from primitive being to the idea, thence to the dialectic, and thence through nature to the state, where it is developed in a thousand forms, and lives through innumerable ages; to art, which places the material universe above the conscience in the East, which harmonizes spirit and matter in Greece, which raises the soul above nature in the modern world; to pass thence to religion, and thence to philosophy, always in accordance with the law of contradiction, which engen-

ders open oppositions and resolves them into sublime syntheses and trinities; to arrive at last to the full consciousness of self, and to be the idea, through superhuman efforts and successive developments, of an eternal and absolute God.

Marheineke is the great theologian of the Hegelian school. He struggles consequently against all the extremists, as well against those who give themselves up, retrograding to objective idealism, as against those who fall into the excesses and the violences of the extreme Hegelian Left. Science is the logical development of the idea in itself, and theology, consequently, the logical development of the idea as God. The idea of God is not a mere representation of God, not a mere mirror where God is reflected. It is God Himself, eternal in the thought of man. The idea of God has three forms, Scripture, faith, and science. The idea of God does not begin with knowledge of itself, but only when an object exterior to it strongly invites it to define and concrete itself, and this object is the gospel. Hence revelation, to which the new-born idea must submit itself blindly, as the child submits to its mother; and from revelation, regarded as supernatural, proceeds blind and obedient faith. But this primitive faith, this blind belief, is the first sketch of knowledge and the most elementary grade of the idea. There is no certainty except when the object of faith recognizes itself through philosophy as identical and one with the content of subjective conscience. Dogma is faith comprehending itself. Therefore, as the knowledge of God does not reveal itself in man except through thesis and antithesis, dogma does not present itself except in the form of contradiction; but as all contradictions are finally resolved into harmony, the discovery of these principles is destined to reconcile all the churches.

The division of the system is explained by these philosophical premises. In its logical development the divine idea, God, is conceived first as an absolute and consequently impersonal substance. Thus the being of God and His attributes constitute the first part of dogmatic theology. Distinguishing afterward from this absolute spirit, the spirit which thinks, which loves, which adores, the dogma in its second part treats of the God-man revealed in His Son. The divine idea in Christ breaks the subjective form, and rises, without ceasing to be individual, to the universal, as Christ, without ceasing to be man, becomes God,



until the spirit acquires full and divine knowledge of itself in the bosom of the church; and the science of the church forms the third section of dogma.

If man denies himself the possibility of comprehending God, he denies God at the same time, because the thought of man is no other than the creative thought. God is comprehensible. The knowledge of God is called religion. Religious history is the development of the labor employed to arrive at the idea of God, and the development of the labor employed through the idea of God to arrive in turn to a full consciousness of self. The Christian religion is the definitive religion, because in it the spirit arrives at the full evidence of its own absolute being. As the idea of God is God comprehending Himself, there could be no other proof of the existence of God except this. God is thought; and as thought is identical with being, God is being. His attributes relate to substantivity, the Father, to subjectivity, the Son, and to beatitude, the Holy Spirit.

Creation is eternal, incessant, without any kind of interruption or eclipse: necessary, because without it God would be no more than an abstraction. The object of nature is to reveal God to God Himself. Identical with the absolute as to its essence, diverse as to its individuality, the human soul is the image of God. The identity which fuses the finite spirit with the infinite, as the fetus is one with the womb of its mother, constitutes innocence or the unconscious state. The spirit is soon distinguished into subjective and objective, and consequently distinguished from God. The individual soon comes to egoism, and subjects the world to his pleasure. Hence the birth of evil. Sin has its root in the nature of man; sin is original, a vice inherent in our nature. Man can not exist without God, nor God without man, because the finite needs the infinite, and the infinite the finite. God is essentially God-man, and man essentially man-God, and religions have no other object than to make the man divine and God human. Christianity is the absolute synthesis of the finite and the infinite.

The work of Christ is the realization of the divine ideal of the human individuality; every thing for the world, nothing for Himself, is His motto. He thus dominates instinct, effaces every sin, subjects every passion, and is the luminous centre of history. Christ will always be called the Redeemer, because He has shown us with the example of His life and of His death that it is possible to attain holiness. His life is the realization of justice existing in human nature. God is decomposed into the Trinity and recomposed into Unity. The individual dies, but the personality is immortal, and from grade to grade of perfection rises to God.

## XIII.

From the moment when reason appropriated to a philosophical school all religious dogmas, it was necessary, as an additional term in the logical series of the progressive development of the idea, that some one should come who should carry out this thought to its furthest result, and conclude by opposing Christianity. The school of Hegel had been divided since the death of the great master into Right, Centre, and Left. The Right formed a party in philosophy conservative of the pure idea of the master, and in politics conservative of the hereditary monarchy, of the death penalty, and especially of those theories of "representative men," as the illustrious Emerson calls them, of the men who represent ideas and ages, which Hegel extended to the kings of art, science, and industry, to the possessors of genius by divine grace and direction, to the kings of the spirit, but which the kings of the world limited to their traditional dynasties, as Napoleon the Third did in his celebrated history of the life of Cæsar. The Centre preserved the philosophical ideas of the master, but gave to his political ideas a more liberal and progressive sense. The extreme Left transformed every thing; it admitted the movement of the idea, the current of dialectics, but it eliminated in this movement and this current a most essential term and indispensable point, the generator of successive ideas in the Hegelian system. It eliminated religion, opposing it as contrary to science and progress, and admitted in politics the pure democracy, pure justice, the republic, presenting in its principles the ideal of the new society. But there is among these thinkers one man who, theologian by profession, and not philosopher, was to rouse either for or against him the enthusiasm of the whole world with a work of religious criticism, and who, admitting the philosophical sentiment of the extreme Hegelian Left with respect to religion, was to contest its entire political sentiment. These words will clearly indicate the most noisily famous writer of modern Germany, the one most attacked and criticised, Strauss, author of the *Life of Jesus*, the object of so many controversies, whose stormy life, whose numerous writings, and whose radical inconsistencies throw a great light upon the moral state of Germany, and have strongly influenced its political movement and its historical crises. The ancient Suabia is a most delightful region, varied in its landscapes, watered by clear rivulets and deep rivers, covered with cultivated fields and wild forests; with smiling hills and lofty mountains; rich in pastures where magnificent herds are fed, and in vineyards where delicious grapes are gathered; beautiful through the fecundity of its nature, still more through the virtue of labor. This



region has produced bands of poets whose glory has extended through all Germany. Here was born the great philosopher, Hegel, and his unfaithful disciple, Dr. Strauss. It is useless to recur to biographers to know the life of this man, the sentiments and the sensations of his early years, the parents who gave him being and who reared him, the masters who instructed him, the development of his intelligence, the life of his heart, because he himself has revealed all this to the world, and transmitted it to history in pages and fragments which are remarkable for their fluency of phrase and their purity of taste.

He has written, in pages full of a delicate poetry, of his mother repeating to her children, and offering them as an example to imitate, the life of their pious grandmother. You need not seek in these narratives the tragic art of Rousseau, who in his birth gave death to her who gave him life, and whose whole life was as troubled as if he ran above chasms opening into hell. The house where Strauss was born and grew up was full of that intimate poetry of the heart which does so much to vivify and maintain the sentiment of individuality among the German race. His mother was early left an orphan. Her maternal grandfather received and educated her in accordance with his humble means with the most tender affection and the deepest care. This grandfather had a business house, where he taught his grandchild some knowledge of affairs. He had a productive vineyard, where she acquired a love for the country and for nature. When the grapes began to ripen he did not permit her to gather them, but when the time of the vintage came she was free to eat all she chose. In that little village, which the writer blesses as the cradle of his happiness, his mother went to the simple school of the last century, where she learned to read in only one book—the Scriptures; to sing in chorus the hymns of the Bible; to cipher in addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division. She knew no French, nor even classic German. She spoke in the Suabian dialect, but she astonished every one by her solid information, common-sense, great memory, and knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, in which even her son never surpassed her, in spite of his long career as theologian. Her grandfather assisted in her education, and she always preserved for him a religious veneration. On one of her birthdays her husband hung upon the wall a common oil portrait of her grandfather, a copy of an older one, and when she came in and saw it she was profoundly moved by the delicate surprise, weeping at once with grief and joy.

In Stuttgart, where she was sent to learn to sew and to cook, she married the father of Strauss, who was also a merchant, al-

though he was dependent upon other associates, and therefore without any control of the business. In 1807 Strauss was born. A few years after his birth his father, in his forty-fifth year, became director of the house; but this position, which he had so desired, only served to ruin him. The war of independence and the financial measures of Napoleon destroyed his establishment and dissipated his dreams of fortune. The father of Strauss was learned in classic literature, an indefatigable reader of Horace and Virgil, whose writings he always carried under his arm, and an amateur of bees, those daughters of light and mothers of honey, who offer us in their products the blood and the soul of flowers, and delight us with the monotonous music of their vibrating wings. He should have been a man of letters or a philosopher, and not a merchant, for which business he had no talent or fitness. He would have become bankrupt if it had not been for the labor of his wife, her economy, her zeal, her knowledge of household affairs; she passed her life in suffering and in hiding her sufferings from the family. She had always desired to own a vineyard, as in her childhood, but never had been able to procure one. A relation ceded her a little piece of garden, and she there planted household vegetables, and with them roses and violets and other modest flowers, devoting herself thus to nature, and praising God in songs as spontaneous as those of birds. What a pain for this pious woman was the publication of the *Life of Jesus*! She did not share in her son's ideas; she had not forgotten the faith learned in her church and her Protestant school; but she would not admit that evil motives, offended pride, disappointed ambition, a desire of celebrity or glory, had guided his pen. Nevertheless, intolerant orthodoxy and savage pietism extended even to the mother the insults heaped upon the son, and imbittered the last days of this good woman, who had educated him in the severest virtue by her example, and in the divine language of mothers had inspired him with the Christian faith.

From the house of his father Strauss went to the monastery of Blaubeuren, founded by the Benedictines in the eleventh century as a religious house, transformed by the Reformation into a seminary of young ecclesiastics, presided over by a rector called an Ephor, seconded by various professors called Repetents, adorned with ogive windows of evident antiquity, broken by vaulted cloisters whose roofs were groined in oak, full of seminarists who had left the shelter of their families to fall under the severe discipline of conventual life and excessive labor, sometimes above their powers, unsuited to their age, and only interrupted by occasional walks in common and occasional loud prayers and choral songs.



His two principal masters there were Bauer and Kern, men of genuine learning; the first more thoughtful and more devoted to the diffusion of his thought; the second more scholarly, with great talent for assimilation, but undecided in his religious faith. The former, professor of the Latin and Greek prose writers, read delightedly with his pupils the dialogues of Plato. The other, professor of the Latin and Greek poets, read with equal enthusiasm the verses of Homer and Sophocles. The one more philosopher than philologist in his teachings; the other a consummate man of letters and artist—both excellent educated men. Nevertheless, both had grave defects for the secondary education. They passed the limits proper to their work. They took no account of the tender age and intelligence of their pupils. They went so high and so far that they lost themselves in the immense heaven of thought, forgetting the young in their mud nests, where their slender wings were as yet scarcely fledged to follow them—cir-

cumstances injurious to most, and only favorable to the strong precocious character of the young theologian, who gave promise even then of those tongues of fire which were one day to illuminate his brow.

Strauss has left us in the biography of his friend Marklin a description as well of the impression produced upon him by these masters as that produced by those scenes; the picturesque hills crowned with vineyards; the grim mountains covered with rocks and broken by perilous ravines; the smiling banks of the Neckar; the deep valleys opening between the narrow ranges; the vivifying air which was breathed on the lofty peaks; the recollections awakened by the ruined castles; the torrent of La Blau—which invited them to bathe in summer, but from which, though they entered white and rosy like good Germans, they would come out red and transformed into boiled lobsters—the lake which beyond the cloister mirrored the heaven on its tranquil surface like the lakes of Tyrol and Switzerland.

## MISS ANGEL.

BY ANNE THACKERAY.

### CHAPTER I.

A PRINT OF SIR JOSHUA'S.

YESTERDAY, lying on Mr. Colnaghi's table, I saw a print, the engraving of one of Sir Joshua's portraits. It was the picture of a lady some five or six and twenty years of age. The face is peculiar, sprightly, tender, a little obstinate. The eyes are very charming and intelligent. The features are broadly marked; there is something at once homely and dignified in their expression. The little head is charmingly set upon its frame. A few pearls are mixed with the heavy loops of hair; two great curls fall upon the sloping shoulders; the slim figure is draped in light folds fastened by jeweled bands, such as people then wore; a loose scarf is tied round the waist. Being cold, perhaps, sitting in Sir Joshua's great studio, the lady had partly wrapped herself in a great fur cloak. The whole effect is very good, nor is it an inconvenient dress to sit still and be painted in. How people *lived* habitually in such clothes I can not understand. But although garments may represent one phase after another of fashion, loop, writhe, sweep, flounce, wriggle themselves into strange forms, and into shapes prim or romantic, or practical, as the case may be, yet faces tell another story. They scarcely alter even in expression from one generation to another; the familiar looks come traveling down to us in all sorts of ways and vehicles; by paint, by marble, by words, by the music the musician left behind him, by in-

herited instincts. There is some secret understanding transmitted, I do believe, from one set of human beings to another, from year to year, from age to age, ever since Eve herself first opened her shining eyes upon the Garden of Innocence and flung the apple to her descendants.

This little head of which I am now writing has certainly a character of its own. Although it was great Sir Joshua himself who painted Miss Angel—so her friends called her—and set the stamp of his own genius upon the picture, although the engraver has again come between us to reproduce the great master's impression, beyond their art and unconscious influence, and across the century that separates the lady from the print lying on Mr. Colnaghi's table, some feeling of her identity seems to reach one as one stands there in the shop, after years of other things and people; an identity that seems to survive in that mysterious way in which people's secret intangible feelings do outlive the past, the future, and death, and failure, and even success itself. When I began to criticise the looks of my black-and-white heroine, and to ask myself if there was any thing wanting in her expression, any indescribable want of fine perceptive humor, the eyes seemed suddenly to look reproachfully and to refute my unspoken criticism.

Those outward signs that we call manners and customs and education have changed since that quick heart ceased to beat, since Miss Angel lived and ruled in her May-Fair kingdom; but the true things and significa-



tions that those signs express are not less true because they have lasted a little longer and gone through a few more revolutions. It is only the false impressions, the exaggerations and affectations, that, by a natural law, destroy themselves. How many did she live out in her appointed span of life, and wear out one by one on her journey toward the truth? My poor Angel all her life was used to praise and blame, to be accused of faults she never committed, to be admired for qualities that she scarcely possessed. Art was art, and so, indeed, was nature, in the language of signs—as it was practiced by her and her companions. On the Continent Arcadia was coming to an end; shepherds and shepherdesses were straggling off and driving their flocks before them; long-legged deities, Cupids, and heroes in helmets or slashed silk hose were colonizing English studios; and Olympus was beginning to be in fashion. Fancy and natural feeling are expressed by odes, by nymphs and ovals and mezzotints. Cipriani teaches in his schools; classic temples are rising in windy gardens (for, alas! the climate does not lend itself to this golden age revival), and never were winters more wintry, fogs more enduring, or frosts more nipping than those at the end of the last century.

Perhaps to Miss Angel the darkness may have been but as a veil to the sweet dazzling images of her early youth. She may have still seemed to see the sunlight through the mists and fogs of the great city where she had cast her lot, and her November may have been splendid still, and set upon a golden background, while she found present sunshine in the admiring eyes of her friends and lovers.

Some lives have in them a quality which may perhaps be compared to that secret of which the early Venetians knew the mystery—some mystery of light, some sweet transparent gift of coloring, a hidden treasure of hope shining through after-shadow.

I do not say that this is the highest among the gifts, that there are not far greater things in art and in nature than sweet harmonies of color; but it is a delightful quality in its way, in pictures, and in the lives of those who look at pictures and of those who paint them.

Angelica Kauffman's is a life so tinted, warmed at the outset by some such broad golden stream that flooded its youth with hope, and shone on through a mid-life of storm and shadow. In later days tears and languor dimmed those bright azure eyes and overmastered the brave spirit that we must all respect and recognize; but to the last moment hope remained—hope for life when all else was gone; false hope, indeed, to be realized by a mightier revelation of life than ours.

Poor little Angelica! so true to herself, so defeated in her highest flights, so complete in her victory—not always over those things she set herself to conquer, but over others by the road, along which she struggled valiantly for sixty years. Overpraised, overloved, deceived, and satisfied, little by little she has grown up out of the dictionaries and guide-books, out of the faithful old friend Rossi's careful sentences, out of the relics scattered by her hand. She was no great genius, as people once thought, no inspired painter of gods and men. Her heroes stand in satin pumps and feathered toques; her nymphs are futile and somewhat dislocated beings; one laughs at them, but one loves them too.

I think that, as far as it lay in her power, Angelica was true to her perceptions. The artificial education of the day cast its constraints upon her simple soul, and yet, with all its failings, her work is bright with a womanly sympathy and transparence, a certain delicacy of rendering which holds its own even now.

Religion, as Angelica painted her, still sits in the South Kensington Museum surrounded by attendant virtues. There is Hope with her anchor, Faith with her hands crossed upon her breast, Charity reclining in the place of honor. They all have Greek profiles. The inspiration is something like an apotheosis of some of Madame Tussaud's happiest compositions, and yet a certain harmony and innocent enthusiasm redeem it all from utter absurdity, and draw one into sympathy with the painter. One head, crowned and gentle, seemed to shine with a real Italian brightness through the grim November vapors in the galleries to which I have wandered across a century.

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## CHAPTER II.

### PICTURE-GALLERIES.

PICTURE-GALLERIES are strange and shifting places, where people come to wonder, to envy, to study, talk nonsense; sometimes it is to realize their secret hearts painted out upon canvas and hanging up framed before them—sometimes veils hang before the pictures. It is all there—you see it, know it—and see and know nothing as you pass by untouched. And then, again, some secret power has dispelled the mists; strange life flashes along the walls; picture answers picture; here and there some great dominant chord breaks out in a burst of silent music, imposing its own harmony upon the rest. One morning Miss Angel was tired, or cross, or dissatisfied; she had not slept the night before. Her father, as usual, had left her at the gallery to work, bidding her be diligent, but she could not work to good



effect; one thing and another disturbed her. Every now and then their friend and fellow-lodger, Antonio, who was painting in another room, had come in and vexed her by a criticism. "You waste your time attempting such subjects," he had said; "it is not in your grasp; you should not accept such commissions."

"I must take what comes," said Angelica, pettishly. "I need not complain when I am given a masterpiece to reproduce."

"To reproduce!" said Antonio; "you might as well try to paint the sun." And so he walked away, leaving her discouraged, out of tune.

Antonio was a delicate and nervous looking man, with worn hands and an anxious, noble-looking head. His black brows nearly met over clear eyes full of thought and expression. He had a quantity of fuzzed black hair, which he used to push back wearily. He was of middle size, slightly bent. A word, a nothing, at times would set him trembling. Sometimes, however, he had hidden bursts of confidence and good spirits. He did not spare others, although he suffered so much himself from their criticisms.

There is a picture of St. John the Baptist in the Church of the Madonna del Orto. Cima di Conegliano painted it two hundred years before Antonio Zucchi was born, but it has some look of this friend of Angelica.

Haggard and tender stands St. John against the golden limpid sky that lights the chapel where it had burned for two hundred years.

"It is just like Antonio," Angelica had exclaimed when she saw it.

"Ah!" said the custode, who was standing by. "I could travel round the world with that picture. Look!" he cried, with enthusiasm; "see the saint's hair. Did you ever see such curls?"

There were lines of care in Antonio's face, and lines of gray in his curls, though he was little over thirty years of age. Of these thirty years he had known Angelica for twenty. Miss Angel could not imagine what it would be like not to know Antonio, or not to be vexed with him. He was the least satisfied of all her friends, and the least satisfactory in his criticisms.

It was but rarely that her sweet temper was so ruffled, and it happened to-day that when she was most angry with Antonio and with herself, a stranger, young, stately, dressed in deepest mourning, had come up, and, with a glance at the picture, had asked her if the charming copy was for sale. Who is one to believe, thinks the poor little painter, as she looks up demurely, poises her brush, and says, "It is an order, and sold already."

"You must allow me, madam, to envy the fortunate possessor of such a picture copied

by so fair a hand," said the stranger, in a low voice, bending his handsome head with one of the courteous flourishes then in fashion; and he walked away with long black legs.

Then a priest came up to look; then a couple of soldiers; then a new-married couple. "How beautiful!" said the bride. "I like the copy better than the picture; it is a prettier size. See how she has got it all in."

Angel was not unused to compliments; she was a princess in her own little kingdom, but she did not care for them quite so broadly expressed as this. She half hoped the black prince would come back and give her an order and make her some more consoling speeches. There was something in his manner which interested her. How different from Antonio, with his rude abruptness and jealousy! Any one must allow that *he* was disagreeable.

Angelica painted on quietly for some time, but she made no progress. All about her the pictures had begun to glow with light and to beguile her from her work. There was Tintoretto's autumnal-tinted Eden, with Eve in her lovely glades; Bonefazzio's St. Catherine began to stir with limpid streams of changing light (old Bonefazzio can paint light upon his canvas).

Presently comes a soft rustling and scent of perfume, and again the girl looks up. A lady is standing beside her, and looking at her copy of the Assumption. She is evidently a personage of some importance, not very young, but very beautiful, graceful, languid. She is dressed in the fashion of the day in white watered silk, with gray fur trimmings and pearls. She wears long loose gloves upon her arms. The gentle fragrance comes with each wave of her fan, that great flaunting fan with its jeweled sticks.

The lady does not speak, only smiles as she moves away and passes on, looking about her as she goes into another room, that where Antonio is at work. She stops before Carpaccio's "Presentation in the Temple," and gazes distractedly.

The bells of Venice are jingling outside in the great hot, hot sunshine.

The innocent little violinist has paused for an instant—forever—and looks up rapt, listening perhaps for their measure. The golden angel is piping on with sweet dreamy eyes, and the little mandolin player is struggling with the great mandolin. The lady looks, and then turns away, retracing her steps with gentle dignity as she sweeps past Antonio in the doorway.

She scarcely sees the plain young man, in his shabby coat and knee-breeches, but the same thought is in both their minds. It is the same living picture that they are both looking at with interest—that of Angelica, who had put down her brushes thoughtfully and left her seat.



I can see her, though it is a hundred years since she stood there, and Antonio could see her as he stood watching from the doorway—the light figure in its common faded dress standing before great Titian's altar fires. Her head was a little bent with that gentle turn he knew so well, her thick brown hair was all tied back with a brown ribbon. Her two little feet stood somewhat far apart, springing, firm and elastic, from the polished floor. One hand was raised to shade the light from her eyes, in the other—from habit carefully extended—she held her palette. There she stood, for once pale and discouraged, and with dimmed eyes. Her father would be furious if she were to tell him of Antonio's gibes; but then her father was no critic where her work was concerned. This she owned in her heart, and perhaps she agreed more often than she chose to acknowledge with Antonio, the jealous, rude, tiresome friend. Ah! how infinitely pleasanter are acquaintances than friends who live in the house with you, who say any thing that comes uppermost! The English Signor Dance, whom they had met at Rome, how he had praised her work, with what fervor and sincerity; and the friendly priests in the villa at Como, how they had exclaimed in wonder at her portraits of the cardinal and his chaplain! If only Antonio would praise her work as they did, it might give her some courage and interest to go on.

So there she stood, pale and discouraged, an inadequate little copyist, blinking at the sun, so she told herself. Presently her heart began to beat, and the color came into her cheeks as she forgot her own insignificance, and caught some strange, terrified emotion from the great achievement before her. Some fancy came to her that she was one of the women in the crowd looking on with the amazed apostles, as they stretch their astonished hands. The great mystery is being accomplished before their eyes. The Virgin rises cloud-lifted to the jubilant chorus of angels and cherubim; simple, ecstatic, borne upward upon the resistless vapors. The glories seemed to gather gold, the clouds to drift upon unseen winds; the distance widens and intensifies. This strange great heaven floats and shines again triumphant before the dazzled eyes of the mortals on the galleries.

One or two people had gathered round. Had any thing occurred in the great Assumption? Little old dirty Pintucci had crept up to see from his distant corner, where he manufactured little cherubs with his trembling fingers. He stood clucking his admiration with odd noises and shakings of the head. Then some one sighed deeply. It was the stranger lady, who had returned. Some strange magnetic thrill of sympathy possessed them all, as when the bursts of silver trumpets come sounding along St. Peter's, and the crowds respond.

At that moment a harsh, angry voice calls Angelica very peremptorily back to earth again. "Angelica, what doest thou? Where is thy morning's work? Why art thou wasting time and money?" So the voice begins in German, then the scolding turns into Italian as Antonio comes up once more.

The accuser is a tall, gray, angry old man, who is gazing with displeasure at the easel, at the idle brush, and at his daughter in the crowd. "Is this your manner of working?" he continues, oblivious of listeners.

"It is the best for her," said Antonio, interfering. "Hush, John Joseph!" he added, in a low voice; "how can you speak to her so?"

"Be quiet, Antonio; you can afford, perhaps, to idle your life away. Angelica can not allow herself that luxury. What has she done all this long morning?"

"Nothing, father," said Angelica, turning round from habit to meet him, and to soothe away his anger, as she could always do, with a word and a fond look; but to-day the sense of the Impossible had overmastered the custom of the present, and she forgot her artless wiles and her father's displeasure in a sudden longing for some higher achievement and some better ideal. Her face changed; the smile faded. "I was tired, father, and no wonder;" and with a sudden movement she held out her palette to him. "Look at this," she said, "and look at that. How can I do it? How can you ask me to do it?" As she spoke Antonio looked at her with an approving flash from beneath his black eyebrows.

"What absurdity!" cried the old man. "Is it to-day that she is to tell me she can not paint? After all the crowns she has won—after all the sacrifices her mother and I have made—all the hopes we have indulged in? Why did you not say so to Giuseppe Morosco when he gave you the order? Ungrateful girl!"

The tears which started to Angelica's eyes changed her future destiny for years and years.

"Might I, a stranger, venture to ask a favor?" said the lady, once more coming forward and addressing Angelica from her waves of satin, of laces. She spoke in a very sweet and melancholy voice. "I am leaving Venice in a week. I should regret my going less if I might carry away something to recall the happy hours I have spent."

Gently certain of herself, she looked from the father to the daughter. She was not used to see life from any but her own aspect and level. The father's reproaches, the daughter's tears, were a revelation to this fanciful, impressionable personage, who was not used to be thwarted, and who had suddenly determined to make this girl happy, and to wipe away her tears with her own cambric handkerchief, if need be.



"Perhaps," she continued, addressing the old man with a charming dignified grace, "you would allow me, Sir, to take your daughter home in my gondola? Would you trust yourself to my care?" she said to Miss Angel. "We might consult upon the subject of the picture which I hope you may consent to paint for me. I should like to show you my children and my husband, who would make a noble study."

Angel's blue eyes answer unconsciously to the two shining flashes, the smile that greets her. It seemed as if they were friends already. A picture! "I should like to paint you just as you are," thought Angelica. "You great ladies can make yourselves into pictures."

Old Pintucci whispered something into Kauffman's ear. "It is Milady W., her Excellency the English Embassadress," he said.

Old Kauffman bowed to the ground. "You are too good to my poor child," said the old fellow. "My daughter's name is perhaps not unknown to your Excellency—Angelica Kauffman," he repeated, proudly. "I, her father, may truly say that her name is known in all Italy. We have lately come from Naples, where all the galleries were thrown open to us—that of the Palace of Capo di Monte, and many others. Her gifts of music and painting, her remarkable precocity, have—"

"Dear father," said Angelica, interrupting, "the lady has judged me too favorably already. Antonio describes my poor performances very differently."

She spoke with a smile, but she wounded her poor plain-speaking friend to the heart. He turned pale, and abruptly walked off to the other end of the room, where he stood looking at a picture that he did not see. It was Tintoret's "Slave delivered from Torture." Poor Antonio! St. Mare had not yet come to burst his bonds.

"I thank you, Sir, for telling me your daughter's name. Indeed, I half suspected that it might be her. Her brilliant reputation is well known to me and many of my friends," said the lady. "My friend the Abbé Franck showed me a most interesting letter from Rome not long ago, describing her rare gifts, and I have seen her beautiful portrait of my old master, the great Porpora." Then she added, with a sort of dignified shyness, "I have little to offer as a temptation to one so gifted, but if she will accept me as a friend, it will be conferring a favor that I shall know how to value."

The lady held out her hand as she spoke, and Angelica gladly took it in her young grateful clasp.

Old Kauffman's eyes glistened when Angelica started off with this high company, dressed in her shabby dress, timid yet resolute, the compeer of any lady in the land. No thought of any difference of rank dis-

composed her as she prepared to accompany her new-found protectress. The girl was bewitched by the beautiful lady.

Antonio saw Angelica walk away with this splendid stranger, and as she did so he jealously felt as if all was over between them. Old Kauffman was surely demented to let her go. Was this the way he guarded his treasure? Would Antonio have let her go in company with those worldly people, who take artists up to suit the fancy of the moment, who throw them by remorselessly and pass on when their fancy is over, leaving them perhaps wounded, mortified, humiliated?

Oh no, no; he would have guarded her and shielded her from all the world if it had been in his power. They all lived in the same little house on one of the quays of Venice—a narrow, shabby little tenement enough, with a view of palaces all about, and itself more splendid to Antonio than any marble magnificence. The narrow casement gave her light as morning after morning broke; the low roof sheltered her evening after evening. He would come down from his top attic in the roof, and spend the peaceful hours with the old painter and his docile pupil. Only this last night they had been sitting together. How happy they were!

They had a lamp, and Angel had her drawing-board, and Antonio had brought down his engraving work. He used to make architectural designs and altarpieces. He had done one lately for the Convent of the Armenians. He had painted the ceiling of their little sitting-room with lovely arabesques, garlands, and fountains, underneath which Angel's brown head bent busily over her evening's toil.

There she sat in her white dressing-gown. The window was open; the stars looked in; the sighs and voices reached them from the waters below. She was copying engravings and casts from the antique. Antonio had brought her some anatomical figures to draw from, but she hated them. They frightened her at night, she said. Why did not Antonio draw from them himself?

"It is mere waste of time for me to attempt the human figure. See how my hand trembles," said Antonio, sadly. "I have no gift whatever. Once I had hope; now it is all I can do to live by my tricks. I am a mere mechanic, a ceiling painter. Perhaps when I go to England, where such things are better paid, and where, I am told, many palaces are building, I may be able to get on better than I have done hitherto."

And then he seemed to hear Angelica's voice again. "Let us all go to England, father; it is time we made our fortune."

Is all this another picture in the gallery of pictures? It is one unpainted, invisible to the other people passing by, stamped in



that one man's mind in colors indelible. He sees it sometimes in after-days, when the past reaches into his future with its longing charm.

### CHAPTER III.

#### GONDOLAS.

THE boat rocked backward and forward to the gondolier's circling oar; the shadows danced a delicious contredanse. Splash gentle oar, rise domes and spires upon the vault, sing voices calling along the water, stream golden suns reflected there!

The gondola flies down a noisy side street toward an open place where the canals diverge; the shadows part, and fire is streaming from the tumultuous ripples. "Aheu!" cry the gondoliers. For a moment all is swinging confusion; then the flashing boats and the heavy-laden barges make way before her Excellency's gondola, and it glides on once more.

Her Excellency the English Embassadress leans back among her cushions, looking out languidly; the lights flash from the upper windows of the tall palaces; balconies start overhead, marked upon the sky. Now it is a palace to let, with wooden shutters swinging in shadow; now they pass the yawning vaults of great warehouses piled with saffron and crimson dyes, where barges are moored and workmen straining at the rolling barrels. The Embassadress looks up; they are passing the great brown wall of some garden terrace; a garland has crept over the brick, and droops almost to the water; one little spray encircles a rusty ring hanging there with its shadow. A figure comes and looks over the wall—a man with a handsome dark cut face, plain unpowdered hair, a mourning dress. He bows low from his terrace walk, looking with a grave unmoved face. The Embassadress smiles and kisses her pretty loosely gloved fingers. "That is a new friend of my lord's, M. le Comte de Horn," she says, smiling to her companion, who looks up in turn at the head against the sky. Angelica wonders where she has seen that dark head before; then she remembers that it was in the gallery scarce an hour ago. She is a little shy, but quite composed, as she leans lightly back in her place by the great lady. Her stuff dress looks somewhat out of keeping with the splendid equipage, where the carpets are Persian and the cushions are covered with silver damask, and the very awnings are of soft flame-colored silk. They have been put up by the Embassadress's order in place of the black hood, which oppressed her, for she loves light and air and liberty. Now they touch palace walls, and with a hollow jar start off once more. Now comes a snatch of song through an old archway. Here are

boats and voices; the gondoliers' ear-rings twinkle in the sun; here are vine wreaths, and steps, where children, those untiring spectators of life, are clustering; more barges with heavy fruit and golden treasure go by. A little brown-faced boy is lying with his brown legs in the sun on the very edge of a barge, dreaming over into the green water; he lazily raises his head to look, and falls back again. Now a black boat passes like a ghost; its slender points start upward in a line with the curve of yonder spire. Now it is out of all this swing of shadow and confusion they cross a broad sweet breadth of sunlight, and come into the Grand Canal. A handsome young couple are gliding by, and look up in admiration at the beautiful lady.

There she sits, beautiful in glistening gray and falling lace, with feathery soft lines of ornament, with a diamond aigrette shining in her powdered hair—dignified, conscious. No wonder the young couple are dazzled, that the dark-faced man looks out from the terrace walk, that the girl sitting by the lady's side is bewitched by all that grace, beauty, and kindness. It comes as a revelation to her, and seems to illumine all the beauty of this new world, in which she finds herself for the first time *awakened* to life somehow by some inner call, by some loving revelation of the eyes and the imagination.

The Embassadress made Angelica answer a hundred questions about her life and her work as they went along. She was perfectly charming in her manner, full of interest and kindness, but her questions were almost more than Angelica cared to answer. She told herself that with one so kind, so beautiful, she need have no reserve, and yet she found it difficult at times to be quite natural and unreserved with this great lady.

By degrees, as the conversation went on, she felt some curious, anxious, restless influence upon her nerves. She could hardly define it, nor why she was at once more and more charmed and agitated by the beautiful stranger. But she was not the first who had experienced this curious impression. Meanwhile Lady W. continued her cross-questions. "Was that her father?" and "Was that young man a relation?" "Had she a mother?"

"I have a dead mother," said Angelica, with a very sweet expression; "her name was Cléofe Lucien. We used to live at Coire, by the side of the stream; her bedroom window hung over the water, and she used to hold my hand, and let me lean out as far as possible. We were very poor, though, and my father could not get on; he found work at Morbegno, and we all went away. I cried when I left my home and the terrace garden, and my mother wiped my tears with her apron, and kissed my hands. She used to teach me, and keep me with her



always. I never left her till she left me—that was nearly five years ago,” said Angelica, very softly. “She was very beautiful; I have never seen any one like her. To-day, when you spoke to me, I was thinking that Titian’s Madonna had something of her.”

“And who is your dark friend?” said Lady W., who had lost the thread for a moment. “Are you engaged to be married?”

Angelica shook her head. “I am married to my brush,” she said, gayly; “I want no other husband. Before I came here I sometimes thought there might be other things in life; but when I see these glorious works, which seem to me to surpass even Caracci’s magnificent compositions, I feel that it is as much as my poor soul can grasp.”

She pushed back her thick curls as she spoke, and looked up—an eager young spirit longing to take flight, overtrained, overstimulated by praise, by a sense of enthusiastic responsibility perhaps, but full of hope, of courage, of trust in the future. And what she said was true; her ideal was all in all to her just then.

In some mysterious way she imagined at times that Raphael and Titian, and her beloved Caracci and Caravaggio, were all waiting in some painters’ Paradise anxiously expecting to see her start in their pursuit. When she talked of her art, some sort of light would come into her face. Such enthusiasm is often something in itself—an inspiration not to be despised; but it does not create the gifts that should belong to it by rights.

When Angelica talked of art, she was a little conscious, perhaps; but it was a sweet, artless consciousness, and from her very heart she loved her work.

“It was like a new soul in my soul,” she said, with her sweet voice, “when I came here first and learned to know them all. Before that I sometimes imagined—” Angelica smiled. “Girls have their fancies,” she said.

“And have you no fancies now?” said her patroness, very seriously.

“Mine is a cold heart, I fear,” said the girl; “I have to earn money for our home, and to take care of my father in my mother’s place. My interests are too great to leave place in my heart for love.”

“But could you imagine love without interest?” said the Embassadress, very quickly; “surely interest is the very soul of love.”

“Then my love is for Titian, for the great Veronese, for Tintoret,” cried Angelica, flushing and excited. “These are the altars at which I worship,” she said, pointing to the Doge’s Palace that they were now approaching.

The Embassadress was looking at Angelica curiously, with her great lady expression. The sun was still shining; the bells

were still ringing from the towers; they were sliding by the Lions of St. Marc; and the Embassadress suddenly called to her gondolier to stop. Then, with a charming change of manner, she said to Miss Angel, “Now you must be my leader, and I will be your pupil; take me to see your pictures.”

Angelica was not surprised. It seemed to her a very natural impulse. She did not know that a whole household was waiting while they deliberately walked from room to room in noble company. Gods and heroes, allegories in white satin, Venice ruling the world; all the pomp, all the splendor of life is there; and then they come to a vast room full of present, past, and future.

A cicerone is explaining the fresco on the wall. “This picture represents the entire human race and the kingdom of heaven,” he says; “Tintoret painted it when he was seventy-five years of—”

“Don’t listen to him,” said Angelica; “you will not care for this: come with me.” And the two figures pass on.

At first this Paradise of Tintoret is so strange that no wonder the lovely world outside, the beautiful court-yard, the flying birds and drifting Venetians, the great golden September, seem more like heaven to those who are basking in its sweetness. But it is worth their while by degrees, with pain and some self-denial, to climb in spirit to the strange crowded place toward which old Tintoret’s mighty soul was bent. Is it the heaven toward which his aged heart was yearning? He has painted surprise and rapture in the face of a soul which is just coming out into this great vortex. It is circling with sudden pools and gleams of peace. Mary Mother above, turning to her Son, with outstretched arms, and pointing to them all with tender motherhood.

In the great eventful turmoil a man sits absorbed in a book, reading unmoved. Angels, with noble wings, take stately flights, cross and recross the darkened canvas. A far-away procession passes in radiance.

Tintoretto’s power is that of a Goethe or a Shakspeare; he paints what he sees—what is now and ever shall be while this world exists.

Would you have other revelations of this mighty mind, let us follow Angelica and her pupil into a side room, where by a window that looks into a court hangs a picture that may well charm them by its tender dawn-like grace. Ariadne holds out her languid hand. Bacchus rises from the sea. Half a floating dream, half a vision; almost here, almost there, upon the wall. The picture seemed to reach into their very hearts. “Peace,” said the horizon, while the wonderful tale of love was told anew. Bacchus beseeching Ariadne, tender, passionless, pitiful. Pity was there, somehow painted upon the harmony and the silence.



They neither of them moved nor spoke. The elder lady stood absorbed, and her thoughts traveled away, far, far from the pictures, while Angelica, with her constraining blue eyes, looked at her for sympathy.

"This must be love—the very spirit of true feeling and sentiment!" cried the girl.

"Do you think so?" said Lady W., with some sudden impatience; "but I do not believe in sentiment. I do not think she loves him much. Perhaps she is still thinking of Theseus."

"But sentiment *is*, whether people respond at the time or not," said Angelica. As she spoke a great clock began to strike, and some birds whirled past the window, casting their shadows across the picture.

"My dear child," said the Embassadress, suddenly becoming a grand lady again, "we must not waste any more time upon sentiment. Come, let us go back to the gondola."

As they went down stairs they met Antonio with his color-box under his arm. He would have passed them without a word, but Angelica smiled and kissed her hand. When they reached the gondola the Embassadress sank down with a sigh.

"There is that gentleman again," said Angelica, looking back. The mysterious stranger was just stepping into his gondola from the steps of the piazza. Had he been in the palace? she had not seen him there.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### PALACES.

THE gondola stopped at a closed gate that led from marble steps into a terraced garden full of the sweet fragrance of autumn, and Angelica followed her protectress across the straight path that led to the entrance of the palace. A fountain was at play in the shadow of the trellis; two little girls were dancing round and round it. The beautiful lady stopped for an instant and called them to her, and the little creatures dropped low courtesies, and then ran away immediately. The entrance hall was a great marble-shaded place leading into the sitting-rooms, that all opened from one to another. They were very handsomely furnished; pictures stood upon easels; cabinets and tapestried curtains had been disposed to the best advantage; a flame-colored room with ebony furniture led to a sea-green sort of cave. Then came a great white room, where a beautiful Vandyck was hanging in the place of honor. It was the picture of a little boy all dressed in white satin, with a childish face and dark brown languid eyes. The picture was so artless and noble, the harmony so delightful, that Angel stopped short with an exclamation of delight.

The Embassadress smiled. "That is my

lord's father," she said; and then she opened the door of the last room in the suit. It was the prettiest of all, perhaps, and furnished with gray hangings, with French chairs, and cabinets full of china. Great pots of crimson pomegranate; flowers stood in the window, in one of which a lady was sitting, sunk on a low step, with a little girl on her knee. The child's arm was round the lady's neck; their two heads were very close together.

They both looked up startled. The little girl sprang away, and the lady half rose to meet the Embassadress.

"Here is a new friend, Diana," said Lady W., as she came in, leading Angelica by the hand; then coldly to the child, "Judith, you have been troubling your cousin. Why are you not in the garden with your sisters?"

The little girl looked up with a face curiously like the Vandyck, and the brown eyes that he had painted. She prepared to pass her mother with a sliding courtesy, and another to Angelica. The latter took her hand.

"Your mother is kind enough to say I may try and paint your picture, my dear," she said. "I hope you will not mind sitting to me."

The little girl blushed up, looked at the pale lady in the window, and suddenly pulled her hand away, and with another courtesy left the room.

"What a beautiful little girl!" said Angelica. "How I shall enjoy coming to paint her!"

"You must paint her and make friends with her," said Lady W. "One may make acquaintances in one's own class of life, but for friends it is only those who are leading real true existences who can be true friends to one's children. I should wish to bring up my children to lead lives such as yours, and that is why I do not wish Judith to spend her play-time idly, Diana. It is vastly more profitable for her to join her sisters' games, and to have a definite object in view, than to idle away the hours."

"I called her in," said Lady Diana, curtly. "I had not seen her for two days, and as you were out, I imagined she would not be wanted."

Lady W. opened her big fan, and looked away for an instant. Angelica wondered what it was all about. Lady Diana set her pale lips, and went on with her book.

Just at this moment the Embassador came in. "The dinner is getting cold, my lady," he said. "Half an hour late; half an hour behind the time."

He seemed younger than his wife. He was a short, good-humored little man in a grand blue velvet coat, with a good many curious nervous tricks. He used to start suddenly from his chair and put something straight at the other end of the room, and



come back again. He was very particular about time, too, and seemed to spend a great deal in ascertaining how it passed. Details seemed to him the most important facts of life. There was nothing in the least mysterious or vibrating in this member of the establishment; but the two ladies and the solemn little girl were certainly unlike any one Angelica had ever lived with before.

"Order the dinner to be served," said the lady; "I shall not detain you any longer." Then she took Angelica up into her own room to take off her things. Angel composedly laid her black scarf down upon point and satin, and opened her blue eyes into a tortoise-shell mirror, smoothed her brown hair with a golden comb, and looked about amused and interested by all she saw.

The girl was timid, but she was an artistic nature, and she found that palaces and splendor came naturally enough to her. She enjoyed it all, and felt it her right to be there. More experienced women suddenly thrown into such high company might have found themselves less in place than my bright and gentle-mannered heroine. So she looked about and wondered at the ease with which some lives moved; every care of body, pleasure of mind, all well arranged. Swift gondoliers waiting their orders at the garden gate, servants in attendance, the fountains playing to cool the air. But she had little time to moralize; a voice from below began calling, "Judith! Judith!" It was the punctual Ambassador waiting to conduct his wife in to dinner.

"Well, what have you done—where have you been?" said Antonio and old John Joseph together, as Angelica walked into their little sitting-room that evening. The lamp was alight, and the two men were both busy at the table. Antonio was making decorative designs for a loggia; old Kauffman was, if the truth must be confessed, nailing a pair of soles on to his buckled shoes; he could turn his hand to many things, and was by habit and instinct economical and of a saving turn.

Angelica sank down into a chair by the open window, looked at one and then at the other, laughed out gayly at their anxious faces.

"Don't look so solemn," she said; "I have had a most delightful day;" and she jumped up and flung her arms round her father. "Oh, papa, they have been so good, so kind!" she said. "You can not think how they admire my paintings; and they are longing to know you better—the grand milady said so; and I am to paint three pictures before they leave next month—my lord's (oh, he is so noble and so kind!), that sweet lady's, and their enchanting little girl's. I shall paint them as Venus and Cupid, with a bow and an arrow," said Angelica, meditatively.

"She was so charmed with the idea. There is only one person in that house I do not like, and who did not approve of my intention."

"Do you mean that black mute?" said Antonio, looking from his work, over which he had been affectingly bending.

"I do not know who you mean," said Angelica, reddening. "Is it M. De Horn? He is in mourning for his mother; he told me so. He is not black, nor is he mute; he does not live there, although he called after dinner;" and then she regained her temper and smiled. "I assure you that he can pay the most charmingly turned compliments."

"That I do not doubt," said Antonio, sarcastically. "And who, then, is the one thorn in your bed of roses?"

"She is his Excellency's sister," said Angelica. "Lady Di; they call her Di. Is it not an ugly name?"

"I can well believe that Di is not so pretty as Angelica," said old Kauffman, proudly.

"And that Angelica knows it well enough," said Antonio.

His voice was harsh and grating; his r's rolled; his sentences ended like the sound of a drum; but Angel was not afraid of him. Sometimes, poor fellow, he longed to make her fear him, in despair of any other hold upon this sweet and wayward creature.

Wayward was scarcely the word to apply to the young painter; she was different to different people—to some constant and unchanging. The people she loved knew her really as she was; the people who loved her, alas! saw Angelica as she chose to let them see her. With all her sweetness of disposition, her kindness of nature, they instinctively felt, they knew not why, that some barrier lay between them—intangible, insurmountable.

Half her life was real and practical, and inspired by good sense; the other half she spent in a world of her own creating; so Antonio said. She placed her friends there; saw them enacting the parts she had bestowed upon them—some heroic, some sentimental. She herself, spoiled child as she was, ruled in this kingdom—almost believed in its existence. Once, when she was young and romantic, she had even thought that she might have shared her reign there; and that Antonio, dressed, curled, successful as he deserved to be, dear discontented old friend, might have been the king of her fancy land; but that was years ago, when she was fifteen, before her mother died, and before she knew the world as she did. Now for five years she had battled and struggled for herself and her father; the very fish upon the table had not been bought without a bargaining. She had met many a kindness, many a phase of friendship and interest; and yet Antonio need not have been so jealous; no one had supplanted him. Never was sentiment more distant from a maiden's



heart than from Angelica's; but then, if sentiment there was, it was for nature only, reflected through her own mind or by other people's light. It was feeling for the painted sunlight within the walls of the old palaces and churches, or the golden stream without, for the evening and the morning and the noble ascension of mid-day, when the shadows struck straight and black, when the pigeons with a flash flew across the basking piazza, when the bells swung their multitudinous clappers, awakening the people asleep among the steps and archways; it was for Tintoret sometimes, for Titian always, for the delicious evenings upon the water, for the moon now rising from beyond the Great Canal in front of their windows, hushing itself with silver silence. One moon-ray gleamed upon the flagon of wine old Kauffman was bringing out for their supper.

These people supped, Venetian fashion, at about ten o'clock, and Angelica stood thoughtfully looking at their meal of bread and fruit and of cold fish, served in an old Riviera dish that Antonio had once brought home from Morosco's store.

"Do you remember," she said, "when we dined with my uncle Michael in his farmhouse, and the goat-herd came in, and I complained? Who would have thought then that I should sit next an Ambassador at table, father?"

"And who will say that you may not have to dine with the goat-herd again?" said Antonio, smiling.

"I prefer the Ambassador," said Miss Angel, saucily. "Father," she went on, "I must go to market to-morrow morning; the Embassadress has set her heart upon going with me."

## CHAPTER V.

### MARKETING IN VENICE.

THE Cima was in the sky next morning when Angelica opened her eyes. She went to the window. A dawn of burnished aromatic light has gathered round the sleeping town, whose domes and spires struck with sharp distinctness upon the sky, San Zacharius, San Marco, receiving their silent morning benediction. Then the bells ring; the light brightens. In Venice the sun rises to the sound of a trumpet. The new day is ushered in triumphant to a delightful reverberating clamor of bells and voices and street cries gathering from every quarter of the town.

Angelica dressed herself to the gay variety of music. Her father called her into the little sitting-room, and they breakfasted together at a table by the open window. The sunshine was warm and comforting. Sumptuous lights glittering from the Grand

Canal make diversion on the shabby walls of the little room. There are grapes for their breakfast, brown-bread, and cups of coffee for which old Kauffman is famous. And now it is time for Angelica to seek her protectress again. The old father calls a gondola, walks with her to the door, as is his custom, and sends her on with a blessing.

When Angelica reached the palace she found that the Embassadress was still in her room, closeted with her maid. Piles of silk and satin robes and mufflers were lying in disgrace upon the chairs. The lady's temper is also somewhat ruffled. The maids are in despair; no one can suit my lady's taste that morning. They can not understand this fancy; nothing is plain enough in all the vast assortment. A black petticoat without fringe or trimming, a chintz wrapper, a plain lace veil—with some difficulty these things are brought from depths of lumber drawers.

Angelica, after wandering about the empty rooms, exchanging a stiff greeting with Lady Di, her antagonist, settled down at last in the corner of the great marble hall, where her easel had been set by Lady W.'s desire. My lord, on his way to his gondola, stopped for a minute to greet the young painter. He is followed by his little daughter, who runs out through one of the great windows which open to the terraced gardens outside. They are lined with orange-trees; pomegranates are growing in the great pots of Italian clay. There are two ilex-trees, of which the leaves are showering pointed shadows, some crisp, some delicately reticulated, upon the avenues. At the end of the walk a fountain flows. Diana the elder is sitting on the marble steps; little Diana, Lady W.'s eldest daughter, is coming across the avenue. There is a plash of the mid-day waters. Little Diana has picked her aunt a handful of sweet verbena leaves, and goes and sits beside her on the low step with folded hands. Angelica looks up from her ideal Paradise, and sees the two sitting there among olive shadows and ilex winds in this quaint and peaceful garden. She straightway weaves it all up into some picture in her mind, adds a column, a drape, makes up some feeble composition, as she has been taught to do. Antonio would tell me to add nothing, to paint them as they are, thinks Angelica. But that is only Antonio's craze. Caracci or Guido, my great masters, have taught me to see the ideal beauty that reality suggests. And once more she falls to work upon her poor little flimsy fancies—cut paper flowers upon the altars of art. It is, at any rate, a peaceful state of mind in which the young painter works on, listening from afar to the voices from the city. When they cease there is the sound of the fountain plashes with a tender, persistent lap, and brimming to the



edge of the little stone basin. Sometimes she hears the voices of the servants at their work; sometimes the fall of an oar comes in with the fountain's ripple. If Angelica stretches from her corner, she sees the palaces clustering white, and the line of water very blue beyond the brown piles of brick and straggling sprays of ivy. The ilex sheds its aromatic perfume; light struggles through the waters of the fountain.

From time to time little Diana comes up to peep at Angelica's paint-box, at the steady paint-brush working on; then she runs back. Her very steps stir sleeping perfumes among the leaves. These strange sweet scents from the garden are a poem in themselves, now fresh, now ravishing into utter fragrance. The child becomes impatient at last; she pulls a long branch, and begins to beat at all this sleeping monotony.

"Take care, child; what are you about?" cries a voice less modulated than usual. Little Diana runs away frightened, and the Embress, somewhat put out by the difficulties of her toilet, appears upon the terrace from a side door, and stands tapping her little foot impatiently at the window where Angel is at work.

"Are you ready?" said Angel, looking up. She had the rare gift of never losing her presence of mind, and other people's flurries did not affect her greatly.

"I have had endless difficulties with my dress," said Lady W., who was indeed strangely transformed. "See here, Diana. Shall I be recognized? What will be thought of me if I am recognized?"

"That you do not look near so well as usual," said Lady Diana.

"But why should you not be recognized?" said Angelica, painting on.

"A basket!" cried Lady W., suddenly, without listening to either of them. "Do, child, go and ask Mrs. Meadows for a basket. I will carry a basket on my arm, and, Angelica, you can make the purchases. Ah, Diana, I know who ought to be with us! Why is not Mr. Reynolds of the party?"

"Because he is in England, and much better employed," said the matter-of-fact Lady Di.

The gondola was waiting, as usual, at the corner. It took them but a very little way, and landed them on one of the quays. Lady W. glided out, followed by Angelica. The pavement was, as usual, crowded. The sun was deliciously white and hot, and a man with pomegranates stood opposite the broad steps that led from the water. Angel knew her way across the bridge, with all the people crowding so lazily, and swinging their slow-measured pace, which seems to float with the waters of the canal. A woman stops short, leans over the rail, and slowly eats a bunch of grapes, dropping the stems into the water. Then they come into a

beautiful arched and Byzantine shadow. (How many hundred years old is the shadow, the archway?) A disheveled statue, with black hair and a wan brown face, is leaning against a wall. As Angelica passed the figure, with her companion, it moved its rags and looked hard into their faces. They cross a century of centuries, pass under deep blue skies, and so, through back streets, come into the market.

All the pictures out of all the churches were buying and selling upon the Rialto. Virgins went by, carrying their Infants; St. Peter is bargaining his silver fish; Judas making a low bow to a fat old monk, who holds up his brown skirts and steps with bare legs into a mysterious black gondola that had been waiting by the bridge, and that silently glides away. Lady W. was enchanted—admired and exclaimed at every thing.

"Now for our marketing," she said. "Angelica, where does one buy fish?" As she spoke she suddenly exclaimed at a girl who came through the crowd, carrying her head nobly. It was a sweet, generous face. Angelica looked with interest. "What a beautiful creature! Brava! brava!" shrieked Lady W. The girl hung her sweet head and blushed. Titian's mother, out of the Presentation, who was sitting by with her basket of eggs, smiled and patted the young Madonna on her shoulder. "They are only saying good things; they mean no harm," said the old woman. Then a cripple went by; then a woman carrying a beautiful little boy, with a sort of turban round his head. Angelica put out her hand and gave the child a carnation as she passed. One corner of the market is given up to great hobgoblin pumpkins; tomatoes are heaped in the stalls; oranges and limes are not over yet. But perhaps the fish stalls are the prettiest of all: silver fish, tied up with olive-green leaves; golden fish, as in miracles; noble people serving. Shops too; but their wares do not glitter as brightly as all this natural beautiful gold and silver.

Lady W. bought fish, bought fruit. She would have liked to carry home the whole market. There was one little shop where an old Rembrandt-like Jew was installed among crucifixes, crystals, old laces, buckles, and gimcracks of every description. A little silver chain hanging in a case in the window took the Embress's fancy.

"I should vastly like a talk with that picturesque old man," said she. "Did you ever see any thing so venerable?"

Angelica smiled. "I know him very well. He is one of my patrons. His name is Giuseppe Morosco. But he is not so wise as his beard."

The two ladies made their way in with some difficulty, for the place was so narrow and crowded with things. Angelica shook



hands with the old broker quite unaffectedly. He was surprised to see her come to buy instead of to sell. When she asked the price of the silver beads old Rembrandt brought out a pair of glistening brass scales, in which he gravely weighed the chain. A priest and an old wife came out from a corner of the inner shop to watch the bargain, which might have been prolonged if Lady W. had not put down a bit of shining gold upon the old brown counter.

"You must always wear this chain for my sake, and in remembrance of to-day," she said, turning to Angel; and with her quick, gentle hands she flung the silver beads over the young girl's head.

For an instant the silver flashed in the darkness; then the silk broke, and the show-er fell all about.

"You see your kindness is every where," said Angelica, gratefully, as she stooped to gather the rolling beads from the floor

## CHAPTER VI.

### ANGEL AND HER FRIENDS.

THE Embress was charmed with the girl—her sweetness, her intelligence, and bright artistic soul. This lady, who was not troubled by diffidence of judgment, invested whatever she took an interest in with a special grace, and persons who frequented her intimacy invariably responded to her lead. Count de Horn, that silent and somewhat melodramatic personage, when he called, seemed usually too much absorbed in his hostess to notice any one else, but he gravely allowed that the Kauffman was charming. His Excellency, who always followed his wife's lead, was enthusiastic too, and, busy as he was comparing watches and arranging every body's affairs, he found time to have his picture painted by the girl, upon whose shoulders his lovely wife had cast her own glamorous mantle. So it happened that Angelica Kauffman, a painter's daughter, had become the friend and companion of no less a person than the wife of the English Ambassador in Venice. She found herself suddenly adopted by this impatient and beautiful woman, and introduced into a world which she had only suspected before, although she may have invented it for herself in former day-dreams. She painted the Embress and the children. Lady Diana did not like her pictures, and would not have her portrait taken, so the Embress told Angelica (and Lady Diana's manner plainly corroborated the statement); but whatever poor Lady Diana may have felt, the Embress was unchanging.

The damask gondola would come at all hours of the day, silently sliding to steps near the little house where Angelica was

living. Old John Joseph was not unaware of the advantages to be derived from such patronage. This was not the first time that they had lived with great people. Had not Angelica painted Monsignor Nevroni, at Como? His Eminence the Cardinal Bishop of Constance? Had they not staid with him in his palace, and been treated as guests? Was not Angelica conferring a favor upon those who patronized her? Had not the great Winckelmann accorded her distinguished interest and friendship when they met on their travels? No one who ever knew her passed her by unnoticed, and she was his work, old Kauffman would say—the daughter and pride of his old age.

Antonio's sarcastic foreboding would be cut very short by the old man.

"Eh! it is good for her to make friends—now is the time; she will get magnificent orders. You can't give her orders, Antonio, my poor fellow; you never get one from year's end to year's end."

The old painter had failed himself, and did not disguise his failure. He was ambitious now for his Angel; in some vague way he had come to consider her work and her success his own. When people praised her, and wondered at her courage and application, her father tacitly assumed the whole credit. "A good girl—good girl," he would say. "She has inherent genius, and she has been carefully taught; but she must work and deserve her success;" and the girl, sweet, bright, obedient, willful at times, but accustomed to the parental rule, never thought of rebelling against somewhat arbitrary decisions, which condemned her to such unremitting toil. She loved her work—she was not afraid of fatigue; her health was delicate, but she was of good constitution, full of life and vitality, and able to endure. Her temper was very sweet—a little willful perhaps to other people, but she bore her father's reproofs with the greatest sweetness. His love made it all only a part of love, and when he admired, and thought her work marvelous, Angel only said humbly to herself that there was never such a tender foolish old father as hers, and she would laugh and make some happy little joke, and go her way unscathed.

The old priests, too, with their solemn hyperboles and compliments, had all seemed so much a matter of course that she never seriously attended to any one of their long-winded laudations. It was as much a matter of course as the scrolls on the frames of her pictures. But this new state of things was very different. She felt curiously excited—unlike herself; she was a credulous woman; surely there was some meaning in all these compliments, in M. De Horn's expressive looks, and Lady W.'s unconcealed admiration. It was a new experience altogether—delightful, intoxicating. The sweet



English voices with their guttural notes struck her ear very pleasantly; it seemed to Angelica like the sound of the water answering to the oar.

She had made more money in this last week than in all the month; she had been at work in the gallery before, but she felt as if she loved these kind new friends for their kindness far more than for what she could gain from them. Those "*occhi azzurri*," of which her old friend wrote, so bright, so placid, danced with happiness; it was all new, all delightful. When she was tired of sitting and being painted, Angelica's patroness would carry her off on long expeditions from church to church, from picture to picture. It was a curious restless love of art that seemed to possess Lady W., and one which Angelica could not altogether understand.

But however this might be, life, which had been a struggle for existence hitherto, suddenly became complete in itself and easy to her. She herself seemed to have found some new power of seeing and feeling and enjoyment; the very works of art seemed to gain in beauty and in meaning. It is almost impossible to write the charm of some of those long days following one by one, floating from light to light; moons and stars slowly waning to tender break of dawn; melody of bells calling to the old churches, with the green weeds drifting from their lintels and crannies.

Are they falling into ruin, those old Italian churches? Are the pictures fading from their canvas in the darkened corners? I think they have only walked away from their niches in the chapels into the grass-grown piazzas outside. There is the broad back of Tintoretto's Virgin in that sunny corner; her pretty attendant train of angels are at play upon the grass. There is Joseph standing in the shadow with folded arms. Is that a bronze—that dark lissome figure lying motionless on the marble step that leads to the great entrance? The bronze turns in its sleep. A white dove comes flying out of the picture by the high altar with sacred lights illumined; or is it one of the old sacristan's pigeons coming to be fed? By the water-beaten steps a fisherman is mooring his craft. St. John and St. James are piling up their store of fagots. In this wondrous vision of Italy, where the church doors open wide, the saints and miracles come streaming out into the world.

One day the Embassadress, who had scarcely been satisfied about Antonio, mentioned him again, and began asking rather curiously who he was, and whether Angelica was certain that she was not engaged to him in any way.

"Antonio! He is always with us. He is much too cross ever to fall in love with any body, or for any body to think of fall-

ing in love with him. My father once had some idea of the sort, but Antonio entreated him never to mention any thing so absurd again. I shall never marry, anyhow; it would be great waste to marry such a true friend as Antonio."

"Listen, Angelica," said the embassadress, very earnestly. "If you marry, it must be somebody worthy of you—somebody who will be a real companion and a new interpreter of life—not Mr. Antonio, not M. De Horn (who admires you extremely, as you know very well, you wicked child; even Diana, who never sees any thing, was struck by his manner). But no, there is some one you have never seen, whom I will not name. I have had a dream, child. I saw you both ruling together in a noble temple of art. My dear creature, I had a letter from the nameless gentleman this morning—a charming letter. He asks many questions about you. There is a picture he wishes you not to miss seeing on any account. Come; let us go and look at it. You shall judge whether or not he has good taste in art."

Angelica wondered where they were going to, and could not help speculating a little as to this unknown cicerone who seemed to have directed their morning's expedition. The gondola stopped at the piazza where the great Church of the Frari stands rearing its stupendous bricks upon the depths.

"I approve of your friend's taste," said the young painter to herself.

To Angelica it was always a sensation when she walked from the blazing sun and laboring life without into these solemn inclosures. Here are the tombs of the Doges resting from their rule. They seem pondering still as they lie carved in stately marbled death, contemplating the past with their calm brows and their hooked noses. The great church is vaulted, rising arch upon arch, tomb beyond tomb. Some of these hang in the nave high overhead, above the people as they kneel; above the city, outside the walls and its cries and its circling life and the floating ships of the easy-going Venetians.

As the ladies walked up the great transept two little barefooted children, hand in hand, came pattering softly along the marble pavement. They passed beneath the tombs of the Doges; they made for an open door, where only a curtain swung, dark against all the blaze without. The rays of light came through on every side, streaking the flat marble monument of some defunct Venetian buried there in the centre aisle with all dignity and heraldry, and engraved into eternal glory. Outside, in the flaring piazza, some fiddler on his way had struck up a country tune, to the call of which the children were hastening; but the youngest, a mere baby, suddenly stopped and began to dance upon the tomb with some pretty



flying patter of little steps. The child's feet seemed dancing a benediction upon that stately death. Presently the little ragged sister dragged the baby, still dancing, away, and the two straggled out by the curtained door into the piazza.

"Did you see them?" said Angelica, greatly touched.

"Poor little wretches," said the Embassadress; "there should be railings round the tombs. Come, dearest creature, let us ask for our picture."

"It must be in here," said Angelica, without troubling herself to ask, and she led the way into a side chapel.

"Yes, this must be the picture," said Lady W., referring to a letter; "some inspiration must have told you. Grandeur and simplicity, he writes—that tells one nothing. Yes, here it is, 'The Virgin Altar,' St. Peter with an open book—"

"This is the picture, of course," said Angelica; and the girl looks up. The noble Cornari heads bend in reverent conclave before the gracious and splendid Madonna. How measured and liberal it all is! what a stately self-respect and reverence for others! She feels it, and yet can scarce grasp the impression before her. Her breath came quickly; a hundred fancies rose before her eyes.

"I wish I could paint you as you look now, child, and send the picture back to my friend in return for his letter," said Lady W., with a playful tap.

For once Angelica was provoked by the interruption; a moment more and it seemed to her that something might have come to her, some certainty that she had never reached. Yes, they were as yet utterly beyond and above her, these mighty minds; their secrets were beyond her. But she would master them yet.

## CHAPTER VII.

### ANGEL VISITS THE ARMENIAN CONVENT.

THE little room looked very empty and deserted without Angelica. The two men worked on in silence. Miss Angel was away among her grand acquaintances. "Perhaps she might come home presently, absorbed, preoccupied, as usual, and not even like to find him there," thought poor Antonio, bitterly.

Presently he raised his head, and starting from his seat, ran down the narrow stairs. Old John Joseph was hammering, and had heard nothing, but Antonio had caught the splash of the oars and the echo of Angelica's voice. The boat came up to the steps, and particles of streaming moonlight seemed to glisten under Angel's feet as she came from the boat, carefully assisted by M. De Horn in his Hamlet-like garb.

Then the boat slid off once more, with many gentle good-nights and cautions from the lady glistening and glittering in the shadowy seat.

"Tell your father I will hear of no denial, my sweet Angel," said the lady; "you must positively bring me his consent to-morrow. Good-night, my dearest creature." Then the Count's "Good-night, madam," in a deep voice that seemed to echo into the night. The oars dropped slowly into the water, and Antonio and Angelica stood for a moment silent and alone.

"What did she mean?" he asked, suspiciously.

Angelica's heart was very full. Cross as Antonio was at times, she trusted him sincerely. She seized his hand and cried, "Oh, Antonio, advise me; I know so little. You know these dear and noble people. Yes, they are good and generous, are they not? They will be true friends, will they not? You were not in earnest when you warned me against them. Tell me. Shall I go to England, Antonio? The Embassadress will take me there with her, will establish me there, and introduce me to her friends. The people here love art. They praise me; they are good to me; but money is hard to win, and my father and I can hardly live by our talents. In England, so they tell me, I should earn enough for him, for myself, for all our wants. Look!" and she opened her hand, and some gold glistened in the moonlight; "this is only a part of what I have earned this week. It is more than I received from the Cardinal Bishop himself. Antonio, you must come too. We will all go to England and grow rich, and then return to our beloved Italy and enjoy the fruits of our labor."

"You will never come back if you once go there," said Antonio; and he held her hand, in which the gold still lay shining, and with his long fingers folded hers over upon it. "Don't let me see it," he said, with some sudden spasm; "they have bought you. It is your life and your soul and your art that you are selling. You give up your friends, your tranquil life, to seek all this excitement and vanity and folly. Go, Angelica. You women are all alike; you can not live without admiration and lies and flattery." He was trembling with emotion; his tone was full of reproach.

"Oh, Antonio!" said Angelica, with her gentle voice stopping his angry burst. She was so sweet and innocently trustful that night that he could not go on; it was only when she resented his scoldings he had the courage to continue them. There was a moment's silence between them; he still held her hand.

"You are right to distrust me," he said, suddenly letting it fall. "I am a bad adviser, Angelica. I am jealous of your suc-



cess. Yes, I *am* jealous. I do wish you to stay here—obscure, unspoiled, unflattered; dressed, not as you are now in that woman's silks and satins, but in your shabby gown, of which each darn is dear to me and honorable to you who wear it. I would keep you if I could," he said, with a harsh voice that suddenly failed and broke.

I do not think Angelica understood him in the least. "You talk so strangely," she answered; "but you will never make me believe that you are jealous of your poor little friend. If you had had all my advantages, all the teaching, and—"

Antonio began to laugh. "We shall never agree about art," he said. "Come; your father is expecting you; come and tell him your news."

Antonio's heart was very heavy as he followed Angelica across the moon-lit terrace.

"Oh, Antonio, what will my father say?" she exclaimed, falteringly.

He knew only too well what had been in old Kauffman's mind all along. Angelica feared to tell him, and shrunk from the thought of parting, but John Joseph had hoped from the first that some such scheme might be suggested. What was the pain of temporary parting compared to such a prospect for his daughter?

The old man gave his ready consent. Angelica was to travel to England in the Ambassador's train, in comfort, honor, and doubtless without expense.

"Papa, you will come—you will not delay?" Angelica said.

"No, child, I will not delay," he answered; but in his heart the wily old painter thought that Angelica, living under the care of those grand signori, would meet with more consideration and esteem than in his modest home. He would not hurry—he would take his time. His business called him to Coire, to Morbegno. It was for her good, and he did not shrink from the sacrifice; but it was hard to make it, and he sighed.

"Father, why do you sigh?" said Angelica; "you have some plan that you keep from me, some wicked scheme; confess;" and the reproachful blue eyes looked into his.

"No, my child," said John Joseph, very gently. "Antonio will tell you that I have no hidden scheme. He is coming when I come;" and he patted her hand. "We have quite settled to travel together."

"Yes, I am coming," said Antonio, from his oars.

It was the last day of their stay at Venice, and Antonio had brought his boat to row them once more out toward the Ledo. It was not a gondola, but a common rowing boat, belonging to a fisherman, a friend of his.

Sometimes water and sky and light and soul meet in one happy climax. So it seemed to these people that lovely autumn evening. The convent stands upon an island, and they reach it as the sun is setting crimson over the hills of Istria. Wide stretches the lagoon; wide stretches the evening; the great flame-like lines of the two horizons meet in some new and wondrous glory. Antonio rowed on steadily; the island comes into sight, and the convent cupola, and they floated up by the old crimson wall, over which some dark heads are watching for the boat, and some great red pomegranate flowers are hanging in clusters.

The sunset is crimson, and so are the waters which toss them up to the steps where an Armenian monk is standing in his straight-cut dress. As Antonio rowed up another boat flashed past with its gay hangings and rowers. A voice cried out a gay "Good-night!"

The Embassadress, her little daughter, Lady Diana, and De Horn were all sitting under the awning. De Horn bowed low; Angelica blushed, and waved her hand in answer to their greetings.

"Do you wish to go back with them?" said Antonio, frowning. "You are ashamed of my fish-boat."

"Antonio, you are absurd," said Angelica, justly provoked. "I want to stay with my father this last evening."

It was a strange place they had come to, in the midst of this great shining plain of sea, this convent standing in its garden. The evening light had begun to shine upon the walls and the cupola and its golden cross. Every thing here seemed splendid and ascetic somehow, crimson and silent. The pupils, in their little olive gowns, stood about the walls, watching the sunset; the great red flowers growing along the avenues, balsams and oleander-trees and pomegranates, seemed gulping in the light as it flowed triumphant across the answering floods. The monks came out, reserved, dark-robed, quietly contained, and stood upon the terrace. Nature flashed, sumptuous and impulsive, while these human beings stood in silence, watching.

The Prior of the convent advanced slowly, followed by a brother. He wore a streaming purple stole over his black robe, and passed on. The brother who admitted the little party greeted Antonio as an old acquaintance, and told him his designs were being executed to the great satisfaction of the community. He looked at Angelica with a peaceful face, neither sunset nor sunrise reflection, but a tranquil evening calm.

"The west is shining through the avenue," he said. "I have seen many beautiful sunsets here these twenty years," and he raised his hand and pointed down a cypress walk. The dark branches seemed to smite



the vast serenity overhead. A glory of mother-light was leaping at the end of the avenue.

As the monk spoke in his quiet voice Angelica looked at him curiously with her blue eyes. They had come out upon one of the shady terraces. She was standing by a great tree that cast some faint aromatic incense from its many blossoms. Her hair was shining; her white gown glowed with prismatic colors. Then she suddenly remembered how the day was burning up, the last day of her old familiar life. Some sudden terror overwhelmed her. She looked at her old father, and could have cried; but that would have distressed him, and she only smiled as she turned and suddenly clung to his arm.

The three followed their guide with his straight robe, and came out to one of the terraces. The monk leaned for a minute, resting his arms on the wall.

"I do not envy your Venice," he said, reflectively. "It is too much in the world—too full of life, noise, and distraction."

Angelica looked at him, wondering and sympathetic. "I think I understand your feeling," she said, "and yet—" She did not finish the sentence. Her eyes must have finished her thought, for the brother walked on a little way. Antonio answered the look.

"It would not suit you to stay here, Angelica," he said. "You could not bear to spend your life peacefully watching the changes from the terrace."

"Would it suit me? Antonio, we are not all made alike." And she looked hard at him, trying to be clear, to explain her meaning. "Just now, at this minute," she said, "I feel as if I should like to wait and wait, to put off to-morrow, oh, for so long a time! But if I lived here always, one day I think something would come down like a cloud and hide all the glory, and a voice in my heart would cry out with reproach, 'Angelica, for shame! Go forth! Why have you missed your vocation?' I must take courage," she said, with a sigh; and she walked away from them for a little way.

Old John Joseph looked over the wall into the water. Antonio could hear his low sobs; but it was Angelica he followed after a moment's hesitation.

"Dear Angelica, don't be unhappy," he said. "You are quite right; you have decided wisely. You must forgive me for having troubled you. It was but prejudice and jealousy of those fine people—unworthy of me and of you. I dare say they are better than I think them. Trust me," he said, and his thin face gathered some color, and his pale looks flashed with earnestness; "I will take care of your father; and when I am with him you know that he has a son."

"I do know it, Antonio," said Angelica,

gratefully; and she put her hand into his, and then she picked a bit of the pomegranate flower and gave it to him, with another sigh.

They rowed home very quietly, watching a sumptuous panther-like cloud now floating across the sun. Nobody spoke. The ripples and gleams of the lagoon grew wider and more serene, reaching from the present into the coming night.

The gods seemed to be then invisible. Ariadne herself seemed translated into the heavens, and her crown of pale stars began to shine overhead.

Before they reached home a great red moon, splendid and sorrowful, the last glory of that long day, mounted quietly from beyond the islands.

Afterward, in later days, Angelica used to look back to these old times with a strange half-mournful longing. Hitherto to work had been the one great aim of her life. Now the strange new creed of feeling began in her heart.

### LONGING.

I WOULD I were an unblown rose  
Close shut in leaves of green—  
So shut that none had ever guessed  
The color hidden in its breast  
By blush of pink between.

Then when your face but turned my way,  
As now, the crumpled sheen  
Of crimson hid so safe away  
Would stir the livelong summer day  
Within, unheard, unseen;

But, when your footstep nearer drew,  
Would burst the green apart,  
And petals glowing in the sun  
Would chronicle to every one  
The new life at my heart.

And tally sweet of all the leagues  
You passed of sea or shore  
The clasping calyx still should hold;  
For every one, there would unfold  
One velvet petal more.

So when at last, no space between,  
Your own from stem you broke,  
And in your hand my perfect grace  
Perchance you lifted to your face,  
Although no word you spoke—

Ah, then, indeed, the petals all  
Down on the dewy sward might fall  
Before you as you went;  
And if perchance your eager feet  
Might find for them the way more sweet,  
Then I were all content.

For so methinks the one lost word  
That mocks my various quest  
Might uttered be, though never heard,  
And that were Rest!



## Editor's Easy Chair.

WHEN the Reverend Jeremy Collier denounced the English play-house at the close of the seventeenth century, decency and morality cried Amen, and those who know the plays of that period understand the reason. Even "glorious John"—Dryden himself—rolled in the mire to please the town; but he insisted that "the parson stretched a point too far" when he attributed the general immorality of the time to the theatre. It was due, he thought, to the debauchery of the Restoration brought from France. Colley Cibber says of those days: "I remember the Ladies were then observ'd to be decently afraid of venturing bare-fac'd to a new Comedy till they had been assur'd they might do it without the Risque of an Insult to their Modesty. Or, if their Curiosity were too strong for their Patience, they took Care, at least, to save Appearances, and rarely came upon the first Days of Acting but in Masks (then daily worn and admitted in the Pit, the side Boxes, and Gallery)." And Cibber says of the stage at that time: "Nothing that was loose could then be too low for it." But he objects to Collier's proposed remedy of destruction instead of reformation, and he says, gayly: "This puts me in mind of what the noted Jo Hains, the Comedian, a Fellow of a wicked Wit, said upon this Occasion, who being asked what could transport Mr. Collier into so blind a Zeal for a general Suppression of the Stage, when only some particular Authors had abus'd it; whereas the Stage, he could not but know, was generally allow'd, when rightly conducted, to be a delightful Method of mending our Morals. 'For that reason,' replied Hains, 'Collier is by Profession a Moral-mender himself, and two of a Trade, you know, can never agree.'"

What would Cibber and Jo Hains think of our theatres? And would the Reverend Jeremy denounce them so roundly? There was, indeed, a voice of denunciation in the autumn air, but it seemed the tone of Toots rather than of Collier, and despite the distinct affirmation that the play-house is the gate of—an exceedingly uncomfortable place, the Easy Chair ventured one Saturday afternoon to take the risk of seeing *Rip Van Winkle* once more. It was three or four years since it had seen the play or the poem before; but the pleasure was the same—and it would say the profit, if it had not been challenged upon the score of the immorality of the work. It was like turning from looking at one of the festive impossibilities of Claude, those soft and graceful pastorals which never were and never can be, and while it still glimmered in the eye and through the mind, being summoned to justify its morality. "What is Rip Van Winkle," said the austere moralist, "but a sot, a good-for-nothing lout and idler, who pours the welfare and happiness of his wife and child as a draught of selfish pleasure down his throat, yet who wins your sympathy as against a faithful and industrious wife who wears out her life to support him and his child? How does it essentially differ from the scene which is depicted upon any temperance tract showing the home and the family, the hapless victims of the brutish self-indulgence of a

drunkard? And how can you, *ex officio* a conservator of good morals and manners, justify the devotion of the undoubted genius of the player to the representation of such a worthless reprobate?"

This challenge, which might have proceeded from the Reverend Jeremy himself, was so confusing to the mood of mind in which the play left the Easy Chair that, awakening in the realm of moral judgment to which it had been so suddenly transported, it could only reply to the moralist in the words with which Rip addresses the awful Hendrick Hudson in the uncomfortable circumstances in which he finds himself upon the mountain-top: "You know'd I didn't want to come up here." It thought of that other tale of the delightful magician of the Hudson, the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, and it wondered how it would be able to respond to a challenge to expound that headless story in a satisfactory moral manner. There is no doubt that the child who reads *Rip Van Winkle* for the first time, as he emerges from the spell of summer drowsiness and dreamery (if the proper German *Träumerei* may be so rendered) which the tale casts upon him, has the same kindly regard for the hero rather than for his wife which all the noisy urchins of Catskill village had, and which is in the heart of the spectator in the play-house as the curtain descends upon the pensive drama.

Nor is it strange. For Rip is the type of that large class of people of whom the mild saying is that they are their own worst enemies. He is shiftless, lazy, drunken, and a very bad member of society. But he is simple, affectionate, and guileless. The children love him, the dogs are sure to follow him. He plays with them all, and loiters the day away by the stream or upon the mountain. His drunkenness is a weakness, but it is not necessarily a crime. Nick Vedder's dram-shop, with the red-faced George the Third for a swinging sign, stood there in his father's day, and the sins of the fathers may be in this visited upon the children. He is not therefore to be morally condemned for an inherited appetite and a native defect of will. And with all the weakness and the shiftlessness, his is the poetic temperament. He is a man who may be won and led, but who can not be driven, and he is mated with a virago. Gretchen is a comely, long-suffering, virtuous, toiling woman, who deserves a sober husband and a pleasant home, but who is nevertheless a virago. She has energy and industry and intelligence and beauty enough to attract an old lover, but she has not a good temper. Husband, child, dog, fly from her as all fly to him. Rip has squandered his property and stripped his house, and Gretchen makes home too hot for him. She is justified in her sorrow and indignation, but such a temperament as hers can not possibly correct his. The tragedy is radical, inevitable. At midnight, in the wildest storm, she turns him from her door, and he goes, still young, still hopeful—goes to sleep his youth away upon the mountain.

Sympathy goes with him because he is the weaker, and the spell of sadness comes from the consciousness of the necessary discord of such



temperaments. The moralist insists that she was justified, and that a drunken husband deserves to be thrust from the home which he degrades. Yet there is many a mother whose son, the idol and pride and glory of her love and youth, grows into a man too weak to save himself from that fatal passion which devastates more than any other. He is not bad, nor unkind, nor cold, but only irresolute and unhappy, wrestling in vain with an appetite for which, as in his blood, he may not be responsible. She has, as you say, every reason for being angry and impatient, and for telling him that as he has made his bed, he may lie in it. And yet somehow as she speaks of him she does not wring the clothes she is washing as if she had his neck in her clutches, nor does she seek him with a broomstick; and when night after night he comes reeling home, and after long and hopeless hours of watching she hears his unsteady step, she rises quietly and opens the door, and supports him as he staggers to his room, and having seen him safe in bed, steals silently to her own. He has taken all joy and hope and pride out of her heart. He has made her life one long sorrow. All is ruined, all is gone, except the infinitely forbearing and forgiving love of the mother—the only angel that can, and sometimes does, save the unhappy man. She has every reason, as you justly observe, to turn him off into the pitiless midnight, as Gretchen turns her Rip. But she does not. Love is not an accountant. It does not keep a ledger and accurately post it. It does not consider whether it is justified in denouncing the beloved. And when Gretchen sends her man away you do not deny that she has a perfect right to be angry, but your sympathy goes with him.

Really, however, this drama is "beyond the domain of conscience," as Charles Lamb said of the comedy that Collier condemned. The figure that we see is essentially poetic, born of the reverie of a summer afternoon among the Catskills, while the hot air sleeps over the glassy river, and the faint thunder rolls drowsily among the misty hills. It is curious that Jefferson throws upon the spectator—unless he is a very austere moralist—the same spell that he remembers when in youth he first read the story, the same spell which the opening words of the magician Hawthorne always cast upon his sympathetic reader. It is like the pass of the mesmerizer, and from that moment you are in his power. The value of this spectacle is that of all works of art, the mood of thought and feeling into which it throws you, and which is reflected upon character. What is the calculable advantage of looking at a beautiful sunset? of hearing "the mountain echo, solitary, clear, profound?" of studying the Transfiguration or the Medicean statues? The Medici were not very estimable people. Rip Van Winkle, indeed, was very much less of a reprobate than Lorenzo de' Medici. But the figure of the one in the statue and that of the other in the play are seen by the imagination, and they are so represented that life is sweeter for the seeing, and the character softened and enriched. There is, indeed, in the latter case no inspiring spectacle of high endeavor, of noble endurance, of sublime self-sacrifice. But there is a tragedy of conflicting and irreconcilable temperaments, of a fond, simple, harmless nature, bereft by unto-

ward circumstance of its fair development, and therefore the opening of a well-spring of charity that overflows the whole life.

THERE is a class of unrecognized public benefactors to which the Easy Chair wishes to offer a respectful tribute of gratitude. Their service is none the less because it is unconscious, and it is not confined to either sex. It is, besides, a very various service, as will be readily seen as we advance in the description. Let us, then, without delay, and to begin with, specify as benefactors of this kind the young and other gentlemen who do duty at club-house windows, and the ladies who kindly appear only in the latest fashions. Most men, intent upon the necessary industry wherewith they maintain their families, are content to live plainly, and can seldom escape their work. There is Sunday, indeed, and a happy hour in the Park, and perhaps a run in the summer for a week or two to Long Branch or the mountains. But black care generally attends as a body-servant, not always or immediately recognizable, but like that solemn waiter whom Mr. George Hodder describes at a dinner given by Leech, the artist, who announced the feast with the air of an undertaker, and who proved to be the clerk of the neighboring parish—a little story which may be found, with much other entertaining reading, in a handy volume of Mr. Stoddard's "Bric-à-Brac Series."

But the busy man's imagination is still at play, and he fancies a life which he does not know; a life of elegant and boundless leisure, which hovers above and around his weary routine; a life in which his home is spacious and splendid; where he is clad in handsome clothes and never troubled by his tailor's bill, because he has always a balance at the bank; a life in which he opens his eyes in the morning not to wonder if he has overslept himself, and to plunge out of bed and into his clothes and through his breakfast, to hurry to the car or the omnibus, dreading to be too late—opens his eyes, we say, not for this, but languidly to wonder, as he looks from under the lace hangings, how most easily and pleasantly to wile away the day. A wise author says that the beauty of the landscape is only a mirage seen from the windows of diligence. So is the life of leisure which the busy man sees in fancy and in the tales which in his hasty way he reads sometimes on a rainy Sunday or in the evening. Yet it would be mere fable to him except for the benevolent genii in the club window. As he hurries homeward when his day's work is done he lifts his eye as he passes upon the sidewalk, or he peers from the omnibus window, and lo! there stands the man to whom this leisure of his dreams is a daily reality.

The figure which, as making those dreams real, he can not but regard as a benefactor, stands in the spacious window—and there is often a group of such figures—always with the hat on, and generally with a cane in the hand, and such garments as are seen elsewhere only in the plates of the fashions and upon the tailor's lay figures. Why, being in a warm house, he should wear his hat, when he takes it off upon entering all other houses, doth not appear. But it is part of his office to wear it. For this representative of leisure models himself upon the habits of similar ministers in those tales which the busy



man sometimes reads; and as Fitz-Clarence Mortimer wears his hat in the club window upon Pall Mall, so must the hat be worn in our own club windows. Do not think that hatted figure gazing at the passing ladies and the carriages rolling to the Park is a useless dandy. Nature wastes nothing. Nature does not inspire him to pay tailors and shoe-makers and jewelers and hatters, and then to stand sucking the head of a cane in a club window, and in full view of the passing crowd, without a purpose. The brilliancy and perfume of flowers and the song of birds, as science shows, are not for our delight only; they serve the reproduction and perpetuity of life. The final cause of that hatted figure is not the advertising of a tailor; it is its effect upon the imagination. It serves the end of all art. It makes real to the busy citizen that life of leisure and of opportunity of which he reads and dreams.

Nor does it end with the suggestion. As the busy man goes by and beholds the apparition, he reflects upon the use of such opportunity as is revealed to him at the window. That man, he says, born to a fortune, or having by faithful industry and sagacity early amassed it, is now master of his life. He commands time and money, the two levers which are so powerful in heaving the world forward. He has but to devise how he will be of service to others, and obey the leading of his generous soul. Think of the hearths and the hearts that he cheers! Think of the knowledge that he acquires, the studies that he pursues, for the enlightenment of legislation and the practical advantage of government! Think how gladly he bears his part in the work of organized charities! He has what so few of us have—time and money. He can do so much—so much! What can he not do? So muses the busy man who must give all his day, and some of the night often, to earning the pittance by which he lives. And as he muses his good heart asks him why he should require every thing of the hatted figure of leisure in the club window, and discharge his own debt of duty by thinking how easily another can discharge his. Every thing in its degree, he says, as his steps quicken with the thought. One star differeth from another star in glory. Because that man, born in the purple or winning it, can do so much, can I do nothing? Because his whole life is that leisure of endless opportunity of which I can only dream, have I no minutes, no chances? Haunted by this thought, he finds even his full-stretched day elastic. He pulls it out until he too cheers some hearth and heart that would otherwise have been frozen; and the busy man is busier, indeed, but happier, and the amount of human suffering is a little less. In this light does not the hatted figure at the club window become a real benefactor? Nothing, indeed, is farther from its mind. It does not even see the busy citizen by whom it is seen. But nature has obtained the object for which she placed it in a club window with a hat on, and sucking the head of a cane.

THERE was a sudden chorus of poets during the autumn, and among them was a new note, which has been sometimes heard in the magazines, but now for the first time in a volume. It is Miss Nora Perry, who sings *After the Ball*,

and other Poems, and whose quick fancy and rippling melody are credentials which justify the neat form in which Messrs. Osgood and Company have preserved her verses, and which will make her readers wonder whether her music is prelusive only to higher strains, or to be accepted as a sweet refrain that catches the ear and heart for a moment and is heard no more. A poet and a severe critic once said, "If a beginner has music, I do not ask for more; the rest will follow." Precisely what he meant can be known only by knowing just what he meant by music. Perhaps he was thinking of the inner music which in great poets is not always heard until after close study and reflection. Yet had he turned the leaves of this little book of Miss Perry's he must have acknowledged the melody which is perhaps its most striking characteristic. They show a mind whose emotions naturally flow into verse, and a fancy which sees pictures every where, and finds histories in the little incidents of every day. They show the modern fondness for the suggestions of rich and costly objects, the associations of silks and satins and pearls, the kind of sensuousness which, with all his other wealth, is found in Keats, and which rustles and shines through Tennyson, although with him always subordinate. Many of the verses in this little volume are in a good sense true *vers de société*, but with a deeper feeling than is usual with such poems. An old Easy Chair which has seen so many of these tuneful ventures put to sea can but watch this with a half-pathetic interest. It knows so well that the fate of the little book is in itself. The loudest trumpeting, the most partial and friendly praises, can not save it if it is not freighted and trimmed for the voyage. Only the breath of heaven can swell the sails to port, and whether the venture commands that breath only the event will show. Go, then, little book! You have poetic feeling, fancy, delicate sentiment, grace, and music.

A FRIEND writes to the Easy Chair for the words "of a song which is familiar by its first line,

"'When Bibb went down to the regions below.'"

It was well known in the Century Club in the Thackeray era, and many of the habitués who see the words will recall those evenings when Thackeray himself trolled *Martin Luther* or *Little Billee*, and Paul Duggan crooned the *Widow Machree*; when a young exile of Erin sang the *Bells of Shandon* with a melodious pathos that still echoes in memory, and Mr. Sparrowgrass did justice to "St. Patrick was a gentleman." It was in the legendary and republican epoch of the club, before the magnificent imperial era in which it now basks; in the modest days of Clinton Place, when Mr. Verplanck used to talk of actors and the drama and the theatre, and the younger members dropped in after hearing Jenny Lind in Tripler Hall, and were told that they ought to have heard Malibran. Then Kane came back from the north pole, and the stories of the dapper little man were listened to as if he had been Robinson Crusoe just returned, or even Captain Gulliver. Darley was there, with quick nervous humor, and graphic imitative gesture which made the frog or the animal of which he spoke move before the eye. And once or twice, brought by some kindly admirer, old Vanderlyn, to whom



Napoleon Bonaparte had awarded a medal, which seemed to consume him, as the apparition of Jove consumed Semele, for he did afterward no more of note, and lived upon that great remembrance. It was pleasant to see the respect with which the younger artists treated the old man—old and poor and forlorn—and sad to think how swiftly his name fades from memory. "Did you ever see an engraving of Vanderlyn's Ariadne?" the Easy Chair asked a young traveler who had made the tour of the European galleries. "Oh, you mean the Dutchman Vanderwelde—yes; very pretty."

"Not so sweetly sang Plumer as thou sangest, mild, child-like, pastoral M——," says Charles Lamb, recalling the denizens of the old South Sea House; and even so tenderly and purely will always return the memory of John Kensett to a Centurion of twenty years ago. He was then, as indeed he was to the end, one of the most constant and faithful of attendants. On the old Wednesdays and Saturdays, which were the club evenings, he was always in the house, and sweetness and gentleness and smiling and calm went with him and left a benediction. Full of sympathy and attention, and with a deprecatory, modest, stammering, half-injured confusion if he were suddenly appealed to, he puffed great clouds of smoke and laughed with joy. Never but once in a quarter of a century of happy friendship did the Easy Chair know that serene temper to be ruffled, and that generous and noble nature to show impatience and anger. And that was when he thought that a poor and struggling fellow-artist had been seriously harmed by a sharp and, as Kensett thought, a wholly unjust and cruel criticism. For himself or for his own disturbance he had no such feeling.

Louis Lang, too, most cheerful and chirruping of comrades, with his bird-like step and smile of suavity, what would Twelfth-night have been without him!

Can we associate Bibo with the bench? Under the grave brows of a Chief Justice shall we dare suspect that we see some evanescent gleam of intelligence when the song is named? Can we believe it the daily or nightly solace of a magistrate?—nightly or daily, which?

The sentiment of the song of Bibo, if it has any, is at its own risk. Perhaps such strains are no longer heard in the Century; and indeed it belongs rather to the last than to this. It imports a two-bottle era, and might have been heard at Sir Jonah Barrington's banquets. It is preserved in the *Universal Songster*, of which a friend writes that it "was published in parts in London some thirty years ago, with wood-cuts designed and etched by Cruikshank, the whole being now embraced in three volumes octavo, and being the fullest collection I know of of English songs."

AIR—To Anacreon in Heaven.

When Bibo went down to the regions below,  
Where Lethe and Styx round eternity flow,  
He awoke, and he bellowed, and would be rowed  
back,  
For his soul it was thirsty and wanted some sack.

"You're drunk," Charon cried; "you were drunk  
when you died,  
So you felt not the pain that to death is allied."  
"Take me back," roared out Bibo; "I mind not the  
pain,  
For if I was drunk, let me die once again."

"Forget," replied Charon, "those regions of strife;  
Drink of Lethe divine: 'tis the fountain of life,  
Where the soul is new-born, and all past is a dream,  
And the gods themselves sip of the care-drowning  
stream."

"Let the gods, then," he cried, "still drink water  
that will;  
The maxims of mortals I always fulfill.  
Prate, prate not to me of your Lethe divine;  
Our Lethe on earth was a bumper of wine."

At length grim old Cerb'rus began a loud roar,  
And the crazy old bark struck the Stygian shore;  
When Bibo arose, and he staggered to land,  
But he jostled the ghosts as they stood on the strand.

Cried Charon, "I tell you 'tis vain to rebel,  
For you're banished from earth, and you now are in  
hell."

"'Tis a truth," replied Bibo, "I know by this sign—  
'Tis a hell upon earth to be wanting of wine."

If public men could only die at the beginning instead of the end of their careers, said a voice, gravely, how much abuse they would be spared, how much more decent the newspapers would be, and how undisturbed the consciences of editors! The remark was suggested by the sudden death of the Mayor of New York. For two years he had sat in the chair of De Witt Clinton, lifted into it by the desire of reform, and how he was belabored and ridiculed and opposed by the press! If Dogberry had been the municipal chief, or if the testy old Peter Stuyvesant had stepped out of the history of Diedrich Knickerbocker and moved visibly before the eyes of the city, he would not have seemed very different from the figure which the press gave us of the sturdy Mayor. One cold, windy morning he was coming to town, and the train was delayed. Eager to be at his office and to do his duty, the Mayor walked against the chill blast for three miles, and had scarcely reached his desk when he sank upon the floor and was dead. Then we heard from the newspapers that in a time of suspicion and official knavery, when even Mr. Charles Francis Adams felt obliged to say of Mr. Seward in his eulogy that he did not sell himself, we heard that the Mayor was perfectly pure-handed, that no breath of doubt ever tarnished his integrity, that as a merchant and a man he was absolutely honest, however whimsical and wayward, and that if obstinate and antiquated, he was yet a strong, stalwart, upright magistrate and citizen.

Certainly when a conspicuous man lies suddenly dead it is not the moment to rehearse his defects, unless he be a man whose character and career are to serve as a warning and not as an example. Nor, on the other hand, while this is true, is it necessary to insist *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*. Death is not a sponge to wipe away the memory of a bad life. But shall we tell the truth only of dead men? The papers spoke truly of the Mayor, but it was a strain he was never permitted to hear. How it would have warmed his heart, had he lived, to arise the next morning and open his papers to read in them such kindly words! He would not have believed his eyes. He would have suspected some glamour. But as he saw that it was no trick of his spectacles, but was indeed true, how happy he would have been, and with what renewed zeal he would have undertaken his duties! Not to have felt himself at bay, to be sure that his sincerity was



conceded, however his acts might be criticised and regretted, would have so cheered his soul that those acts might very well have been different. A soft answer, says old wisdom, turneth away wrath.

The moral of this little sermon we hope is plain enough. It is not, as the mighty press might imagine—if it could ever be suspected of imagining a vain thing—that public men are not to be criticised and censured because they may die suddenly, nor because they may be honest and obstinate, but it is that criticism of a public man may be of such a kind that eulogies of his honesty and purity suddenly intervening may not seem ludicrous and half-remorseful. Public men are neither such symmetrical saints nor sinners as their portraits in the press would lead us to suppose. They are of very mixed materials, and act from very mixed motives. They may do things which seem selfish and inexcusable, and which upon the part of some are unprincipled, but they can not all be justly charged with degradation and depravity because they did the wrong thing. For instance, there is the salary grab, as it is called, which has been the subject of such sharp comment, and which was a great wrong. There were men of the best intentions, as far from thieves and swindlers even as the writers in the press who have so loftily denounced them, who voted for the wrong. They were thoughtless, or sophisticated, or ignorant, but they were not designing knaves. They were, however, “lumped” with those who were, and all were left for execution together. The press judgment in such cases is not unlike that of the tribunal of justice during the French terror. The prisoners were brought in, a general accusation

was read, the culprits were identified, and they were guillotined before sunset.

Criticism of public men may be made reasonably and honorably, or it may be made as Gifford wrote literary criticisms in the *Quarterly*, and as literary slaughter was done in *Blackwood* and *Fraser*. It can not be made, indeed, without a strong sense of justice and natural candor, and it may be as severe and incisive as Mr. Lecky's and Professor Cairnes's recent reviews of Mr. Froude's history of Ireland. The rule should be not to “speak him fair,” but to speak him true. Indignation and severity are just as legitimate as praise. It is only affected wrath and rhetorical severity and a confusion of sincere error with dishonest intention that are to be condemned. A man, indeed, may do enormous mischief with his sincere error, and the Inquisition has been represented as the work of men of honest purpose. But that is no reason for implying that they are dishonest, nor for speaking of offenders infinitely smaller and unimportant as if they were idiots or mad.

There are those who think that we can not deal with public affairs except in a coarse and wholesale manner; that if you want people to hear, you must shout at the top of your lungs; and if you wish to persuade them that a man has made a mistake, you must vociferously accuse him of parricide. This is the same kind of feeling which made Haydon think that big pictures were high art, and which convinces a jaded *gourmand* that nothing which is not smothered in mustard and fiery with Cayenne has any flavor. It is a view not worth considering. But one which is well worth considering is that we should so speak of public men living that our words over their dead bodies shall not seem hollow or formal.

## Editor's Literary Record.

THERE is nothing in the *Life of Samuel Morse*, LL. D. (D. Appleton and Co.), by SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME, that calls for the semi-apologetic preface which introduces it. If Dr. Prime had but scant materials for the work, the work itself does not indicate the fact. The volume, which is a goodly octavo of nearly 800 pages, has not an uninteresting page, not a letter or a document which we would wish omitted. The life of Professor Morse is divided into three parts: the first includes his career as an artist, which occupied just one-half of his life; the second was employed in the establishment of the telegraph; the last shows the rewards he received and the benefits he conferred upon mankind. The story of his life has been so recently told in the newspapers and the magazines that an epitome of it here would be superfluous. One fact in that life, which Dr. Prime brings out very clearly, renders the work worthy the study of all young men. The conception of the electric telegraph did not flash uncaused upon the mind of Professor Morse. Years of patient study were preparing him for it, though he knew it not—study devoted to science, first in college and subsequently in later manhood, and to practical mechanics in connection with his invention of what he humorously called “Morse's patent metallic double-headed ocean-drinker and deluge-

spouter valve pump-boxes;” and the lesson of his life is that which is taught by the lives of all truly great men, namely, that success is never the result of a lucky intuition, but always of patience, persistence, and assiduity.

The same lesson is not less eloquently enforced by the story of the *Life and Labors of Mr. Brassey* (Roberts Brothers), by Sir ARTHUR HELPS. If there is any profession in which the highest honor has been popularly supposed to be inconsistent with success, it is that of a railroad contractor. Mr. Brassey was one of the largest contractors, and is said to have accumulated the greatest wealth ever known to have been amassed by the direct and productive industry of a single man. His undertakings extended not only all over Great Britain and into Europe, but into the far East and into the American continent. His success was achieved not only without the violation of principles of commercial honor, but without leaving a stain upon a truly Christian character; and he demonstrated by his life that the highest success is not only consistent with an unstained integrity and an unsullied honor, but is built upon them. Sir Arthur has admirably told the story of an admirable life.

We can not too highly commend Mr. CHARLES NORDHOFF's *Politics for Young Americans* (Harper and Brothers). The author's scope and pur-



pose, his high moral and even religious tone, his thorough appreciation of free institutions, his comprehensive grasp of fundamental principles, his strong common-sense, and his clear and compact style, combine to render his work an exceptionally admirable one. "The book," says our author, "grew out of an attempt, in a few letters, to instruct my oldest son in the political knowledge which every American boy ought to possess to fit him for the duties of citizenship. I found my subject much larger than I at first imagined; but interest in the attempt led me on, and what was begun originally for one boy is here printed for the use of others." Its usefulness will not, however, be confined to boys. Mr. Nordhoff possesses the ability of writing in a style calculated to interest alike the thoughtful of all ages. The chapters on "labor and capital," on "strikes," and on "trades-unions" are worthy of being printed as tracts for general circulation; and those on "money," "bank-notes," and "more greenbacks" could be advantageously studied by the members of Congress. Mr. Nordhoff believes that religion is the basis of liberty; that "to be a good citizen of the United States one ought to be imbued with the spirit of Christianity, and to believe in and act upon the teachings of Jesus." He urges as a fundamental truth in American politics that "the course of life which is calculated to fit your immortal part for the future and spiritual life is also that course which will make you a good citizen of the United States." He urges as the first duty of good citizenship the maintenance of a high standard of virtue and intelligence in personal character. He flames out with a healthy vehemence against demagogism of every description. He is, in a philosophical, not a party sense, a thorough democrat. "Governments are necessary evils;" "laws should be few in number and simple in structure;" forcible interference in State affairs by the Federal government, "except for special, temporary, and extraordinary occasions, as to quell a sudden riot, is unwise and dangerous." He discountenances interference with the railroads or the management of telegraphs by the central government, or of markets by the city governments. He denies the power of government to create money; characterizes the legislation which made paper money a legal tender as a practical robbery; urges not only a specie basis, but a measurable return to specie payments, embracing the prohibition of all paper money less than five dollars in value; condemns all obstructions and impediments to free commerce; characterizes protection to home industry as simply "an interference with the right of free exchange;" explains very clearly the nature of capital, and shows the laborer's interest in its protection; and closes by describing in some detail the features of the American political system, including the rights and duties of citizenship, and the limits and the relations of the town, county, State, and Federal governments. In commending so cordially his book we do not signify our approval of all its political principles. It is not always even self-consistent. If "free government is a political application of the Christian theory of life," then governments are not "necessary evils;" and if the principles of freedom inculcated on page 19 are sound, it is difficult to see why the minority

should not have a right to carry paper currency if they prefer it to silver, nor why a father should not have the right to send his children to a private rather than a public school if he personally prefers to do so. But no man could have written with Mr. Nordhoff's vigor on political subjects and not have crossed the convictions of some of his readers, who will ask, and have a right to ask, of him only a clear and comprehensive statement of his own views.

There is enough of graphic description and romantic adventure in the *Remains of Lost Empires* (Harper and Brothers), by P. V. N. MYERS, to give it interest as a book of travels. A more substantial value attaches to it, however, because it carries us not merely into another world, but into the old world, to the land which both science and Scripture combine to indicate as the birth-place of civilization, if not of the human race, and to the cities, now in ruins, which were once all alive with the commercial and political conflicts, the scientific investigations, the domestic hopes and fears and loves, and the religious aspirations, which an inexplicable progress has transferred from those once populous but now deserted sites to Europe and America. The author and his brother—the latter sickened and died during the journey—after spending a summer in Europe and the fall in Egypt and Palestine, commenced the tour whose record constitutes this volume. His story begins with a description of the ruins of Palmyra, the Tadmor of Scripture, the site of which the reader may find on any map of Asiatic Turkey about 100 miles northeast of Damascus. Thence the brothers pursued their appointed course, getting some glimpses of the ruined cities of Northern Syria; traveling across the Mesopotamian plains; spending some time in studying the ruins of Nineveh; floating down the Tigris; visiting, in passing, Bagdad, the only living city of any note in a region filled with the entombed cities of dead monarchies; examining with greater interest the ruins of Babylon, which are described graphically; pursuing their course down the river Tigris to the Persian Gulf; disembarking at Bushire; thence traveling across Persia, through Shiraz, with its mosques, its beautiful gardens, its miserable mud walls, and its heaps of filth and rubbish; visiting the ruins of Persepolis, with the remains of its wonderful palatial edifices, the royal residences of Cyrus, Darius, Xerxes, and Artaxerxes; thence by a journey, long in fact, though short in the narrative, to the lovely Vale of Cashmere, in Northern India, among the mountains of the Himalayas, the description of which, with the city which bears its name, is too brief; and thence southeast to Calcutta, getting on the route a glimpse at the monuments of the great Mogul Empire in India, and the evidences of more recent progress in the East. If this rapid *résumé* of a book remarkably full of well-compacted information does not give our readers an appetizing idea of the volume, we have done it an injustice. The style is clear, the descriptions simple but life-like, and the author's judgment on disputed and doubtful questions always fair and generally sound. The book gives evidence of considerable research in the works of the ablest investigators, in connection with personal observation.

JOHN STUART MILL's *System of Logic* (Harper and Brothers) is unquestionably his ablest work,



and that on which his future reputation will chiefly depend. As certainly his *Three Essays on Religion* (Henry Holt and Co.) is the one least likely to give satisfaction to his admirers, or to the advocates of that school of thought of which he is the most distinguished representative. Nevertheless, the second of these works is only the corollary of the first. The *Essays* are the application to the sphere of religion of the principles so clearly inculcated and so vigorously enforced in the *Logic*, and he only will fully understand either who reads the experiences out of which they were evolved, as they are recorded in Mr. Mill's autobiography. The essence of Mr. Mill's system of philosophy is that all our knowledge is derived from our observation, and all reasoning is inductive. According to him, there are no necessary truths. The definitions of geometry, for example, do not correspond to any thing we observe in nature, nor to any thing which we can conceive in our mind. "A line as defined by geometers is wholly inconceivable. We can reason about a line as if it had no breadth, because we have a power which is the foundation of all the control we can exercise over the operations of our minds—the power when a perception is present to our senses, or a conception to our intellects, of attending to a part only of that perception or conception instead of the whole. But we can not conceive a line without breadth; we can form no mental picture of such a line. All the lines which we have in our minds are lines possessing breadth. If any one doubts this, we may refer him to his own experience." Applying this principle to logic, Mr. Mill repudiates *in toto* the syllogistic method, or rather maintains that the major premise of the syllogism is never the starting-point of a logical process, but always a result which has been reached by induction. "All inference is from particulars to particulars; general propositions are merely registers of such inferences already made." Even the principle that every effect must have a cause is denied to be an original or necessary intuition, and is asserted to be a generalized belief which is gradually acquired as the result of extensive induction. He accordingly maintains, with that remorseless following out of his premises to their legitimate conclusions which is one of his eminent characteristics, that "in distant parts of the stellar regions, where the phenomena may be entirely unlike those with which we are acquainted, it would be folly to affirm that this general law prevails." Of this system of philosophy, which denies all intuitions, whether spiritual or intellectual, and refers all knowledge to observation, Mr. Mill's *System of Logic* must take rank as the clearest, the most comprehensive, and the most self-consistent exposition in the English language. Nor is its value confined to those who accept this philosophy, for they who deny it will still find in this treatise an invaluable presentation of those laws which govern in that domain of knowledge which is recognized only by or through the senses.

The *Three Essays on Religion*—the last of which, on *Theism*, is Mr. Mill's latest work, and the most important in the volume—are devoted to a consideration of the scientific evidences of religion, that is, the logical evidences, upon the assumption that all our knowledge is derived from observation of sensible phenomena. The

conclusions to which he arrives, by a process of reasoning which in the main it is difficult to resist, provided his fundamental assumption be granted, are those of a purely pagan philosophy. They are, in brief—and we state them as nearly as possible in his own words—that "in the present state of our knowledge the adaptations in nature afford a large balance of probability in favor of creation by intelligence," while "it is equally certain that this is no more than a probability;" that the God who is thus pointed out to us by a study of nature is certainly not omnipotent, probably not omniscient, and not at all to be regarded as all-benevolent; "a Being of great but limited power, how or by what limited we can not even conjecture; of great and perhaps unlimited intelligence, but perhaps also more narrowly limited than his power; who desires, and pays some regard to, the happiness of his creatures, but who seems to have other motives of action which he cares more for, and who can hardly be supposed to have created the universe for that purpose alone." This Great Unknown is, according to Mr. Mill, a Being whose benevolence is so uncertain that, after making all necessary deductions, "some may doubt whether there remains any balance," and who has allowed pain in the world not to subserve a higher purpose, but because "of a clumsiness in the contrivance employed." For the doctrine of immortality Mr. Mill finds no scientific, that is, no sensible, evidence, and our hope of a life beyond the grave he rests wholly upon our imagination, "the whole domain of the supernatural being removed from the region of belief into that of simple hope." If our theologians could learn from the study of this treatise how utterly in vain is the endeavor to prove by a purely scientific process the truths of religion without appealing to the spiritual nature of man, and if our psychologists could learn that science alone—that is, the knowledge that is derived from and based on observation—can never satisfy the religious nor even the social aspirations of mankind, Mr. Mill's *Three Essays on Religion* might safely be regarded as not the least valuable of his contributions to the sum of human knowledge.

B. L. FARJEON has written no better story than *Jessie Trim* (Harper and Brothers), none other, we are inclined to say, so good. It is simple and natural and true throughout. *Joshua Marvel* began as well, but *Jessie Trim* does not fall off from nature into the melodrama, as *Joshua Marvel* did. The life is not more true to nature than the life of *Blade-o'-Grass*, but it is a pleasanter, happier life. The story is a longer one, and so in some respects a truer test of the artist, than *Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses*, while it is certainly better sustained than *London's Heart*. Chris Carey takes his place among the shadow children of fiction, not exactly next to David Copperfield—there is nothing next to that wonderful picture of child life, and nothing in Chris Carey at all resembling it—but inferior to none else that we recall. And the dear mother, whose fidelity of love is the central feature of the book—a love that radiates poverty, and even makes beggary for her child's sake a sublime act of self-devotion—is a nobler portraiture of mother-love than any which Dickens has given to the world. The sacredness of the love between



mother and child, which gives its quaint title to *Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses*, is a favorite theme with Farjeon, and the very fact ought to make him, as he is, a favorite story-teller with those who find inspiration in a love which is not and can not be degraded by passion. How such a love makes sacred all life and radiant all experiences—this is the central and illuminating beauty of *Jessie Trim*. How at length this love, sanctifying sorrow, turns the misanthrope into a true lover of his kind, and gently takes from his hands Paine's *Age of Reason* to put a Bible in its place—this is the issue of *Jessie Trim*, which, to its portraiture of the highest forms of domestic affection, adds, not obtrusively, but with gentle suggestion, the yet more sacred love which finds in time of trouble a rest, a hope, and a strength in God. His previous stories prove Farjeon to be a humane and philanthropic writer. *Jessie Trim* gives a hint of a true religious power not yet, let us hope, fully put forth.

#### BRIEFER NOTICES.

D. APPLETON and Co. publish a new and revised edition of ALEXANDER BAIN'S *Logic, Deductive and Inductive*. Mr. Bain, without denying the existence of a spiritual principle in man, independent of a cerebral organization, may nevertheless be regarded as one of the ablest expositors of materialism, and rests nearly if not all his explanations of psychological phenomena upon materialistic analogies. Except for his larger use of the discoveries of modern physiology, his *Logic* does not materially differ from the greater work, founded upon the same system, of his master, John Stuart Mill.—*The Scottish Philosophy*, by JAMES M'COSH, LL.D. (Robert Carter and Brothers), is a valuable contribution to the history of philosophy. No country, unless it be Germany, has made so great and so diverse contributions to mental science as Scotland, and even Kant, the greatest of German metaphysicians, was descended from Scottish parentage. Dr. M'Cosh traces the history of Scottish philosophy from the seventeenth to the nineteenth century in a series of sketches which contain at once biographies of the leading thinkers, a brief and fair exposition of their principles, and a clear but concise criticism upon them.

Dr. HOWARD CROSBY'S *Expository Notes on the Book of Joshua* (Robert Carter and Brothers) is a model of a practical and popular commentary for Sabbath-school teachers. The author gives succinctly such information as is necessary for an understanding of the sacred history, evades no difficulties, but does not enhance them by reporting multiform and conflicting explanations. He, however, scarcely makes sufficient allowance for the difficulties which really perplex many persons respecting the miracles recorded in the Book of Joshua and its representations of the Divine character and dealing.—*The Paraclete* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.) is in form an essay on the personality and ministry of the Holy Ghost, but is in reality a spiritual argument for the reality and spirituality of supernatural religion. The author is an original and independent thinker of the intuitive school.—Of all the various attempted classifications of the Scripture teaching, according to doctrine and ethical subjects, the best is the least

pretentious, *The Bible Text-Book* (American Tract Society). The new edition is a decided improvement over the old, and its value is enhanced by the maps and tables which accompany it.—*The Christian in the World* (Roberts Brothers), by Rev. B. W. FAUNCE, is a plain and practical setting forth of religion in its applications to daily life. Its characteristic power is not that of original thought, brilliant imagination, fervid feeling, or sensational rhetoric, but simple, plain, practical, American common-sense.—*LANGE'S Commentary on the Book of Job*, American edition (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), embraces a rhythmical version, with introduction and annotation by Professor TAYLER LEWIS, a commentary by OTTO ZÖCKLER, translated by Professor L. J. EVANS, with a general introduction to the poetical books of the Bible by PHILIP SCHAFF. It is unquestionably the most complete work on the Book of Job within the reach of the American student.—Harper and Brothers publish in a convenient form for reference, for those who desire to keep themselves acquainted with the progress of the controversy between ecclesiasticism and liberty, Mr. GLADSTONE'S pamphlet on *The Vatican Decrees*, with a history of the Vatican Council, and the English and Latin text of the Papal Syllabus and the Vatican Decrees themselves, by PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D.

Mr. CHARLES NORDHOFF'S work on the *Communist Societies of the United States* (Harper and Brothers) fills a gap in the history of the formation of our American society. The only analogous work in American literature is that of Mr. J. H. Noyes, who is himself the head of the Oneida Community, and therefore not one to whom the American public would naturally look for a fair and impartial account of American socialism. Mr. Nordhoff's keen observation, thorough intellectual integrity, purity of spirit, and inartificial style particularly fit him for the work which he has undertaken. The book is handsomely and elaborately illustrated.—*Ismailia* (Harper and Brothers) is the title of Sir SAMUEL BAKER'S narrative of his expedition to Central Africa for the suppression of the slave-trade, organized by Ismail, the Khedive of Egypt. Of this expedition, one of the remarkable events of the present decade, we have already given an account in the pages of this Magazine. We need here only add that the narrative, which in the English edition filled two volumes, is in the American edition comprised, without the omission of any material, in one handsome royal octavo of a little over five hundred pages, and is furnished with maps, portraits, and upwards of fifty full-page illustrations. It is one of the handsomest, as it is the most important, book of travels of the year, and is a worthy companion to Schweinfurth's *Heart of Africa*.

It must certainly be regarded as a somewhat singular fact that the two ablest writers on American institutions are of foreign extraction—De Tocqueville and FRANCIS LIEBER. The latter's treatise on *Civil Liberty and Self-Government* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) has for many years been regarded, despite some natural inaccuracies in the first edition, as the ablest exposition of the principles of self-government in American literature, the more valuable because of its clear perception of some of the dangerous tendencies of our own times. It has been not only the text-book in



our colleges, but the instructor of some of our ablest public men, and its lessons have re-appeared in the rostrum, the pulpit, and the press, before audiences that knew not the source of the wisdom which they applauded. The present edition, prepared by THEODORE D. WOOLSEY, does not differ materially from the second edition, published in 1859.—The alterations made by Mr. GEORGE P. MARSH in *Man and Nature* render it really a new book, and entitle it to its new name, *The Earth as modified by Human Action* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.). Its character is indicated by the motto on its title-page, "Not all the winds and storms and earthquakes and seas and seasons of the world have done so much to revolutionize the earth as man, the power of an endless life, has done since the day he came forth upon it, and received dominion over it." This assertion of Dr. Bushnell receives abundant demonstration and illustration in the volume, which is, indeed, overcrowded with suggestive facts, grouped upon philosophical principles, however, and burdensome only because the most retentive memory fails to retain them, or even fully the principles which they illustrate. Modern science has taught so much the dominion of nature over man that it is healthful to get the opposing truth so clearly put and so well fortified.

*Jack's Sister* (Harper and Brothers) is a story of a woman's fidelity to her trust, somewhat complicated in plot, not altogether attractive in the characters portrayed, but more than redeemed from any defect in these respects by the singular sweetness and power of Enid's character.—*Atherstone Priory*, by L. N. COMYN (Estes and Lauriat), reverses the most common course of novels. Generally it is the woman's love and patience which redeem the fitful, the imperious, or the headstrong man; in this story it is the strong, patient, and faithful love of the man which transforms the imperious and willful woman. His one lapse sets in the stronger contrast the strength of his patient love that restrained a temper which could be hot and impetuous.—*The King of No-Land*, by B. L. FAR-

JEON (Harper and Brothers), is a Christmas story, full of queer, quaint fancies, woven into a fabric of sweet love. Its political moral does not indicate any inclination on the part of the author for the republican movement in Great Britain.—*The Treasure Hunters*, by the author of *Ship Ahoy* (Harper and Brothers), is of much the same character as its predecessor; its interest consists in the liveliness of its movement and the variety and rapid succession of its exciting incidents.—*Toinette*, by HENRY CHURTON (J. B. Ford and Co.), is a book of considerable power, but power not wisely employed, and turns too much on sensual passion to be a thoroughly healthy book. The scene is in the Southern States; the incidents grow out of the late war, and the relations between the freed people and the whites. The lesson, if we read it aright, is one which the power neither of philosophy nor of fiction can commend to the common sentiment of mankind.—*The Little Classics* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) comprise four little pocket volumes, each containing a number of selections of short stories, such as have become classical. The editor, ROSSITER JOHNSON, has exercised excellent discrimination in his selection; and the series is commendable especially to the traveler, who often wants a readable book in a convenient form for easy carriage.—*More Bedtime Stories*, by LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON (Roberts Brothers), keeps up the reputation of its author. There are fifteen stories in the volume; they all appeal to the younger class of readers.—Equally good in a different way is SUSAN COOLIDGE's last volume, *Mischief's Thanksgiving* (Roberts Brothers). The first story gives title to the volume.—Mr. ROSSITER RAYMOND is in the habit of reading every Christmas a story, prepared for the occasion, to the Sabbath-school of Plymouth Church. If we mistake not, this is the genesis of *The Man in the Moon, and other People* (J. B. Ford and Co.). In that case Plymouth Sabbath-school is to be congratulated on its good fortune. Mr. Raymond is a rare story-teller, and in his best mood when he is telling stories to children.

## Editor's Scientific Record.

### SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

ASTRONOMICAL news has been remarkably uninteresting during the month of November, but we are happily able to announce that telegraphic dispatches from the Eastern hemisphere state that the observations of the transit of Venus on the 8th of December were completely successful. The partial failures at Nagasaki and Hobart-Town, caused by cloudiness, will, it is hoped, not appreciably affect the result.

The Hamburg Observatory, established over thirty years ago, has lately sent forth the first number of its official publications, in the shape of a memoir by Helmholtz on the stars of the cluster in Sobieski's Shield. The principal works of a similar character that have been published consist of Bessel's observations of the Pleiades, Hall's observations of the cluster in Perseus, and Lamont's observations of the same cluster that has been now studied a second time by Helmholtz.

Works of this class are considered by astronomers to be of great value in laying the foundation for the future study of the relative movements of the individual members of these groups of stars; and Professor Helmholtz has, by comparison of his own observations with those made in 1836 by Lamont, been able to develop any changes in the relative positions of the stars that may have occurred during the interval between 1836 and 1870. This comparison in general confirms the earlier observations of Lamont, and only a few discordances are to be noticed; and at some future time, when it becomes desirable to renew these observations, Helmholtz will be considered as having made a valuable contribution to the study, in that he has, with a large refractor, so closely examined the stars recorded in the present work.

A physical observatory is to be established in Paris, probably under the superintendence of Janssen. In the scope of its labors it will prob-



ably be similar to the new observatories in Germany and India.

Professor Ferrel has presented to the world the results of many years' investigation into the subject of the tides. This memoir, developed in part at the expense of the United States Coast Survey, will probably for a long time remain the most comprehensive and the most practically useful work on the subject. The whole subject has been treated concisely, and yet with the greatest generality, and the formulæ given by Professor Ferrel are of especial value in the discussion of the long series of accurate tidal observations accumulated by the Coast Survey. The whole subject of shallow-water tides is almost entirely new, and may be regarded as the most interesting and important part of the work. The careful consideration of the influence of friction has allowed Professor Ferrel to determine the moon's mass with an accuracy equal to that of any other method, and he has, on the other hand, been enabled by the same considerations to explain away a large part of the so-called secular acceleration of the moon's motion, his demonstration of which preceded by a year that of Delauney.

In connection with the same subject we notice a paper communicated to the Mathematical Society of London on tidal retardation, in which Mr. Rohrs discusses the problem of the maximum retardation on a globe covered entirely by a sea whose depth is constant for all points in the same latitude, but varies from the equator to the poles.

Mr. Schwendler, in some remarks before the Asiatic Society of Bengal, states that all telegraph lines in India are affected by natural or earth currents, which, in fact, permanently exist, their general drift, as shown by ten thousand observations, being from east to west, and that we are now justified in establishing a special system for the purpose of observing them according to a uniform plan and with improved methods of testing. Mr. Schwendler has for the past six years systematically tested the telegraph lines of India for the purpose of securing all the data necessary for the thorough investigation of the subject, in which he has been so much interested, and his labors constitute the first investigations of the subject at all worthy of its scientific and practical importance. It is intimated that in consequence of his earnest representations the Indian government will institute an improved system of measurement of earth currents.

The determination of altitudes by means of the barometer has always been subject to very serious uncertainties by reason of the periodical, and still more of the non-periodical, variations in the condition of the earth's atmosphere. Professor Whitney, State Geologist for California, has endeavored to diminish the uncertainties in the use of the barometer by preparing tables specially adapted to California which should give empirical corrections for each hour of the day and throughout the year. These are based upon observations taken at Sacramento, Colfax, and Summit; and the application of Whitney's tables to other stations situated under very different circumstances seems justified by the examples which he gives.

Dr. Hann calls attention to the fact that in the theory of the rain there is still needed some explanation of the fact that the greatest quantity

of rain often falls while the barometer is rising, and not when it is falling, as would necessarily be the case if certain theories were correct. In fact, he announces himself compelled to believe that the condensation of atmospheric vapor has no noticeable influence on the change of atmospheric pressure. In following up the investigations of Zeuner, Hirn, Reye, and Peslin, he then proceeds to show that the loss of heat sustained by ascending and descending currents of air suffices to explain the anomaly in question.

The careful study by Hildebrandsson of the movements of the upper or cirrus clouds over the surface of Europe has enabled him to conclude that these follow the law predicted by Ferrel in 1859, and confirmed by Abbe, 1871, and Ley, 1872, viz., that the higher currents of air are always directed toward points to the right hand of the lower currents.

The curious fact has been observed by Sevor that iron wire heated to redness and drawn out while immersed in dilute sulphuric acid absorbs a large quantity of some gas whose constitution has not yet been definitely ascertained.

A subject of special interest in connection with *Geography* is the fact that the British government has finally concluded to send out a naval expedition during the coming season for polar search, the Smith Sound route having been selected as decidedly the most promising and practicable. The expedition will not start, however, until quite late in the summer, so as to take advantage of the disappearance of the drift ice, which usually occurs after the middle of the summer. There will be two vessels, one of them probably a steam-whaler and the other taken from the British navy, both, of course, thoroughly equipped for the duty in question. It is stated that Captain Nares, of the *Challenger*, will be in charge of the expedition, and that it is probable Captain Alfred Markham will command one of the vessels. Captain Markham, it may be remembered, visited the arctic regions on board of a steam-whaler in 1873 for the purpose of familiarizing himself with the duties of arctic search and life, and in the vessel on which Dr. Bessel and some of his companions of the *Polaris* were brought back to Dundee after their rescue by the *Ravenscraig*. It is understood that every thing will be done by the British expedition to secure the amplest results in all branches of science, and it is hoped that enough facts in regard even to the pole itself may be brought away to warrant the outlay.

It is also stated that the Austrian government will send out one and perhaps two expeditions with the same object, but that their route will be either by way of Spitzbergen or of Behring Straits, or both.

It has been strongly urged upon the American government to take part in this scientific crusade by sending one or more vessels through Behring Straits. The condition of the ice in the arctic seas in that part of the world is said to warrant great expectations of interesting results, from the fact that the quantity of ice has been greatly diminished within the last few years, so much so, indeed, that a whaling captain in the summer of 1874 passed within two or three miles of Wrangell Land, and could readily have landed had he been so inclined, there being an entire absence of the barrier which has for many years past pre-



vented any near approach. Vessels also proceeded without interruption to the mouth of the Mackenzie—an almost unheard of event.

The latest news from the *Challenger* was in the form of a dispatch announcing her arrival at Hong-Kong, from which point she will probably proceed to Japan, in accordance with her published programme. What effect the transfer of Captain Nares from her command to that of the polar expedition will have remains to be seen.

The first series of operations of the American steamer *Tuscarora* in the way of soundings for a Pacific cable has been completed by her return to San Francisco, and the detachment of Commander Belknap on other duty. The vessel has, however, started out again to make a line of soundings direct from San Francisco to the Sandwich Islands, the first line having been drawn from San Diego to the same point. This new route is considered preferable for a Pacific cable to China and Japan, if practicable, as being so much the more direct.

The various expeditions that started out from different parts of the world to take observations of the transit of Venus reached their destinations in due season, with the exception of that for Crozet Island, the American party at least being unable to disembark, in consequence of the strong sea. Advices from the Kerguelen Island party, written a few days after their arrival, gave much promise of interesting results in the direction of collections of natural history, quite a number of species of birds having been met with, and their nesting period having just commenced. All of the American parties in the antarctic portion of the world are accompanied by gentlemen interested in natural history, and provided with the necessary apparatus and material for making collections, and a rich harvest is expected from their labors.

Telegraphic advices announce a satisfactory observation of the transit of Venus at most of the stations, at a few only the intervening cloudiness or other causes preventing full success. It is believed, however, that enough data have been gathered to permit the practical solution of all the astronomical problems involved, whenever they can be collated. According to Professor Newcomb, much depends upon the observations at Pekin, from which place no advices have yet been received.

The Palestine Exploration Societies of Great Britain and America appear to be meeting with much success in their labors, the reports recently made showing good progress in topographical and ethnological surveys of the country. Strenuous efforts are being made to secure funds for the expansion of observations by the American division, which it is hoped will be successful.

Among *Microscopical* notes we may mention that Mr. H. J. Carter contributes the first portion of a paper on the "Development of Marine Sponges" to the November number of *Annals and Magazine of Natural History*, in which he discusses at considerable length the following four periods of the sponge's developmental history, viz., 1, that from its earliest appearance to the commencement of the duplicative division of the yolk; 2, that from the duplicative division to the ultimate duplicative subdivision; 3, that from the formation of an embryo to its fixation or stationary position; 4, that from the station-

ary position of the embryo to the development of the perfect sponge. The first and second stages were taken from *Halisarca lobularis*, the third and fourth from *Halichondria simulans*.

Professor Betz publishes, according to the *Medical Times*, an able paper in *Centralblatt*, giving a *résumé* of the results of some preliminary investigations he has made into the structure of the superficial layers of the brain. The object of his research was to discover whether it is possible to determine from the quantity and quality of the histological elements whether similar parts are present or absent in men and animals. We recommend the paper to the attention of histological and physiological students.

The artificial production of silica films, with a view of adding to our knowledge of high power definition, and possibly throwing light upon questions of crystallization and organization, has received a new impulse in Mr. Slack's discovery that the gas escaping from a heated mixture of powdered glass, powdered fluor-spar, and sulphuric acid (and which, when received into pure water, deposits the silica suddenly and violently in amorphous particles), gives delicate films with definite forms, exhibiting remarkable regularity of size and arrangement when conducted through a mixture of glycerine and water. Some of the films produce the beautiful polychromatic effects so often noticed in beaded diatoms and scales.

In a very able paper on the "Embryology of the Ctenophoræ," by Alexander Agassiz, published in the *Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences*, August, 1874, the author effectually disposes of Ernst Hæckel's gastrea theory. He says: "That the time for embryological classifications has not yet come the attempts of Hæckel plainly show, for they are in no ways in advance of the other embryological classifications which have preceded them. We get new names for somewhat different combinations, but a truly scientific basis for a classification, based upon the value of embryonic layers, is at present impossible. Such attempts can be only speculations, to be proved or disproved on the morrow."

An interesting contribution to *Ethnological* science will be found in an account of Lieutenant Wheeler's expedition of 1873 in Petermann's *Mittheilungen*, xi., 1874, by O. Löw, upon the Moquis, Apaches, and other tribes of New Mexico and Arizona.

*Das Ausland*, November 9, 1874, has a carefully prepared article on the linguistic researches of Dr. C. Herman Berendt in Central America. This gentleman has spent many years in these regions, and designs to publish a complete Maya grammar and dictionary.

Mr. Henry Hague has recently sent to the National Museum at Washington the instruments constituting the sarabanda, or band of music of the Tactic Indians of Central America, consisting of a drum, a mandoline, and a marimba or Indian piano. The latter consists of a rectangular frame four feet long by fourteen inches wide, on four legs about two feet high. On the under side of the frame hang sixteen oblong gourds of graded sizes. Immediately over the mouths of the gourds are bars of hard sonorous wood supported by tense cords. The music is produced by striking on these wooden keys with two drumsticks tipped with little India rubber balls. Chev-



alier Arthur Morelet says of this instrument: "Few days pass consecutively in Flores without the sound of the marimba inviting its inhabitants to some new festivity. No other form of invitation is extended. The door is open for all. There you see the alcalde or the corregidor alternating in the same fandango with the meanest citizen. Persons giving parties do the honors of the house in the most unpretentious manner possible. A dozen candles, a supply of chairs collected from a dozen neighboring houses, a few homely refreshments, and the engagement of one or two performers on the marimba constitute the entire preparation."

The Birmingham "National Museum of Arms," embracing objects of all times and lands, has been thrown open to the public.

The British survey of Palestine, interrupted by the heat of summer, by Lieutenant Conder's return to England, and by Mr. Tyrwhitt-Drake's death, has been resumed. Lieutenant H. H. Kitchener, R.E., has been added to the party.

The excavations now being carried on among the ruins of Anurâdhapura, in Ceylon, have brought to light a number of sculptures belonging to the best period of ancient Indian art.

The work of Dr. Gerhard Rohlfs, entitled *Quer durch Africa*, in which he conducts us across the African continent from coast to coast, will hold a prominent place among the contributions to ethnology for the year.

Dr. Hanny read a paper before the Geographical Society, London, October 21, upon the result of his researches on the geographical distribution of the human race in Eastern Melanesia. He showed that the penetration of the Papuan population by the Polynesians is much less exceptional than has been hitherto believed. It has long been known that there has been a considerable immigration of Tongans into Viti. Ouvéi, in the Loyalty Islands, was invaded at the beginning of this century by the Kanakas from the Wallis Island, the eastern coast of New Caledonia containing a very large number of Melano-Polynesians, the yellow variety of Bongaul, who perhaps found them on Isabella Island, in the Solomon group.

Among items of general anthropological interest, we may mention the recent discovery near Athens of an extensive heap of refuse shells, which was at first supposed to be a true kitchen midden, but upon further investigation was shown to consist almost entirely of a species of murex, and other shells furnishing coloring matters, and it was therefore concluded that the shell heap in question is the site of an ancient manufactory of the celebrated Tyrian purple dye. The dyes obtained from these mollusks are remarkably constant, several different tints being readily procurable.

Several wells have lately been discovered near Ashill, in England, partly filled with earthen Roman vases of very great beauty, some of them supposed to have contained the ashes of the dead.

An international congress of "Americanists" has been called by the American Society of Paris, to be held during the coming spring in that city, the object being to bring together all persons who are interested in the ante-Columbian history of America and the character and distribution of its modern native tribes. A museum

of American antiquities will also be opened on the occasion.

Considerable amusement has been excited among scholars in the United States by the attention which has lately been paid to the subject of the Cardiff Giant in Germany, Dr. Schlottmann, an eminent Orientalist, having announced his belief in its being of true Phœnician origin, and intended to represent Adonis!

The younger Sars is, in *Zoological* science, fully sustaining the high estimation placed on the works of Norwegian zoologists, especially of his father, the late distinguished Professor Michael Sars. In a paper just received on the hydroid polyps of Norway he enumerates all the known species, gives a list of those common to the Norwegian and Northeastern American coasts, and in addition describes some remarkable forms dredged by himself on the coast of Norway, and which are likely to occur on our coast. In another paper he describes and figures some remarkable polyzoa.

But the most important contribution made by Mr. Sars is a short paper on a dimorphic form, with alternation of generation, in a fresh-water flea, or entomostracan, a species of *Leptodora*. He shows that while the young born from the normal summer eggs attain their full growth without any metamorphosis, as had been previously stated by P. E. Müller, of Denmark, the young hatched from the winter eggs are in the nauplius stage, and are provided with a set of provisional organs wholly wanting in the adult. On the other hand, the simple cyclopean eye of the nauplius-like young persists in the adult.

The brilliant researches and results of Professor E. S. Morse on the position in nature of the Brachiopods tend to show that they are not shellfish, but really worms. In striking confirmation of this position assumed by Professor Morse is a series of similar researches by Koualevsky, of Russia, on the Brachiopods belonging to a different genus from the one studied by Morse. Mr. A. Agassiz publishes a note in the *American Journal of Science and Arts* indorsing this novel view, that the Brachiopods are worms. It is also held by the leading Scandinavian naturalists.

Lacaze-Duthier's *Archives* contain two papers of very high interest, one by Villot on the embryology of the hair-worm, or Gordius, and the other by the editor, on the anatomy of the simple ascidians of the coast of France. There are also two short communications of much interest on the acoustic nerve in the dentalium, by the editor, and a note on the differences in dentition presented by the two sexes of the skates of the coast of Denmark, by Dr. Lütken.

The *Fourth Annual Report on the Noxious and Beneficial Insects of Illinois*, by Dr. Le Baron, is a bulky pamphlet, replete with information and illustrations regarding the beetles. Its dissemination among the farmers and youth of the State of Illinois will do great good in awakening the attention of the people to the interest and value of the study of the habits and structure of insects. A brief report by Professor A. J. Cook on the injurious insects of Michigan points in the same direction.

Complaints against and advocacy of the good done by the English sparrow appear in the *American Naturalist*. It seems, on the whole, that these birds are very useful.



Remarks on the ornithology of Northern Norway, by Robert Collett, written in English, though published in the proceedings of the Natural History Society of Christiania, will greatly interest the American student, so many of these birds are common to Norway and arctic and boreal America. One would have supposed that the subject of Norwegian ornithology was worn threadbare, but Collett shows how much remains still to be done. He finds that in the valley of the Maalselv and in Alten not a few species of the Central European fauna occur, "which, owing to the influence of the Gulf Stream on the climate, are enabled to range to a latitude in Norway far exceeding their limits in the eastern interior portions of the European continent." The total number of species actually belonging to the Norwegian fauna is 250. Of these 174 have been observed within the polar circle, and of this number 160 have ranged as far north as within the limits of Tromsøe Amt, while 150 species belong to the fauna of Finmark proper.

The anatomy of the doves is treated of in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London, in a paper by Mr. Garrod.

Professor A. Newton publishes in the same Proceedings copies of two interesting letters relative to a dodo shipped for England in the year 1628.

In the same journal Dr. Murie gives an illustrated paper on the skeleton and lineage of a supposed extinct bird of Madagascar, the *Fregilupus varius*. While resembling several groups of birds, as the starling family, the orioles, and *Sturnus*, it seems more closely related to the genus *Pastor*.

In a note on the animals of Savage Island Dr. Günther states that the fauna and flora are of peculiar interest from the isolated position of this coral island. The only mammals as yet found on it are a bat and a small rodent "of a size between a water-rat and a mouse." There are also a few birds, some lizards and insects, and three species of land snails.

Dr. Günther, in some researches upon the fossil tortoises of the Mauritius, draws attention to the very great resemblance of certain of the species to the giant land tortoises of other parts of the world, especially of the Galapagos, and he is quite at a loss to explain their close connection, separated as they are by so many miles of space and by many forms of this group of reptiles.

The subject of the migration of birds has lately attracted considerable attention in England, quite a lively correspondence having sprung up in regard to certain hypotheses on the subject. Professor Alfred Newton, one of our best authorities, frankly confesses ignorance of the causes of this migration, and invites a series of critical investigations that may tend to throw some light on the question. One of the most plausible views is that of Middendorf, who maintains that migrations take place to a considerable extent along the magnetic meridian, and thinks that the magnetism of the earth may have somewhat to do in the matter.

The existence of barnacles on marine animals, especially whales and tortoises, has been frequently adverted to in our articles. It is somewhat surprising, however, to learn that they not unfrequently exist on oceanic birds, such as the

albatross, the petrel, and the like, specimens having been lately obtained by Italian explorers.

Dareste has lately published a paper on the eels, in which he greatly reduces the number of species heretofore supposed to exist. Thus he allows but four species of the *Anguilla* or true eel, one of them being common to both Europe and America. Of the conger, too, he admits but four species, two of them found associated in both continents. No new light has been thrown on the natural history of the reproduction of the eel, though the theory of some naturalists that this animal is hermaphrodite, and lays its eggs in the winter season, has been accepted, in the absence of any absolute proof to the contrary.

In *Agricultural* science the most interesting event in this country which we have to record for the month is the appearance of the third part of the first Bulletin of the Bussey Institution. This pamphlet of one hundred pages contains three articles by Professor F. H. Storer. The first is on "The Valuation of the Soluble Phosphoric Acid in Superphosphate of Lime." The second is an account of investigations "On the Average Amounts of Potash and Phosphoric Acid contained in Wood Ashes from Household Fires." The third describes experiments "On the Importance as Plant Food of the Nitrogen in Vegetable Mould."

Professor Storer concludes that the value assumed by many chemists of this country of sixteen and a quarter cents per pound for soluble phosphoric acid in fertilizers is too high. He is led to this opinion from some estimates of the "Cost of importing Superphosphates from Europe," published in a former part of the *Bulletin*, "whence it appears that soluble phosphoric acid may be imported into Boston from England at a cost of twelve and a half cents per pound currency;" from the offer of a responsible dealer to sell superphosphate at such rates as to make the price of soluble phosphoric acid the same; and from practical experience as to the cost of making superphosphate on a farm twelve miles from Boston, which makes it plain that with spent bone-black at twenty-five dollars per ton and sulphuric acid at two and three-eighths cents per pound, soluble phosphoric acid may be made at a cost per pound of thirteen cents or less on any farm to which the cost of transportation would be no greater than to the one referred to.

Professor Storer's analyses of wood ashes from domestic fires reveal a fact of considerable importance to farmers, namely, that these contain considerably less phosphoric acid than has ordinarily been supposed. As wood is commonly burned, a portion of the phosphoric acid is lost. This loss is explained in part by the escape of phosphates with the draught, and in part by the formation of an insoluble phosphide of iron or other metal in the ash. The analyses from which calculations of the percentage of phosphoric acid in wood ashes have usually been based were made, for the most part, from ashes carefully prepared in the laboratory, so that this loss did not occur.

The experiments on the nitrogen of vegetable mould are believed by Professor Storer to show conclusively that the soil nitrogen is useful to plants under certain conditions such as are found in nature, and to illustrate the fact, which Wolff had proved before, that soils devoid of vegetable



mould or some other compound of nitrogen can not compare in power of supporting crops with soils which contain peat or loam or some other nitrogenous material.

Bente has lately performed some experiments in water-culture, on the effect of asparagin and acetamide as sources of supply of nitrogen to maize. He concludes that they are capable of furnishing the nitrogen needful for the growth of the plant, though whether they are capable of doing so directly, or must be previously decomposed, is not yet decided.

Dr. Märcker, of the experiment station at Halle, announces a very interesting observation upon the necessity of carefulness in selecting samples of fertilizers for analyses. A portion was taken from a bag before and another after two hours' transport, during which some of the finer particles had settled downward, while the coarser had worked to the top. Analysis showed a difference of two per cent. in the amount of soluble phosphoric acid in the two samples.

Dr. Wagner, director of the station at Darmstadt, has reported a case of poisoning a grain field by an ammoniated superphosphate. This was found to be due to the sulpho-cyanide of ammonium. The ammonia salts used for ammoniating the superphosphate were doubtless a by-product from the manufacture of coal gas, which would account for the presence of the sulpho-cyanide. This latter is very seldom found in fertilizers. It can be easily detected by the red color imparted to its solution on addition of sesquichloride of iron.

The Russian black earth called *Tschornosjom*, which is so celebrated for its fertility, and covers about one-third of the territory of European Russia, has been lately investigated by Dr. Reichardt, of Jena. Ten samples were examined. They contained large percentages of sand and humus, and were quite rich in potash, phosphoric acid, and nitrogen, the substances most apt to be lacking in ordinary soils. The large content of these and of humus, whose value for the growth of crops has been shown by Storer, Johnson, and others, accounts for the great and lasting fertility of this soil.

The subject of *Fish-culture* continues to attract the public attention, and especially in view of the success of the operations on the part of the United States in the introduction of salmon into its waters. The United States establishment on the Sacramento River, under the charge of Mr. Livingston Stone, has yielded this season 6,000,000 eggs, and the number collected at Bucksport, on the Penobscot, by Mr. Charles G. Atkins, is over 3,000,000, or more than 9,000,000 in all. If half of these be hatched and placed in the streams of the country, it will make a large addition to the population of the waters, especially when we bear in mind the fact that these are planted after the yolk-bag is absorbed, and when the fish is able to feed and care for itself. According to the estimates of reliable fish-culturists, in the case of natural spawning not more than one fish of the age referred to is obtained from 1000 eggs; so that the number supposed to be derived from the labors of the Fish Commission during the year would be equivalent to the yield from five thousand millions of eggs.

The California eggs were sent as soon as suffi-

ciently ripe to the fish-hatching stations throughout the Middle and Eastern United States. Such of them as were hatched successfully and reared are now being distributed in appropriate waters. All the Northern and Eastern States have shared in this distribution, as well as Texas, North Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, etc. The eggs from the Bucksport establishment are not sufficiently mature for distribution.

An ample warrant for the introduction of fish into localities strange to them is seen in the success of the attempts to supply Tasmania and New Zealand with species of British trout and perch, these having already become more abundant than the native fish, the perch being now captured by the ton in their new abode, and of very large size.

So far there is no satisfactory evidence of a successful experiment with the salmon sent to New Zealand, and the effort is to be renewed during the coming winter by sending the eggs from Great Britain.

As a contribution to the subject of the effect of pollution of water upon the life of the fish therein we may refer to the experiments of Professor Wagner, of Munich, upon the influence of gas tar, in which he ascertained that a very slight percentage in the water, even unappreciable to the taste, is sufficient to produce great distress to the fish and ultimate death.

In *Engineering* we may record little save the progress of work upon certain important enterprises familiar to our readers.

On the East River Bridge the engineers have prepared plans and specifications of the massive iron saddles upon which the cables are to rest, and bids for their construction will soon be called for. Each of these saddles will weigh about 25,000 pounds, and will be provided at its summit with a rounded groove nineteen and a half inches wide, through which the cable will pass. It is estimated that it will require four years to complete the bridge.

The twin steamer, *Castalia*, designed by Captain Dicey for the Channel traffic, and which was expected to prove a formidable rival to Bessemer's swinging saloon vessel, has proved a failure upon her trial trip. She is now undergoing alterations of her machinery preparatory to a second experiment. The Bessemer steamer has not yet made her trial trip. In the same connection it may be of interest to note the fact that M. Tellier has advanced a new plan for the same purpose. Instead of two, M. Tellier joins together four large vessels, united by a common deck. He proposes even to lay a line of rails on the deck, so that a whole train may be run upon it and be transported across the Channel.

The exhibition fever appears to be widening its boundaries. The Dutch colony of Java announces the second "Exhibition of the Works of certain Industries of all Nations," to be opened at Diocjakarta in April, 1875. It is the desire of the promoters of this scheme to introduce to the teeming population of this and neighboring islands labor-saving tools and machinery of every description. It may be worthy of mention that books, machinery, and metals (raw and manufactured) are admitted to these islands free of duty. Mr. L. W. Morris, of 50 Broadway, New York, is named as the agent of the enterprise for the United States.



The Centennial authorities have just announced the following allotments of space among the thirty-four nations and their colonies:

	Square feet.
Siam .....	3,946
Persia .....	7,776
Egypt .....	7,776
Turkey .....	7,776
Russia .....	10,044
Sweden and Norway .....	10,044
Austria .....	23,328
German Empire .....	27,264
Netherlands and Denmark .....	7,776
Switzerland .....	6,156
Italy .....	11,664
Spain and colonies .....	15,552
France, Algeria, and other colonies .....	27,264
Great Britain, Canada, India, Australia, and other colonies .....	46,748
United States .....	123,160
Reserved space .....	21,408
Mexico .....	11,664
Honduras .....	3,888
Guatemala .....	5,508
San Salvador .....	4,536
Nicaragua .....	4,536
Venezuela .....	5,508
Ecuador .....	3,888
United States of Colombia .....	7,776
Peru .....	11,664
Chili .....	9,744
Brazil .....	17,520
Argentine Republic .....	15,552
Hayti .....	3,888
Sandwich Islands .....	3,888
Liberia .....	2,268
Japan .....	7,290
China .....	7,290
Total .....	484,090

The total area of the building will be twenty acres, and that appropriated to exhibitors about eleven acres.

From the annual report of the late Commissioner of Patents, for the period extending from October 1, 1873, to September 30, 1874, we extract the following statements:

Number of applications for patents from Octo- ber 1, 1873, to September 30, 1874. ....	21,077
Number of patents issued, including re-issues and designs .....	13,545
Applications for extensions of patents .....	229
Patents extended .....	308
Caveats filed .....	3,129
Patents expired .....	5,287
Patents allowed, but not issued for want of the final fee .....	2,680
Applications for registration of trade-marks ..	589
Trade-marks registered .....	524
Applications for registration of labels .....	107
Labels registered (since August, 1874) .....	50

The number of applications and of patents granted shows a slight increase upon the figures of the preceding twelvemonth.

The number of miles of new railroad completed in this country during the year 1874 to date (November 28) is 1664, as compared with 3276 miles in 1873 and 6202 in 1872.

Among the *Mechanical* novelties an "air-brake" for steam-ships is worthy of notice. Its object is to prevent the "racing" of the engines when, in a heavy sea, the propeller of a steamer is lifted out of the water, and its revolutions, for want of a resisting medium, are greatly increased, to the imminent danger of breaking the working parts of the machinery. This engine governor is automatic in its operation, and cuts off the steam from the engines the instant a heavy sea lifts the propeller from the water.

Mr. Robert W. Newbery, of New York, has lately patented an improvement consisting in the construction of the rails of vessels in sections,

and of such materials that such sections when detached will answer for life-rafts. He has likewise devised a simple and efficient method of detaching the rail sections in case of sudden emergency. The invention appears eminently simple and practical.

In the direction of *Domestic Economy* we may refer to the practice now coming into vogue of accelerating the drying of plaster walls by burning charcoal in the open air of the room. It is known that this lime dressing of walls is a hydrate, containing a certain amount of water, and that as this lime is changed into a carbonate by the carbonic acid of the air the water is evolved, which causes continual dampness for a considerable period. By keeping up a continuous supply of carbonic acid in the atmosphere of the room this process is accelerated, so that what might otherwise require several months is brought about in a few days.

The regulation of the time of the hatching out of silk-worms' eggs, so as to make it more convenient for the manufacturer, is now carried on in France on a large scale, the large store-houses being kept cool by artificial means, so that the eggs are kept unhatched until a convenient season. They are then removed and hatched out in the ordinary way. Incidentally, this new method is a great security against destruction by parasitic fungi and insects.

The very rapid expansion of the manufacture of olive-oil in Tunis threatens to greatly depreciate the price of this substance, and will probably extend its use considerably, especially in the preparation of fish, such as sardines, small mackerel, etc., as put up in oil. It is well known that America abounds in species of herring equally fitted with the European sardine for the purpose referred to, but that competition is scarcely possible in view of the cost of the oil required for their treatment. Should the California enterprise be successful, or the price be reduced by the great production from abroad, it will be possible to use olive-oil to a much greater degree than at present.

In *Technology* we notice the fact of the invention of a new explosive by Captain Björkman. The inventor names it Vigorite. Extraordinary accounts of its energy are made from some experimental trials recently made with it at Stockholm. A charge of about eight ounces, in five cartridges, and deposited in a drill hole five feet deep, removed, on its explosion, a mass of rock over one hundred cubic feet in volume. It was estimated that nearly double the weight (fifteen ounces) of dynamite would have been necessary to produce the same effect.

At one of the recent meetings of the French Academy of Sciences, Professor Hofmann announced that two of his pupils, Messrs. Tiemann and Haarmann, had succeeded in producing vanilline (the aromatic principle of the vanilla bean) from pine sap, and stated furthermore that they proposed to manufacture this substance on a large scale. The sap of a tree of medium height furnishes vanilline to the amount of twenty dollars.

Miss Kate Crane proposes to test the purity of various oils by examining the cohesion figures produced by permitting a single drop of the oil to be tested to fall from a burette on a clean surface of water. She has experimentally determined quite a variety of such figures, and



finds them to be quite constant with the same oil.

Nothing especially new has presented itself in the department of *Therapeutics and Hygiene* since our last report, although considerable stress is laid upon the value of intra-venous injection of chloral for the purpose of producing anæsthesia. It is said that it is practicable, without the slightest injury to the patient, to produce absolute unconsciousness for a period of even twenty-four hours without any of the ill effects which some-

times follow when anæsthesia is only maintained during the limited period of a surgical operation.

Among the *Deaths* that have been announced since the last report we may mention those of Leger de Libessant, of France; Dr. F. Hesseberg and Dr. E. M. Dingler, of Germany; Mr. Bryce M. Wright, Mr. John Grantham, Dr. Thomas Anderson, Dr. Edwin Lankester, Rev. W. H. Hawker, Commander R. M. Sperling, R.N., and Mr. C. F. Tyrwhitt-Drake, of England; and of the veteran Dr. Gideon Linsecum, of Texas.

## Editor's Historical Record.

OUR Record is closed on the 22d of December.—The final session of the Forty-third Congress was opened December 7, 1874. In the House four new members took their seats, viz., Richard Schell, *vice* D. B. Mellish, deceased; S. B. Chittenden, *vice* Stewart L. Woodford, resigned; Wm. E. Finck, of Ohio, *vice* H. J. Jewett, resigned; and L. Cass Carpenter, of South Carolina, *vice* R. B. Elliott, recently elected Speaker of the State House of Representatives. The standing committees of the Senate were announced December 9, and those of the House on the 10th. No material changes were made in either.

On the 7th the President sent to the Senate the nomination of Hon. Marshall Jewell to be Postmaster-General. The choice was confirmed on the 15th. S. B. Axtell was confirmed as Governor of Utah Territory December 21.

The bill to amend the customs laws, known as the "Little Tariff Bill," which comes over from the last session, was taken up in the Senate December 14, and a committee of conference was appointed. It provides for a commission of seven—one Senator, two Representatives in the next House, two officers of the customs service, and two citizens familiar with the customs laws—to report to Congress before December, 1875, a revised system of customs laws. The commissioners are to be allowed necessary traveling expenses, but no compensation.

Several financial bills were introduced into the House and referred to committee. Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, on the 8th offered a bill for the exchange of greenbacks into 3.65 convertible bonds. The proposition was discussed on the 10th, when Mr. Willard offered an amendment to the effect that greenbacks should not be a legal tender in payment of debts contracted after July 1, 1875. No definite action was taken. Mr. Roberts, of New York, proposed to amend the Constitution so that Congress shall not make any thing but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of individual debts, and shall pass no law impairing the obligations of contracts. Mr. Farwell introduced a bill removing all limitations on the number and circulation of national banks, and allowing bank-notes to be issued to the extent of ninety per cent. of the full value of bonds deposited, that from the 1st of July next a million a month of greenbacks shall be withdrawn and canceled, to continue until the greenback is at par with gold, and that the Secretary of the Treasury may sell bonds to get funds for retiring the greenbacks. On December 21 Senator Sher-

man from the Finance Committee introduced a bill for the resumption of specie payments. It provides for the redemption of legal-tender notes, beginning January 1, 1879, silver coin being meanwhile substituted for fractional currency. Free banking is authorized and legal tenders retired to the amount of eighty per cent. of the new bank-notes issued till the legal-tender circulation is reduced to \$300,000,000. The Secretary of the Treasury may sell bonds in 1879 for gold if he has not enough of a surplus to meet demands for specie. Bill read twice, and placed on calendar.

The House Committee on Appropriations reported, December 7, in favor of the following sums: Legislative, \$19,653,434; Navy, \$16,976,000; Army, \$27,701,500; Indians, \$4,881,507; Fortifications, \$850,000. The first item was passed by the House on the 18th.

The postal telegraph scheme came up before the House on the 8th in a new form. Mr. West introduced a bill for the construction of a government telegraph line from Washington to Boston, *via* Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and Hartford, to be operated in the post-offices of those cities, under the charge of the Postmaster-General, and to be open to all at a uniform rate. The bill was ordered to be printed.

A supplementary Civil Rights Bill was reported by the House Judiciary Committee on the 16th, and recommitted. It is substantially the bill passed by the Senate at the last session, but with a compromise clause striking out the mixed school section and substituting a requirement for equal school facilities for the children of both races. The penalty may be enforced by either civil or criminal suit.

Representative M'Crary on the 8th presented a bill to extinguish the Indian title to the Black Hills reservation in Dakota.

The first step taken this year toward increasing the public revenues was the introduction of a bill into the House by Mr. Dawes on the 8th restoring the duties on tea and coffee to the old rates existing before the repeal of March, 1872.

The Senate on the 14th, and the House on the 18th, passed a bill for the relief of settlers on the public lands who were obliged by the ravages of the grasshoppers to leave their homes in 1874, and those who may be obliged to vacate in 1875 for the same reason.

Senator Conkling proposed an amendment to the Geneva Award Bill, December 14, allowing insurance claimants excluded by the present law to present and prove their claims.



The fourth annual report of the Southern War Claims Commission was sent to the House on the 15th. It embraces 2407 cases, claiming \$5,242,706 46, of which 1244 are wholly disallowed, and 1163 allowed in whole or part, to the extent of \$770,711 37.

The commission appointed to investigate the affairs of the Freedman's Bank report liabilities \$2,879,031, and assets at face value \$2,693,095. Thus far only four per cent. of the amount of deposits has been realized in cash.

On the 15th Senator Wright submitted a joint resolution for the amendment of the Constitution, providing for the election of President and Vice-President by the direct vote of the people, the election returns to be canvassed by the United States Supreme Court. Referred to the Civil Service Committee.

The Railroad Committee of the House on the 18th reported a bill as a substitute for the Hurlbut bill of last winter, chartering a double-track freight railway from tide-water on the Atlantic coast to the Missouri River. It must transport all cars and any freight offered on equal terms for all persons or corporations, at rates which are minutely prescribed. Bulk freight, such as grain, coal, timber, etc., received in cars without handling by the company, must be transported at the following rates: Five mills per ton per mile for all distances exceeding 750 miles, six mills for distances between 400 and 750 miles, seven mills for distances between 300 and 400 miles, seven and a half mills for distances between 150 and 300 miles, and eight mills per ton per mile for less distances, provided that in the winter months, from November 1 to May 1, these rates may be increased one mill per ton per mile. A commission of five members, of whom three shall be appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, and two by the company, are to have power to classify freight and fix the maximum rates for such classes as are not specifically described or named in this bill, and who are also required to proportionately reduce all rates whenever the net earnings of the road exceed eight per cent. per annum on its actual cost. The bill proposes in return for these considerations that the United States government shall guarantee five per cent. interest on thirty-year construction bonds of the company to the extent of \$20,000 per mile of equivalent single track, or about \$60,000,000 in all. The House, December 21, rejected a sweeping resolution against the granting of subsidies during the present session. The vote on its adoption was 149 to 75, less than the required two-thirds.

The House resolved to take a recess from December 23 to January 5.

The President's annual Message is an important document of unusual length. Special attention is called to the desirability of an early return to specie payments, and the duty of Congress to legislate in that direction. To this end the legal-tender clause in the law authorizing the issue of currency by the national government should be repealed, to take effect as to all contracts entered into after a day fixed in the repealing act, except as to government salaries or for other expenditures now provided for by law to be paid in currency. In the interval pending between the repeal and final resumption pro-

vision should be made by which the Secretary of the Treasury can obtain gold as it may become necessary from time to time from the date when specie redemption commences. To this should be added a revenue sufficiently in excess of expenses to insure an accumulation of gold in the Treasury to sustain redemption. With resumption free banking may be authorized with safety; this would give proper elasticity to the currency. The experience and judgment of the people can best decide just how much currency is required for the transaction of the business of the country, and it is unsafe to leave the settlement of this question to Congress, the Secretary of the Treasury, or the Executive. Congress should make the regulation under which banks may exist, but should not make banking a monopoly by limiting the amount of redeemable paper currency that shall be authorized. During the year nothing has occurred to disturb our friendly relations with foreign governments. In view of the payment of the Geneva award by the British government, the President renews his recommendation, made at the opening of the previous session of Congress, that a special court be created to hear and determine all claims of aliens against the United States arising from acts committed against their persons or property during the rebellion. The commission for the survey of the boundary between the United States and the British possessions from the Lake of the Woods to the summit of the Rocky Mountains has completed its work, and the line is now definitely marked. Attention is called to the failure of the Spanish government to put down the insurrection in Cuba after a six years' war, and it is suggested that the other powers should take some steps in the matter, on the ground of self-necessity. The settlement of the *Virginian* difficulty with Spain has been delayed by the unhappy civil war in that country, but an early adjustment is hoped for. The expatriation laws are in a very unsatisfactory condition, requiring immediate action. On the tariff question a re-adjustment is suggested, so as to increase the revenue, and at the same time decrease the number of articles on which duties are levied. In reviewing the report of the Postmaster-General the President remarks that "next to the public school the Post-office is the great agent of education over our vast territory. The education of the people entitled to the exercise of the right of franchise I regard as essential to general prosperity every where, and especially so in republics, where education or previous condition does not enter into account in giving suffrage."

Considerable space is devoted in the Message to the unsettled condition of affairs in the Southern States. The President defends his action with reference to the Louisiana election, and repeats what he said in his special message of February 13, 1873, that in the event of non-interference by Congress he must continue to recognize the existing government. He has declined to take any action in the Arkansas trouble, leaving that to Congress to settle. Referring to the Ku-Klux and White League outrages upon the negroes before the recent elections, the President declares that he felt it to be his duty under the Fifteenth Amendment and the Act of May 31, 1870, to protect colored citizens in the exercise of their right to vote. Complaints are made of



this interference by Federal authority, but if said amendment and act do not provide for such interference under the circumstances stated, then they are without meaning, force, or effect, and the whole scheme of colored enfranchisement is worse than mockery and little better than a crime. "While I remain Executive," continues the President, "all the laws of Congress and the provisions of the Constitution, including the recent amendments added thereto, will be enforced with rigor, but with regret that they have added one jot or tittle to the Executive duties or powers." Referring to Indian affairs, the Message upholds the "peace policy," declaring its results to be most beneficial, and confidently hoping that in a few more years depredations on the frontiers will cease. The Homestead laws should be extended to the Indians, and a Territorial government established in the Indian Territory.

Speaking of civil service reform, the President announces that if Congress adjourns without positive legislation on the subject, he will regard their non-action as a disapproval of the system, and will abandon it. To encourage American ship-building he suggests not a direct subsidy to home lines, but "ample compensation for carrying the mails between Atlantic sea-board cities and the Continent on American owned and American built steamers, and would extend this liberality to vessels carrying the mails to South American states and to Central America and Mexico, and would pursue the same policy from our Pacific sea-ports to foreign sea-ports on the Pacific."

The department reports accompanying the Message are very full. The Treasury exhibit is as follows: The total net receipts of the government for the last fiscal year were \$289,478,756, and the expenditures \$287,133,873. The reduction of the public debt during the year amounted to \$5,762,447 65. It is estimated that there will be a deficiency of \$11,920,914 in the revenues of the current fiscal year. The Secretary of the Treasury strongly urges an early return to specie payments; recommends economy in appropriations; calls attention to the loss of revenue from repealing the tax on tea and coffee without benefit to the consumer; recommends an increase of ten cents a gallon on whisky; and further, that no modification be made in the Banking and Currency Bill passed at the last session, unless modification should become necessary by reason of the adoption of measures for returning to specie payments.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue reports a decrease in the revenues of 1874, as compared with the previous year, of \$11,430,709 10. Over \$5,000,000 of this decrease is in the single item of past-due taxes, under repealed statutes, which are constantly lessening. The number of brewers engaged in the production of fermented liquors was, in 1873, 3554, and in 1874, 2524—a decrease of 1030.

The Life-saving Service reports eighty-two stations in operation during the year. Forty-eight vessels were driven ashore during the season of 1873-74, with cargoes valued at \$2,231,606, and having on board 1166 persons. Of the amount of property jeopardized only \$457,282 worth was lost, and only two persons perished.

The Secretary of War estimates the expenses of the military establishment for the next fiscal year at \$53,144,499, or a reduction of \$7,036,424

compared with the previous year. He condemns the reduction of the army to 25,000 men, and shows that nothing was saved by it during the year. The Secretary indorses the suggestion of the Inspector-General of the Army that desertion be constituted by legislative enactment as a felony, cognizable by our civil courts of criminal jurisdiction, the offenders to be arrested like other criminals, but this jurisdiction to be concurrent with that of military courts.

The Secretary of the Navy reports 160 vessels now in the service, with 1254 guns, or two vessels and fifteen guns less than the previous year. During the last two years the whole fleet of our single-turreted monitors has been thoroughly overhauled and repaired, their sides raised up, their rotten wooden beams and decks replaced by iron, and their turrets and machinery put in complete order, so that they are now efficient to their utmost capacity, and ready to go to sea at any time, as soon as crews can be put on board and organized. These, with the *Dictator* and *Roanoke*, also in good order, make a fleet of sixteen iron-clads, efficient for any naval purpose which does not require long voyages or great speed. Two powerful iron torpedo vessels have also been completed, and are ready for service, fully equipped with this most effective weapon of modern warfare. Four of our double-turreted monitors, viz., the *Terror*, *Miantonomoh*, *Monadnock*, and the *Amphitrite*, by far the most formidable vessels ever in our navy, are now in hand undergoing repairs, and the plans are also being matured for the repair of the *Puritan*, the only one of our efficient iron-clads which remains untouched.

The appropriations applicable to the fiscal year ending June 30, 1874, including the unexpended balance of the appropriations for the building of new sloops, and the special appropriations to reimburse the bureaus for their extraordinary expenditures during the threatened complications with Spain, amounted, in the aggregate, to \$27,147,857 68; and the actual expenditures for the same period, to wit, from July 1, 1873, to June 30, 1874, from these appropriations, amounted to \$26,254,155 82, or about \$900,000 less than the whole amount. The appropriations made available for the current year commencing July 1, 1874, amount, in the aggregate, to \$19,263,731 27. The amount of these appropriations for the current year drawn for the five months since July 1 up to December 1, 1874, is \$11,854,446 87, which, reduced by the amount refunded during the period, and that remaining in the hands of the paymasters and agents of the government, will leave a little less than \$9,000,000 as the sum actually expended from the current appropriations during the five working summer months of this year.

The Postmaster-General estimates the total expenditures for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1876, at \$36,964,034, and the revenue of the Post-office Department at \$29,148,156, leaving a deficiency to be supplied from the general Treasury of \$7,815,878. In addition to this sum \$1,112,500 are required for mail steam-ship service, and \$986,000 for official postage stamps. The number of ordinary postage stamps issued during the year was 632,733,420, valued at \$17,275,242; of stamped envelopes, 117,047,750, value \$3,661,690 70; postal cards, 91,079,000,



value \$910,790; official stamps, 32,320,085, value \$1,415,845 20; official envelopes and wrappers, 12,900,300, value \$353,456 66. The number of letters received at the dead-letter office was 4,348,473 domestic, and 253,300 foreign. Of these 1,392,224 were delivered, and 2,622,619, containing circulars, or failing in delivery, and being worthless, were destroyed. The reduction of the registration fee from fifteen to eight cents has considerably increased the registered-letter business of the year. The number of post-offices in operation is 34,294, an increase of 1050. The number of domestic money orders issued was 4,420,633, value \$74,424,854 71. Among the foreign money orders were 32,542, value \$701,634 73, issued to Germany, and 20,607, value \$535,216 72, issued in Germany and paid here; orders issued on Great Britain, 77,351, value \$1,491,320 31, and from Great Britain, paid here, 15,992, value \$303,773 66; orders issued on Switzerland, 2721, value \$72,287 28, and orders from that country, paid here, 793, amounting to \$21,222 16. It is suggested that the money-order fees be increased so as to cover the expenses. It is expected that the revenues of the department from postage on printed matter will be increased by the operation of the new act, notwithstanding that the rates are cheaper than before, as now the postage will be prepaid, while heretofore much loss has been occasioned to the department on account of the non-collection of postage at the point of delivery. The Postmaster-General concludes his report with the promise to guard expenditures with strict vigilance, and so to conduct affairs generally that the interests of the public shall be paramount to those of any individual, corporation, or party.

President Grant issued a proclamation December 21 commanding the disturbers of the peace at Vicksburg, Mississippi, to disperse within five days.

The Count von Arnim, ex-minister of the German Empire to France, was tried and convicted in Berlin, and sentenced December 19 to three months' imprisonment, for concealing certain ecclesiastical and political documents intrusted to his official custody while in the diplomatic service of the empire.

In the Prussian Parliament, December 16, a resolution was adopted declaring that in order to uphold the dignity of that body an amendment to the constitution is necessary forbidding the arrest of a deputy during the session. On the 18th a motion was made to strike out the appropriation for the secret service, but it was defeated by 71 to 199.

The whole number of granges in the United States December 1 was 21,472, an increase of 364 during November. There are 266 lodges in New York State.

King Kalakaua of the Sandwich Islands visited the United States, reaching Washington on December 12. He was formally presented to the President on the 15th, and welcomed by Congress on the 18th.

The Italian Parliament was opened by the king November 23.

President M'Mahon presented his message to the French Assembly December 3. He strongly insisted on the necessity of definite legislation with regard to the constitutional powers, and concluded by saying, "It is my duty not to de-

sert the post in which you have placed me—to occupy it up to the last day with unshaken and scrupulous respect for law."

#### DISASTERS.

*November 23.*—Nearly half the town of Tusculumbia, Alabama, was destroyed by a storm of wind and rain. Twelve persons were killed.

*November 29.*—The steamer *La Plata*, from Gravesend for Rio Grande do Sul, foundered at sea. The captain and sixty others were lost.

Eleven persons perished in the snow on the Great St. Bernard, in the Alps, in November.

*December 9.*—A terrific gale swept the British coast, wrecking several vessels and destroying many lives.

The Pacific mail steamer *Japan*, bound from San Francisco to Yokohama, took fire at sea December 17, and was totally destroyed. One hundred and twenty-three persons are known to have been saved, but a large number of others are missing.

*December 21.*—Powder magazine in Scutari, West Turkey, struck by lightning and exploded. A portion of the city walls was thrown down, many houses demolished, and two hundred persons killed or injured.

#### OBITUARY.

*November 25.*—In New York, Brevet Brigadier-General Thomas J. Leslie, of the United States army, aged seventy-nine years.

*November 27.*—In Chicago, Sherwood C. Campbell, the vocalist, in his forty-fifth year.

*November 28.*—In New York city, Jonathan Sturges, merchant, aged seventy-three years.

*November 29.*—In Philadelphia, ex-Justice John Meredith Read, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, in his seventy-eighth year.

*November 30.*—In his office in the City Hall, New York, Hon. William F. Havemeyer, in his seventy-first year.

*December 2.*—In Chicago, ex-Judge Edward P. Cowles, formerly of the Supreme Court of this State, aged fifty-nine years.

*December 8.*—In Jersey City, Hon. Dudley S. Gregory, ex-Mayor of that city and ex-member of Congress, aged seventy-five years.

*December 9.*—At Ithaca, New York, Ezra Cornell, founder of the Cornell University, in his sixty-eighth year.

*December 17.*—In Norfolk, Virginia, Hon. John B. Rice, member of Congress from the First District of Illinois, aged sixty-five years.—In Washington, D. C., Commander William B. Cushing, U.S.N., in his thirty-second year. In *Harper's Magazine* for July, 1874, under the title of "One of Many," an account was given of this brilliant young officer's naval exploits during the war.

*December 20.*—In Washington, D. C., Jefferson Rives, one of the publishers of the *Congressional Globe*, aged twenty-seven years.

*November 9.*—In Edinburgh, Scotland, James Gall, publisher, aged ninety-one years.

*November 11.*—In Paris, M. Taschereau, formerly director of the National Library of France, and author of a life of Molière, aged seventy-three years.

*November 25.*—A dispatch from Kingston, Jamaica, announces the death of Sir Joshua Rowe, ex-Chief Justice of Jamaica, nearly eighty years of age.



## Editor's Drawer.



THE BELLMAN OF ENGLAND.

**MR. HENRY SAMPSON'S** *History of Advertising*, just published in England, is full of good things in its way. One of the most ancient modes of attracting the public patronage seems to have been by means of the public criers, who perambulated the streets shouting until they were hoarse. The mediæval crier used to carry a horn with which to call the attention of the people when about to make a proclamation or publication. Public criers appear to have formed a well-organized body in France as early as the twelfth century; for by a charter of Louis VII., granted in the year 1141 to the inhabitants of the province of Berry, the old custom of the country was confirmed, according to which there were to be only twelve criers, five of whom should go about the taverns crying with their usual cry, and carrying with them samples of the wine they called, in order that the people might taste. For the first time they blew the horn they were entitled to a penny, and the same every time after, according to custom. A quaint and significant story is told in an old chronicle in connection with this system of advertising. An old woman named Adelheid was possessed of a strong desire to proclaim the Gospel, but not having lungs sufficiently powerful for the noisy propagation contemplated by her, she paid a wine-crier to go about the town, and, instead of proclaiming the prices of wine, to proclaim the words: "God is righteous! God is merciful! God is good and excellent!" And as the man went about shouting these words, she followed him, exclaiming, "He speaks well! He speaks truly!" The end of it all was that the poor old woman was arrested and tried, and as it was believed that she had been prompted by vanity in what she had done, she was burned alive.

The public criers in France at an early period

were formed into a corporation, and in the year 1258 obtained various statutes from Philip Augustus, some of which were very curious. Thus it was ordained that—

Whosoever is a crier in Paris may go to any tavern he likes and cry its wine, provided they sell wine from the wood, and that there is no other crier employed for that tavern; and the tavern-keeper can not prohibit him.

If a crier finds people drinking in a tavern, he may ask what they pay for the wine they drink; and he may go out and cry the wine at the prices they pay, whether the tavern-keeper wishes it or not, provided always that there be no other crier employed for that tavern.

If a tavern-keeper sells wine in Paris and employs no crier, and closes his door against the criers, the crier may proclaim that tavern-keeper's wine at the same price as the king's wine (the current price), that is to say, if it be a good wine year, at seven denarii, and if it be a bad wine year, at twelve denarii.

For this service the crier could claim four denarii a day.

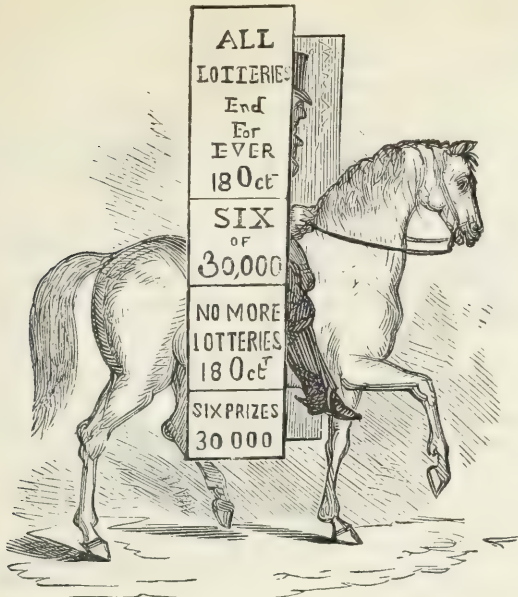
In England public criers appear to have been a national institution at an early period. They proclaimed the cause of the condemnation of criminals, and all other matters of public concern, except ecclesiastical. They also cried all kinds of goods, and were sworn to tell truly and well to the best of their ability and power. After a while the bellman or town-crier was appointed for the benefit of the community at large. In an old engraving of the seventeenth century we see him represented with a bunch of keys in his hand, which he no doubt proclaims as "found." Underneath is the following "notice":

O yes. Any man or woman that  
Can tell any tidings of a little  
Mayden-child of the age of 24  
Yeares. Bring word to the cryar  
And you shall be pleased for  
your labour  
And God's blessing.

This was an old joke, which, in varied forms, is always found under the prints of the town-crier.

In most of the country towns of Great Britain, and even in London, there are still bellmen and parish criers, though their offices are little more than sinecures. The provincial crier's duties are of the most varied description, and relate to objects lost or found, sales by public auction or private contract, weddings, christenings, or funerals. Not much more than a century ago the borough of Lanark was so poor that there was only one butcher in the whole district, and even he never dared venture on killing a sheep till every part of the animal was ordered beforehand. When he felt disposed to engage in such an enterprise he usually prevailed upon the minister, the provost, and the members of the town council to take a joint each; but when shares were





not subscribed for readily the sheep received a respite. On such occasion the services of the bellman, or “skelligman,” as he was there named, were called into request, and that official would go about the streets calling the following rhyme :

Bell-ell-ell !  
 There's a fat sheep to kill !  
 A leg for the provost,  
 Another for the priest,  
 The bailies and the deacons  
 They'll tak' the niest ;  
 And if the fourth leg we canna sell,  
 The sheep it maun leeve, and gae back  
 to the hill !

But the bellman has seen his best days. The newspaper, the street poster, the traveling wagon with its big bell and showy signs, and a thousand other means of advertising have taken the crier's place. More than fifty years ago, in England, wagons were driven through the streets surmounted by revolving turrets, on which were painted flaming announcements of coming events, and men on horseback rode up and down the principal thoroughfares with great bill-boards strapped on either side of them, to attract the public attention.

In the year 1826 the last state lottery ever held in England was advertised after this fashion. The drawing was set down for July 18, but the tickets sold slowly, and the wheel was not turned till Oc-

tober 18. Every thing was done to arouse public enthusiasm. Besides advertising the scheme in the papers, the agents got up a magnificent procession headed by a band of music, which played to attract attention, and then a man stepped forward, and ringing a bell, announced the death of the lottery. Cart-loads of bills were showered down areas and thrust under doors, and no effort was spared to insure success. As the eventful day approached the handbills were multiplied, and people were provided with waste paper for an indefinite time. Chief among the agents of the lottery was a man named Bish, whose rosy prospectuses and doggerel verses made him famous throughout the kingdom. Here is a specimen of his handbills :

## THE AMBULATOR'S GUIDE

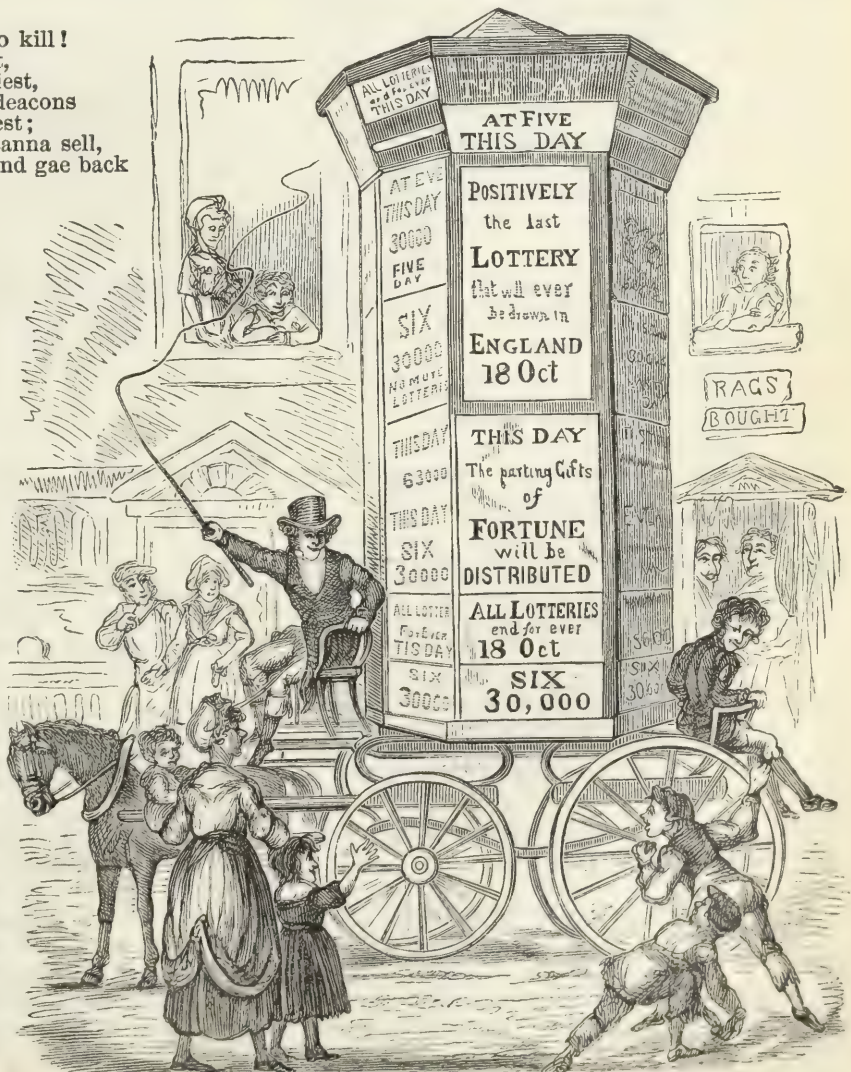
TO THE LAND OF PLENTY.

BY PURCHASING A TICKET  
*in the present Lottery*

You may *reap* a golden *harvest* in *Cornhill*, and pick up the *bullion* in *Silver-street*, have an interest in *Bank-buildings*, possess a *Mansion-house* in *Golden-square*, and an estate like a *Little Britain*; never be in *Hungerford-market*, but all your life continue a *May-fair*.

BY PURCHASING A HALF,

You need never be confined within *London Wall*, but become the proprietor of many a *Long Acre*; represent





a *Borough* or an *Aldermanbury*, and have a share in *Threadneedle-street*.

BY PURCHASING A QUARTER,

Your affairs need never be in *Crooked-lane*, nor your legs in *Fetter-lane*; you may avoid *Paper-buildings*, steer clear of the *King's Bench*, and defy the *Marshallsea*; if your heart is in *Love-lane* you may soon get into *Sweeting's Alley*, obtain your lover's consent for *Matrimony-place*, and always live in a *High-street*.

BY PURCHASING AN EIGHTH,

You may secure plenty of *provision* for *Swallow-street*; finger the *Cole* in *Coleman-street*; and may never be troubled with *Chancery-lane*. You may cast anchor in *Cable-street*; set up business in *Fore-street*; and need never be confined within a *Narrow-wall*.

BY PURCHASING A SIXTEENTH,

You may live *frugal* in *Cheapside*; get merry in *Liquorpond-street*; soak your *hide* in *Leather-lane*; be a *wet sole* in *Shoe-lane*; turn maltster in *Beer-lane*, or hammer away in *Smithfield*.

In short, life must indeed be a *Long-lane* if it's without a *turning*. Therefore, if you are wise, without *Mincing* the matter, go *Pall-mall* to *Cornhill* or *Charing-cross*, and enroll your name in the *Temple* of *Fortune*,

BISH'S.

In 1798, a house in Stanhope Street having been broken open and robbed, the following singular announcement was issued by the proprietor, and appeared in the *Daily Advertiser*:

Mr. R—, of Stanhope Street, presents his most respectful Compliments to the Gentlemen who did him the honour of eating a couple of roasted Chickens, drinking sundry tankards of ale, and three bottles of old Madeira at his house, on Monday night.

In their haste they took away the Tankard, to which they are heartily welcome; to the Table-spoons and the light Guineas which were in an old red morocco pocket-book, they are also heartily welcome; but in the said Pocket-book there were several loose papers, which consisted of private Memorandums, Receipts, etc., which can be of no use to his kind and friendly visitors, but are important to him: he therefore hopes and trusts they will be so polite as to take some opportunity of returning them.

For an old family Watch, which was in the same Drawer, he can not ask on the same terms, but if any way could be pointed out by which he could replace it with twice as many heavy Guineas as they can get for it, he would gladly be the Purchaser. W. R.

A few nights after a packet, with the following letter inclosed, was dropped into the area of the house:

SIR,—You are quite a gemman. Not being used to your Madeira, it got into our upper works, or we should never have cribbed your papers. They be all marched back again with the red book. Your ale was mortal good. The tankard and spoons were made into a white soup, in Duke's Place, two hours afore daylight. The old family watch cases were at the same time made into a brown gravy, and the guts, new christened, are on their voyage to Holland. If they had not been transported, you should have them again, for you are quite the gemman; but you know, as they have been christened and got a new name, they would no longer be of your *old* family. And soe, Sir, we have nothing more to say, but that we are much obligated to you, and shall be glad to sarve and visit you, by nite or by day, and are your humble sarvants to command.

Honor had then, it would appear, not quite departed from among thieves.

EVEN in our day the seeker for amusement can find abundance of it in the advertising columns of our daily papers. The store of fun in them is very great. The grammatical blunders are exceedingly droll. Imagine, for example, the feelings of the lady who advertised her desire to obtain a husband with "a Roman nose having strong religious tendencies;" or the solicitude of

the chemist who requested that "the gentleman who left his stomach for analysis will please call and get it, together with the result." And how full of promise the following:

The advertiser, having made an advantageous purchase, offers for sale on very low terms about six dozen of prime port-wine, late the property of a gentleman forty years of age, full in the body and with a high bouquet.

And how enticing to the musical amateur this:

To be sold, an Erard grand piano, the property of a lady, about to travel in a walnut-wood case with carved legs.

Among the odd advertisements is the following from the *London Times*, and is clear as mud:

From Undergrad, Perjured fowl. No. 6 of the "Sho-tover Papers" is out of print, and the page is missing in every copy they show me. Joe will have to die, but ah, he is tough. Have mercy! Give me three weeks to find it. Proctors fade.

In the *Bristol Gazette* of August 8, 1788, is the following notice from the father of Robert Southey, the poet:

R. Southey thanks his friends in particular and the public in general for the kind support he has hitherto experienced, and begs leave to inform them that he is just returned from London with a large assortment of goods, particularly fine printed calicoes, muslins, and lace, which he is determined to sell on as low terms as any person in the trade, and solicits the early inspection of his friends. N.B.—Part of the old stock to be sold very cheap.

THE following instance of youthful exactness comes to us from a friend in Hingham, Massachusetts, where it recently occurred:

An exhibition was given here some two months since by Tom Thumb, at which the prices were twenty-five cents for those over ten years of age and twelve and a half cents for those under.

It was Johnny's tenth birthday, and his cousin May, aged thirteen, thought it to be her duty to celebrate it by taking him in the afternoon to see the dwarf. Arriving at the door, she put down thirty-eight cents, and asked for two tickets.

"How old is the boy?" asked the ticket-seller.

"Well," replied Miss May, "this is his tenth birthday; but he was not born until late in the afternoon."

The vendor of tickets accepted the accuracy of the averment, and handed her the proper certificates for admission. But it was a close fit.

A FRENCH quotation often serves to point an English epigram. A literary lady who hoped to become the mother of a son thus philosophically consoles herself for her disappointment:

Ah, well! 'tis over. Should I not resign  
My weaker will to Fate's imperious shall?  
'Tis not a boy—yet such as 'tis, 'tis mine:  
Then let me thankful murmur, *C'est é-gal!*

THE last steamer brings the following fresh anecdote of Alexandre Dumas, and explains how this prolific writer, who earned such large sums of money by his pen, died a poor man. An old comrade came to ask him for some pecuniary assistance. "All right," said Dumas. "Look on the chimney-piece; I received two hundred pounds from my publisher this morning. Several people have already helped themselves to a little; you take the rest." But there was not a napoleon left. "How foolish you have been,"



said Dumas, seeing his friend's disappointment, "to put off coming till mid-day!"

THE "colored wedding" mentioned in the Drawer for November last reminds a correspondent of a similar occurrence that he witnessed a few months since in Elizabeth City, North Carolina:

Sam and Rose were standing at the chancel undergoing the transition from single to double blessedness, when Sam turned to some of his friends in the audience and tipped them a knowing wink. Rose observed the action, and remarked,

"Oh yes, you ken wink and you ken blink, but you got t' do jes wha' de min'ster sez."

She had him at that juncture.

A MICHIGAN friend sends this:

A lumberman out here being poorly provided with materials of sustenance for his men, fed them with pork cooked with the rind upon it. A young man of the company, not liking that outer portion of the food, was observed by the host to be carefully removing the outside covering, whereupon mine host said,

"Young man, we eat rind and all here."

To which the youth replied, "All right, old man, I'm cutting it off for you."

In the postscript of a letter of a clergyman who had been recruiting his health at Saratoga last summer is the following: "The belle of the season wore a dress valued at the amount of my salary for two years, and a set of diamonds equal in value to the cost of a comfortable mission church, with infant room attached, gas fixtures and cabinet organ included."

"PIKE County, Missouri," writes a missionary of the American Sunday-school Union, "has been immortalized, or rather rendered notorious, by John Hay's poem, *Little Breeches*. Pikers are an independent, rather lawless class of people, some of them, who would rather lynch a man for horse-stealing than for murder. Last Sunday I had quite an argument with a leading professor of religion as to whether it is right to hang a horse-thief, which he closed by saying, 'Well, if it isn't in the Scripter, it ought to be thar; it's a mercy to the miserable cuss to hang him.' Much whisky and tobacco are used here, but the moral tone of the county has been much elevated by Union Sunday-schools, some of which have grown into churches. Even the 'Salt River Tigers' will throng to hear 'preachin',' and have begun to get the idea of Sunday-schools; but they must be Union schools. 'We don't want none of your sectaran, one-sided schools, but one every body can go to.' A class in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, lately sent a library for their school, and they are very proud of it, and it is to be hoped that the 'tigers' will be changed into lambs."

MARSHALL JEWELL, our new Postmaster-General, has in various ways made it apparent that he "means business," and does not propose to tolerate any unbusiness-like proceedings in the department under his charge. For instance, he issued a short time ago an order discontinuing the rather loose practice which had obtained of

allowing the department clerks to draw "advance pay" under certain circumstances. Unfortunately one of those gentlemen, who had postponed until December his usual summer vacation—which he then proposed to enjoy as his honey-moon—found the new rule likely to seriously interfere with his visions of bliss, and the chief of his bureau undertook the task of endeavoring to induce the Postmaster-General to make an exception in so peculiar and interesting a case. Governor Jewell, however, declined to grant the request. "The Post-office Department can not insure Mr. ——'s life," he observed, "and the Postmaster-General can not violate his own orders; but," he added, "the young man's word must be kept, and the young lady must not be disappointed, so I'll take the risk myself;" and drawing his individual check in favor of the clerk for the amount of the latter's monthly salary, he thereby cut the Gordian, and rendered feasible the tying of the hymeneal knot. When that happy couple have the right and occasion to make choice of a name for a male member of the human race, if that of Marshall Jewell does not occur to them as a highly appropriate one, the fact will certainly prove them lacking in gratitude and in appreciation of the everlasting fitness of things.

A FEW more old epitaphs have come to us:

The body underneath this stone is  
Of my late husband, Jacob Jonas,  
Who when alive was an Adonis.

Ah, well-a-day!

O Death! thou spoiler of fair faces,  
Why took'st thou him from my embraces?  
How could'st thou mar so many graces?

Say, tyrant, say!

Another:

*Hic jacet* Walter Gunn,  
Sometime landlord of the *Sun*—  
*Sic transit gloria mundi!*

He drank hard upon Friday,  
That being a high day,  
Then took to his bed, and died upon Sunday.

And another:

His net old fisher George long drew;  
Shoals upon shoals he caught,  
Till Death came hauling for his due,  
And made poor George his draught.  
Death fishes on through various shapes;  
In vain it is to fret;  
Nor fish nor fisherman escapes  
Death's all-inclosing net.

ONE of the latest of Mr. J. Billings's orphic utterances is so pertinent to the pleasant mission of this department of the Magazine that we give it place:

"Fun is the cheapest fisick that haz bin discovered yet, and the eazyest to take. Fun pills are sugar-coated, and no change ov diet is necessary while taking them. A little fun will sum-times go a grate ways; i hav known men to liv to a good old age on one joke, which they managed to tell az often az once a day, and do all the laffing themselves besides that waz done. But thare iz lots ov pholks who kant see enny phun in enny thing; yu couldn't fire a joke into them with a double-barrell gun 10 paces off; they go thru life az sollum az a cow. Menny people think it iz beneath their dignity to relish a joke; sutch people are simply fools, and dont seem to kno it. The Billings family are allwuss on the look-out for fun. It iz sed ov Dexter Billings, one ov our pristines, that he had to be kept



under 500-dollar bonds all the time to keep him from laffing in church. Fun iz the pepper and salt ov every-day life, and all the really wiz men who hav ever lived hav used it freely for seasoning."

IN the number of *Blackwood's Magazine* for November last is a clever hit in rhyme at the "President's Address, British Association, 1874." Since the late Professor Aytoun's verses on "Monads" there has been nothing better. The solemn pomp of the lines is delicious, and the vivid funniness of the final drop from the sublime to the ridiculous is nearly as good as the savage humor of Bret Harte's summary of the consequences to the learned geologist when, "a chunk of old red sandstone" having "caught in the abdomen," "the subsequent proceedings interested him no more." Professor Tyndall's eloquent description of the emancipation of science from the trammels of creeds is cleverly paraphrased in six lines:

In the very beginnings of science, the parsons, who managed things then,  
Being handy with hammer and chisel, made gods in the likeness of men,  
Till commerce arose, and at length some men of exceptional power  
Supplanted both demons and gods by the atoms, which last to this hour.  
Yet they did not abolish the gods, but they sent them well out of the way,  
With the rarest of nectar to drink, and blue fields of nothing to sway.

The atomic theory is delightfully put from the comic point of view, and the *jeu d'esprit* ends with the following version of the professor's pyrotechnical peroration:

First, let us honor the atom, so lively, so wise, and so small;  
The atomists next let us praise, Epicurus, Lucretius, and all;  
Let us damn with faint praise Bishop Butler, in whom many atoms combined  
To form that remarkable structure which it pleased him to call—his mind;  
Last, praise we the noble body to which, for the time, we belong,  
Ere yet the swift whirl of the atoms has hurried us, ruthless, along,  
The British Association—like Leviathan worshiped by Hobbes,  
The incarnation of wisdom, built up of our witless nobles,  
Which will carry on endless discussions when I, and probably you,  
Have melted in infinite azure—and, in short, till all is blue.

THIS from a correspondent at Springfield, Massachusetts:

Having been a steady reader of the *Monthly* from the first, I have very much enjoyed the wise and witty quips and oddities of the Drawer. Although I well knew that it requires grist to keep any mill running, I have never contributed to keep the hopper supplied, until at this late day I am resolved to offer my mite, one of its merits being the fact that the story is literally true of my own knowledge.

When I was a boy living at home on a farm in Western New York one of the laborers employed by my father was a man by the name of Lacey. He was past middle life, and of a heavy, sluggish mould, which to a stranger would indicate any thing but keen and ready wit, yet if any attempted to tax its temper, they soon found that under his unouth exterior there was a sarcasm

as ready and keen as a Damascus blade. One instance, I think, is worthy a place in the Drawer.

His wife was a wiry little woman, all right angles and activity, and withal something of a Xantippe, who had little patience with his slow and ponderous ways, and often took him to task pretty severely. On one occasion, after having exhausted her vocabulary of invective, which he bore with the most perfect good nature, she wound up with the following:

"When I was a young woman I had as good a written recommend as any girl in the whole country, and I wish I had left you alone and kept that till I die."

"Humph!" responded the old man, with the most imperturbable quietness, "what good ud that done ye?—*the devil can't read writin'.*"

GENERAL O'NEILL, a gentleman of some means, having come over from "the ould sod" to settle in Nebraska, sent to various parties a sheet of printed questions to which he desired answers. We give a few of the general's questions, and the answers of one of those frank, simple men of the vicinage:

Q. "Name of county, and when organized?"

A. "Kass Kounty. Organized when fellows started building."

Q. "Have you good water? How deep do you have to dig for it?"

A. "Yes. You can dig as deep as you want."

Q. "Is the land principally owned by residents or non-residents?"

A. "Some this way, some that way; principally neither."

Q. "Where do you get your lumber? What do you pay for it?"

A. "Generally at the lumber-yard, occasionally at the saw-mills. Sometimes cash, sometimes notes."

Q. "How is the climate as to health?"

A. "Have never heard the climate complain."

Q. "How are the roads?"

A. "The roads are very well, thank you; how are you?"

Q. "Is there fish or game of any kind?"

A. "Yes. Fish—gudgeons and flats. Game—seven-up, poker, euchre, etc."

WHEN Zebulon Vance was Governor of North Carolina he was talking with an English gentleman in reference to legal formalities in English and American courts, and while there was less red-tapeism with us, there were certain forms that were adhered to with great tenacity. In illustration, he said, jocosely, "Don't go away with the notion that we discard forms. Judge —, Sir, is as great a stickler for forms as any man in your country. One day a soldier who had been battered considerably in the war was brought in as a witness. The judge told him to hold up his right hand.

"Can't do it, Sir," said the man.

"Why not?"

"Got a shot in that arm, Sir."

"Then hold up your left."

"The man said he had got a shot in that arm too.

"Then," said the judge, sternly, "you must hold up your leg. No man can be sworn, Sir, in this court by law unless he holds up something."



# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCXCVIII.—MARCH, 1875.—VOL. L.

## THE ISLE OF MAN.



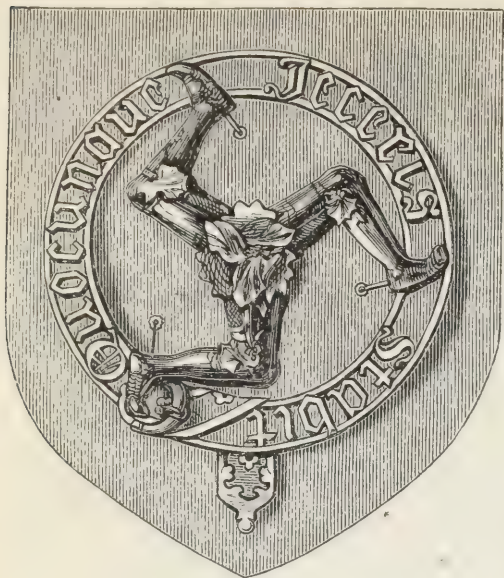
CASTLE RUSHEN, ISLE OF MAN.

THERE is a patch of land in the stormy Irish Sea called the Isle of Man, about which many traveled and untraveled Americans know scarcely more than its name. On a sunny day the highlands of Ulster, in Ireland, and of Galloway, in Scotland, are visible from its western shore, and from the summit of Snaefell Mountain busy little England is seen fretting in the golden haze far across the sea. It is not much greater than Staten Island in area, and an ambitious Californian might look upon it as a fair-sized ranch. But small as it is—a mere speck on the map of Great Britain—it has a government of its own, with a House of Parliament, a people infused with noble blood, and a thrilling and eventful history. Hawthorne found it out while he was a consul at Liverpool, and has praised it in the

delicious prose of his *English Note-Books*; Scott gathered material for *Pereril of the Peak* from its romantic scenery and legends; and Wordsworth commemorated a visit to it in a sonnet. But it is not in these few literary associations that its chief interest lies. The history of its varied fortunes and the ancestry of its superstitious people have a peculiar interest, dating as they do from the thrilling age when the Norsemen were mighty in the West.

In its greatest length the island measures about thirty-three miles, and in its greatest breadth about thirteen. Its circumference is seventy-five miles, excluding the sinuosities of the bays; and it contains a superficial area of about one hundred and thirty thousand acres, or two hundred and three square miles. Enjoying the benefits of the





MANX ARMS.

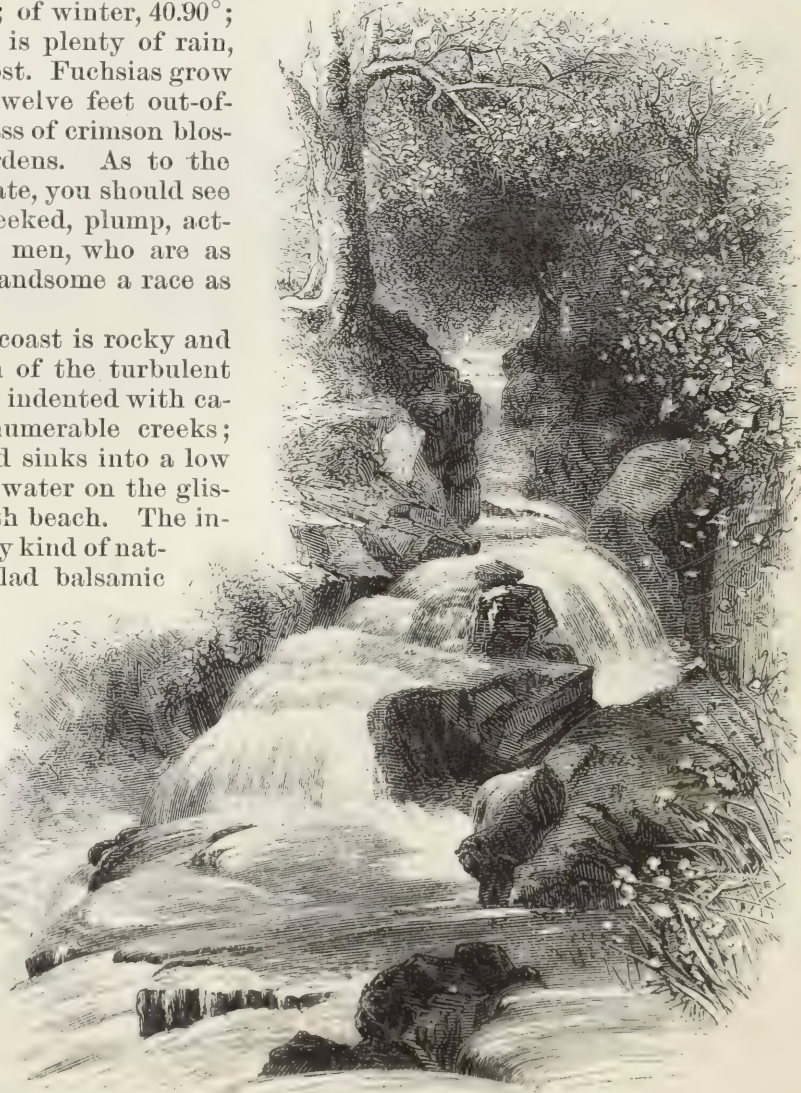
Gulf Stream, the climate is singularly mild and genial, and there are few other places in the world where the difference between winter and summer is so slight. The mean temperature of summer is usually about  $56.17^{\circ}$ ; of autumn,  $46.97^{\circ}$ ; of winter,  $40.90^{\circ}$ ; of spring,  $44.70^{\circ}$ . There is plenty of rain, but very little snow or frost. Fuchsias grow to the height of ten or twelve feet out-of-doors, and are found, a mass of crimson blossoms, in the poorest gardens. As to the healthfulness of the climate, you should see the native girls, rosy-cheeked, plump, active, and gleeful, and the men, who are as stalwart, muscular, and handsome a race as ever breathed sea-air.

For the most part the coast is rocky and wild, hoar with the foam of the turbulent sea that surrounds it, and indented with capacious harbors and innumerable creeks; but in the north the land sinks into a low pasturage, and meets the water on the glistening pebbles of a smooth beach. The interior includes nearly every kind of natural scenery—heather-clad balsamic hills, plains as richly cultivated as the downs of Surrey, wide reaches of prickly gorse as drear as Yorkshire moors, and the prettiest of cascades. The enchantment of Northern land dwells in its subdued light and on its mist-crowned heights.

An old statute-book relates how a wizard king first ruled in the island, and enshrouded it in vapor. An Irish

glossary written by an old king of Munster corroborates the statement, adding that the wizard was also the best pilot in the west of Europe, and was called Mannan MacLleirr, or the Son of the Sea—a name which he extended, in part, to his kingdom. Cæsar called the island Mona; Pliny, Monabia; Orosius, Menavia; Bede, Menavia Secunda; the Saxons, Mannie; the Welsh, Monan; the Irish, Menand; the Scandinavians, Mon; and the natives still call it Mannin. From all that these eminent ancients have said only one thing is certain, and that has no reference to MacLleirr. The Scots inhabited the island at an early date, and in 520 A.D. a nephew of King Arthur came from Wales and conquered it. Then for many years it was in a tumultuous state, and was successively held by the Scots again, the Welsh, the Northumbrians, and other of the Anglo-Saxon nations.

In 870, when Roderic the Great was King of Mercia, he conferred the sovereignty of the island upon his son Anaraut, and it was during the term of the latter that the vikings included it among their conquests.



BALLAGLASS WATER-FALL.





BALLURE BRIDGE.

These old heroes were the victims of lawless and blood-thirsty dispositions, and had withdrawn from their allegiance to Harold Haarfager. The more peaceful and penitently inclined emigrated to Iceland, out of the reach of the offended king, where they established themselves in prosperity and honor. But the others settled nearer home, and occupied the Isle of Man, from which vantage-ground they continued to make things lively for their father-land. Harold was not long in following them. "But when he had come westward as far as Man," says his saga, "the report of his exploits on the land had gone before him; for all the inhabitants had fled over to Scotland, and the island was left entirely bare both of people and goods, so that he and his men made no booty when they landed."

As soon as Harold had retired the vikings returned to the island, and killed an earl to whom he had intrusted the government. A second earl whom the king sent to subdue them was also killed, and his wife and daughter were sold as slaves. The island then became a pirates' lair, and the children of Harold, by condoning the vices of the vikings, managed to hold the throne of Mona for several generations.

In 1263 the island was tributary to Norway, and as the mother country was unable to protect it, it was ceded to Alexander III. of Scotland. Thereupon the ancient armorial bearings of the Kings of Man were erased, and the three armed legs were substituted, with the appropriate motto, *Quo-*

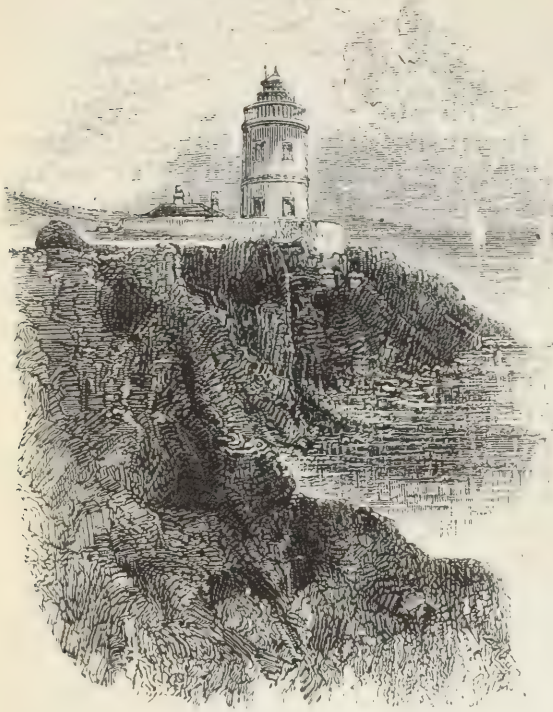
*cunque jeceris stabit*—"Howsoever you throw it, it will stand."

The Scots had not the strength to hold the island, however, and at the request of the inhabitants Edward I. of England took possession. Edward II. gave it to his favorite, Piers Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall, and afterward it fell under the rule of Henry Beaumont. But the warlike Scots were impatient to regain it; and in 1313 an army under Robert Bruce invaded the island, occupying it for the thirteen years following. The Earl of Shaftesbury wrested it from them in 1340, and sold it to the Earl of Wiltshire, whose life and property were sacrificed in high treason committed against his sovereign majesty the king. Henry IV. granted it to the Earl of Northumberland, and it next passed into the hands of the Stanleys (Earls of Derby), who retained it until 1651. In that year the sixth earl was beheaded at Bolton for his adherence to Charles I., and Lord Fairfax was appointed a ruler in Mona. Charles II. restored the island to the Stanleys on his accession, and by them it was transferred to the Dukes of Athol, who voluntarily disposed of the sovereignty to Great Britain one hundred and ten years ago.

The vikings are fishermen now, and all the great treasure steamers from Liverpool sail into the West without a thought or wish of evil toward them. Sleepy villages are perched on the cliffs where once the beacon-fires of the wreckers allured many a goodly ship to her doom. In the bays where the pirates hid themselves fly the white sails of pleasure-boats. So great are the changes wrought by time that even the spell of mist worked by the wizard king has been broken, and the summer has its share of cloudless days. The invaders are not Romans, Picts, Scots, or Scandinavians, but aggressive tourists bearing knapsacks instead of eagles, and walking-sticks instead of javelins. These confront you in nearly every part of the island, and the primitive character of the natives is fast changing under the influence of the town manners which the visitors bring with them. Many of the superstitions have been laughed away, and hospitality has acquired a fair money value. I do not mean to say that there are no more generous hearts and simple minds in Mona. An old fisherman's wife entertained me with flour bread, salt fish, and tea in her hut at Creggy-neesh, and indignantly thrust me out of the only door in the house when the meal was ended because I offered her a shilling. There are not a few honest folks, too, who yet have a steadfast faith in mermaids and fairies.

The island is reached by a line of yacht-like steamers, each with two bright red funnels and two very slanting masts, which sail from Liverpool every afternoon during the





ENTRANCE TO DOUGLAS HARBOR.

summer. The distance is about seventy-five miles, and the somewhat perilous passage across the Channel is usually made in five or six hours. But the sea is persistently boisterous, and has that eminently offensive motion which old travelers call "chopping." It almost invariably rains in the Channel, moreover, and as the saloon will not shelter more than half the passengers, the other half are drenched and made miserable on deck. No land is in sight. The Welsh hills are lost in haze near the estuary of the Mersey, and the drear beach which reaches a little farther is also left behind before the voyage is well begun. Then for five hours there are only the wintry sea and the sullen sky.

The cry of "Land, ho!" at last awakens the passengers from their sickly languor, and brings a ray of hope to many pale faces. Yonder it is—a faint outline on the mist. The steamer tosses for another hour before it is clearly seen, and the rain continues to fall with unabated force. But occasionally a stray shaft of gold pierces the clouds, fringing them with its lustre, and soon the sun struggles through, revealing Mona to us in the glory of her autumn robes. The mist, now whitened to a silvery sheen, drifts in wreaths and masses, resting a while on the uplands, and then gathering densely in some ravine, or soaring toward the highest peaks. Half the island is bathed in the enchanted vapor that steals over it as a pleasant dream over the human sense. The sun falls aslant the nearer land with undimmed effulgence, bringing into clearer view the rich fields of mature wheat, the cool reaches of unparched

verdure, and at length the gray and red walls of the bold coast.

The steamer then glances between two bold promontories into the sapphire water of Douglas Bay, at the head of which is Douglas itself, the principal town, with a canopy of blue smoke lazily floating over its gray houses. The arrival is an affair of no little importance. It brings her Majesty's mails, the Liverpool and London newspapers, and a fresh crowd of visitors to the hotels and boarding-houses. The magnificent stone wharf is thronged with eager faces. Some venturesome ones pull out in small row-boats to greet the new-comers, and a more formal honor is paid to them in a good-will salute fired from a little cannon on the cliff. It is only because Douglas is on an island that this fuss is made over an event that occurs three hundred and thirteen days in the year. Otherwise it would be almost unnoticed.

The old town is on the low ground nearest the shore, and is intersected by incoherent little streets, which are so narrow that two vehicles approaching from opposite directions can not pass, and the occupants of the solid-looking houses might *almost* shake hands out of their bedroom windows with their neighbors over the way. The houses are as much alike as a row of nine-pins, as uniform as the streets are erratic. They were built for a simple people, earning a frugal living from the sea, and no vain architectural fancies have been lavished upon them. The walls are thick and the roofs warm. They were looking out on the bay and trembling in the wintry blast long before a new town had crept above them on the hill, and these very dormer-windows that stare in perpetual reverie from the deep roofs have often been filled with the anxious faces of fishermen's wives as the herring boats have sailed far out to sea. A chilly effect is produced by their white fronts and dark roofs in the gray light of the afternoon, and they look all the better in the evening, when the lamps glow through the bits of red curtains in the windows.

Compared with its tributaries, the principal thoroughfare is magnificent. It runs across the town from one side of the bay to the other, and is nearest of all to the water. Once its buildings were like those on the other streets, and its only claim to superiority rested in its possession of a few shops. But it has since advanced to the glory of plate-glass show windows, with as fine displays of fashionable millinery and clothing as an ambitious little city could desire. There are also extensive bazars and arcades for the allurements of those tourists who have a weakness for giving inscribed mementoes of the places they have visited to their friends. But Duke Street, with all its fine stores, still remains a mere alley,





DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN.

with a cobble-stone pavement. Some of the older one-story buildings have stood their ground while the grander ones have been built around them. Its inconvenient compactness gives a small crowd the appearance and force of a large one, and you can not walk through it without the most vigorous pushing and elbowing. At night it is flooded with light from the shops and thronged with loungers. The trade done in pictorial note-paper and wooden spoons marked "A present from the Isle of Man" is enormous. All the purchasers seem to be strangers, and occasionally you may see a salty-looking native, dressed in a pea-jacket and a sou'wester cap, watching them with an expression of mingled contempt and approval.

The southern end emerges in the old Market Square—a lively and interesting scene at all times. On one side stands the Church of St. Matthew, which has been frowning on the vanity of the passing crowd for more than one hundred and fifty years. It was consecrated by Bishop Wilson, whose life was written by Keble, and age has only slightly impaired the strength of its substantial walls. Close by there are several old-fashioned taverns, with cozy bar-parlors, which invite the carnal man to drowse away an hour or two over a long clay pipe and a glass of steaming toddy. A little further on you come to the harbor, which is formed by the embouchure of the river Douglas, and is partly separate from the bay. Two great hills flank it, the one on the farther side covered with the brightest verdure, the other graded into streets and occupied by houses. At low water the pebbly bottom is visible, with the river, white from the flour mills, running through a deeper channel in the middle. A few fishing boats are moored to the wharf, their red sails hanging limply about the masts, and



their weather-beaten crews enjoying an industrious idleness on deck. A schooner or bark from England or Ireland is sometimes moored among others, and under the lighthouse at the end a gallant fleet of row-boats and yachts dazzle the water with the surpassing brilliancy of their paints.

At night the market-place reminds you of Flemish pictures. Its space is filled with stands and lighted with flaring yellow lamps. Here you may see a comely woman—with such a color and such a breadth!—planted before a stall loaded with the most glittering and most richly colored mackerel in the world. Her bright eyes, clear complexion, and picturesque dress—the red shawl jauntily thrown across her magnificent shoulders, the clean blue check apron and homespun brown gown—realize the ideal of a modern viking's daughter. Next to her, before a stand of oysters, is a gray-haired old fellow in sailor's attire calling out his stock in the most persuasive tone. "Fine oystars, fresh oystars, oystars all alive, oy-y-stars kicking! Try them, ladies; try them, gents; a shilling a dozen. Oystars, oysta-r-r-r-s!" Only a few of the tourists who throng the narrow passage are able to resist the appeal, augmented as it is by the tempting samples which are open within their pearly clasps, all ready for the pepper and the vinegar. On another stall a lot of crimson lobsters and crabs invite purchasers; and the next dealer, a fair-haired girl, displays some tender-looking mushrooms, gathered by her own chubby





MANX OYSTERMAN.

hands that same afternoon. In the background stands the old church, the flickering lamps throwing gigantic shadows on its yellow walls, and the taverns, their windows beaming with a hospitable warmth.

When other visitors than occasional officials of the English government and the captains of small coasters began to come to the island, the first stones of the new town were laid on Prospect Hill. Soon afterward terraces of stucco villas, with carriage-drives and gardens in front, dawned on the astonished minds of the old town folk, and yet greater wonders in the shape of modern hotels, with hundreds of rooms and princely furniture. A steamer came from Liverpool daily, bringing an increasing number of passengers each succeeding summer, until the fame of Douglas was spread through the kingdom.

Douglas is the starting-point for tourists to all parts of the island, which can be reached within a day, and it has all the essentials of a fashionable resort. There is a splendid concrete parade, where you may

watch the sea rolling in on the low beach, not in thundering waves, as at Long Branch, but in playful ripples that chase each other like children; an ornamental iron pier reaching several hundred yards in the water of the bay, water of such purity and exquisite colors as you will not see elsewhere on the English coast; handsome boarding-houses and hotels perched on the cliffs among the shady foliage; and the street entertainments of negro minstrels, ballad singers, and acrobats, which form one of the distinctive features of all English watering-places.

A pleasant lane leads to Douglas Head, one of the promontories guarding the entrance to the bay, from which elevation a superb reach of land and water is in view.

It is over three hundred feet above the sea-level, and rises almost precipitously from the water. Lovers have made it a favorite tryst, and dainty parasols blossom unexpectedly out of the secluded nooks torn in the rock. On the opposite headland a smoky chaplet hovers above Onchan village, with its romantic little church—fair Onchan,

"Studding the hill above the glassy bay,  
A tiny hamlet bosomed in the skies."

Inland there are the mountain ranges, and the fertile valley that cleaves the island between Douglas and Peel. A foot-path down the hill brings you to the lighthouse on another commanding eminence, and then, by flights of stairs hewn out of the layers of greenish rock, you come to Port Skillion. I never saw a more romantic bathing-place than this is, nor one where a bath could be enjoyed with greater luxury. It is a cool recess in the rocks, cool on the warmest days in summer. The water is intensely green, and so clear with-



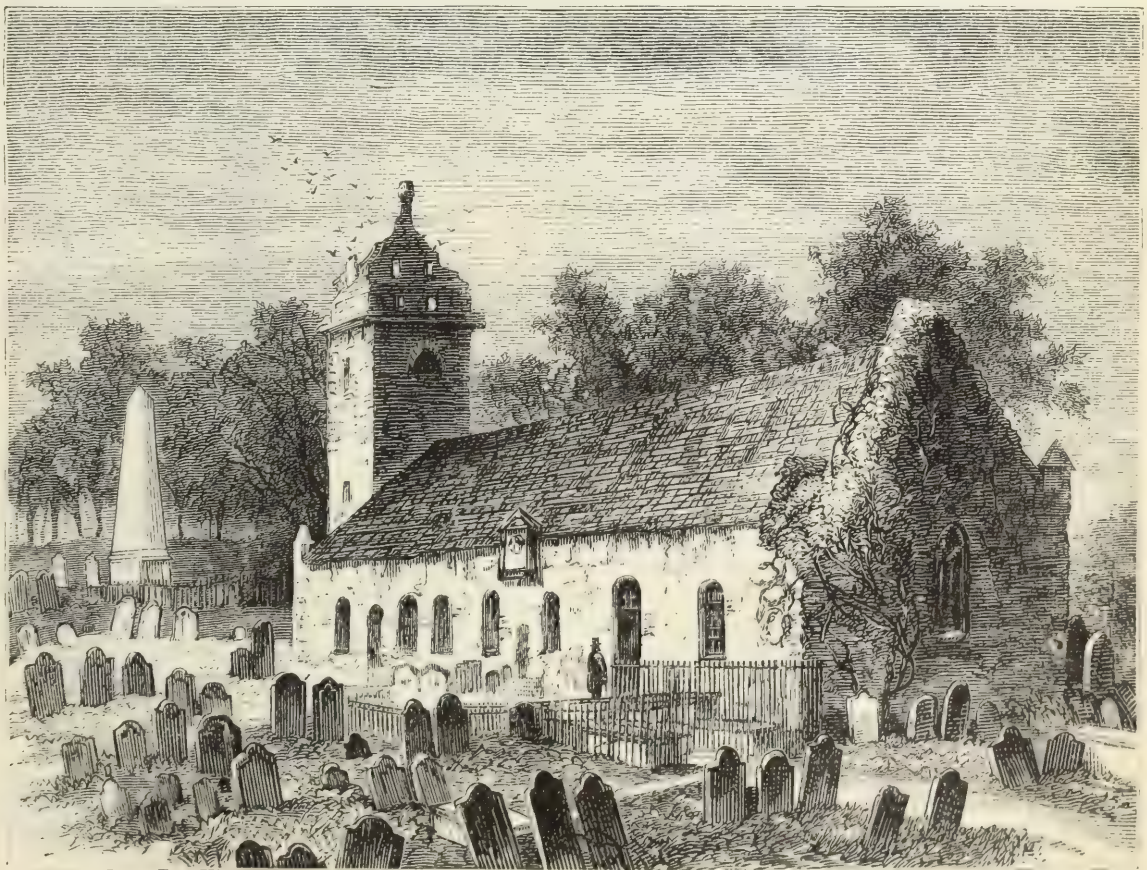
al that a small object can be seen fifteen feet below the surface. In the rear there is a row of comfortable dressing-rooms, with neat exteriors, and a wall of concrete partly incloses a bit of shelving beach evenly strewn with lustrous pebbles. Near the middle of the bay is the "tower of refuge" established on Conister Rock for the succor of the shipwrecked by Sir William Hillery, founder of the National Life-boat Institution. Above you impend the frowning cliffs.

But with all its attractions Douglas is not fashionable. A wealthy iron-master from Barrow, or a mill-owner from Manchester, sometimes builds a summer residence there, and in times past it was a little Siberia for profligate sons of gentlemen, who could not behave themselves in England. Families with limited incomes have chosen it as a retreat where they may practice economy without being debarred from social distinctions. But the crowd of visitors who fill the hotels and boarding-houses to overflowing during the summer mostly belong to the lower middle classes. They are foremen mechanics, clerks, and salesmen from Liverpool, Manchester, and the manufacturing districts of North Lancashire and Cumberland, out for a holiday. Their wives, daughters, and sweethearts are quite as pretty as the women of the better classes, with rosier cheeks, I think, and handsomer forms. Full of health and mirth, tasting the pleasure of relaxation from toil for only

one or two weeks out of the whole year's round, their exuberance is sometimes loud to the degree of vulgarity. But what an incomparably jolly, sociable, song-singing, picnicking set they are!

Their day began with an early morning dip in the water, no matter how cold the temperature or how heavy the rain, and then came a prodigious breakfast of mutton-chops, beefsteak, and "kippered" herrings, which were eaten in abundance with immense relish by men and women. There were no headaches or complaints of bad nights' rest among them. All were jolly, talkative, and full of health. After breakfast they divided into fishing and driving parties, taking with them plethoric lunch baskets; and when they returned in the evening they all settled down to rubbers at whist, song-singing, and story-telling until midnight.

About three miles from Douglas there is an antiquated little village which Hawthorne has celebrated. "I never saw any thing prettier," he has written in his *English Note-Books*, "than the little church at Kirk Braddan. It stands in a perfect seclusion of shadowy trees—a plain little church that would not be remarkable in any other situation, but is most picturesque in its solitude and bowery environment." The road lies over the bridge above the market-place, and through a turnstile path which leads you across some luxuriant fields to the ruins of a nunnery of which St. Bridget was



KIRK BRADDAN.





EXTERIOR OF A MANX COTTAGE.

prioress. The only part of the building remaining is a wall of the chapel, with Gothic windows and an old bell smothered in ivy; but an ancient writer describes it as one of the finest monastic establishments of Great Britain. The prioress was baroness of the isle, held courts in her own name, and possessed great powers, both temporal and spiritual. Among the grave-stones found on the grounds was one inscribed, "Illustrissima Matilda Filia Rex Mercie," which is supposed to have commemorated the daughter of Ethelbert the Saxon, who died a recluse. Another one was inscribed, "Cartesmunda Virgo Immaculata, A.D. MCCXXX," which is supposed to refer to Cartesmunda, "the fair nun of Winchester," who, flying from King John, here found an asylum, and died in peace. The grounds are now included in the estate of a gentleman who has converted them into a paradise, and the ashes of the pious Sisters blossom again in sweet-smelling beds of the choicest flowers.

After passing the nunnery you reach a bit of a village called Ballaughton. It consists of about half a dozen cottages, with little gardens in front flaming with the prodigal fuchsias that carry their clusters of blossom as high as the bedroom windows. The profuseness of this plant imparts a warmth of color to these small homes which I have never seen equaled. The cottages have that peculiarly English appearance of rusticity the charm of which is plainly felt and not easily explained. It is not found in any refined details of architecture, in which they are far excelled by the villages of France. As nearly as I can come to it, it consists in what a clever American writer has called their mellow tone and homely sincerity. They are not merely shelters for men and women; they impress one as being active participants in human life. The open doors revealing the clean kitchens, with their crockery ranged on shelves reaching to the

beams in the ceiling; the common wooden chairs and tables, rounded and smoothed with age; the old Dutch clock complaining in a corner; the deft little curtains strung across the windows; the grandam seated at the threshold, knitting a pair of thick woolen stockings, and nodding a good-afternoon to the passers-by — what fascination and inspiration there are in these homely

sights! A little farther along the road you come to a stone, hollowed on the upper side, which projects about two feet from the wall in which it is set. This is the "fairy's saddle," and granny will tell you that on moonlight nights it is mounted by a dashing sprite who rides a fiery steed over the moor.

A walk of a few hundred yards under an umbrageous canopy of leaves then brings you to the old kirk. It is set back from the road in a mossy church-yard on the brow of a hill; and as you stand at the gateway, looking at it in its nest of oak and beech, I think that you will agree with Hawthorne, who declared that no description could do justice to its quaint beauty. It has every requisite for an ideal country church. It



GOOD-AFTERNOON, GENTLEMEN.



is exceedingly Lilliputian, and is absolutely without other decorations than those that age and time have given. The roof slants so low that a tall man can reach it with his hand, and the mellow walls are broken only by a few narrow arched windows. At the west end there is a square tower, on which are two small bells in open arches, with the date of erection, 1774. The ivy and the lichen have lovingly thrown a decent velvet pall over it, and on one side the humble little sanctuary has sunk below the level of the oozy ground, as though inclined to follow the generation of worshippers that are buried around. A silent company of grave-stones crowd out the living and mark the full harvest of a hundred years. Among these simple monuments



RUNIC STONES, KIRK BRADDAN.

of fishermen and yeomen—most of them thin squares of slate a few feet high—there is a lofty obelisk in memory of the son of John, Duke of Athol; and near to this Henry Hutchinson, Wordsworth's brother-in-law, lies buried, his virtues extolled in an epigraph written by the poet.

The objects of the greatest interest in the church-yard, however, are the ancient sculptured monumental crosses with Scandinavian legends, which are more numerous in the Isle of Man than in any other part of the kingdom. Readers of Mr. Conway's articles on Ilkley are already familiar with their general character. They are vertical stones of a considerable height, decorated with elaborate scroll-work and representations of serpents and various fanciful animals—evidently borrowed from Northern mythology—which are graven on the surface. Most of them are also inscribed with Runic letters; and it is to be supposed from the amount of labor which must have been spent upon them that they were built only to the memory of Norsemen of high degree.

There are seven of these curious stones at Kirk Braddan, and one of them is described by a learned author as being the most thoroughly Scandinavian of all in the island. It is a rectangular pillar cross decorated on three sides with serpents and knot-work. The fourth side bears the inscription, "THURLABR-NEAKI-RISTI-KRUS-THANA-AFT-FIAK-SUN-SIN-BRUTHUR-SUN-EABRS," which, interpreted, means, "Thorlaf Neaki erected this cross to Fiaek his son, the nephew (brother's son) of Jabr."\* A fragment of another cross, ornamented in the same fashion, stands close by. Upon one of its sides the dragon and serpent device is engraved, and on the other there is a beautiful design of knot-work in panels. The edge is inscribed with Runic characters to the effect that "Ottar erected this cross to his father, Fraka, but Thornborn, the son." A third

\* For these facts and much other valuable information the writer is indebted to Mr. James Shimmin and Mr. William Kneale, of Douglas, the latter the author of a popular *Account of the Island*, and an antiquarian noted for his painstaking researches.



stone, less ornate than the others, and in a poorer state of preservation, is inscribed, "Thorstein erected this cross to Ofeig Klnaisön."

When we consider how old these monuments are, the centuries they have carried their stories of paternal and filial love between fathers and sons, I think we will admit them a little nearer to our sympathies than ashy antiquities are wont to come. It is only of late years that any care has been bestowed upon them. One of them long occupied the place of a door-step at the entrance of the church. Another was used as the stepping-stone of a stile. Yet they survived this vandal desecration, as they survived the storms and changes of seven hundred years. The waves of time have scarcely worn a knot out of the intricate tracery of their panels, and the warm hearts of the rugged old Norsemen, so long ago extinct, are vindicated in the simple Runic letters.

The church is dedicated to St. Brandon (Brandinus, or Brandanus), an abbot and confessor, who died in the Isle of Man in the eleventh century. He was created a bishop in 1025, and was also much honored in the Hebrides. The present edifice is only a year older than the Declaration of Independence, but the site has been occupied by a church since 1291, in which year thirty-six canons were enacted by a synod there assembled.

There are three ways of seeing the island. The quickest and cheapest is by the recently constructed narrow-gauge railroad. The most popular is by wagonette, a sort of civilized jaunting-car, accommodating from four to eight persons, which can be hired, with the driver, for twenty shillings (five dollars) a day. The best is by walking, and the occasional use of the railroad between unimportant points. The requisites are a fair degree of endurance, a stout pair of boots, and a water-proof overcoat, the latter being especially indispensable, as scarcely a day passes without the blessing of rain. It was thus that I traveled, and I think I saw much that the ordinary tourist misses.

I started out in a northwesterly direction from Douglas to Peel, following for two miles the road leading to Kirk Braddan. Thence we were in a valley of small farms for the rest of our journey. Prior to the re-investment of the sovereignty in the British crown, agriculture was greatly neglected, and the exertions of the peasantry were devoted to smuggling and the herring fisheries. But since that event a decided improvement has taken place, and the best methods of cultivating lands have been adopted. The holdings are very small, and though some include two hundred acres, the greater number consist of not more than a hundred, or a hundred and fifty. About

two-thirds of the whole island are productive; the remainder is sterile and neglected. Some of the land in the south resting on limestone is said to be equal to the best in England, and in the north large quantities of marl are found, which possesses highly valuable chemical properties.

Mines of lead, iron, and copper are worked extensively at four places, and the export of these minerals affords a considerable part of the insular income. The lead mines in general yield a mixed ore, two-thirds *blende*, and one-third lead, in a ton of which there are from seventy-five to one hundred ounces of silver. Quarries of lime, marble, and granite are also worked on a moderate scale at Foxdale, Scarlett, and Ballasalla.

At the beginning of the eighth century the population consisted of about three hundred families, and in 1861 it had increased to fifty-two thousand. Not a few of the people are descended from the Scotch and Irish immigrants of centuries ago; but the pure-blooded Manx are in a majority. They are jealous of foreigners, and in some remote villages in the mountains and on the coast they intermarry among themselves. In manner they are stolid and reserved, suspicious of questionings, and more disposed to listen than to answer. They are very temperate in the use of strong drinks, and are well-educated and intelligent. Since the year 1703 they have had a complete system of compulsory education.

One of the earliest written laws was directed against drunkenness. "At the Tinswald Court holden on the 24th June, 1610. It is by general consent proclaimed that as oft as any man or woman shall be found drunk hereafter, the party soe offending, if not of ability to pay a fine, shall for the first time be punished in the stockes, the second time to be tyed to the whipping-stockes, and the third time to be whipped therein."

The Manx jealousy of alien settlers is shown in a law which enacts "that all Scotts avoid the land with the next vessel that goeth into Scotland, upon paine of forfeiture of their goods, and their bodies to prison." This spirit of *clannishness* even went so far as to proscribe the emigration from the island of all unmarried men and women, under twenty-five years of age, who had not served seven years at labor. But except in this instance the Manx community enjoyed the utmost political freedom under the most effective and least burdensome restraints of morality.

The language, which is used in conversation by the peasantry and in some of the legal formulas, is one of the six dialects of the Celtic, expanded by the Icelandic and old Norse. Manx scholars are fond of expatiating on its melody, harmony, and copiousness; but Bishop Shirley did not think so much of it, and declared it to be "an





ST. TRINION'S CHURCH.

unmitigated portion of the curse of Babel." The native literature is meagre, consisting of several legendary ballads of considerable length, political and satirical songs and carols or carols, translations of the Bible, the Book of Common Prayer, portions of *Paradise Lost*, several theological works by Bishop Wilson, and hymns by Watts and Wesley.

English is generally understood, and is spoken with a dialect something like that of the characters in *A Princess of Thule*. Was is pronounced wass; indeed, 'teet; far, fair; great, grade; mother, mawther; and devil, tivvil. A visitor was told by a native scholar that in the translation of *Paradise Lost* all the nonsense of the original had been suppressed. "'Teet there's a dale of nonsense in the English pome," he added. "I mane the foolish tales about Adam and Eve coortin', and such like. There's none of that nonsense in Manx pote-ry—no, inteet. A dale of Milton's *Paradise Lost* is nauthin' in the world but thrash. The Manx translation is far shoo-pay-re-er—pertickerly those parts of the pome telling about the fights between the tivvils and the anchels—yes, inteet. Ay, man, it's ray-ly wun-thir-ful—it's grand—its grand uncommon!"

The island does not form part of the realm of Great Britain, and has its own legislature, laws, and courts of justice; but it is a part of the dominions of the Crown. Its government is composed of the Queen in

Council, a Lieutenant-Governor, and the House of Keyes. The Lieutenant-Governor is appointed by the Queen, and members of the House of Keyes are elected by the people. The principal courts of law are the Chancery, the General Jail Delivery, the Exchequer, the Common Law, the Seneschal's, the Consistorial, and the High Bailiff's. The staff of government and the Queen, in Council possess appellate jurisdiction, and for judicial purposes the island is divided into two districts, with a deemster or judge appointed by the Crown for each. These districts are subdivided into sheadings, over each of which is a coroner, who unites in his person the duties of an English constable and sheriff.

To come back to the road, from which I did not intend to wander so far. The day fulfilled the promise of the morning, and I think I was overtaken by only four separate showers in course of two hours. Several wagonettes dashed past, loaded with merry-makers, who seemed indifferent to the rain, as, indeed, all must be who would see the Isle of Man.

Four miles from Douglas I came to Crosby, a road-side village of picturesque cottages, with gardens in front of each. A bevy of barefooted little maidens advanced, offering baskets of mushrooms for sale. Not disposing of which, they modestly retired, without even asking for a penny. It was surprising how few beggars I encountered, and how few signs of poverty. The small-



est cottages were in an excellent state of repair, and the inmates were dressed in substantial and comfortable woollens.

In a grassy field on the right-hand side of the road are the remains of St. Trinion's Church, which was built to the memory of a Pictish bishop hundreds of years ago. I have lost faith in ruins as a general thing, and think them rather disappointing; but St. Trinion's realizes all one's ideas of what a storm-battered, time-eaten old sanctuary should be. It is in a meadow, as I have said—a meadow sprinkled with drops of golden buttercups and snow-flake daisies, and the meadow is at the foot of a mountain. When it was perfect it was about seventy feet long by twenty-five feet broad, but it has not such magnificent proportions now, and the ghosts of all those worshipers who have been baptized and married in it, and are dead, must be crowded for room. The walls at the eastern side are crumbled out of sight, and their dust is cloaked in moss, ivy, and ferns. Only the moist stones at the western end and a part of the northern wall remain, with a voiceless little belfry above them. The roof went long ago, and the story of some marvel-lovers is that there never was a roof at all; in fact, that a mischievous fairy, called the *buggane*, amused himself with tossing it to the ground, with a loud laugh of satisfaction, as often as it was put on. The circumstances are related so minutely that they are almost to be believed, and whether the story is true or false, it is a matter of fact that there never has been a roof during the lifetime of the oldest villagers, and that two crusty trees have been growing out of the nave so long that they would not pass for middle-aged.

The work of the *buggane* was all the wickeder as the church was built by a pious soul in fulfillment of a vow made during a storm at sea, and it is well for the credit of fairy-land that his sins were atoned for by the good deeds of another spirit, who lives in the traditions of an adjacent field. The field is called *Ye Cheance Rhunt*, and the fairy is the *Phynnoddere*, which means in *Manx* the "hairy satyr." At one time he was a favorite elfin knight, but he was banished from the court and transformed to a satyr on account of his love for a mortal. His reverses did not sour the native sweetness of his temper, and he haunted the meadow at the foot of the mountain for many years, endearing himself to the people by constant acts of kindness. On retiring for the night the mistress of the house would leave a bowl of provisions on the table for him, and when the family were asleep he would enter the kitchen and quietly eat the food, afterward mending all the broken furniture in the house, and chopping wood for the morning's fire.

One day a gentleman wished to show his gratitude to the *Phynnoddere*, and left a few garments for him in the meadow; but instead of pleasing him, they wounded his feelings by reminding him of his condition. He took up the things, one by one, muttering the while:

"Cap for the head—alas, poor head!  
Coat for the back—alas, poor back!  
Breeches for the breech—alas, poor breech!"

And throwing them over the mountains into the sea, he disappeared, with a sad cry, never to cross the threshold of man again.

As I made my way back to the road I called for some milk in one of the cottages,



TINWALD HILL AND ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.





PEEL CASTLE AND TOWN.

where an old lady was seated at her spinning-wheel. I asked her whether the fairies had been about lately, and she looked at me suspiciously for a few minutes before gravely answering no. "But," she quickly added, "I ton't mane to say that there be nōne; no, inteet. But it is terrible long cinct wan came anear to me; yes, inteet; ant ta boggane it is in the mountain under the gorce it is." She blessed me as I left her, and fell to crooning an old Manx love-song, as the silky wool sped into the strong fabric:

"For Jurly plain, O Mylechavane,  
You left me alone in the glen;  
For better or worse there is gold in your purse—  
Gold pieces, two hundred times ten."

Two miles further on I entered Glen Hel-en, walking as far as the Rhinneas Waterfall, which tumbles thirty feet over a rocky ledge; and then I came back to the main road, and continued my journey to St. John's. On a greensward there is an artificial mound of earth called Tinwald Hill,\* from which the Norwegians proclaimed the law of the land a thousand years ago. It is about ten feet in height, eighty yards in circumference, and is encircled by three receding terraces cut in the sides, with a small flight of steps leading to the summit at the eastern point. The old custom is still in force, and all new acts passed by the legislature are there promulgated on the 5th of July in each year. The day is a general holiday, and the people come in thousands from all parts of the island. Divine services are

first held in an adjacent church, and the Lieutenant-Governor then occupies a chair within a tent on the summit of the mound, the members of the House of Keyes being seated on the terraces around. The ceremonies are thus prescribed by statute:

"Our Doughtfull and Gracious Lord, this is the Constitution of Old Time, the which we have given in our Days, how ye should be governed on your Tinwald Day. First, you shall come thither in your Royall Array, as a King ought to do, by the Prerogatives and Royalties of the Land of Mann. And upon the hill of Tinwald sitt in a Chaire, covered with Royall Cloath and Cushions, and your Visage to the East, and your Sword before you, holden with the point upward: your Barrons in the third degree sitting beside you, and your beneficed Men and your Deemsters before you sitting; and your Cleark, your Knights, Esquires, and Yeomen about you in the third Degree; and the Worthiest Men in your Land to be called in before your Deemsters, if you will ask any thing of them, and to hear the Government of your Land and your Will; and the Commons to stand without the Circle of the Hill, and the 3 Reliques of Mann there to be Before you in Your Presence by three Clearks in their Surplisses. And your Deemsters shall make call in the Coroner of Glanfaba; and he shall call in all the Coroners of Mann, and their Yards in their Hands, with their weapons upon them, either Sword or Axe. And the Moares, that is, to witt, of every Sheading. Then the Chief Coroner, that is, the Coroner of Glanfaba, shall make affence upon Paine of Life and Lyme, that noe Man make any Disturbance or Stirr, in the Time of Tinwald, or any Murmer or Rising in the

\* The word Tinwald is derived from *Thing*, signifying in the ancient language of the North a popular assembly; and similar mounds exist in Scotland and Iceland.



King's Presence, upon Paine of Hanging and Drawing. And then shall let your Barrons and all others know you to be their King and Lord, and what Time you were here you received the Land as Heir-Apparent in your Father's Days."

One part of the above is no longer observed, that of the clerks bearing the "Reliques," and there is no positive information as to what the Reliques were. Two battles have been fought on the surrounding ground, and a cone-shaped mountain to the south is stained crimson with the blood of witches who were rolled down its steep sides in spiked barrels.

The next town in my itinerary was Peel, which is on the western coast, a few miles north of Douglas. When the contraband trade flourished it was a place of some importance, but all its little wealth is now derived from the herring fishery, which employs four thousand men and boys. Like Douglas, it is sheltered in a semicircular bay, and the coast to the north and south is pitilessly stormy. Red sandstone from the cliffs has been largely used in building, and it imparts a warm tone to the quaint houses in the straggling streets. About half a mile distant there are some sea-worn caves, near a beach strewn with agates, jaspers, and carnelians. But the prettiest and most romantic part of Peel is its little harbor. You read about the morbid impulse of people to throw themselves from the highest gallery of St. Paul's Cathedral, so fascinating is the awful height. I fancy that a young or an old boy strolling here from day to day would succumb to an impulse to run away to sea. Sitting on one of the mooring-posts, I caught myself furtively watching the captain of a fishing boat, and waiting for a chance to steal on board and stow myself away. It is like the harbors that I pictured in my mind's eye when I read the stories of Captain Marryat and W. H. G. Kingston. There is activity without dust or fretting, or noisy teams or sweating men. It is the illimitable sea itself, with its briny scent, not the flavorless water of a mountain stream, that undulates against the bulkheads. The men are chatting about wind and weather, watching the clouds and the barometers in a good old-fashioned way, instead of putting their trust in blatant steamboats. There is no telegraph to herald the approach of vessels twenty-four hours before they can arrive. The women go to the headlands to look for their husbands' boats, and when the clouds are black their hearts sink with the sun.

They are all fishermen in Peel. The old wharf is speckled with their blue Guernsey shirts. Their bearded faces are ruddy with the tint of the west wind. I saw, too, a baby maiden, not more than five summers old, in the full bloom of a fisherwoman—a dainty



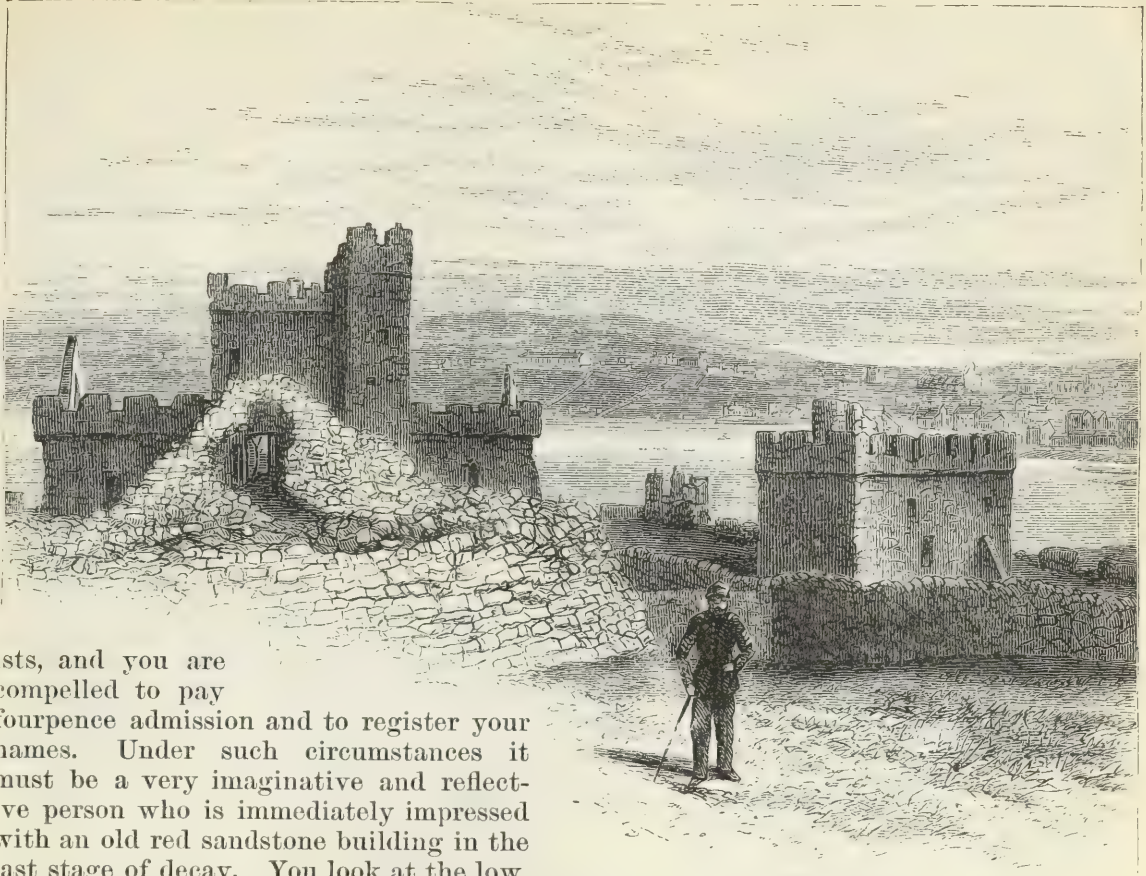
FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.

little thing, dressed in a striped petticoat, a woolen gown and hood, coming from her father's boat with a basket of herrings for dinner. All the children are as fresh and as wild as water-sprites. As I sat by the beach I saw three four-year-olders in a crazy old dory capsizing themselves for fun, and swimming to the shore. Two others were trying with all their might to lose themselves in a pair of sea-boots.

The event of the afternoon is the departure of the boats. They are stanch-looking sloops, of great beam, painted black, and numbered. One by one they glide from their moorings in the harbor into the bay. The brown sails are loosely spread until they pass the breakwater, when the breeze nestles in the folds, and they sweep into the gray space beyond Contrary Head. At sunrise they come home again, their decks glistening with loads of herring and mackerel. As the morning sun, breaking between the hills, strikes them, they are transformed into fairy craft, with purple sails, masts of gold, and hulls of silver.

From the end of the wharf a boat ferries you to St. Patrick's Isle, once separate but now connected with the main-land. Here stand the ruins of Peel Castle, which was one of the oldest combined military and ecclesiastical establishments in Great Britain. From the landing you mount some steps hewn out of solid rock leading to a porteulhis door, and the guide-book tells you that you ought at once to be moved to "some melancholy reflections by the proofs of former pomp and power and present desertion, decay, and desolation"—well-meaning advice, but impracticable. I was not moved in the least, and I don't think you would be. You are among a crowd of boisterous tour-

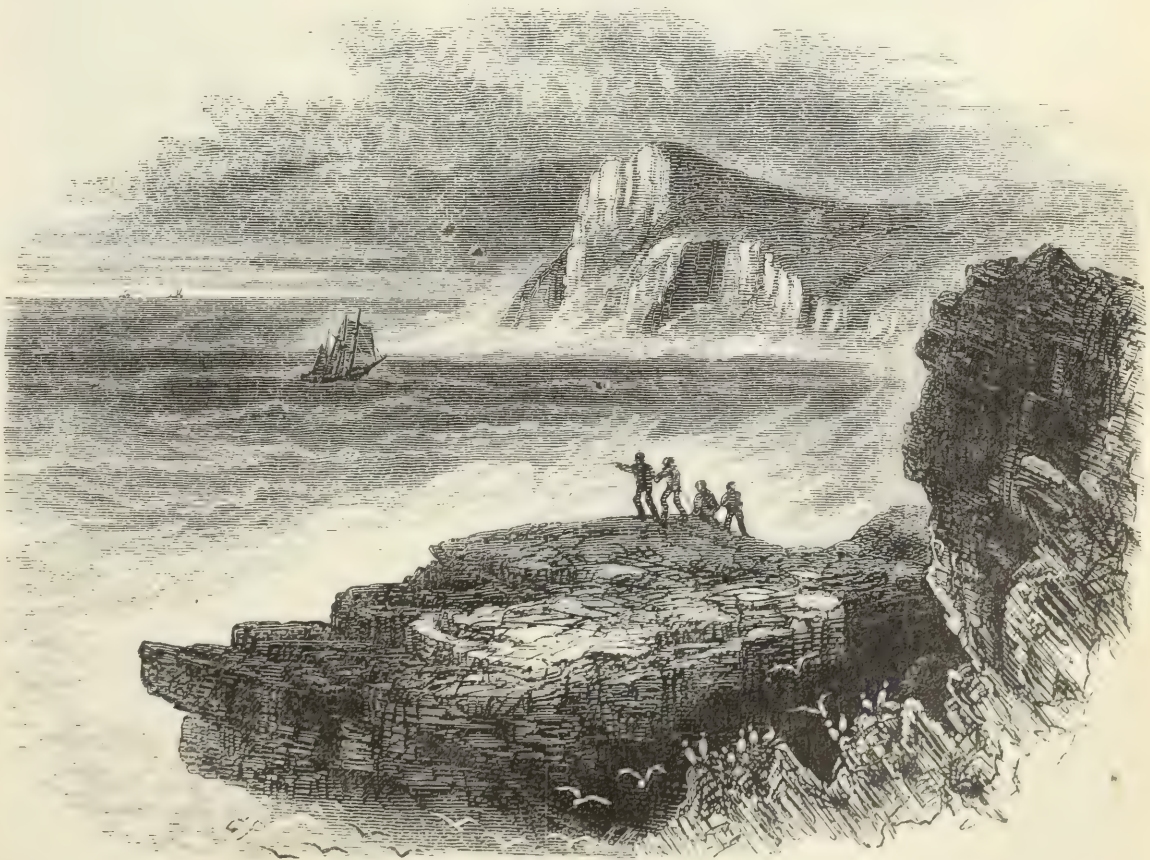




PEEL CASTLE.

ists, and you are compelled to pay fourpence admission and to register your names. Under such circumstances it must be a very imaginative and reflective person who is immediately impressed with an old red sandstone building in the last stage of decay. You look at the low, tottering walls, the stones loosely put together, the crumbling arches, and the narrow stairways. The ivy crown that gives to age its greatest lustre has not fallen upon them. They appear freshly and hast-

ily put together. You listen to the rambling record of mixed history and tradition told by the old army pensioner who conducts you through the apartments. You can not



BRADDA HEAD, PORT ERIN.





GLEN MAYE WATER-FALL.

fail to be interested, but you are not impressed. In the bowels of the rock is the barrel-vaulted cell where Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester, was confined fourteen years for sorcery; and to the east of a haunted guard-room is the cathedral church of St. Germanus, founded by Bishop Simon eight hundred years ago. This is more like a ruin. It is a small cross church, with a central tower, but without aisles or porches. One of the walls is on the edge of a precipice, and looking through the crevices you can see and hear the waves beating on the rocks beneath. Hence you are taken to Fenella's Tower, and here those who have read Walter Scott's *Pereril of the Peak* are likely to be impressed for the first time. You listlessly follow the crowd through the tilting-yard, the armorer's forge, the grand armory, the round tower, and the sally-port. I confess to the keen sense of disappointment I experienced. The ancient magnificence seemed departed, and the place was like an immense enlargement of a house loosely put together by children at play.

But toward evening, when the tourists

had gone back to Douglas, I visited the castle again, and in the quiet I found all that I had missed in the crowd. The walls were full of mystery, and the dark passages inspired a superstitious dread of every echo; a chill ran through my frame as I sat alone in the prison chamber where the poor lady of Gloucester suffered and died. The tilting-yard rang with the clashing of armor, and the spectre of the guard-room seemed at least a possibility. I sought the damp cathedral again, and saw the light streaming between the transept arches on to a broken tombstone. It did not seem so very many ages ago since the vespers were sung in the choir, and the little altar blazed with warmth in the chilly Northern twilights; not so very many ages ago since

the bishops resting in this moist ground were robed, and speaking benedictions, while the hoarse challenge of the sentry in the court-yard warned off the temporal foes of his august majesty the King of Man and Earl of Derby.

After rambling through the apartments I came to a high point in the inclosure of the castle walls which was carpeted with soft grass; and here I sat to watch the sun set. The air was very clear, and I could see a cloudy ridge of mountains in Ireland beyond the channel. The water in the near distance was a light green, farther off, a blue, and still farther, subdued to a gray. The high coast of the island was visible as far as Contrary Head, where it turned off to the north. The sandstone and slate cliffs were red, yellow, and purple—the perfect colors themselves without any intermediate tints. Two or three boats were cruising in the offing, and away at sea a steamer bound from Liverpool to Dublin was laboring in the trough. The town lay quietly under the arms of the castle, a puff of hot smoke hovering above it; and presently I could see the outer lines of





SUGAR-LOAF ROCK, NEAR THE CALF OF MAN.

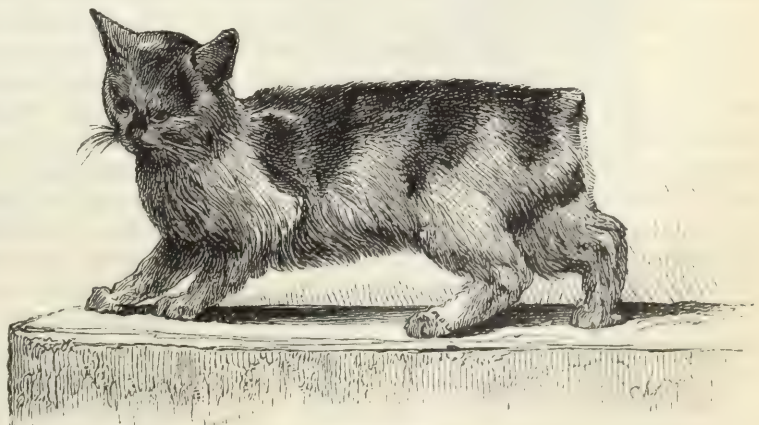
the little sandstone houses rimmed with fiery gold. As the sun came nearer the western horizon a flood of the ruby light poured through the narrow streets and over the roofs, spreading at last to the old fortress and breathing its passion on the smitten walls. The night came down with a frosty wind, and the water moaned sadly against the precipice. A few lamps flickered on the wharf, and the cliffs loomed nearer, until they inclosed the town and the castle in the awful blackness of their mantle.

From Peel I went to the south of the island, visiting the cascade in Glen Maye *en route*, and following the line of the coast, which increases in rugged grandeur. A walk of about ten miles brought me to Port Erin, a romantic fishing village set back in an extensive bay, and guarded by two magnificent promontories, called the Cassels and Bradda Head. From the latter a fine view is obtained of the "Calf," a tiny islet separated from the main-land at the southernmost point by a narrow channel, through which the sea surges with tremendous force in the calmest weather. It is about five miles in circumference, and is girt by a belt of dislocated rocks tumbled together in savage confusion. The cliffs on the southern side rise four hundred feet above the sea-level, and are surmounted by a double light-house, which

is usually sighted by the steamers sailing between Liverpool and America.

Descending from the headland I crossed the pebbly beach, and climbed the steep hill at the opposite side of the bay. For a short distance there were some shabby cottages near the foot-path. But as I mounted higher I entered a desolate tract of bristling gorse, only inhabited as far as I could see by an idiot girl and some mountain goats. During a shower I sought shelter in a deserted house situated in a field of stunted oats, which lived to shame the land. As soon as the blue came through the clouds again I continued to ascend until I reached the crest of the hill, and could glance down on the wondrous beauties of the pastoral valley and the rock-bound coast. I sat for a while within a circle of white stones, supposed to have been formed by the Druids, and then I went down on the opposite slope to the village of Creg-y-neesh.

It is in the valley of a foot-hill, and is the most primitive settlement in the island. The population consists of about six pure-blooded Manx families, with longer pedigrees than many English nobles can boast. Their homes are in six rude huts standing within detached fences, and looking down upon the sea. The outer walls are covered with fish in process of curing, which also fill several rows of barrels, and impart an unsavory pungency to the atmosphere. All the men were at sea when I arrived, and the women were washing and spinning. In one of the cottages I staid to tea with a brawny fisherman's wife over six feet high. There was only one room in the house. The fire-place was several feet high and wide, with a little mound of peat smouldering in the grate. The floor was the earth without any covering. A deal table was laid out in the simplest style for my entertainment; and as I sat by the fire, fondling one of the tailless Manx cats, and watching my hostess blowing the slow fuel into a blaze, it seemed as if I had got back into another age. The sunken window was so small that it kept the room in perpetual twilight. The tick of the old clock on the shelf, the pur of the



MANX CAT.



cat, and the splutter of the fire as the bellows sighed upon it, were the only sounds that broke the silence.

The food consisted of bread without leaven, salt fish, and tea. While I was eating, the woman brought out her spinning-wheel and showed me a pair of trowsers of her own weaving. They could afford to buy few new clothes, she told me, and all the things her husband wore, cloth included, were of her own making.

Near Creg-y-neesh the grandeur of the coast culminates. The cliffs are torn into chaotic forms, and the sea breaks upon them in a white fury. At the "Chasms" they are separated by six wide vertical fissures, nearly three hundred feet deep, extending about one hundred feet inland. If you have a good head, you may clamber down to one of the ledges, and listen to the sea and the wind booming in the rock-groined caverns below you. Some of the smaller masses of rock appear suspended in the very act of falling, and even the larger ones are so nicely poised that a touch of the hand might be expected to upset them. Under the lee of the "Chasms" there is a pinnacle rising

from the water, called the "Sugar-loaf," on which countless marine birds rest, and add their shrill cries to the general clamor, and beyond this there is a world of sea and sky without a boundary.

I must leave the reader here. My space will not allow me to ask him to follow me farther; but if what I have written induces him to spend a few days in the Isle of Man during his next vacation abroad, I can promise him that he will find more of the picturesque element than I have had the power to embody in this article. He will find in Castletown and Castle Rushen one of the quaintest towns and one of the noblest fortresses that have survived modern improvements. A drive through Sulley Glen and over Snaefell Mountain will lead him to Ramsey, a pleasant little watering-place; and a few miles from Ramsey he will pass over the Ballure Bridge to the Ballaglass Falls. The scenery, as I have said, is of the most varied kind. The rivers offer abundant sport, and from an antiquarian point of view there is not a richer spot in the United Kingdom than this fair little island in the Irish Sea.

## CARICATURE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

**M**R. ROBERT TOMES, American consul, a few years ago, at the French city of Rheims, describes very agreeably the impression made upon his mind by the grand historic cathedral of that ancient place.\* Filled with a sense of the majestic presence of the edifice, he approached one of the chief portals, to find it crusted with a most uncouth semi-burlesque representation, cut in stone, of the Last Judgment. The trump has sounded, and the Lord from a lofty throne is pronouncing doom upon the risen as they are brought up to the judgment-seat by the angels. Below him are two rows of the dead just rising from their graves, extending to the full width of the great door. Upon many of the faces there is an expression of amazement, which the artist apparently designed to be comic, and several of the attitudes are extremely absurd and ludicrous. Some have managed to push off the lid of their tombs a little way, and are peeping out through the narrow aperture, others have just got their heads above the surface of the ground, and others are sitting up in their graves; some have one leg out, some are springing into the air, and some are running, as if in wild fright, for their lives. Though the usual expression upon the faces is one of astonishment, yet this is varied. Some are rubbing their eyes as if

startled from a deep sleep, but not yet aware of the cause of alarm, others are utterly bewildered, and hesitate to leave their resting-place; some leap out in mad excitement, and others hurry off as if fearing to be again consigned to the tomb. An angel is leading a cheerful company of popes, bishops, and kings toward the Saviour, while a hideous demon with a mouth stretching from ear to ear is dragging off a number of the condemned toward the devil, who is seen stirring up a huge caldron boiling and bubbling with naked babies, dead before baptism. On another part of the wall is a carved representation of the vices which led to the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. These were so monstrously obscene that the authorities of the cathedral, in deference to the modern sense of decency, have caused them to be partly cut away by the chisel.

The first cut on the next page is an example of burlesque ornament. The artist apparently intended to indicate another termination of the interview than the one recorded by Æsop between the wolf and the stork. The old cathedral at Strasburg, destroyed a hundred years ago, was long renowned for its sculptured burlesques. On the next page we give two of several capitals exhibiting the sacred rites of the church travestied by animals.

It marks the change in the feelings and manners of men that, three hundred years

\* *The Champagne Country.* By ROBERT TOMES. London: 1867. Page 34.





CAPITAL IN THE AUTUN CATHEDRAL.

after those Strasburg capitals were carved, with the sanction of the chapter, a bookseller for only exhibiting an engraving of some of them in his shop window was convicted of having committed a crime "most scandalous and injurious to religion." His sentence was "to make the *amende honorable*, naked to his shirt, a rope round his neck, holding in his hand a lighted wax-candle weighing two pounds, before the principal door of the cathedral, whither he will be conducted by the executioner, and there, on his knees, with uncovered head," confess his fault and ask pardon of God and the king. The pictures were to be burned before his eyes, and then, after paying all the costs of the prosecution, he was to go into eternal banishment.

Other American consuls besides Mr. Tomes, and multitudes of American citizens not so fortunate as to study mediæval art at their country's expense, have been profoundly puzzled by this crust of crude burlesque on ecclesiastical architecture. The objects in Europe which usually give to a susceptible American his first and his last rapture are the cathedrals, those venerable enigmas, the glory and shame of the Middle Ages, which present so complete a contrast to the toy temples, new, cabinet-finished, upholstered, sofa-seated, of American cities, not to mention the consecrated barns, white-painted and treeless, of the rural districts. And the cathedrals are a contrast to every thing in Europe also, if only from their prodigious magnitude. A cathedral town generally stands in a valley, through which a small river winds. When the visitor from any of the encompassing hills gets his first view of the compact little city, the cathedral looms up in the midst thereof so vast, so tall, that the disproportion to the surrounding structures is sometimes even ludicrous, like a huge black elephant with a flock of small brown sheep huddling about

its feet. But when at last the stranger stands in its shadow, he finds the spell of its presence irresistible; and it is a spell which the lapse of time not unfrequently strengthens, till he is conscious of a tender, strong attachment to the edifice, which leads him to visit it at unusual times, to try the effect upon it of moonlight, of storm, of dawn and twilight, of mist, rain, and snow. He finds himself going to it for solace and rest. On setting out upon a journey he makes a detour to get another last look, and, returning, goes valise in hand to see his cathedral before he sees his family. Many American consuls have had this experience, have truly fallen in love with the cathedral of their station, and remained faithful to it for years after their return, like Mr. Howells, whose heart and pen still return to Venice and San Carlo, so much to the delight of his readers.

This charm appears to lie in the mere grandeur of the edifice as a work of art, for



CAPITAL IN THE STRASBURG CATHEDRAL, A.D. 1300.

we observe it to be most potent over persons who are least in sympathy with the feeling which cathedrals embody. Very religious people are as likely to be repelled as at-



CAPITAL IN THE STRASBURG CATHEDRAL, A.D. 1300.





ENGRAVED UPON A STALL IN SHERBORNE MINSTER, ENGLAND.

tracted by them; and indeed in England and Scotland there are large numbers of Dissenters who have avoided entering them all their lives on principle. It is Americans who enjoy them most; for they see in them a most captivating assemblage of novelties—vast magnitude, solidity of structure only inferior to nature's own work, venerable age, harmonious and solemn magnificence—all combined in an edifice which can not on any principle of utility justify its existence, and does not pay the least fraction of its expenses. Little do they know personally of the state of feeling which made successive generations of human beings willing to live in hovels and inhale pollution in order that they might erect these wondrous piles. The cost of maintaining them—of which cost the annual expenditure in money is the least important part—does not come home to us. We abandon ourselves without reserve to the enjoyment of stupendous works wholly new to our experience.

It is Americans also who are most baffled with the attempt to explain the contradiction between the noble proportions of these edifices and the decorations upon some of their walls. How could it have been, we ask in amazement, that minds capable of conceiving the harmonies of these fretted roofs, these majestic colonnades, these symmetrical towers, could also have permitted their surfaces to be profaned by sculptures so absurd and so abominable that by no artifice of circumlocution can an idea of some of them be conveyed in printable words? In close proximity to statues of the Virgin, and in chapels whose every line is a line of beauty, we know not how to interpret what M. Champfleury truly styles "deviltries and obscenities unnamable, vice and passion depicted with gross brutality, luxury which has thrown off every disguise, and shows itself naked, bestial, and shameless." And these mediæval artists availed themselves of the accumulated buffoon-

eries and monstrosities of all the previous ages. The gross conceptions of India, Egypt, Greece, and Rome appear in the ornamentation of Christian temples along with shapes hideous or grotesque which may have been original. Even the oaken stalls in which the officiating priests rested during the prolonged ceremonials of festive days are in many

cathedrals covered with comic carving, some of which is pure caricature. A rather favorite subject was the one annexed, a whipping scene in a school, carved upon an ancient stall in an English cathedral.

It is not certain, however, that the artist had any comic intention in engraving this picture of retributive justice, with which the children of former ages were so familiar. It was a standard subject. The troops of Flemish carvers who roamed over Europe in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, offering their services wherever a church was to be decorated, carried with them portfolios of stock subjects, of which this was one. Other carvings are unmistakable caricatures: a monk caught making love to a nun, a wife beating her husband, an aged philosopher ridden by a woman, monkeys wearing bishops' mitres, barbers drawing teeth in ludicrous attitudes, and others less describable. In the huge cathedral of English Winchester, which abounds in curious relics of the Middle Ages, there is a series of painted panels in the chapel of Our Lady, one of which is an evident caricature of the devil. He is having his portrait painted, and the Virgin Mary is near the artist, urging him to paint him blacker and uglier than usual. The devil does not like this, and wears an expression similar to that of a rogue in a modern police station who objects to being photographed. Often, however, in these old pictures the devil is master of the situation, and exhibits contempt for his adversaries in indecorous ways.

If we turn from the sacred edifices to the sacred books used in them—those richly il-



FROM A MANUSCRIPT OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.





FROM A MANUSCRIPT MASS-BOOK OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

luminated missals, the books of "Hours," the psalters, and other works of devotion—we are amazed beyond expression to discover upon their brilliant pages a similar taste in ornamentation. The school scene on the previous page, in which monkey-headed children are playing school, dates back to the thirteenth century.

Burlesque tournaments, in the same taste, often figure in the prayer-books among representations of the Madonna, the crucifixion, and scenes in the lives of the patriarchs. The gallant hare tilts at the fierce cock of the barn-yard, or sly Reynard parries the thrust of the clumsy bear.

One of the most curious relics of those religious centuries is a French prayer-book preserved in the British Museum, where it was discovered and described by Mr. Malcolm, one of the first persons who ever attempted to elucidate the subject of caricature. Besides the "Hours of the Blessed Virgin," it contains various prayers and collects, the office for the dead, and some psalms, all in Latin. It is illustrated by several brilliantly colored, well-drawn, but most grotesque and incomprehensible figures, designed, as has been conjectured, to "expose the wicked and inordinate lives of the clergy, who were hated by the manuscript writers as taking away

much of their business." This was the explanation given of these remarkable pictures to the trustees of the Museum by the collector of whom they bought the volume. Several of them are here submitted to the reader's ingenuity.

Besides the specimens given there is a wolf growling at a snake twisting itself round its hind-leg; there is "a grinning match" between a human head on an animal's body and a boar's head on a monkey's body; there is a creature like a pea-hen, with two bodies, one neck, and two dogs' heads;



FROM A FRENCH PRAYER-BOOK OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.





FROM QUEEN MARY'S PRAYER-BOOK, A.D. 1553.

there is an animal with four bodies and one head; there is a bearded man's face and a woman's on one neck, and the body has no limbs, but an enormous tail; there is a turret, on the top of which a monkey sits, and a savage below is aiming an arrow at him. In the British Museum—that unequaled repository of all that is curious and rare—there is the famous and splendid psalter of Richard II., containing many strange pictures in the taste of the period. On the second page, for example, along with two pictures of the kind usual in Catholic works of devotion, there is a third which represents an absurd combat within lists between the court fool and the court giant. The fool, who is also a dwarf, is belaboring the giant with an instrument like those hollow clubs used in our pantomimes when the clown is to be whacked with great violence. The giant shrinks from the blows, and the king, pointing at the dwarf, seems to say, “Go it, little one; I bet upon *you*.”

Mr. Malcolm, who copied this picture from the original, where, he says, it is most superbly finished, interprets it to be a caricature of the famous combat between David and Goliath in the presence of King Saul and his court. In the same mass-book there is a highly ridiculous representation of Jonah on board ship, with a blue Boreas with cheeks puffed out raising the tempest, and a black devil clawing the sail from the yard. In selecting a few of the more innocent pictures from the prayer-book of Queen Mary, daughter of Henry VIII. of England, Mr. Malcolm gives expression to his amazement at the character of the drawings, which he dared not exhibit to a British public! Was this book, he asks, made on purpose for the queen? Was it a gift or a purchase? But whether she bought or whether she accepted it, he thinks she must have “delighted in ludicrous and improper ideas,” or else “her inclination for absurdity and caricature conquered even her relig-

ion, in defense of which she spread ruin and desolation through her kingdom.”

As the reader has now before his eyes a sufficient number of specimens of the grotesque ecclesiastical ornamentation of the period under consideration, he is prepared to consider the question which has perplexed so many students besides Mr. Malcolm: How are we to account for these indecencies in places and books consecrated to devotion? A voice from the church of the fifth century gives us the hint of the true answer. “You ask me,” writes St. Nilus to Olympiodorus of Alexandria, “if it is becoming in us to cover the walls of the sanctuary with representations of animals of all kinds, so that we see upon them snares set, hares, goats, and other beasts in full flight before hunters exhausting themselves in taking and pursuing them with their dogs; and again, upon the bank of a river, all kinds of fish caught by fishermen. I answer you that this is a *puerility with which to amuse the eyes of the faithful*.”\* To one who is acquainted with the history and genius of the Roman Catholic Church this very simple explanation of the incongruity is sufficient. The policy of that wonderful organization in every age has been to make every possible concession to ignorance that is compatible with the continuance of ignorance. It has sought always to amuse, to edify, to moralize, and console ignorance, but never to enlighten it. The mind that planned the magnificent cathedral at Rheims, of which Mr. Tomes was so much enamored, and the artists who designed the glorious San Carlo that kindled rapture in the poetical mind of Mr. Howells, did indeed permit the scandalous burlesques that disfigure their walls; but they only permitted them. It was a concession which they had to grant to the ignorant multitude whose unquestioning

\* Quoted in Champfleury, p. 7, from *Maxima Bibliotheca Patrum*, vol. xxvii., p. 323.



faith alone made these enormous structures possible.

We touch here the question insinuated by Gibbon in his first volume, where he plainly enough intimates his belief that Christianity was a lapse into barbarism rather than a deliverance from it. Plausible arguments in the same direction have been frequently made since Gibbon's time by comparing the best of Roman civilization with the worst of the self-torturing monkery of the early Christian centuries. In a debate on this subject in New York a few months since between a member of the bar and a doctor of divinity, both of them gentlemen of learning, ability, and candor, the lawyer pointed to the famous picture of St. Jerome (A.D. 375), naked, grasping a human skull, his magnificent head showing vast capacity paralyzed by an absorbing terror, and exclaimed, "Behold the lapse from Virgil, Horace, Cicero, Seneca, the Plinys, and the Antonines!" The answer made by the clergyman was, "That is *not* Christianity! In the Christian books no hint of that, no utterance justifying that, can be found." Perhaps neither of the disputants succeeded in expressing the whole truth on this point. The vaunted Roman civilization was, in truth, only a thin crust upon the surface of the empire, embracing but one small class in each province, the people every where being ignorant slaves. Into that inert mass of servile ignorance Christianity enters, and receives from it the interpretation which ignorance always puts upon ideas advanced or new, interpreting it as hungry French peasants in 1792 and South Carolina negroes in 1870 interpreted modern ideas of human rights. The new heaven set the mass heaving and swelling until the crust was broken to pieces. The civilization of Marcus Aurelius was lost. From parchment scrolls poetry and philosophy were obliterated that the sheets might be used for prayers and meditations. The system of which St. Jerome was the product and representative was a baleful mixture, of which nine-tenths were Hindoo and the remaining tenth was half Christian and half Plato.

The true inference to be drawn is that no civilization is safe nor even genuine until it embraces all classes of the community, and the promulgation of Christianity was the first step toward that.

As the centuries wore on the best of the clergy grew restive under this monstrous style of ornamentation. "What purpose," wrote St. Bernard, about A.D. 1140, "serve in our cloisters, under the eyes of the brothers and during their pious readings, those ridiculous monstrosities, those prodigies of beauteous deformed or deformities made beautiful? Why those nasty monkeys, those furious lions, those monstrous centaurs, those animals half human, those spotted tigers,

those soldiers in combat, those huntsmen sounding the horn? Here a single head is fitted to several bodies, there upon a single body there are several heads; now a quadruped has a serpent's tail, and now a quadruped's head figures upon a fish's body. Sometimes it is a monster with the fore parts of a horse and the hinder parts of a goat; again an animal with horns ends with the hind quarters of a horse. Every where is seen a variety of strange forms, so numerous and so odd that the brothers occupy themselves more in deciphering the marbles than their books, and pass whole days in studying all those figures much more attentively than the divine law. Great God! if you are not ashamed of such useless things, how, at least, can you avoid regretting the enormity of their cost?"

How, indeed! The honest abbé was far from seeing the symbolical meaning in those odd figures which modern investigators have imagined. He was simply ashamed of the ecclesiastical caricatures; but a century or two later ingenious writers began to cover them with the fig-leaves of a symbolical interpretation. According to the ingenious M. Durand, who wrote (A.D. 1459) thirty years before Luther was born, every part of a cathedral has its spiritual meaning. The stones of which it is built represent the faithful, the lime that forms part of the cement is an emblem of fervent charity, the sand mingled with it signifies the actions undertaken by us for the good of our brethren, and the water in which these ingredients blend is the symbol of the Holy Ghost. The hideous shapes sculptured upon the portals are, of course, *malign spirits flying from the temple of the Lord, and seeking refuge in the very substance of the walls!* The great length of the temple signifies the tireless patience with which the faithful support the ills of this life in expectation of their celestial home; its breadth symbolizes that large and noble love which embraces both the friends and the enemies of God; its height typifies the hope of final pardon; the roof beams are the prelates, who by the labor of preaching exhibit the truth in all its clearness; the windows are the Scriptures, which receive the light from the sun of truth, and keep out the winds, snows, and hail of heresy and false doctrine devised by the father of schism and falsehood; the iron bars and pins that sustain the windows are the general councils, œcumenical and orthodox, which have sustained the holy and canonical Scriptures; the two perpendicular stone columns which support the windows are the two precepts of Christian charity, to love God and our neighbor; the length of the windows shows the profundity and obscurity of Scripture, and their roundness indicates that the church is always in harmony with itself.





GOG AND MAGOG, THE GIANTS IN THE GUILDHALL OF LONDON.

This is simple enough. But M. Jérôme Bugeaud, in his collection of *Chansons Populaires* of the western provinces of France, gives part of a catechism still taught to children, though coming down from the Middle Ages, which carries this quaint symbolizing to a point of the highest absurdity. The catechism turns upon the sacred character of the lowly animal that most needed any protection which priestly ingenuity could afford. Here are a few of the questions and answers:

PRIEST. "What signifies the two ears of the ass?"

CHILD. "The two ears of the ass signify the two great patron saints of our city."

PRIEST. "What signifies the head of the ass?"

CHILD. "The head of the ass signifies the great bell, and the halter the clapper of the great bell, which is in the tower of the cathedral of the patron saints of our city."

PRIEST. "What signifies the ass's mouth?"

CHILD. "The ass's mouth signifies the great door of the cathedral of the patron saints of our city."

PRIEST. "What signify the four feet of the ass?"

CHILD. "The four feet of the ass signify the four great pillars of the cathedral of the patron saints of our city."

PRIEST. "What signifies the paunch of the ass?"

CHILD. "The paunch of the ass signifies the great chest wherein Christians put their offerings to the patron saints of our cathedral."

PRIEST. "What signifies the tail of the ass?"

CHILD. "The tail of the ass signifies the holy-water brush of the good dean of the cathedral of the patron saints of our city."

The priest does not stop at the tail, but pursues the symbolism with a simplicity and innocence which do not bear translating into our blunt English words. As late as 1750 Bishop Burnet saw in a church at Worms an altarpiece of a crudity almost incredible. It represented the Virgin Mary throwing Christ into the hopper of a windmill, from the spout of which he was issuing in the form of sacramental wafers, and priests were about to distribute them among the people. The unquestionable purpose of this picture was to assist the faith and animate the piety of the people of Worms.

If we turn from the sacred to the secular, we find the ornamentation not less barbarous. Many readers have seen the two giants that stand in the Guildhall of London, where they, or ugly images like them, have stood from time immemorial. A little book sold near by used to inform a credulous public that Gog and Magog were two gigantic brothers taken prisoners in Cornwall fighting against the Trojan invaders, who brought them in triumph to the site of London, where their chief chained them to the gate of his palace as porters. But, unfortunately for this romantic tale, Mr. Fairholt, in his work upon the giants,\* makes it

\* *Gog and Magog: the Giants in Guildhall.* By F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A. London: 1859.





HEAD OF THE GREAT DRAGON OF NORWICH.

known that many other towns and cities of Europe cherish from a remote antiquity similar images. He gives pictures of the Salisbury giant, the huge helmeted giant in Antwerp, the family of giants at Douai, the giant and giantess of Ath, the giants of Brussels, as well as of the mighty dragon of Norwich, with practicable iron jaw.

We may therefore discard learned theories and sage conjectures concerning Gog and Magog, and attribute them to the poverty of invention and the barbarity of taste which prevailed in the ages of faith.

One of the subjects most frequently chosen for caricature during this period was that cunning and audacious enemy of God and man, the devil—a composite being, made up of the Satan who tested Job, the devil who tempted Jesus, and the Egyptian Osiris who weighed souls in the balance, and claimed as his own those found wanting. The theory of the universe then generally accepted was that the world was merely a field of strife between God and this malignant spirit; on the side of God were ranged archangels, angels, the countless host of celestial beings, and all the saints on earth and in heaven, while on the devil's side were a vast army of fallen spirits and all the depraved portion of the human race. The simple souls of that period did not accept this explanation in an allegorical sense, but as the most literal statement of facts familiarly known, concerning which no one in Christendom had any doubt whatever. The devil was as composite in his external form as he was in his traditional character. All the mythologies appear to have contributed something to his make-up, until he had acquired many of the most repulsive features and members of which animated nature gives the suggestion. He was hairy, hooved, and horned; he had a forked tail; he had a countenance which expressed the fox's cunning, the serpent's malice, the pig's appetite, the monkey's grin. As to his body, it varied according to the design of the artist, but it usually resembled creatures base or loathsome.

In one picture there is a very rude but

curious representation of the weighing of souls, superintended by the devil and an archangel. The devil, in the form of a hog, has won a prize in the soul of a wicked woman, which he is carrying off in a highly disrespectful manner, while casting a backward glance to see that he has fair play in the next weighing. This was an exceedingly favorite subject with the artists of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. They delighted to picture the devil in their crude uncompromising way as an insatiate miser of human souls, eager to seize them, demanding a thousand, a million, a billion, *all*; and when one appeared in the scales so void of guilt that the good angel must needs possess it, he may be seen slyly putting a finger upon the opposite scale to weigh it down, and this sometimes in spite of the angel's remonstrance. In one picture, described by M. Mérimée in his *Voyage en Auvergne*, the devil plays this trick at a moment when the archangel Michael has turned to look another way.

It is a strange circumstance that in a large number of these representations the devil is exhibited triumphant, and in others the victory is at least doubtful. In a splendid psalter preserved in the British Museum there is a large picture of a Soul climbing an extremely steep and high mountain, on the summit of which a winged archangel stands with outstretched arms to receive him. The Soul has nearly reached the top; another step will bring him within the arch-



SOULS WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE—BASS-RELIEF OF THE AUTUN CATHEDRAL.





LOST SOULS CAST INTO HELL—FROM QUEEN MARY'S PSALTER.

angel's reach; but behind him is the devil with a long three-pronged clawing instrument, which he is about to thrust into the hair of the ascending saint; and no man can tell which is to finally have that Soul, the angel or the devil. M. Champfleury describes a capital in a French church which represents one of the minions of the devil carrying a lizard, symbol of evil, which he is about to add to the scale containing the sins; and the spectator is left to infer that fraud of this kind is likely to be successful, for underneath is written, "*Ecce Diabolus!*" It is as if the artist had said, "Such is the devil, and this is one of his modes of entrapping his natural prey of human souls!" From a large number of similar pictures the inference is fair that, let a man lead a spotless life from the cradle to the grave, the devil by a mere trick may get his soul at last. Some of the artists might be suspected of sympathizing with the devil in his triumphs over the weakness of man. Observe, for example, the comic exuberance of the above picture, in which devils are seen tumbling their immortal booty into the jaws of perdition.

It is difficult to look at this picture without feeling that the artist must have been alive to the humors of the situation. It is, however, the opinion of students of these quaint relics that the authors of such designs honestly intended to excite horror, not hilarity, in the minds of those who might look upon them. Queen Mary probably saw in this picture, as she turned the page of her sumptuous psalter, an argument to inflame her bloody zeal for the

ancient faith. In the writings of some of the early fathers we observe the same appearance of joyous exultation at the sufferings of the lost, if not a sense of the comic absurdity of their doom. Readers may remember the passage from Tertullian (A.D. 200) quoted so effectively by Gibbon:

"You are fond of all spectacles," exclaims this truly ferocious Christian; "expect the greatest of all spectacles, the last and eternal judgment of the universe. How shall

I rejoice, how laugh, how exult, when I behold so many proud monarchs and fancied gods groaning in the lowest abyss of darkness; so many magistrates who persecuted the name of the Lord liquefying in fiercer fires than they ever kindled against Christians; so many sage philosophers blushing in red-hot flames with their deluded scholars; so many celebrated poets trembling before the tribunal; so many tragedians more tuneful in the expression of their own sufferings; so many dancers—"

This is assuredly not the utterance of compassion, but rather of the fierce and contemptuous delight of an unregenerate Roman, when at the amphitheatre he doomed a rival's defeated gladiator to death by pointing downward with his thumb. In a similar spirit such pictures were conceived as the one given below.

The sculptor, it is apparent, is "with" the adversary of mankind in the present case. Kings and bishops carried things with a high hand during their mortal career, but the devils have them at last with a rope



DEVILS SEIZING THEIR PREY—BAS-RELIEF ON THE PORTAL OF A CHURCH AT TROYES.



round their necks, crown and mitre notwithstanding!

The devil was not always victor. There was One whom neither his low cunning nor his bland address nor his blunt audacity could beguile—the Son of God, his predestined conqueror. The passages in the gospels which relate the attempts made by Satan to tempt the Lord furnished congenial subjects to the illuminators of the Middle Ages, and they treated those subjects with their usual enormous crudity. In one very ancient Saxon psalter, in manuscript, preserved at the British Museum, there is a colossal Christ, with one foot upon a devil, the other foot about to fall upon a second devil, and with his hands delivering from the open mouth of a third devil human souls, who hold up to him their hands clasped as in prayer. In this picture the sympathies of the artist are evidently not on the side of the evil spirits. Their malevolence is apparent, and their attitude is ignominious. The rescued souls are, indeed, a pigmy crew, of woe-begone aspect; but their resistless Deliverer towers aloft in such imposing altitude that the tallest of the saints hardly reaches above his knees. In another picture of very early date the Lord upon a high place is rescuing a soul from three scoffing devils, who are endeavoring to pull him down to perdition by cords twisted round his legs. *This soul we are permitted to consider safe, but below, in a corner of the spacious drawing, a winged archangel is spearing a lost soul into the flames of hell, using the spear in the manner of a farmer handling a pitchfork.*

These ancient attempts to exhibit the endless conflict between good and evil are too rude even to be interesting. The specimen annexed, of later date, about 1475, occurs in a Poor People's Bible (*Biblia Pauperum*), block-printed, in which it forms part of an extensive frontispiece. The book was once the property of George III., at the sale of whose personal effects it was bought for the British Museum, where it now is. It has the additional interest of being one of the oldest specimens of wood-engraving yet discovered.

The mountain in the background adorned by a single tree is the height to which the Lord was taken by the tempter, and from which the devil urged him to cast himself down.

A very frequent object of caricature during the ages when terror ruled the minds of men, was human life itself—its brevity, its uncertainty, and the absurd, ill-timed suddenness with which inexorable death sometimes cuts it short. Herodotus records that at the banquets of the Egyptians it was customary for a person to carry about the table the figure of a corpse lying upon a coffin, and to cry out, "Behold this image of



THE TEMPTATION.

what yourselves shall be; therefore eat, drink, and be merry." There are traces of a similar custom in the records of other ancient nations, among whom it was regarded as a self-evident truth that the shortness of life was a reason for making the most of it while it lasted. And their notion of making the most of it was to get from it the greatest amount of pleasure. This vulgar scheme of existence vanished at the promulgation of the doctrine that the condition of every soul was fixed unalterably at the moment of its severance from the body, or, at best, after a short period of purgation, and that the only way to avoid unending anguish was to do what the church commanded and to avoid what the church forbade. Terror from that time ruled Christendom. Terror covered the earth with ecclesiastical structures, gave the church a tenth of all revenues, and two-fifths of all property. By every possible device death was clothed with new and vivid terrors, and in every possible way the truth was brought home to the mind that the coming of death could be as unexpected as it was inevitable and unwelcome. The tolling of the church-bell spread the gloom of the death-chamber over the whole town; and the death-crier, with bell and lantern, wearing a garment made terrible by a skull and cross-bones, went his rounds, by day or night, crying to all good people to pray for the soul just departed.\*

\* *Essai sur les Danses des Morts.* Par E. H. LANGLOIS. Paris: 1852. Vol. i., p. 151.





FRENCH DEATH-CRIER—"PRAY FOR THE SOUL JUST DEPARTED."

These criers did not cease to perambulate the streets of Paris until about the year 1690, and M. Langlois informs us that in remote provinces of France their doleful cry was heard as recently as 1850.

Blessed gift of humor! Against the most complicated and effective apparatus of terror ever contrived, worked by the most powerful organization that ever existed, the sense of the ludicrous asserted itself, and saved the human mind from being crushed down into abject and hopeless idiocy. The readers of *Don Quixote* can not have forgotten the colloquy in the highway between the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance and the head of the company of strollers.

"'Sir,' replied the Devil, politely, stopping his cart, 'we are the actors of the company of the Evil Spirit. This morning, which is the octave of Corpus Christi, we have represented the play of the Empire of Death. This young man played Death, and this one an Angel. This woman, who is the wife of the author of the comedy, is the Queen. Over there is one who played the part of an Emperor, and the other man that of a Soldier. As to myself, I am the Devil, at your service, and one of the principal actors.'"

For centuries the comedy of Death was a standard play at high festivals, the main interest being the rude sudden interruption of human lives and joys and schemes by the grim messenger. Art adopted the theme, and the Dance of Death began to figure among the decorations of ecclesiastical structures and on the vellum of illumi-

nated prayer-books. No sculptor but executed his Dance of Death; no painter but tried his skill upon it; and by whomsoever the subject was treated, the element of humor was seldom wanting.

So numerous are the pictures and series of pictures usually styled Dances of Death that a descriptive catalogue of them would fill the space assigned to this article, and the literature to which they have given rise forms an important class of the works relating to the Middle Ages. Two phases of the subject were especially attractive to artists. One was the impartiality of Death, noted by Horace in the familiar passage; and the other the incongruity between the summons to depart and the condition of the person summoned. When these two aspects of the subject had become hackneyed, artists pleased themselves sometimes with a treatment precisely the opposite, and represented Death dancing gayly away with the most battered, ancient, and forlorn of human kind, who had least reason to love life, but did not the less shrink from the skeleton's icy touch. Every one feels the comic absurdity of gay and sprightly Death hurrying off to the tomb a cripple as dilapidated as the one in the picture below. In another engraving we see Death with exaggerated courtesy handing to an open tomb an extremely old man just able to totter.

Another subject in the same series is Death dragging at the garment of a peddler, who is so heavily laden as he trudges along the highway that one would imagine even the rest of the grave welcome. But



DEATH AND THE CRIPPLE.





DEATH AND THE OLD MAN.

the peddler too makes a very wry face when he recognizes who it is that has interrupted his weary tramp. The triumphant gayety of Death in this picture is in humorous contrast with the lugubrious expression on the countenance of his victim.

In other series we have Death dressed as a beau seizing a young maiden, Death taking from a house-maid her broom, Death laying hold of a washer-woman, Death taking apples from an apple stand, Death beckoning away a bar-maid, Death summoning a female mourner at a funeral, and Death plundering a tinker's basket. Death, standing in a grave, pulls the grave-digger in by the leg; seated on a plow, he seizes the farmer; with an ale-pot at his back, he throttles an innkeeper who is adulterating his liquors; he strikes with a bone the irksome chain of matrimony, and thus sets free a couple bound by it; he mows down a philosopher holding a clock; upon a miser who has thrust his body deep down into a massive chest he shuts the heavy lid; he shows himself in the mirror in which a young beauty



DEATH AND THE PEDDLER.

is looking; to a philosopher seated in his study he enters and presents an hour-glass. A pope on his throne is crowning an emperor kneeling at his feet, with princes, cardinals, and bishops in attendance, when a Death appears at his side, and another in his retinue dressed as a cardinal. Death lays his hand upon an emperor's crown at the moment when he is doing justice to a poor man against a rich; but in another picture of the same series Death seizes a duke while he is disdainfully turning from a poor woman with her child who has asked alms of him. The dignitaries of the church were not spared. Fat abbots, gorgeous cardinals, and vehement preachers all figure in these series in circumstances of honor and of dishonor. In most of them the person summoned yields to King Death without a struggle; but in one a knight makes a furious resistance, laying about him with a broadsword most energetically. It is of no avail.



DEATH AND THE KNIGHT.

Death runs him through the body with his own lance, though in the other picture the weapon in Death's hand was only a long thigh-bone.

Mr. Longfellow, in his *Golden Legend*, has availed himself of the Dance of Death painted on the walls of the covered bridge at Lucerne to give naturalness and charm to the conversation of Elsie and Prince Henry while they are crossing the river. The strange pictures excite the curiosity of Elsie, and the Prince explains them to her as they walk:

*Elsie.* What is this picture?

*Prince.* It is a young man singing to a nun, Who kneels at her devotions, but in kneeling Turns round to look at him; and Death meanwhile Is putting out the candles on the altar!

*Elsie.* Ah, what a pity 'tis that she should listen Unto such songs, when in her orisons She might have heard in heaven the angels singing!

*Prince.* Here he has stolen a jester's cap and bells, And dances with the queen.

*Elsie.* A foolish jest!



*Prince.* And here the heart of the new-wedded wife,  
Coming from church with her beloved lord,  
He startles with the rattle of his drum.

*Elsie.* Ah, that is sad! And yet perhaps 'tis best  
That she should die with all the sunshine on her  
And all the benedictions of the morning,  
Before this affluence of golden light  
Shall fade into a cold and clouded gray,  
Then into darkness!

*Prince.* Under it is written,  
"Nothing but death shall separate thee and me!"

*Elsie.* And what is this that follows close upon it?

*Prince.* Death playing on a dulcimer.

And so the lovers converse on the bridge, all covered from end to end with these caricatures of human existence, until the girl hurries with afright from what she calls "this great picture-gallery of death."

Tournaments were among the usual subjects of caricature during the century or two preceding the Reformation, as they were afterward, until they became too ridiculous to be continued. Some specimens have been given above from the illuminated prayer-books. The device, however, seldom rises above the ancient one of investing animals with the gifts and qualities of men. Monkeys mounted upon the backs of dogs tilt at one another with long lances, or monsters utterly nondescript charge upon other monsters more ridiculous than themselves.

All the ordinary foibles of human nature received attention. These never change. There are always gluttons, misers, and spendthrifts. There are always weak men and vain women. There are always husbands whose wives deceive and worry them, as there are always wives whom husbands worry and deceive; and the artists of the Middle Ages, in their own direct rude fashion, turned both into caricature. The mere list of subjects treated in Brandt's *Ship of Fools*, written when Luther was a school-boy, shows us that men were men and women were women in 1490. That quaint reformer of manners dealt mild rebuke to men who gathered great store of books and put them to no good use; to women who were ever changing the fashion of their dress; to men who began to build without counting the cost; to "great borrowers and slack payers;" to fools who "will serve two lords both together;" to them who correct others while themselves are "culpable in the same fault;" to "fools who can not keep secret their own counsel;" to people who believe in "predestinacyon;" to men who attend closely to other people's business, leaving their own undone; to "old folks that give example of vice to youth;" and so on through the long catalogue of human follies. His homely and wise ditties are illustrated by pictures of curious simplicity. Observe the one subjoined, in which "a foule" is weighing the transitory things of this world against things everlasting, one being represented by a scale full of castles and towers, and the other by a scale full of stars—the earthly



HEAVEN AND EARTH WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE—FROM  
"THE SHIP OF FOOLS."

castles outweighing the heavenly bodies in the balance of this "foule."

One of the quaint poems of the gentle priest descants upon the bad behavior of people at church. This poem has a historical interest, for it throws light upon the manners of the time. We learn from it that while the Christian people of Europe were on their knees praying in church they were liable to be disturbed by the "mad noise and shout" of a loitering crowd, by knights coming in from the field, falcon upon wrist, with their dogs yelping at their heels, by men chaffering and bargaining as they walked up and down, by the wanton laughter of girls ogled by young men, by lawyers conferring with clients, and by all the usual noises of a crowd at a fair. The author wonders

"That the false paynyms within theyr Temples be  
To theyr ydols moche more devout than we."

The worthy Brandt was not the only satirist of church manners. The "Usurer's Paternoster," given by M. Champfleury, is more incisive than Brandt's amiable remonstrance. The usurer, hurrying away to church, tells his wife that if any one comes to borrow money while he is gone, some one must be sent in all haste for him. On his way he says his paternoster thus:

"*Our Father.* Blessed Lord God (Beau Sire Dieu), be favorable to me, and give me grace to prosper exceedingly. Let me become the richest money-lender in the world. *Who art in heaven.* I am sorry I wasn't at home the day that woman came to borrow.



Really I am a fool to go to church, where I can gain nothing. *Hallowed be Thy name.* It's too bad I have a servant so expert in pilfering my money. *Thy kingdom come.* I have a mind to go home to see what my wife is about. I'll bet she sells a chicken while I am away, and keeps the money. *Thy will be done.* It pops into my mind that the chevalier who owed me fifty francs paid me only half. *In heaven.* Those damned Jews do a rushing business in lending to every one. I should like very much to do as they do. *As on earth.* The king plagues me to death in raising taxes so often."

Arrived at church, the money-lender goes through part of the service as best he may, but as soon as sermon time comes, off he goes, saying to himself, "I must get away home: the priest is going to preach a sermon to draw money out of our purses." Doubtless the priest in those times of ignorance had to deal with many most profane and unspiritual people, who could only be restrained by fear, and to whose "puerility" much had to be conceded. In touching upon the church manners of the Middle Ages, M. Champfleury makes a remark that startles a Protestant mind accustomed only to the most exact decorum in churches. "Old men of to-day" (1850), he says, speaking of France, "will recall to mind the *gayety* of the midnight masses, when buffoons from the country waited impatiently to send down showers of small torpedoes upon the pavement of the nave, to barricade the alcoves with mountains of chairs, to fill with ink the holy-water basins, and to steal kisses in out-of-the-way corners from girls who would not give them." These proceedings, which M. Champfleury styles "the pleasantries of our fathers," were among the concessions made by a worldly-wise old church to the "puerility" of the people, or rather to the absolute necessity of occasional hilarious fun to healthy existence.



ENGLISH CARICATURE OF AN IRISHMAN, A.D. 1280.

Amusing and even valuable caricatures six and seven centuries old have been discovered upon parchment documents in the English record offices, executed apparently by idle clerks for their amusement when they had nothing else to do. One of these, copied by Mr. Wright, gives us the popular English conception of an Irish warrior of the thirteenth century.

The broad-axes of the Irish were held in great terror by the English. A historian

of Edward I.'s time, while discoursing on that supreme perplexity of British kings and ministers, how Ireland should be governed *after* being quite reduced to subjection, expresses the opinion that the Irish ought not to be allowed in time of peace to use "that detestable instrument of destruction which by an ancient but accursed custom they constantly carry in their hands instead of a staff." The modern Irish shillalah, then, is only the residuum of the ancient Irish broad-axe—the broad-axe with its head taken off. The humanized Irishman of to-day is content with the handle of "the detestable instrument." Other pen-and-ink sketches of England's dreaded foes, the Irish and the Welsh, have been found upon ancient vellum rolls, but none better than the specimen given has yet been copied.

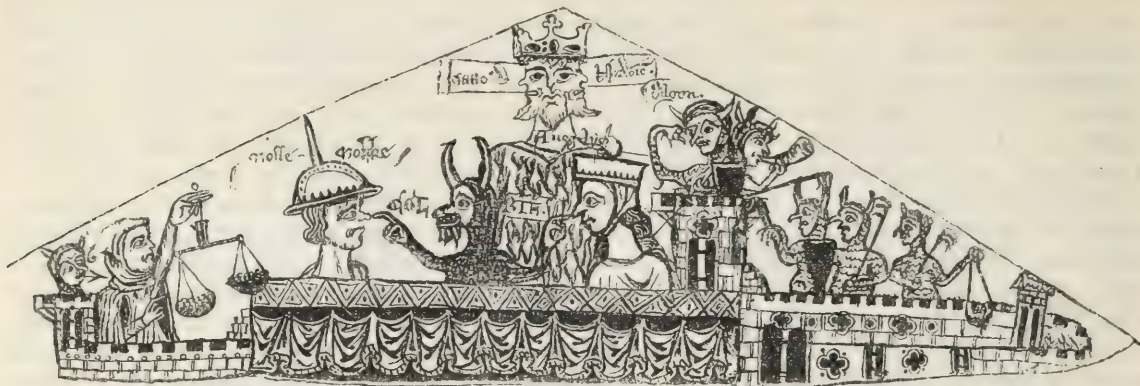
The last object of caricature which can be mentioned in the present number is the Jew—the odious Jew—accursed by the clergy as a Jew, despised by good citizens as a usurer, and dreaded by many a profligate Christian as the holder of mortgages upon his estate. When the ruling class of a country loses its hold upon virtue, becomes profuse in expenditure, ceases to comply with natural law, comes to regard licentious living as something to be expected of young blood, and makes a jest of a decorous and moral conversation, then there is usually in that country a less refined, stronger class, who *do* comply with natural law, who *do* live in that virtuous, frugal, and orderly manner by which alone families can be perpetuated and states established. In several communities during the centuries preceding the Reformation, when the nobles and great merchants wasted their substance in riotous living or in insensate pilgrimages and crusades, the Jew was the virtuous, sensible, and solvent man. He did not escape the evil influence wrought into the texture of the character by living in an atmosphere of hatred and contempt, nor the narrowness of mind caused by his being excluded from all the more generous and high avocations. But he remained through all those dismal ages temperate, chaste, industrious, and saving, as well as heroically faithful to the best light on high things that he had. Hence he always had money to lend, and he could only lend it to men who were too glad to think he had no rights which they were bound to respect.

The caricature on the next page was also discovered upon a vellum roll in the Public Record Office in London, the work of some idle clerk 642 years ago, and recently transferred to an English work\* of much interest, in which it serves as a frontispiece.

The ridicule is aimed at the famous Jew,

\* *History of Crime in England.* By LUKE OWEN PIKE. London: 1873. Vol. I.





CARICATURE OF THE JEWS IN ENGLAND, A.D. 1233.

Isaac of Norwich, a rich money-lender and merchant, to whom abbots, bishops, and wealthy vicars were heavily indebted. At Norwich he had a wharf at which his vessels could receive and discharge their freights, and whole districts were mortgaged to him at once. He lent money to the king's exchequer. He was the Rothschild of his day. In the picture, which represents the outside of a castle—his own castle, wrested from some lavish Christian by a money-lender's wiles—the Jew Isaac stands above all the other figures, and is blessed with four faces and a crown, which imply, as Mr. Pike conjectures, that let him look whichever way he will, he beholds possessions over which he holds kingly sway. Lower down and nearer the centre are Mosse Mokke, another Jewish money-lender of Norwich, and Madame Avegay, one of many Jewesses who lent money, between whom is a horned devil pointing to their noses. The nose of the Jewish countenance was a peculiarly offensive feature to Christians, and was usually exaggerated by caricaturists. The figure holding up scales heaped with coin is, so far as we can guess, merely a taunt; and the seating of Dagon, the god of the Philistines, upon the turret seems to be an intimation that the Jews in their dispersion had abandoned the God of their fathers, and taken up with the deity of his inveterate foes.

So far as the records of those ages disclose, there was no one enlightened enough to judge the long-suffering Jews with just allowance. Luther's aversion to them was morbid and violent. He confesses, in his Table-Talk, that if it had fallen to his lot to have much to do with Jews, his patience would have given way; and when, one day, Dr. Menius asked him how a Jew ought to be baptized, he replied, "You must fill a large tub with water, and having divested a Jew of his clothes, cover him with a white garment. He must then sit down in the tub, and you must baptize him quite under the water." He said further to Dr. Menius that if a Jew, not converted at heart, were to ask baptism at his hands, he would take

him to the bridge, tie a stone round his neck, and hurl him into the river, such an obstinate and scoffing race were they. If Luther felt thus toward them, we can not wonder that the luxurious dignitaries of the church, two centuries before his time, should have had qualms of conscience with regard to paying Isaac of Norwich interest upon money borrowed.

### A CHARMING WOMAN.

A CHARMING woman, I've heard it said  
By other women as light as she;  
But all in vain I puzzle my head  
To find wherein the charm may be.  
Her face, indeed, is pretty enough,  
And her form is quite as good as the best,  
Where nature has given the bony stuff,  
And a clever milliner all the rest.

Intelligent? Yes—in a certain way;  
With the feminine gift of ready speech;  
And knows very well what *not* to say  
Whenever the theme transcends her reach.  
But turn the topic on things to wear,  
From an opera cloak to a *robe de nuit*—  
Hats, basques, or bonnets—'twill make you stare  
To see how fluent the lady can be.

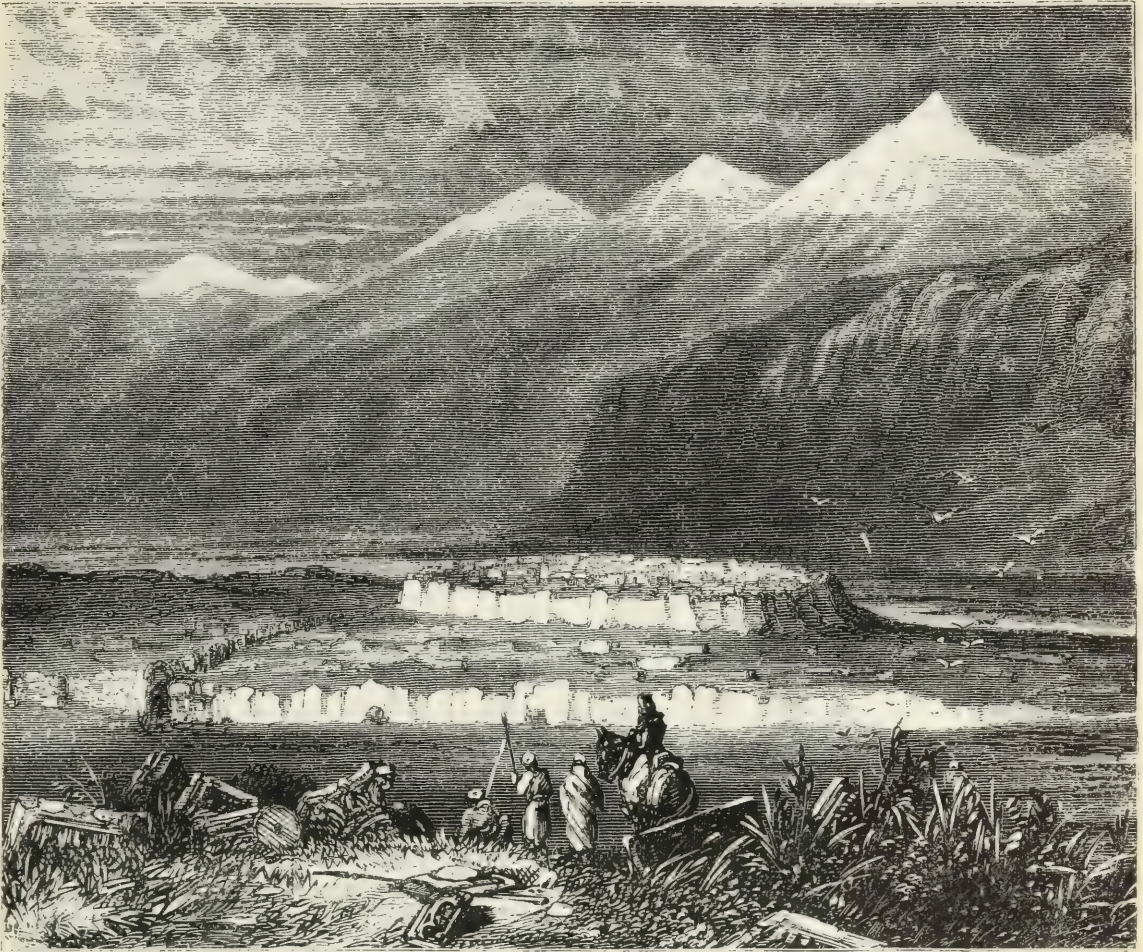
Her laugh is hardly a thing to please;  
For an honest laugh must always start  
From a gleesome mood, like a sudden breeze,  
And hers is purely a matter of art—  
A muscular motion made to show  
What nature designed to lie beneath  
The finer mouth; but what can she do,  
If *that* is ruined to show the teeth?

To her seat in church—a good half mile—  
When the day is fine she is sure to go,  
Arrayed, of course, in the latest style  
*La mode de Paris* has got to show;  
And she puts her hands on the velvet pew  
(Can hands so white have a taint of sin?),  
And thinks—how her prayer-book's tint of blue  
Must harmonize with her milky skin!

Ah! what shall we say of one who walks  
In fields of flowers to choose the weeds?  
Reads authors of whom she never talks,  
And talks of authors she never reads?  
She's a charming woman, I've heard it said  
By other women as light as she;  
But all in vain I puzzle my head  
To find wherein the charm may be.



## REMAINS OF LOST EMPIRES.\*



RUINS OF APAMEA.

ONE turns naturally to the East for the ruins of ancient cities and lost empires, and the plains of Mesopotamia and the Syrian deserts offer a long list of fallen marts of commerce and early centres of civilization, hidden beneath their sands, or marked only by a few tall and shattered columns. The Chicagos and Cincinnati of the past once lined the banks of the Tigris and the Euphrates, or sprang up in the track of the caravan, and wanting chiefly the mental elements of later progress, perished wholly in the midst of their greatness. No modern city has ever met with so complete a ruin as Babylon and Tyre; all the great centres of modern commerce seem gifted with a civic immortality. The printing-press and the school-house, the telegraph and the steam-car, unite to shield London and Paris from decay; and New York and Philadelphia, in nearly the hundredth anniversary of their freedom, are menaced by few of the perils that surround-

ed Carthage and Rome. Men have become somewhat more discreet since the world was governed by Sennacheribs and Nebuchadnezzars. Yet a tour over the ruins of the Eastern capitals, and down those famous rivers where Semiramis labored and Israel sang its immortal lament, has always a strange interest, and no one treads the Mesopotamian plains or speculates upon the site of Babylon without feeling that the deft fingers of the Assyrian weavers have instructed the modern artist, and that the inventions and devices of the merchants and mechanics of Mesopotamia were not lost to the factories of New York. Cities perish, but knowledge never; and the flowered muslins and painted vases of the East live again in the looms of Lyons and the furnaces of Sèvres.

Our travelers set out to visit the fallen cities of the East. They land in Syria, cross the desert, visit Palmyra, sail on a raft down the Tigris, and from Babylon and Nineveh cross the sea in a steamer from Bushire to Bombay; rush swiftly in the heat of the Indian summer in the rail-car up the blazing plain to the mountains, find shelter in the fair vale of Cashmere, and at last survey the marvelous architecture, the richest pro-

\* *Remains of Lost Empires: Sketches of the Ruins of Palmyra, Nineveh, Babylon, and Persepolis, with some Notes on India and the Cashmerian Himalayas.* By P. V. N. MYERS, A.M. Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers.



ductions of ornamental building, at Delhi, and meditate amidst its endless ruins. Their path was from Western to Eastern Asia; the contrast between the two sections is striking; the fate of the former is written in neglect, desolation, and decay. While India is covered with the traits of modern prosperity and progress, the Tigris and the Euphrates flow through the saddest region of the world, and by their side sleep the enormous mounds that mark the scene of former empires, and cities whose buried streets are known only to some ardent explorer.

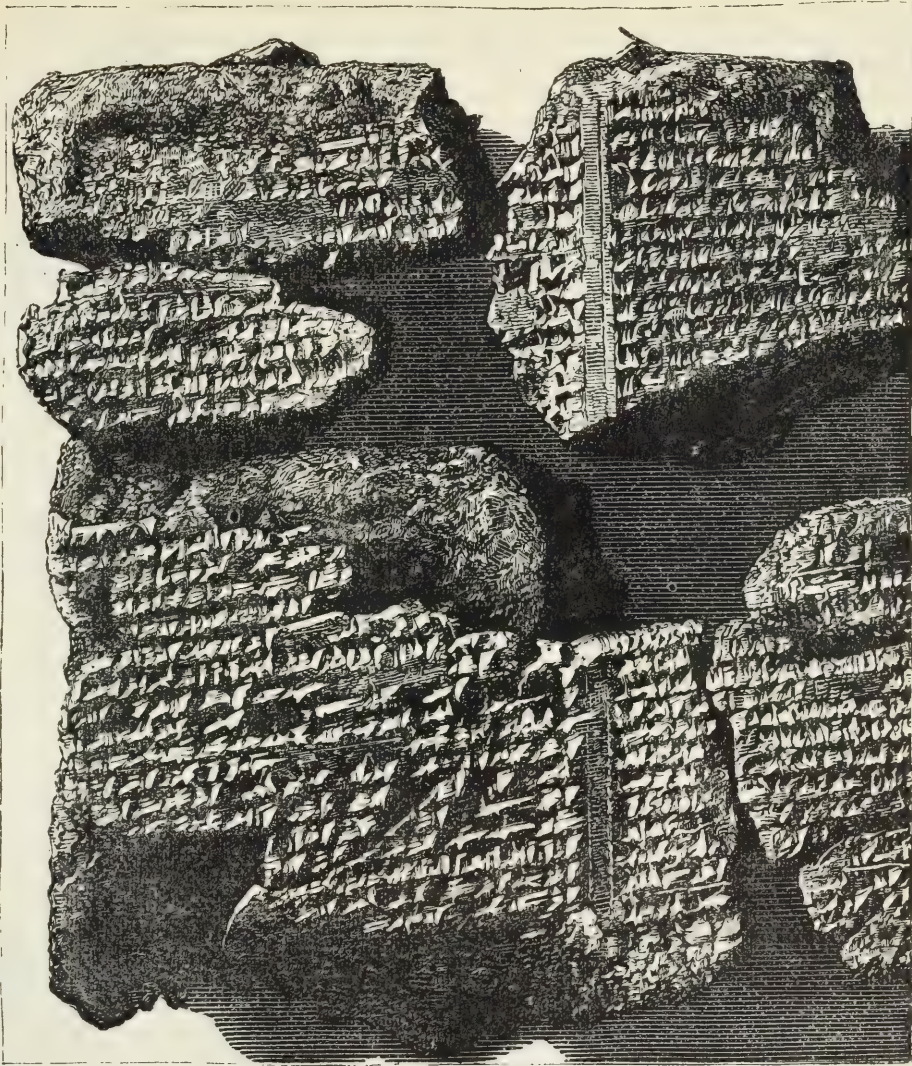
In Western Asia there is little yet but desolation. Crossing the Syrian deserts, the travelers first explored Palmyra, the City of Palms. Midway between Damascus and the Euphrates, where a few abundant springs awake life in the arid plains, a camp of merchants arose in an early period, and on its site sprang up one of the fairest of the cities of the East. In our Western towns the first traits of progress are the school-house and the church, the railway station, the newspaper, and the telegraph; but the Palmyrenes evidently aimed at a splendor that was chiefly material, and expended their gains in the lavish decoration of their bare and desolate waste. A street lined with columns immense and splendid led up to the magnificent Temple of the Sun. A hundred tall and fluted pillars still remain to tell the traveler of the grandeur of the scene. An infinite throng of porticoes, tombs, forums, temples, lie around his path, and as he wanders down the long colonnade of the Broadway of Palmyra he sees the homes of its merchants lining the narrow streets at its side, and the remains of houses more spacious and substantial than the palaces of Paris or New York. Lost amidst the desert for ages, the memory of Palmyra was preserved by the fame and the misfortunes of Longinus and Zenobia; and the prince of critics still seems to wander through its porticoes and teach in its halls. It was found again toward the close of the sixteenth century. But if there is still danger in visiting the wonderful ruins without a Turkish escort, it will not be long before the railway and the telegraph may span the Syrian desert, and Tadmor become familiar to the people of the West.

It was in January, the air was soft, the sky magnificent, as our travelers pursued their search in the desert for lost cities, and saw the cloud-capped Lebanon, the vale of Coele-syria, the ruins of Emesa, and the lonely streets of Apamea: a thousand prostrate pillars lay around them; a city leveled to the ground by the shock of an earthquake. All northern Syria is strewn with fallen capitals, and the wrecks of three hundred towns stretch away unknown, and tenanted only by a few idle Arabs. From Aleppo, covered with its roofs of turf and its grass-

grown terraces, they came to the Euphrates, the fourth river that watered the sacred garden; they tasted the strong black coffee of the Arabs, and visited the evangelical missions; they would gladly have lingered longer at the pleasant mission home, but the emerald tint that began now to creep over the Mesopotamian plain warned them that they had yet to reach the cool retreats of the Himalayas before the rigors of the Indian summer. Accordingly they began a ten days' journey through the heart of Mesopotamia to Mosul, and here saw opposite to them, on the banks of the Tigris, the ruins of Nineveh. The vast city still lies covered with its heap of sand and debris, nor would one suspect that beneath the huge mounds of earth lay the wonderful monuments of Assyrian civilization. It is only when the traveler enters the huge excavations and descends below the surface that he distinguishes the remains of vast palaces and stately buildings, the winged lions or bulls of enormous size, and the walls sculptured with the records of the Assyrian kings. Their annals are told with a fidelity that discloses their singular barbarity. The captives are flayed alive, their eyes torn out, their hands and feet cut off. The civilization of Assyria was the cruel barbarism of the Aztec, and the respect for human life which has slowly made its way among men had no place in the culture of Sennacherib. Yet no one can tread the solemn precincts of these palaces of Assyria, amidst their winged bulls with human heads that still keep watch at the doors in the silent chambers, pictured, vast, solitary, without a thrill of strange excitement. In a series of small apartments are laid away clay tablets a few inches long, inscribed with cuneiform characters, relating, perhaps, the history of Assyria, and from one of them Mr. George Smith, of the British Museum, has translated that account of the Noachic deluge which confirms the Scriptural narrative.

The navigation of the Tigris from Mosul to Bagdad is conducted in the same kind of vessels in which Herodotus must have pursued his travels eastward, and thirty centuries have made no improvement in the sluggish habits of the conservative Assyrians. The raft on which our author set sail on the broad and rapid river was formed of a light frame-work thirty feet square, constructed of poles, beneath which were placed three hundred inflated goat-skins. The buoyancy of the raft enabled it to support twenty tons of wheat and nuts, besides several passengers. A pair of immense sweeps impelled the *kellic*, as it was called, down the wide stream. Nine Arabs and the captain, Mohammed, formed the crew of this strange vessel. Lazily and almost imperceptibly it glided down the stream;





THE DELUGE TABLET.

the Arab crew lay half asleep on the top of the cargo ; at night they moored their raft to the shore, and the travelers slept in their little tent on the *kellic*. "Floating down the Tigris," our author relates, "naturally recalled our canoe voyages upon the Rio Napo and the Rio Negro, northern affluents of the Amazon. Drifting along the treeless shores of the Mesopotamian rivers is very different from floating through the tropical forests of South America. There is verdure along the upper Tigris in spring, it is true, covering not only the *hawis*, or alluvial deposits, but even at times hiding the baldness of the usually barren sun-burned hills; but there is no tree vegetation—low bushes alone fringe in places the river-banks. Very different is all this from the wild, prodigal luxuriance displayed by the tropical forests that hem the streams of the Amazonian valley with their stately walls of trunk and foliage." But the Tigris is richer in historical memories; it is the river of Darius and Alexander, Chaldean, Babylonian, Roman, Turk; nor can it be long before the railroad spans the valley of the Euphrates, and brings the palaces of Nineveh within reach of the winter travel. Floating down the

Tigris, the travelers saw over its low banks a succession of huge mounds and buried cities. It is easy to conceive what great stores of winged bulls and carved tablets, of gems, vases, and bronzes, await the future explorers of these solitary scenes, and how the modern cabinets and drawing-rooms will be decorated with the spoils of the contemporaries of Sennacherib.

But a voyage down the Tigris on a float of skins is not without its dangers. At midnight, as the raft was carelessly moored to the shore, its crew on the land and the travelers asleep in their tents, a strong wind arose, the river swelled and heaved, and the current tore the raft from its moorings, and bore it swiftly onward. Two of the Arabs sprang aboard, and with the captain strove to fasten it again; but it broke loose, and went dashing down the river, striking against the rocks and the shore. The skins exploded with a dull sound, the water rose over the raft, and even the captain leaped into the river and fled to the shore. The night was dark, the rain fell heavily, the jackals howled upon the land, and in the deep gloom the frail float plunged over a rocky pass in the river, and was nearly torn



to pieces. Danger and death hung over the explorers. The raft spun like a top in the turbid waters; but happily it soon drifted into a smoother current, and hurried swiftly onward toward Bagdad. The captain at last came in sight, having followed his lost vessel on a pair of inflated skins, and crew and passengers once more gathered on their dangerous float. They paused to repair their sinking craft, and then once more sailed onward amidst a range of ruins to the city of the caliphs. The Tigris spread out sometimes a mile in width, a fair, majestic river, and at length was heard the welcome cry, "Bagdad! Allah be praised!" Beautiful as a vision in the soft moonlight the dark palms and the silent groves waved over the glittering river, and an Arabian night of rare loveliness welcomed the author to the land of Scheherezade. Of Bagdad it can only be said that it is fair without and adorned with minarets and mosques, that its bazars abound with all the wares of the East and the West, and that cleanliness and decency avoid its narrow and crowded streets. But the hand of modern improvement must at last sweep away its untidy conservatism. A fleet of steamers already visit its harbor. In the age of Haroun, Bagdad taught Europe and Charlemagne

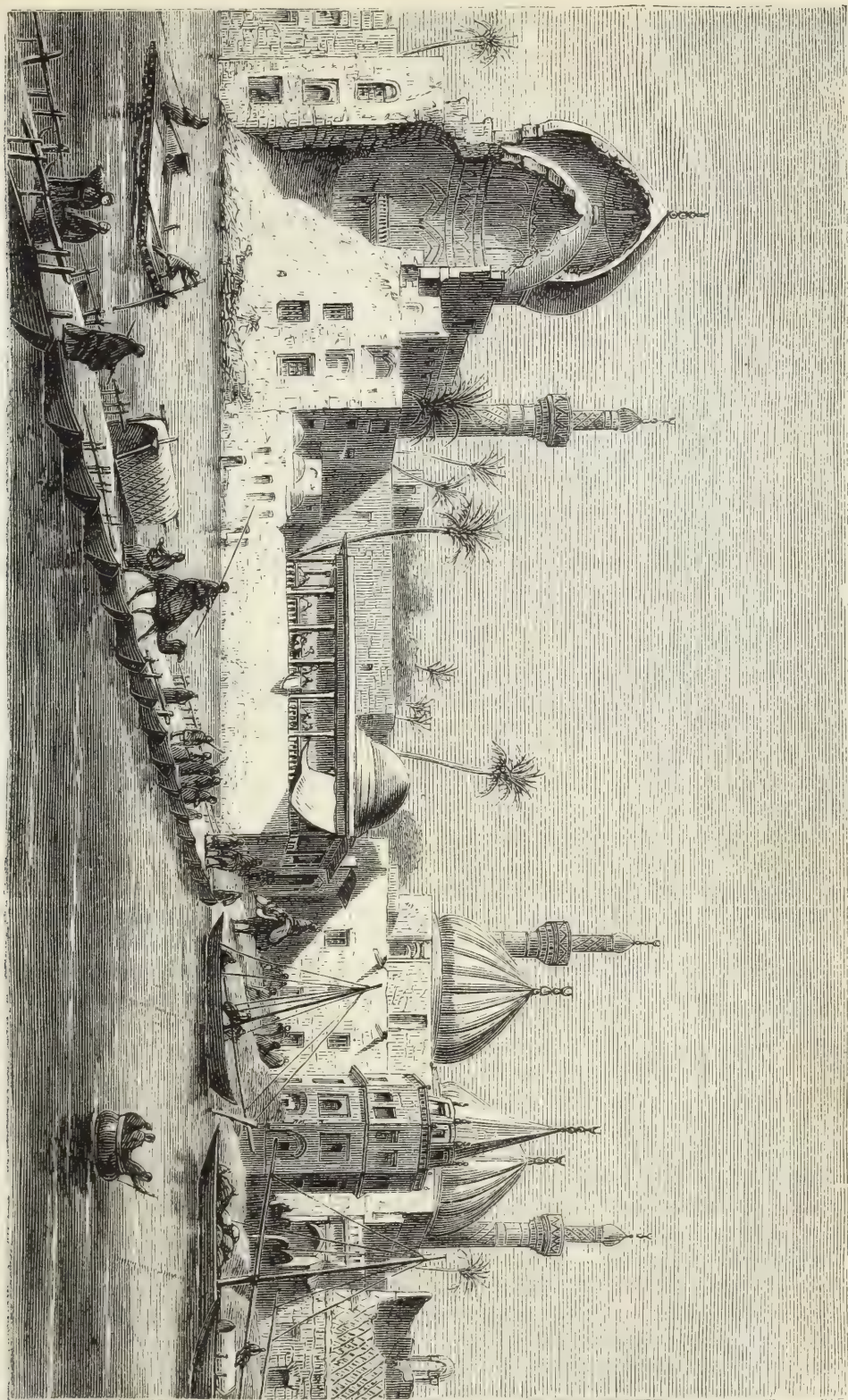
the wonders of mechanics, but the Western world has long outstripped its early leader, and the intelligent and cruel caliph would have studied with rare interest the curious productions of the modern engineer. The steam-engine and the steamer are already arousing the venerable capital from its Oriental slumbers.

We next reach Babylon, and amidst a network of canals and traces of ancient agricultural skill find on the banks of the Euphrates a huge heap of earth-covered ruins. The Temple of Belus, the Hanging Gardens, the Tower of Babel, the palaces and the tombs, are hidden in monstrous mounds that cast their shadows over the solitary plain. No one would suppose that here Cyrus reigned and Alexander feasted, that the most populous of earthly cities once occupied the desolate scene before him. Cities have been built from the ruins of Babylon, and generations have pilfered its remains, yet modern discoverers still find it full of objects of interest and value. Even the Babylonian brick is a work of art, and the Babylonian lion, discovered in one of the mounds, standing over a man, is by some supposed to be commemorative of Daniel's deliverance. It is impossible to fix with certainty the site of the various buildings. They were all



RUNAWAY RAFT ON THE TIGRIS.



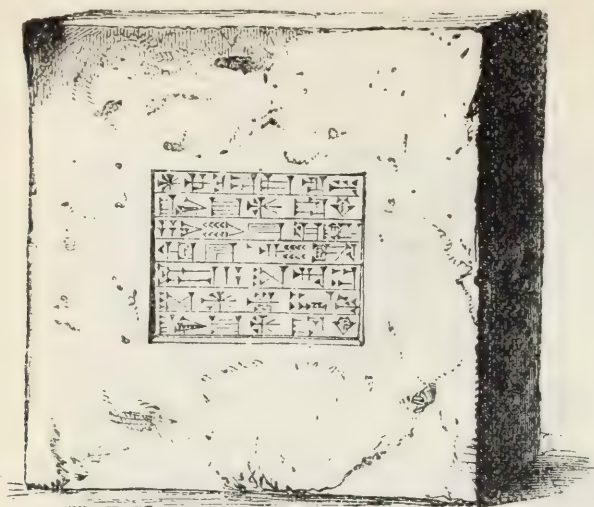


BRIDGE OF BOATS, BAGDAD.

marked by immense height and a succession of terraces. One lofty red-tinted mound is thought to be the site of the Hanging Gardens. In the mound of Mujelibee, "the overturned," some see the remains of the Tower of Babel; the Birs Nimroud, ten miles south of Mujelibee, is also endowed with various fanciful names and uses. But the immense size and singular prosperity of the parent of cities are attested by the unparalleled grandeur of its ruins. Mount-  
ains have sprung up from its ashes, and

the Temple of Belus has been transformed into an everlasting hill. From the vitrified top of Birs Nimroud, blasted and melted by fire, opens a dreary view over the wild and solemn plain. Yet the marshes are covered with the reed huts of the Arabs who have fled hither from the terrors of the Turkish rule, and the Birs is no longer solitary. Our travelers vainly sought for some trace of the enormous walls of Babylon. The Euphrates has already awakened a new verdure on its banks as it glides



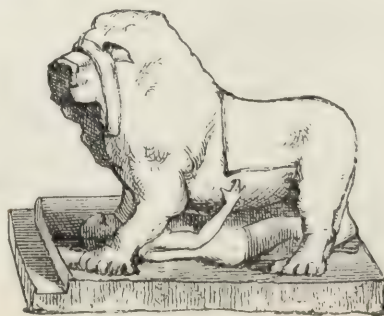


BABYLONIAN BRICK.

through the city. Date groves fringe the famous river. The foliage recalls the gardens and the parks of the ancient capital, and Arab tents and villages hide beneath the trees. Yet when a storm broke by night over the Mujelibee, and the lightning flashed over the waste of Babel, and the jackal howled on the troubled air, the travelers discovered the depth of the desolation foretold in the age of prophecy.

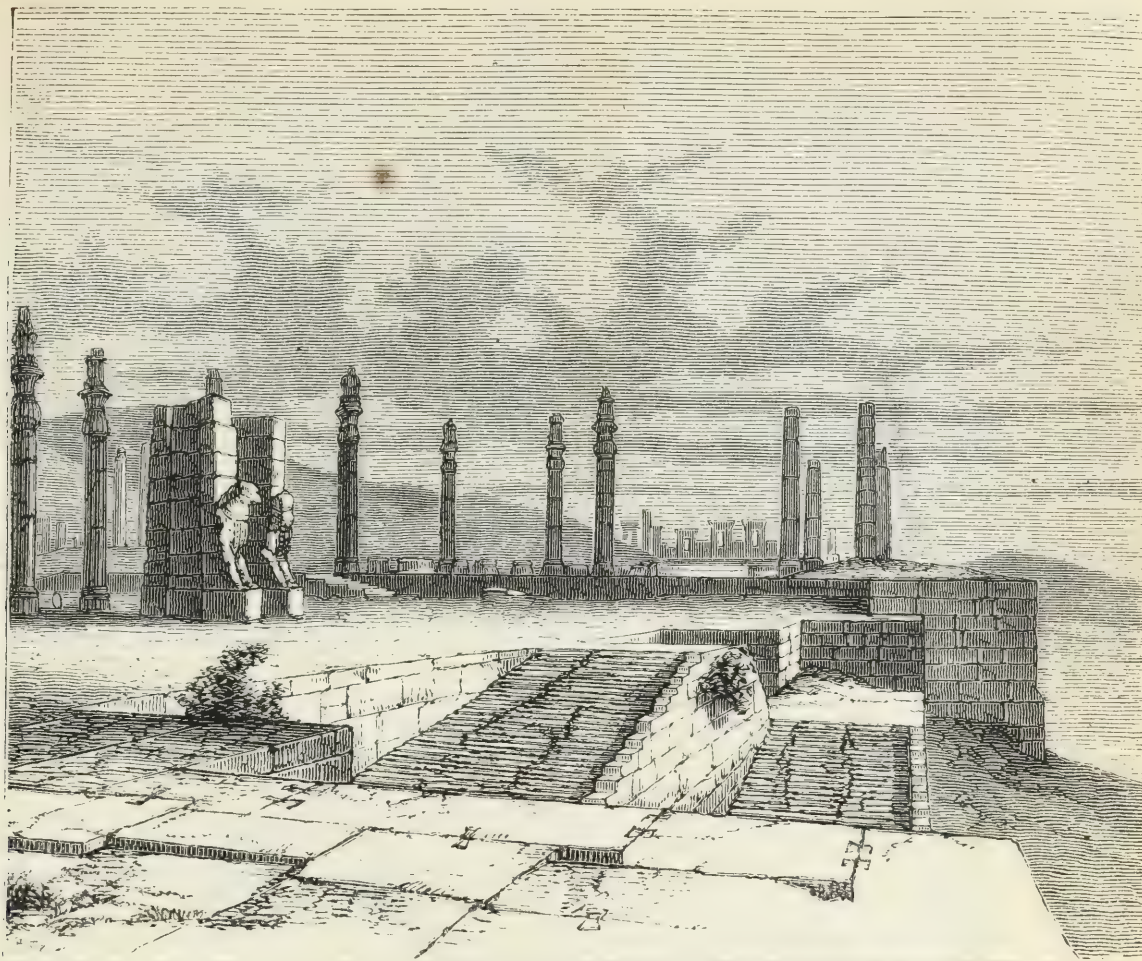
A steamer carried them down from Bagdad to Bushire. Still on every side rose heaps of ruins. The White Palace of Khosrau, the Persian capitals Seleucia, Ctesiphon, and Maydayn, lay desolate and fallen, the haunts of the wild beasts of the desert. Once here had been the richest and fairest provinces of the Persian realm. Parks, pleasure-grounds, and palaces had filled the neighborhood of the Tigris with the fairest of human labors. Every where the hand of art had adorned the banks of the ample stream. It was now a desert. All trace of cultivation was lost. Their little steamer dashed its waves over the brimming banks. They saw a telegraph line running through what was once thought the Garden of Eden, and came to the point of union where the Tigris mingles with the Euphrates, and the abode of our first parents is usually located. They ventured into one of the narrow canals at the side of the river, and found themselves covered in a thick screen of willows, palms, peach, and pomegranate, a boundless richness of vegetation that recalled the animated landscapes of the South American rivers. Canoes were seen paddling down the stream, birds of rich plumage glittered overhead, and the vast and swelling waters of the Euphrates seemed unfit to be compared with the Amazon or the Orinoco. At Bushire they landed in the poetic realm of Persia, but saw only ruinous, uncleanly, and narrow streets, and a throng of indolent Orientals. The Persians have forgotten, it seems, one of their ancient lessons, and no

longer tell the truth. "Yes," said one of them to the Rev. Mr. Southgate, "we lie every time we can;" and the clergyman, for the first time almost, believed a Persian. There was famine over the country when our travelers came there. Death hovered over millions. Hundreds of the dead had lain unburied in the streets of Bushire. And when they penetrated into the interior they came to lands wholly depopulated and rural districts covered with the stillness of death. Kauzerun, which before the famine had a population of eighteen thousand, was now occupied by two thousand miserable paupers. Its streets were empty, its bazars abandoned, the mosques without worshipers, and fine houses, hidden amidst flowers and foliage, had not a tenant. It resembled one of those deserted cities described in the Arabian tales. At Shiraz, the seat of Persian romance and song, seated on a plain four thousand feet above the sea, they saw the famous gardens, now fallen into decay, where the orange-tree, the cypress, and the rose still lend a soft enchantment to the scene. The roses, pink and white, the nightingale, and the memories of the poets are still there. They visited the tomb of Hafiz, and saw the copy of his poems preserved at its side. It is used by the Persians as a *sortes Virgilianæ*, and even Nadir Shah, in the midst of his triumphs, consulted the national oracle. A mile or more from the tomb of Hafiz, in a beautiful garden shaded with pines, cypress, and mulberry-trees, is that of Saadi, the author of *Gulistan*. Its grounds are neglected and fallen to decay, but the rich fancy of the "Garden of Roses" still delights the West and the East. Shiraz, the land of flowers, was unhappily filled with five thousand famishing beggars. Famine in all its horrors had swept over the home of poets, nightingales, and roses, and the lonely and isolated situation of Persia, shut out by its own folly from a close union with other nations, left it no means of drawing upon that common stock of food which provident nature offers in more fortunate regions to all who need.



BABYLONIAN LION.





THE RUINS OF PERSEPOLIS.

The ruins of Persepolis, most magnificent of all the Persian remains, next won their admiration, and they mused amidst the fallen palaces of Cyrus, Xerxes, and Alexander. It is said that the latter set fire to the city in a bacchanalian frolic. A gigantic platform of stone, the largest in the world, drew their attention. A magnificent stairway leads to the top, so gentle of access that they rode on horseback to its summit. Several colossal bulls remain of the ancient palace, a magnificent hall of fluted columns, a propylæum of rare beauty, and volumes of sculptured history on the falling walls. The Hall of Xerxes is covered with sculptures representing processions of priests, warriors, kings, and captives. Black marble is used profusely in decorating the doorways. The "hall of audience," we are told, surpasses all that human architects have devised, and in the ruins of four grand palaces we are pointed to the homes of Cyrus or Cambyses, Darius, Xerxes, and Artaxerxes Ochus. The Persian palace seems to have been the grandest and the most comfortable of its kind, and these gigantic doorways and endless lines of sculptured columns surpass the costliness and the useless splendors of Versailles. Yet our travelers, in the month of roses—for it was May—felt that they must hasten away from the land of Hafiz and the gardens of Shiraz to reach the object of their summer

tour, the valley of Cashmere. They took the steamer from Bushire, coasted along the burning sands of Beloochistan, where Alexander's soldiers had made their terrible march, and in twelve days found themselves embayed amidst the verdant shores and picturesque islands of the harbor of Bombay. But they could not pause in the midst of its charms, for the hot season was near, and they had yet to ride over thousands of miles of blazing plains to reach the frozen mountains. A fine rail-car received them in its pleasant compartments, and they rose slowly up the western slope of the Ghauts, winding in a tortuous way, hot, thirsty, and disconsolate, in the famous land of the Bram, until a triumphant scream of the steam-whistle warned them that they had reached the summit of the Indian plain. Here for two days, over a perfect level, they swept by beautiful Allahabad, up the crowded valley of the Ganges, whose immense population exhibited itself in a throng of powerful cities, passed Cawnpore and Agra, Delhi and Lucknow, and paused at last at Lahore, in the hot, parched district of the Punjab. The heat was fierce and constant, but far above they could discern the dim peaks of the Himalayas, and knew that the fair vale of Cashmere would welcome the wanderers from the fiery, blasted plains with perpetual freshness. In a *dak* or a wagon, or in



a palanquin, amidst intolerable heat, they climbed the mountain land, and at the end of a beautiful cleft in the rocks saw open upon them their first glimpse of the lovely scene. It was almost like a New England landscape. The trees and shrubs they had known at home rose around them, meadows and pasture lands. A Swiss village seemed to stand at the entrance, and between huge walls of rock, that opened like the portals of paradise, they looked down upon Cashmere.

It is only eighty miles in length and twenty or thirty in breadth, and forms a kind of upland park surrounded by tall and snow-clad mountains. Fifteen thousand feet high on one side of the valley the gigantic rampart rises like a wall of stone, scarcely broken by a ravine; the other side is lined with clusters of peaks billowy like the snowy Alps. Through the copses and forests of the valley the river Jhelum enters at one end, passes through its whole length, widens into a lovely lake, and at last bursts away down the declivities to join the distant Indus. On its banks are situated the city of Cashmere and several others less renowned, and the bright clear waters of the lakes and rivers lend to the landscape an unequalled charm. On each side of the valley lesser vales open into the mountains, beginning in the bright vegetation of a temperate climate, and rising at last, herbless and treeless, to regions of perpetual snow. But to the rare natural beauties of the happy vale art has added its most graceful decorations. The Great Moguls from age to age have made it their favorite summer retreat. Shah Jehan and Aurungzebe lavished their treasures to

complete its perfection. Stately avenues of trees, noble groves and graceful gardens, palaces, summer-houses, and pleasant paths, mark the rural tastes of the lords of Delhi, and the city of Cashmere springs from the waters of the Jhelum like another Venice covered by the foliage of its ancient trees. The climate is temperate, we are told, like that of Central New York; the fruits and flowers like our own; wheat, tobacco, the peach, apricot, apple, grape, flourish in the happy valley; the sides of its hills in June are white with a profusion of roses, and their perfume fills the air; some rise like great pillars of blossoms, and others, creeping from tree to tree, festoon the woods with garlands of the queen of flowers. The roses of Cashmere are usually white. The valley forms the natural *sanitarium* of Hindostan, and in the summer months is filled with throngs of English, who encamp in tents upon its grassy lawns, since hotels are unknown to the Cashmerians, and having worn away the hot season in various pastimes, are required by the Maharajah to leave his dominions at its close. No foreigner is permitted to stay all winter in the valley. It seems the English sold Cashmere to a native chief for no large sum, and have now to lament that they so imprudently parted with the most healthful and fairest of their possessions, and an easy pathway to the uplands of Thibet.

The people of Cashmere are not altogether unworthy of the bright scene around them. Children of the mountains and of a temperate climate, they have preserved an energy unknown to the people of the hot plains below. Ages of tyranny, exactions,



PROPYLÆUM OF XERXES.





AVENUE OF POPLARS, CASHMERE.

and plunder have not destroyed their industry or their intelligence, and various ruins of ancient temples scattered through the vale recall the labors of a happier age. One of them, the Martund, grand, massive, magnificent, rises on a rock, like the Parthenon, in the midst of one of the fairest of earthly scenes, and looks down upon the whole length and breadth of the valley. The city of Cashmere is pierced, like Venice, with numerous canals; its buildings overhang the water; the fronts of the best houses line the Jhelum on both sides; and one floats in a Cashmerian gondola down the Grand Canal, beneath its seven bridges, amidst a spectacle of singular beauty. At night the lights flash along the river, and its surface gleams with varied illuminations. The boats used on it are fifty or more feet long, and many of the people live altogether on the water. In one part of the river all fishing is forbidden, because the people believe that Gholab Singh, one of their former kings, has been changed into a fish, and haunts the place forever. Floating in their boats along the Grand Canal, a throng of strangers and natives meet one another, greetings are exchanged, friendly words spoken, the gay

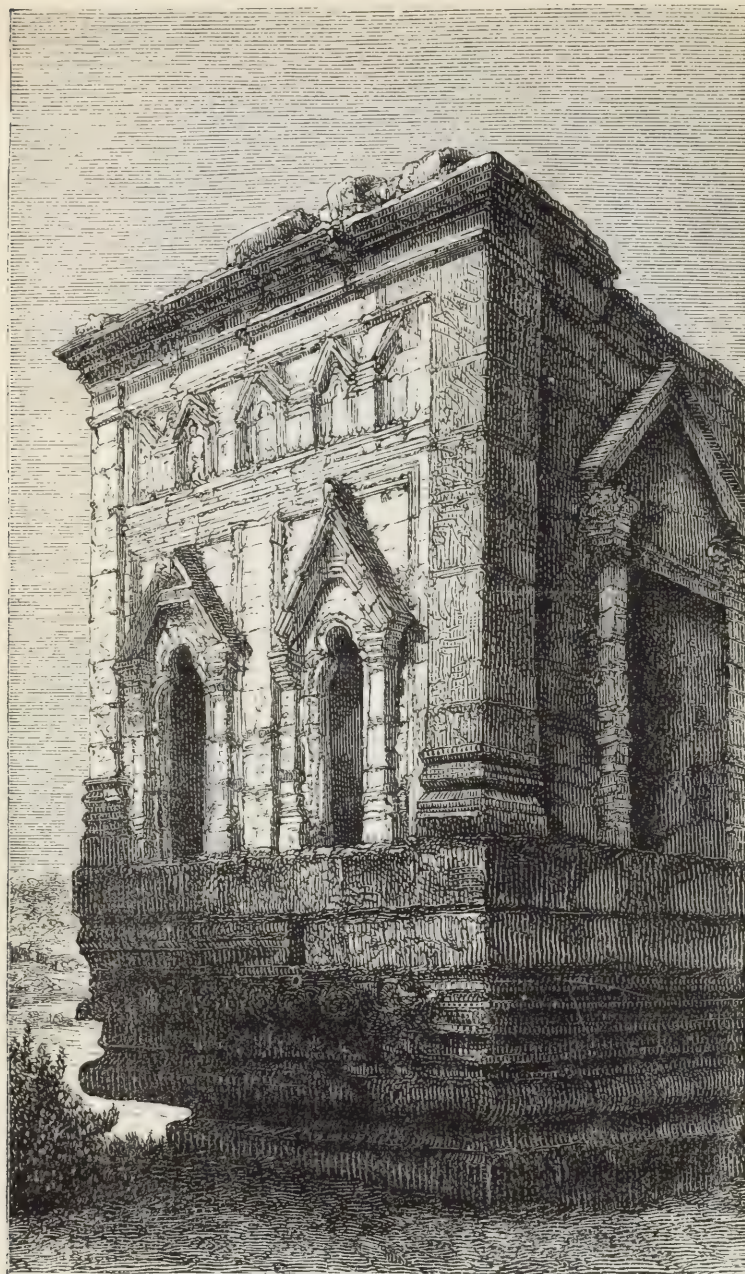
scene is a summer carnival, and the vale of Cashmere rings with the echoes of mirthful voices. Yet the gardens planted by its early rulers are among its chief attractions; they line the fair Wulmar Lake, and glow with fruit and flowers; cascades break out on every side; terraces and kiosks fill the view; and in Shalimar Bagh, one of these later Edens, Moore's Georgian maid exclaims,

"If there be an Elysium on earth,  
It is this, it is this."

On another fair lake, the Dul, floating gardens cover the surface, and produce abundant crops of cucumbers and melons. The men of Cashmere are tall, fair, and well-proportioned, but the ladies are profanely described as exceedingly ugly; its Nourmahals and Lalla Rookhs live only in the poet's fancy.

The fame of the happy vale might possibly have faded with the flight of years had not the productions of its looms given it a renown in every Western land. Its shawls are dear to the gentler sex in every clime. They are made from the softer wool of the wild goats of Lassa and Ladakh, which is chiefly spun by the women of the vale. The





RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF MARTUND.

skins are dyed of the richest tints. The weavers, who are usually men and boys, work crowded together in small rooms. Their skill is unsurpassed. Many of the shawls are woven in separate pieces, yet so carefully joined together that the seams are scarcely seen, and from three months to two years is required to finish one of the finest patterns, and sometimes even longer. The price of the plainer shawls varies from \$200 to \$800, but the trade of Cashmere is no longer active, since European factories have so successfully imitated its finest products.

When the heavy rains had lowered the temperature of the Indian plains to 80° or 90°, our travelers in July left the happy valley and descended boldly into the hot lands below. They found a wonderful transformation. The copious showers had awakened the scorched and blighted plains into that abundance of vegetation that has made

India the home of a teeming population. The parched desert was now covered with leaves and flowers, with the life and beauty of spring. They hastened to study the ruins and the architecture of Delhi. It bore traces of that stern retribution which the English had inflicted on its guilty princes. Its famous palace had been torn down, except the Audience Hall, the Dewani Khass, where Shah Jehan had kept his court, or Aurungzebe shone in the most beautiful of Oriental halls. A pillared, massive, arched pavilion, about one hundred and fifty feet long and fifty wide, it is constructed of pure white marble, lustrous as the blocks of the Parthenon. Such graceful shafts, such wonderful carving, so inimitable the ornaments of the columns and the arches, that the modern fancy is lost in wonder at the results and the waste of human toil. Flowers and fruits are inlaid in the stone with gold and precious jewels, and so perfectly imitated as to exceed the finest painting. Beneath the central arch of the pavilion once stood the Peacock Throne, gleaming with gems and gold, and valued at \$150,000,000, and among the regalia of the Mogul was the Koh-i-noor,

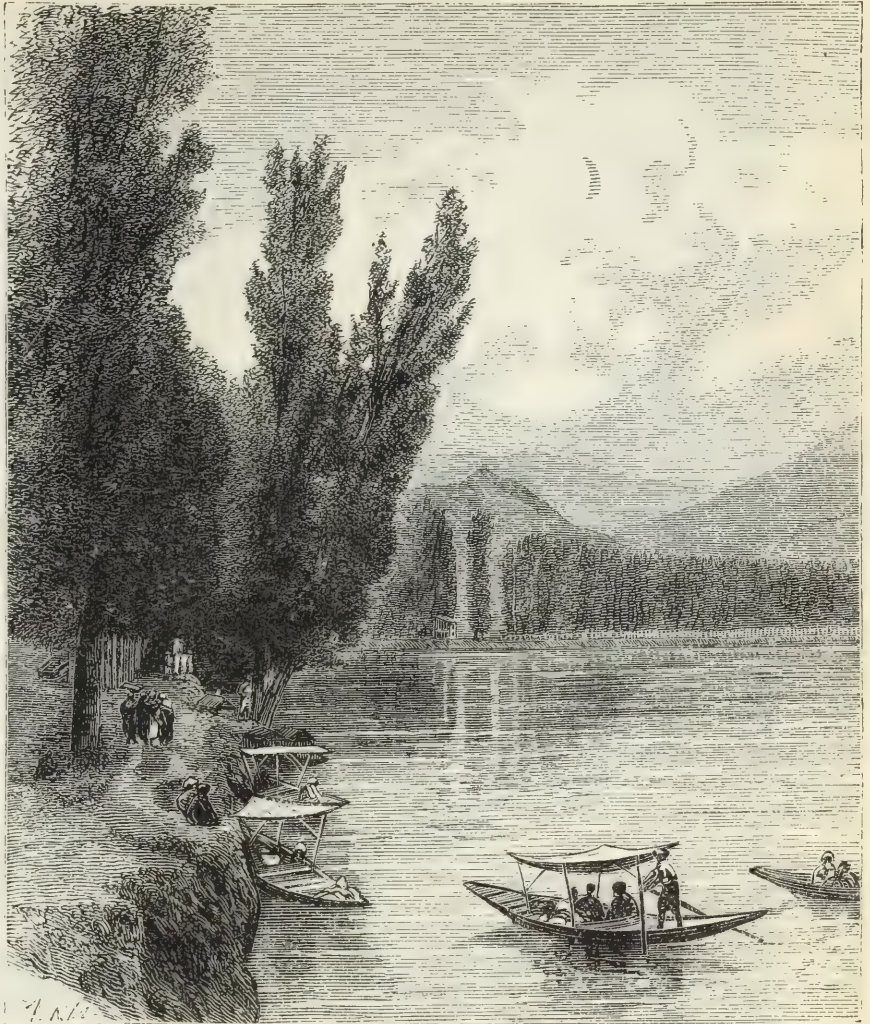
the most useless and the most costly of the spoils that England has found in the East. The mosques and palaces of Delhi point to an age of barbaric extravagance, and one of its marvels is a tall pillar, the Kutub Minar, the loftiest in the world, that overlooks a desolate plain, and surveys the long waste of ruins that line the banks of the Jumna for fifteen miles. For two thousand years the labors of man have been building and destroying city after city beside the placid river; the fair capital rises amidst a circle of crumbling mosques and palaces; the English soldiers bivouac in the audience chamber of Aurungzebe; yet it may be hoped that the cunning fingers of the Hindoo workmen will be employed in future to plant a higher civilization among the scenes of their ancient grandeur, and toil rather for themselves than others. Famine, disease, tyranny, despair, have too often



been the lot of the real builders of cities. The wealth that raised a succession of Delhis and purchased the Koh-i-noor was wrung from infinite cottages and the toil of suffering millions. And it was the chief aim of the founders of our republic, we remember with more than classic satisfaction, to found a state in which labor should be the source of honor, and barbaric castes no longer prey upon their fellows.

A hundred miles from Delhi, at Agra, rises one of the fairest monuments of selfish love and of a cruel promise. The beautiful and beloved wife of Shah Jehan, the mightiest of earthly kings, died in 1631, nor could the wealth of India or the power

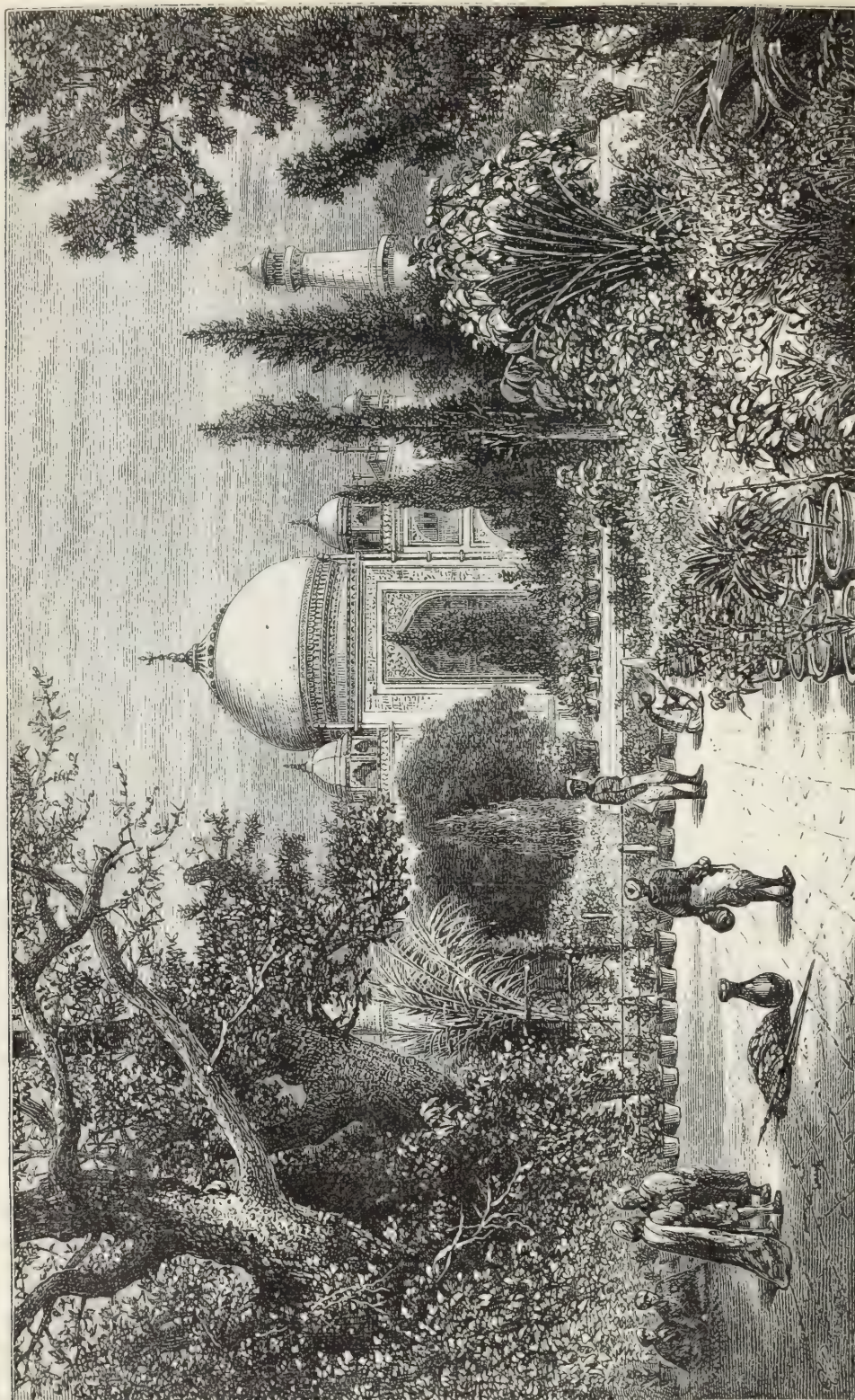
of an absolute rule save the life of the being most dear to the Grand Mogul, the fair Moon-taj-i-Mahal. As she died she uttered the request that her husband would provide for her a suitable monument. Thoughtless and full of the common vanities of life, she scarcely reflected that the execution of her wish must be paid for from the poor earnings of the mothers and daughters of Hindostan, that tears would be shed in thousands of cottages, that children would be pinched and starved, and the aged harassed and disheartened, to provide for the cost of her marvelous tomb. Too seldom, indeed, do any of us look to the results of our actions, or are more careful than the dying queen to limit our wishes by a philanthropic rule. In his passionate grief Shah Jehan pressed on the building of a mausoleum to his consort with a barbaric indifference to the sufferings of his people. Twenty thousand laborers, it is said, were employed upon the work for twenty years. All India groaned with toil and taxation. The Taj Mahal, for so the tomb is called, rose at last to a wonderful perfection. It is the most beautiful and the richest of all the testimonials of a selfish affection to its lost object, the finest architectural device of sorrow, love, and death.



VIEW OF THE JHELUM ABOVE CASHMERE.

A garden, as is usual in most Oriental palaces and tombs, surrounds the spot where sleeps the Eastern queen; the cypress waves, the orange, the lemon, the banyan, and the palm spread their foliage around; fountains play along every avenue, and glitter in the air; and all the charms of Shiraz and Cashmere are said to be imitated if not surpassed in the gardens of Taj Mahal. In the midst of the solemn beauty of the natural decorations, in front of the great gate, and looking down upon the sacred Jumna, springs up the mausoleum itself. A platform of shining marble, one minaret at each corner of wonderful loveliness, and the central shrine crowned with its glittering crescent two hundred and sixty feet high, are wrought into that rare perfection of form and decoration to which only Hindoo craftsmen could attain. The marble, the gold, the precious stones, are melted into fruits and flowers, and woven into designs that surpass the labors of the pencil or the dreams of poetry. Yet it is within, beneath the central minaret, in a chamber richer and grander than royal palace ever knew, that the Oriental fancy finds its chief display. The marble-latticed windows lend a pensive light, the floors are sown with jewels, and





TAJ MAHAL.

the cenotaph of the fair and feeble mortal for whom all this wasteful toil was given rises like an apparition of beauty behind the lace-work of a marble screen. Yet in all this rich effect of Oriental fancy one misses perhaps the stronger traits of Western genius. A single figure on the mausoleum of Halicarnassus, cloven by the powerful chisel of Scopas, must surpass it all, and all the wealth and power of Shah Jehan could not awake the immortal fire that glows in the friezes of Phidias.

Such are the sights and scenes that await the traveler who penetrates into the heart of the forgotten East, and surveys the wrecks of its fallen empires. From Damascus to Delhi one wanders amidst a ceaseless desolation and decay. Around him are the foot-prints of emperors and conquerors, and the storied ruins of three thousand years. He passes over the mounds of Babylon, through the palaces of Cyrus, Xerxes, and Alexander, amidst the gardens of Persia and the unrivaled landscapes of Cashmere.



When all Europe was a savage waste, and all America unknown, before Rome and Athens had sprung up in the Western wilderness, the human race began its career of progress in the hot plains of India and on the banks of the Euphrates and the Tigris. The builders of Babylon and Nineveh were almost alone upon the earth. They were laboring unconsciously to found the central source from which all Western civilization was to take its rise. It is this that must ever give a lasting interest to that land of ruin and decay. We can not sever ourselves from its silent influence, or forget that but for Babylon and Nineveh, Persia and Assyria, our European ancestors might never have left their caves, and been transformed from savages into men. Nor can San Francisco or New York fail to trace its origin to the shapeless mounds that sleep on the Mesopotamian plain. Already the stir of West-

ern invention is awakening the slumbers of the fallen cities. A railroad must soon penetrate the valley of the Euphrates; we may soon rush with furious speed along the track of Alexander's armies, or where Xenophon paints the slow march of the invincible ten thousand. The *kellic* will no longer float on the Tigris, as in the days of Herodotus. The mounds on its banks will be rifled by avaricious explorers; the rose-gardens of Persia and the vale of Cashmere will become familiar to tourists from Oregon and the farmers of New Zealand. Yet the free races of the West, as they survey the total decay of early despotism and meditate upon its doom, will read the moral of the story, and learn amidst the ruins of Babylon or Persepolis that liberty alone is immortal, and independence and self-control the source of the lasting prosperity of nations.

## RAPE OF THE GAMP.

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### CARE KILLS A CAT.

**B**EFORE the boys dispersed for their Christmas holidays the head-master of the school at Pedlington again talked with his colleague on the painful subject of the distance which had been allowed to separate them. Being thrown so much together, as they had been now every day during terms for two years and a half, and closely allied in the common interest which existed between them and their pupils, being also on terms of old intimacy and proved friendship, it seemed always increasingly strange to Dr. Phelps that Mr. Lane should show such a persistent resolution to live alone, and to retire to his solitude whenever acknowledged duty did not summon him from it. Phelps, although a childless widower bordering on middle age, who in more than one sense of the expression might seem "to have done with the world," and so much occupied with a literary undertaking, in addition to his scholastic cares, as to have little time for general society (though general society in Pedlington was willing enough to incorporate the Doctor into its community), was yet of that social and genial temperament that he would have liked to sit with his old friend over their private studies and pursuits, and to have shared the hours of recreation with Mr. Lane, instead of sitting and working alone, as he now too often for a widower did, in the long winter nights after the boys had gone to bed, and instead of depending for daily intercourse on his relations with the boys, and with his third master, who was only a gentlemanly Senior boy. Still these scholastic relations were

so pleasant and intimate, and especially in summer Mr. Phelps partook so frequently of the games and sports which rivaled intellectual attainments in the youthful aspirations, that he felt himself to be less lonely and less in danger of giving way to melancholy than he had reason to believe was the case with his friend.

Was religion, or were the differences arising out of religious convictions, the cause of the partial estrangement between them? Dr. Phelps feared that it was so. Each year, as he grew older and found himself less and less in accord with religious people of any school or sect, he took refuge in a callous indifference to any prevailing set of opinions; outwardly, and more than outwardly in some philosophical and subjective sense, conforming to the creed of the universal church, as a body of doctrine generally beneficial to society, if people would only observe the law of charity, and not attempt to enforce any limited interpretation of this code upon their neighbors.

With those who did so Phelps had little patience. And although moderate persons esteemed him a fit and proper guardian of youth in a school where all shades of religious opinion were represented, yet the more zealous pietists of Pedlington, whether High-Church, Low-Church, or of any non-conforming sect, considered him a dangerous guide to the young in a perverse and stiff-necked generation, and prayed over him (somewhat despondently, it must be owned) in their secret council-chambers. He was, they said, upright and highly intellectual. His character was truly amiable. But these qualities of Dr. Phelps only made *it* (probably meaning "his case") all



the more sad, and *him* all the more dangerous. His good works would recommend his unbelief, so they said. The new rector of the mother parish had been urged to express an opinion reprobating the Doctor's equivocal orthodoxy. But privately that divine would have been far more distressed at the presence of a Calvinist in that influential position, and wisely threw oil upon the agitated waters. He professed to believe that the school-master's theology was only defective in positive or dogmatic vigor, and declared, as he verily believed, that Phelps's sympathies were all in the right direction.

Whatever the real cause, if, indeed, any one operated alone as the source of Mr. Lane's tenacious exclusiveness, Mr. Phelps was still unable to overcome it. His friend even declined now to entertain him for a fortnight at the abbey, as he had done during several previous vacations, pleading a particular wish to go into strict retirement for a while in a clergy-house at the East End of London, after what he was pleased to call "the dissipations of the half year," and the necessity of preparing immediately afterward for his impending move. This was none the less sad to Mr. Phelps from the intimacy which he had seen rapidly growing up between his friend and their new rector, and an evident inclination on the part of Mr. Lane to take the ecclesiastic into his closer confidence.

So the Doctor wended his solitary way to town, where he had to meet Mr. Lane's contemplated successor. He also had work to do among his authorities at the British Museum, and intended to make a flying visit to a German university to procure assistance from one of its professors. On the evening of his third day in London, Phelps, returning by way of Chancery Lane from Bloomsbury to the Inner Temple, where he was quartered on a friend, encountered Mr. Lane, who in the wintry twilight passed him without recognition. The Doctor did not fail to notice the gloom of his friend's aspect, and turning to look after him, saw Mr. Lane striding along grimly, apparently perceiving no one, but wrapt in his own solitary mood. The spot where they met was not far from the door of Messrs. Baily, Blythe, and Baily's offices. Not many minutes had elapsed since Mr. Lane had been made acquainted with the loss of his reverend interest, and had burned his grandfather's last will and testament, as we have already learned through the humble instrumentality of Joseph Foot.

Only a few days after this encounter a telegraphic message followed Mr. Phelps from the Temple to the British Museum, which caused him promptly to desert some interesting black-letter folios, and take the train for Pedlington. The summons was

from the Rev. Cyprian Key, imploring Phelps to return without an hour's delay. It stated that his friend was gravely ill, in mind or body, or both; that Key was alarmed, and anxious for the presence of the only person whom he thought capable of supporting their afflicted brother.

What new affliction could have befallen Mr. Lane? Mr. Phelps knew of none, nor of those which had overtaken the Brownes. A fine moral could be drawn from the situation. But it would be flat and stale, if not unprofitable. Do not afflictions happen to all men? Do our absent friends foresee them? Is not the prodigal son waltzing with a scheming coquette while a fond mother is calling upon him with her dying breath? Will the drowning moan of a sailor husband interrupt the warbling of Mademoiselle Patti to which the fond wife listens with a rapturous smile?

"Is he in bed?" asked Phelps of Mr. Key, whom he found in possession of Mr. Lane's sitting-room.

"Hush!" Key whispered. "He is in there," and pointed to the secret door of the apartment which the birds inhabited. "I slept here last night," he continued; "but he would not speak. He has not even a chair in the room, and must have been standing at the window or sitting on the floor for three days and nights, without eating or drinking."

"What has happened?" Phelps asked.

"I think *he* had better tell you, for his own sake," replied Key. "The only word he would speak is your name. He shouted to me last night to go away; but I staid; and every hour or two I heard him groaning out for you, as if he was in agony."

"Thank you for sending to me," said the layman, wringing the parson's hand. Then without more parley he knocked at the secret door, and called aloud, "Bedford! Let me come in. You know my voice."

"Who else is there?" asked a hollow voice within.

"Key."

From within: "Beg him to go away."

"I thought so," said the parson, sadly. "I must go my rounds now, Phelps; but I shall be at home in the evening if you want me. I shall not come unless you send for me."

Turning on the threshold, he added, "It is too severe, much too severe. He is too hard on himself. *I did not prescribe it.*"

And so the confessor departed. And in this brief story, which is but a chapter in the lives of a few humble and every-day persons, we shall see him no more.

Before the sound of the door closing upon him had ceased to echo through the long chambers and empty corridors of the abbey, the secret door opened to admit Phelps; and the latter could see that the occupant of the chamber had been leaning with his elbows



on the window-ledge, looking out across the garden and river and the overhanging mist, through which the shouts of barge-men at the lock came with a strange weird sound.

It has been formerly said that this approach to the town had the air of a decayed city. This was especially the case on the river-side. The mouldering abbey with its long range of ruinous walls and offices, the antiquated Gothic church, the quaintly terraced cliff with its gable ends of the old episcopal palace and its pollarded willow fringe, the very canalized river, itself a relic of the old water highways of England, formed a group of objects which belonged less to the present than the past. And while the town not half a mile distant was singularly busy for an English county town, this suburb was almost always silent and solitary.

The chamber in which Mr. Phelps now found himself for a second time was part of an ancient passage, opened by Mr. Lane himself with the assistance of Tobias Graves, in the ponderous outer wall of the ancient refectory, a part of which formed the sitting and sleeping apartments of the present occupier. From the lattice window you saw merely the ruin of an out-house at hand, a broken parapet along the lower edge of a terrace walk, and the misty sheet of water with a small lock-house dimly looming on the farther bank. The narrow space was littered with books and papers. On the deep window-ledge lay a number of time-worn crumpled letters and a faded old copy of a German newspaper. Among these the end of a pistol-barrel caught Phelps's observant eye. The favorite tomtit stood disconsolately among this litter, despising the social charms of the fishing-rods and ram-rods upon which the other birds clustered, doubtless comparing notes on their master's behavior. A strong aroma of some obnoxious drug loaded the scanty supply of air in the room. But the long arm which opened the door closed it at once. Not a word was spoken while the two men studied each other's faces, one eager and anxious, but resolute; the other gaunt and terrible, glaring at the intruder. His eyes gleamed with a strange lustre in great hollows under his rugged brows. He wore no coat. His arms, brown and sinewy, were bared to the elbow, and his open shirt, from which the studs had fallen, exposed his broad massive breast. If it had come to a life and death struggle between those two, Mr. Phelps knew that his moments were numbered. But he discerned no symptoms of madness in those "sad eyes;" and as soon as this became clear to his perception a great load seemed to be lifted from his own mind and body. He must have expected to make that terrible discovery, or the relief could not have been so great. No; that was not a madman's gaze. It was a strong man, racked and torn with grief and

goaded with remorse, brooding amidst the ruins of a life. Key had called him Pontius Pilate; Phelps now silently compared him to Saul, and perhaps the layman's simile was not less apt than the priest's.

A curious characteristic of this meeting between two tried and approved friends was that the usual forms of greeting did not even seem to occur to either of their minds. "How d'ye do?" or "How are you, old fellow?" would have been a contemptible mockery. The Doctor's keen, eager glance searched Mr. Lane's agonized eyes, which in their turn sought the meaning of his almost nervously. The little bird, with its head on one side, also watched Mr. Phelps with narrow scrutiny. When he appeared to be relieved of his first terrible apprehension, and looked toward the litter of papers, the bird gave a sympathetic chirrup, jumped a few little paces, and alighted on the muzzle of the pistol.

"What is this?" said Phelps, displacing the bird and taking up the weapon.

The bird at once fluttered on to its master's shoulder, and eyed the intruder attentively.

"A pistol," said Mr. Lane.

"Yes, I see," Mr. Phelps rejoined; "but what for?"

"Why are you come here?" Mr. Lane retorted.

Phelps hesitated for a moment. He doubted whether he should seem to have come by chance, but had never deceived his friend, and would not do so now.

"I am come," he said, "to save you from yourself—to save my friend of old days from this hard fellow, Mr. Lane."

"Hard, yes, hard," said the other, slowly, and speaking to himself. Then again, "Hard, yes, hard indeed! Poor child!"

Phelps was not slow to catch the last words. He knew nothing of what had happened between his friend and Janet Browne, but had seen that some little tenderness or friendship was springing up between them, and had from the first ardently hoped that it might be so, and that (though he had signally failed in his own attempt on Mr. Browne) Janet and his friend might ultimately become man and wife, so that half the fortune which was to have been Bedford Lyte's might still become his, and with it something worth the other half twice told; for Mr. Phelps was not one of your philosophers who make light of the treasure of a woman's heart. For Bedford's secret, as a moral obstacle, he cared little and feared less, though it might present material difficulties. His confidence in one whom he had never proved to be unworthy of it was unbounded. For the change of name he did feel sorry, and had strongly dissuaded his friend from persevering in it on his return to England. But Bedford had made



it the condition of his alliance, and Phelps had yielded the point.

To the new head-master of the Pedlington School it had seemed almost unendurable that an honest man, his friend and colleague, should take shelter in an *alias* from some old opprobrium. But to Bedford Lyte, the naturally proud and sensitive man, the reputation of Bedford Lyte, the reputed libertine, would have been quite unendurable. Besides which, though Phelps in his generous confidence and in his consummate reliance upon his own approval of his own acts, would have ventured upon opening the school with a coadjutor whose former ill repute might soon get noised abroad, yet his friend had felt sure that such a step would be a false one, and that the moral timidity of the Pedlingtonians would have ill requited Phelps's moral courage. Beyond these two abundant reasons, why need we seek? Yet there was another reason, which of itself would have been sufficient to make Mr. Lane adhere to the *alias* which it had caused him to adopt in Germany.

"Hard indeed! Poor child!" he now repeated to himself, speaking slowly and abstractedly, as though he had been alone; Phelps watching him meanwhile with eager eyes and ears, desiring greatly to know and share the whole burden of his friend's experience, that he might, as he said, in the face of his present danger, "save him from himself." This was doubly urgent now. Mr. Phelps liked not the look of that pistol; and if this moment of anguish were tided over, was not Mr. Lane leaving Pedlington, and again about to cast his lot among strangers?

Could our eyes penetrate those thick walls, it would be strange to see these two men standing together in that narrow dark space, one so intent on the other, that other so careless of his presence. As Frank had ingenuously intimated in their last interview, it was not easy to see the charm about Mr. Lane which attracted people so strongly to him. But the attraction, whatever it was, acted quite as powerfully on the rude as on the gentle sex. Dr. Phelps thought it no more hardship that he should have left his black-letter folios and be here exerting his thankless efforts of friendship in behalf of this man than the Rev. Cyprian Key had grudged his last night's rest in keeping a weary vigil outside Mr. Lane's chamber door. But perhaps the latter may have had some little misgiving of undue severity in the counsel which he had tendered to Mr. Lane. Seeing how fast a hold this love for Janet had gained upon her reluctant admirer, and feeling in his conscience that to indulge it ever so little would be a sin, and wishing for his friend above all things a triumph over the enemy of his soul, he had reminded his penitent that it

was better to enter into life maimed than having a sound body to be cast in hell fire. "Tear it out by the roots," he had urged. "Count not the cost. Spare not yourself; rather inflict wounds the rankling of which shall destroy this vice of your blood." And then when old Ada had informed him of the severities which Mr. Lane was practicing upon himself, and when he reflected how terrible might be this fight between a master-passion which had intrenched itself in the citadel and a stern, loyal man resolved to oust and vanquish it, he became alarmed. He thought this man quite capable of destroying himself if the enemy would not yield. He would expect to carry the fortress by a coup de main, and would chafe at the slightest repulse. So Mr. Key had watched and prayed throughout the night, and in the early morning had telegraphed for Phelps.

"Hard, hard; yes, indeed, hard!" Mr. Lane continued to mutter. "Poor child!"

Phelps was quite at a loss. Did Bedford mean Eleanor Bailly? or had something happened in Pedlington during his absence, and was Janet Browne the subject of this lament? Mr. Lane's presence in the neighborhood of Bailly's office in Chancery Lane, which Phelps had so recently witnessed, inclined him to think that some circumstance had lately revived the misery concerning Miss Bailly, whatever that misery might be. The old, frayed, soiled letters and newspaper in the window indicated the same source of grief and remorse. But some secret power of divination suggested another name, and Mr. Phelps went at once to the point. "Do you mean pretty Janet Browne?" he asked.

Mr. Lane nodded, still gazing intently at his friend, who saw a faint clearing of the brow, as if the confidence were a relief to the sufferer.

"You have formed an attachment for her?" Phelps continued.

Again he nodded. An unbidden tear suffused each of those dark, deep-sunken eyes.

"And she has returned it?" resumed Mr. Phelps.

But now Mr. Lane's glance faltered and failed. His whole figure relaxed its bold posture, trembled, cowered, and finally fell upon its knees at the window-ledge, planting its elbows thereon, lowering the face into the upturned palms, and shaken with convulsive sobs.

Then Mr. Phelps knew that his friend's love had been returned, and that this mutual attachment was not to enjoy a blissful sequel, but that, for some reason as yet unknown to him, it was an unfortunate passion, and Mr. Lane thought he had done wrong in allowing it to take root.

Phelps had never seen his friend overcome by such violent grief before. Yet he



esteemed it to be a breaking up of the ice, and a blessed tenderness succeeding the sterner sorrow of the last few days.

It was about four o'clock in the winter afternoon, and the room was almost dark; but still the figure of the strong man knelt in its weakness, and from time to time a shudder passed over it, and at each of these spasms the little bird on his shoulder partly opened its wings and closed them again with a gentle chirrup, as though it approved of nature's sweet and spontaneous relief. On a sudden a faint glimmer of light, soft and radiant, lit up the bowed head and kneeling form, and threw into bold relief that of the small bird, which uttered a melodious trill, half sad, half joyous, in its minor key. Mr. Lane lifted his head, upon which a golden radiance fell; and presently without, in the space where previously the gray mist had blurred the landscape, a glorious rainbow now appeared. The canaries came fluttering to a perch in the embrasure of the window, and all this little company gazed with rapture at the changing splendors of the bow, which seemed placed there by the beneficent Father in token of His abiding goodness and watchful care over His erring children.

Doubtless this thought crossed the minds of these two men at the same time; for as the bow faded out of the heavens, two gently spoken words were uttered by the kneeling man, and Mr. Phelps (having quickly stooped to catch) now fervently repeated them:

"LAUS DEO!"

Mr. Phelps was sincerely rejoiced that any thing should have evoked on the part of his friend the feeling which must have prompted these words. For they were the first he had spoken since his monotonous repetition of the words, "Hard, hard!" and "Poor child!"

"May I open the window?" asked Phelps. And Mr. Lane, rising, opened it himself. It was secured inside by a wire-worked frame, which prevented the birds from going out or their enemies from coming in when the lattice was open.

As the fresh air greeted their nostrils, Mr. Phelps, wishing to speak on indifferent subjects, said, "What drug is it the smell of which filled this quaint little room?"

"*Hyoscyamus*."

"Do you take much of it?" he asked.

"Very seldom."

Suddenly the place was shaken with a great shock, accompanied by a loud report. A great smell of gunpowder and cloud of smoke succeeded to the fumes of *hyoscyamus*, and as these cleared away before the draught of air coming up from the river, Mr. Lane appeared with an air of exultation in face and mien, pointing with a pistol through the shattered wire-work. Mr. Phelps first

looked at the weapon in his own hand, to make sure that he had not relinquished it, then following with his eye the line of Mr. Lane's, discovered with some difficulty in the fading daylight the body of a large white cat, lying motionless at the foot of a broken wall.

"At last!" cried the marksman.

"Was it an old offender, then?" Phelps inquired.

Mr. Lane reminded him of his old superstition about his guardian angel or good genius inhabiting the humble form of the tomtit, and told him that a feud existed between the cat and the bird, which puzzled him much, and had made him resolve to take the cat's life. It seems the offending animal would sit in a point of vantage and watch the window for hours, to the great terror of the other birds, his little favorite manifesting no fear at all, which he attributed to the superior nature with which it was marvelously endowed. But he had noticed the bird to ail after each of these feline visits, and one evening, when pussy had been on guard during his absence, Tommy almost committed *felo-de-se*. The affectionate little creature had a habit of sitting for hours on the rail of the fender at his feet, and even roosting there during some of his long winter-night watches. On the evening in question, when he opened the secret door as usual on his return for the night, the bird had flown directly from the lattice window across the room, into the fiery space underneath the grate, where it was confused and dazzled and almost roasted alive. He saved it with difficulty, and was much disturbed when (going to the small window) he saw the ghostly form of the white cat stealing away in the darkness.

Beyond this narrative Phelps could learn nothing as to Mr. Lane's strange antipathy to this creature. Afterward he alluded to the period of his seclusion as "an ambuscade;" but Phelps could not believe that he was really lying in wait for a cat all that time, nor that its appearance and forfeiting its life at the present time were more than a coincidence. However, the occurrence was most serviceable. When a man's mind is almost unhinged with a lever of unremitting anguish, some old familiar turn will sometimes restore its balance. And probably the sudden revival of Mr. Lane's former anger with the cat, and the triumph of his successful shot, may have served to distract his mind from its one intolerable care. Certainly from this time he began to realize his friend's presence. The necessity of fully confiding the past to this faithful ally had been urged upon him by Key, and now presented itself to his mind. The old fear of losing Phelps's regard by this confidence revived within him. In short, he began to be himself again after a period of unnatural





"CARE KILLS A CAT."

abstraction and morbid abandonment to a single idea.

"Now the enemy is fairly repulsed. Let us move out of our intrenchments, and give the dead sepulture," he said, quite manfully.

"*Mitte supervacuos honores*," Mr. Phelps rejoined, with a smile; and added, "I am very hungry. Let us order some supper as we go."

The faithful Ada was hovering about the door of the sitting-room nervously. "We have killed the white cat at last. Let us have some supper at once," the master said to her. And the good creature gave vent

to a great sigh of relief, for she had been tortured with vague apprehensions.

Phelps accompanied him into the old terraced garden, where Mr. Lane persisted in digging a hole and burying his foe, during which operation the bird fluttered to and fro with every appearance of joy, though it was the hour only for bats and owls to be on the wing. Then turning upon Phelps, who was smoking a short wooden pipe, he said, "Let me have that;" with which request the other silently complied. A breeze was coming up from the west, and the stars twinkled out one by one. They paced to



and fro on the long broad terrace walk, where in old times many a monk had told his beads and many an abbot planned the aggrandizement of his house and order, or perchance the very culture of this garden, now infested with kex and other stubborn weeds, the home of rabbits, moles, and rats.

"Why did you come to-day, Henry?" asked Mr. Lane, after they had walked a while in silence.

"I told you truly," the other answered; "to save you from yourself. Key telegraphed me."

"You did well to come," Mr. Lane rejoined; "well, as far as I am concerned. It is an ignoble act, a rash, impatient folly; but I should have done it."

"I believe you would," Phelps said.

"I shall have to bear your contempt when you know all," Mr. Lane pleaded.

"You wouldn't have escaped it so, however fast old Charon had paddled you over."

"If you had only prevented me from coming here with an *alias*!" Mr. Lane urged.

"Ah!" cried Phelps, "that is how the mischief has occurred, is it?" He was too generous to remind the sufferer how strongly he had discountenanced that measure.

"Or if you had only kept me from going to the house!" resumed Mr. Lane.

"But, my dear fellow, I wanted you to go. I had a wish, and it was father to a belief, that she and you would take to each other."

Mr. Lane groaned aloud, "Oh! if I had only told you all, you would have foreseen this calamity, and kept me away."

The unruly but honest tongue of the Doctor could hardly refrain from pointing out to Mr. Lane how his own reticence and want of candor in bearing his own name were at fault. Still he felt a secret conviction that Janet neither would nor could withdraw her love if she had once given it to his friend. Nor did he believe that Bedford Lyte had so acted as to forfeit the esteem of any woman, however noble, pure, or high-minded.

"But now you will tell me every thing, and trust me fully," he said. "Remember, you are in a difficulty, and two heads are better than one."

"Let us end the year like brothers," pleaded Mr. Lane. "To-morrow I will make a clean breast of it; but—"

"But if you broke the whole decalogue as Bedford Lyte, I am ready and willing to forgive you, knowing what I do of your life under this confounded *alias*, which has now become so much a part of you that you will seem to be masquerading in your own name. But why should you fear my judgment? Why should I be more censorious than Key? I know you have confided in him."

"But Key is a priest."

"So we are all priests," resumed Phelps,

with whom this was a pet heresy. "Whosoever sins we remit, they are remitted unto him or her. I don't believe Pio Nono nor St. Peter himself had any more power to remit sins than you or I have. But come and give me something to eat, for the love of Zeus. After all, the old pagan gods are fine fellows, and there's a good deal of vitality about them yet."

Mr. Lane declined the argument, but his mind was not at ease about his friend's judgment. In youth they two had made a compact with virtue. He had certainly broken that pact, and had allowed more than a lustre to pass away without giving his friend the opportunity of pronouncing whether that breach should sunder them or not.

The philosopher ate heartily, undisturbed by such misgivings, and quite prepared to follow in the parson's footsteps, and pronounce a plenary absolution upon Bedford Lyte. The latter gentleman only sipped some beef tea, which his good old Ada had cunningly concocted of meat and isinglass, so that the utmost nourishment was comprised in the smallest compass. Of this she would only give him a small tea-cupful, though he loudly called for more, and affectionately bantered her on having allowed him to fast so long, if, indeed, her story was true, which he professed to doubt.

"And indeed, Dr. Phelps," said the good creature, "if master hadn't a-promised, now that he's going away, to take me with him, I wouldn't ha' been answerable to ye for his life. The many and many a time I've a-been at his door with a cup of this nice beef tea, and he to order me off quite severe! Strong, they call him; so he be; and well he *may* be! Taking things to heart so!"

"Come along out into the fresh air again," said the subject of this oration, disposing his little bird gently on the back of his easy-chair, where it released its head from under its wing and opened one eye for a wink, as much as to say, "*Au revoir*! I will doze here till you go to bed, which you have not done for three nights, you know."

As we have already intimated, it was the eve of a new year, and the pious rector, without any particular direction in the canons or rubrics, kept it as a vigil, having even-song with a sermon at eight o'clock, and a midnight celebration of the eucharist. "I have used him ill," said Mr. Lane; "I didn't want to be dictated to. I wanted to go out of this dreadful life, and escape from a misery that was crushing me. Ah, Henry, old friend! why did not you save me from myself sooner, and from this last sin, and the misery in which I have involved the sweetest soul that God and nature ever clothed in beauty?"

"The complications may be unraveled yet," Phelps replied, hopefully.

"No," said the other, dolorously; "my



sentence is a life one; and I have been stealing into happy households and an innocent heart, like a ticket-of-leave man pretending to be a virtuous citizen."

"That is a case," said Phelps, astutely turning the subject, "where society retains a man's sin. Condemn the poor devil to a life sentence, and it matters not how virtuous he becomes. His one sin is retained, hung round his neck, and poisons every act and thought and feeling of his future life."

Then they turned into the church-yard and walked slowly in the shadow of the old yews which deepen its stony gloom. The weather had become clear and frosty. There was no moon, but the stars were bright and eloquent in the immeasurable azure vault above and around them. The bell for prayers had ceased, and the last of the scanty congregation had straggled in. Phelps had a shrewd suspicion, almost an assurance, of what had passed in his friend's mind, oppressed as he was by an ever-growing burden of secrecy, with the moral perception morbidly quickened (as he thought), with that vague longing which possesses some natures who have not the highest faith to trust some system wholly, to bow the neck of Reason to the yoke of consistent self-asserting Dogma, and to take such consolation as may be had in submission, in so-called Remission and Absolution. But for himself, Mr. Phelps thought lightly of such cities of refuge.

"Bedford," he said, puffing philosophically at his pipe in the sweet solemn starlight, and now looking upward through the gnarled boughs of a very ancient tree, under which his friend also was kindling a pipe—"Bedford, what a grand satire, this" (here he waved his pipe heavenward)—"this is upon dogma, and ritual, and all littleness!"

As Mr. Lane remained silent, the skeptic continued: "These stars, my friend, don't move majestically with that glorious rhythmic music through their orbs of space to light that unhappy little hierarch" (probably meaning the Reverend Cyprian) "and his dozen choristers and his score of devotees on their walk to church and back again. No occasion, my Bedford, to call stars and planets, whole systems, into being for such a purpose. A few tenpenny lanterns would do far better."

Luckless penitent! Tossed from Rome to Geneva, from Calvin to Key, and now assailed by a philosopher to whom Calvin and Key were both alike. Perhaps grief, his proper mistress at this juncture, stood him in good stead, outweighing the bomb-shells and hand-grenades of theology in her secret scales. He embraced her, as the unhappy will hug their misery, and she turned a deaf ear to doubt. Bitterly he smiled in his dark resting-place, standing with folded

arms, and leaning his broad back against the huge red trunk of the tree.

"And this grim tree," continued the ex-inspector of Anglican schools, "must have been vegetating here, transacting its own affairs with decorous gravity, but laughing at Celt and Roman, Saxon and Norman, Lollard and Anglican—laughing at 'em all in turn under its crumpled old bark this sixteen or eighteen centuries or more."

"You don't mean laughing at their religion?" urged Mr. Lane, now showing some interest in the subject of discourse, which perhaps may have been the object of his wily friend in treading upon such debatable ground.

"Indeed I do," he calmly rejoined.

"Do you know," said Mr. Lane, now speaking carefully and with evident conviction, "this very old tree has often struck me as being a good type of Christianity, with a new life springing continually out of its own decay?"

"And so far you have been right," Phelps assented. "There is a germ of truth still in a mass of struggling decomposition, and that keeps flashing out into new life, as you say; for truth can never die. But the whole system is out of date and well-nigh worn out."

"You don't mean that Christianity itself is nearly worn out?" Mr. Lane urged.

"Yes, I do. It can not be the crowning religion of the human race."

"I am sure I hope it is," said Mr. Lane, earnestly.

"I hope not," the other said, with no less fervor.

Then a great silence fell upon them, made audible, as it were, by the indistinct Gregorian strains within the church. For a while Mr. Lane, so lately contemplating a final act of rebellion against this creed, was smitten with awe lest it should not be the true solution of life's mysteries. Was faith merely a farce tricked out with sham solemnities? Were all puppets who walk through the church's history from Christ till now? Are the soul's experiences mere tricks of a heated imagination? Do the powers of nature indeed laugh at our phantom fights?

It seemed as though a dark veil was drawn across the heavens. The man bereft of his faith, weak as it was to impel or deter him, was surrounded by dark night. Mighty waves of fear tossed him on their inky summits and wrapt him in their changeful depths. Fierce blasts of doubt and distrust hurried him hither and thither. But now a sweet celestial light moved amidst the darkness and drew near to him. Out of the light there came a voice saying, "It is I: be not afraid." The words were few; but to him their import was very great. Recovering himself with an effort, he said, "Henry, my old friend, do not put Christianity from



you because I (or any other weak creature) fall short of my ideal. You would not reject our Parliamentary system because—”

“Wouldn’t I?” interrupted the philosopher. “If the people were ripe for something better? And I, for one, think it high time they were.”

Mr. Lane was bereft of his argument, but resolved to pursue the subject. “What do you call subjective truth?” he asked.

“A thing being true in relation to one’s own mind,” was the answer.

“Then,” persisted the other, “I have subjective evidence of Christianity which is absolutely overwhelming. I have had a proof of it since we began this conversation. Is that faith?”

“What *you* call faith,” said Phelps.

“But *could* you not have this sort of faith, if you would humble your intellect?” Mr. Lane asked.

“Faith, I had it once,” Phelps answered, lightly, puffing out a long jet of smoke; “but it left me. Or rather *I* left *it*. It was a phase of experience through which I passed.”

“Should you not want it again if you were dying?”

“No,” replied Phelps, gayly, but seriously—“no, I think not. I don’t think I should feel any better for it on this side the bourne; and if I found it wrong on t’other, I should be ashamed of myself, and horribly afraid to meet the shade of old Voltaire.”

Doubtless Mr. Phelps knew there was faith of another and, as he thought, of a higher kind. And of this he trusted that he was not devoid; but limited his remarks just then to the special view of a special faith which was uppermost in his friend’s mind.

In such a manner this eccentric sage endeavored to arouse his friend from the stupor into which remorse had plunged him. Before they retired to rest that night he craftily but intrepidly assailed more than one other of Mr. Lane’s intellectual strongholds, at once helping to quicken that numbed spirit into a renewed vitality, and betraying on his own part, in politics as well as in theology, a heterodoxy which, if recorded in these winged pages, would go far to justify those pious ladies of Pedlington who feared that their new school-master, with all his talents and all his acquirements, might prove a dangerous guide to the ductile steps of youth.

## CHAPTER XX.

### A TRAGEDY.

DURING the whole of that New-Year’s Day Mr. Lane was really engaged in preparing a mental brief out of which to conduct

his defense before the jury of his own convictions presided over by Judge Phelps. The latter judicial personage with a covert smile saw him inwardly toiling over it. “How simple is this pious penitent!” thought Phelps. And of Henry Phelps, D.C.L., M.A., etc., etc., Mr. Lane would often think in almost the very same terms, “How simple he is!” But now something dreadful existed in that simplicity which knew no sin—no sin at least of the deadly order; for we must bear in mind that Mr. Lane was now bound to regard iniquity from a theological point of view. On whichever side the truth may have reposed, Mr. Lane labored painfully, and Dr. Phelps smiled curiously. And during this strange day, unique in the annals of Henry Phelps, while he was waiting to receive the penitent’s confession, he philosophized on sin and on responsibility and on what might constitute guilt in the heavenly courts. This man before him, this old and tried friend, had evidently sinned. He could not be a dreamer. He surely had committed some if not many of what their former school-fellow, Key, would consider “deadly sins.” Yet Dr. Phelps, “for the life of him,” as we say, but really to save his own self-respect, could not kindle in his breast one spark of indignation against the offender. From which, reasoned out fully and at great length and with great perspicuity—for the Doctor was no addle-brained logician—he concluded that, as far as man’s judgment could approach the Divine judgment, a man was not guilty before God in relation to the breaches of the law committed by him; that is to say, not absolutely and unconditionally so. Yet this admission militated fiercely against his previous conclusions on this subject. Hitherto, if it had been possible to collect all the facts of whatever kind bearing on a crime, he would have undertaken to measure the criminal’s guilt. And hitherto he had never doubted, and even now did not doubt, that his indignation would be in proportion to the malefactor’s culpability.

With a half-morbid, half-honest perversity, Mr. Lane *would* believe that he was about to forfeit the esteem of the one man whose good opinion was to him in the place of a conscience. That he had been keeping the regard of Phelps for all these eight years by stealth, by a deliberate concealment of truth, he admitted to himself. The longer this fraud had lasted, the more base it had seemed to him. His own self-contempt on that account deepened in proportion to the sublimity of the trust which Phelps had reposed in him. Over this godlike man who had never sinned he had even assumed an air of superiority, had sometimes actually dared to speak and behave as if his own hidden baseness had placed him on a level of worldly wisdom above his friend.



In the ardor of youth, both loving alike what was noble, hating what was vile, yet feeling that in them, as in other souls which sought the light, there were possibilities of rambling into dark places, and of becoming at home in them, and finding the darkness to suit their dimmed eye-sight, these two lads had bound themselves together in a solemn compact. They would not fall from their heights. Obstacles might be reached which should impede their upward progress at this stage, or at the next, or the next. These might be overcome each in turn, or some one obstacle or another might prove insuperable. Certain moral summits might rear their heads inaccessible to the weary footsteps or the baffled spirits of these Titans; but fall from any level once attained to would they never. Hand in hand they stood strong in themselves, in each other, in that high and holy trust which all young men ought to have in celestial help which can never have failed them yet. On the threshold of life—there they threw down the gauntlet to the powers of evil. "We will do no base thing," they said.

But for one of themselves those powers which cherish crime and animate its agents had proved too strong. They met him as he walked alone, overbold, and took up his gauntlet. He trusted too much in himself, and fell—fell from his early heaven down, down into a very abyss, a Gehenna of passion. And out of this he had crawled, with an *alias*, with closed lips, and a sullen brow, contracting swiftly and sullenly when one attempted to win his confidence, when one who was noble made generous attempts to encourage him to begin again to be noble by confessing his baseness and deploring it. This false pride, sullen, cowardly, as it was, had bound his old iniquity up with his new righteousness, had made it part and parcel of his daily life for all these years, which otherwise had been fair enough since that one dark episode.

Mr. Lane's self-imposed isolation, though partly the result of a habit both of mind and temper, was mainly traceable to this conviction. And this deep, dreary self-abasement which he thought humility, but which was so closely allied to pride, had preyed upon him and eaten into his very possibility of self-respect—that condition without which a man of true nobility, however humble in attainments, can not be said to "live" at all.

How little those who prattle with glib tongues or who write shallow phrases about suicide can have read the human heart! If they could trace, or would trace, the inner experiences of a deeply tried man, how often they would see that the mere animal life has proved insupportable to one whose spirit was dead within him because he had lost some needful condition of its life! However

this may be, Mr. Lane's secret had pressed upon him with a crushing weight. The injury which he had unwillingly inflicted upon the girl whom he loved with a passion all the stronger for the restraint to which it was subjected seemed a natural consequence of the concealment which he had practiced. His proper misery had driven him to tell more of his baseness to a priest than he had dared to tell to his friend; and the priest had told him candidly that his confession must go further to become complete. This he acknowledged, and resolved to avoid a new deception. But how was the confidence to be given now? When Phelps came uninvited Mr. Lane was in very deep waters. This oldest and best friend came trusting, though injured by exclusion from confidence. He came holding out a hand, and saying: "You are sinking under that heavy secret. I have watched you swimming bravely, have seen you baffling and baffled by the waves of sorrow. I want to pull you ashore and to open that foul bag and cast its contents to the purifying winds of forgiveness, that we two may again walk hand in hand in the sunshine of friendship, still trustfully, as of old, but humbly because one of us fell, and his fall breaks our pride; for we are both men, brothers—nay, almost one man, so closely are our souls knit."

As this generous affection on the part of Phelps unfolded itself clearly to Mr. Lane, he had no longer a wish to reject it, or to endeavor to retain it on false terms, only a deep regret that by doing so hitherto he had injured this guileless friend, and put him now at length to the pain of withdrawing his regard from one to whom he had so long given it. For still Mr. Lane dreaded the result of his disclosures. Without incriminating others, he could not even avail himself of the whole truth in his own defense. The task was a very hard one. Let the innocent only sneer at it! The more this guilty but conscientious man studied it, the less prepared with it he was. The New-Year's Day wore itself out, and a great part of the night, yet nothing had been said upon that subject on which it was understood that at length there was to be confidence between them.

In the long dreary corridor outside the sitting-room door a forlorn old clock struck twelve. The strokes seemed interminably lengthened out, and the solemn sounds went echoing about the gloomy halls and passages. Then the silence was made audible by its sonorous ticking without, and within by the plaintive wail of a kettle on the hob, now parting with its last residue of water in a feeble wreath of vapor, anticipating a swift and fiery dissolution.

"Did you think I was in love with Eleanor as a boy?" asked Mr. Lane at length, speaking abruptly.



Mr. Phelps replied, "Certainly."

"But I was *not*," Mr. Lane rejoined. "I never saw that magic light on tree or bow-er, I never felt that glorious ecstasy called love, till quite lately. The object of my boyish passion was the place which you took from me at school."

"From you?"

"Well, which you got, and I didn't get."

"You did your best to get it," observed Phelps, who desired chiefly to draw out his friend's natural characteristics, and to make him feel and speak simply on a topic too long shrouded with mystery.

"Yes," Mr. Lane assented, "I did my best. I drove furiously, and I wish the race were to come again."

He glared defiance at the L.L.D., and the latter glanced at him with kindling eyes and black, bristling mustache. But soon Mr. Lane's countenance fell, in contemplation of what was to come. Still, as a brave yet judicious general will avail himself of all natural and incidental advantages, so he fought from point to point in this dismal history. "I drove furiously," he repeated, "but my horses fell lame. I was undergoing a fire of excitement, anger, and indignation, toward the finish, which you knew nothing about."

"I have often thought so since," the Doctor candidly replied. "But come, fire away!"

"You remember my fight with Baily?" Mr. Lane continued, as if anxious to make the most of his past achievements.

Phelps nodded. His stiff black mustache projected, and his dark eyes twinkled with satisfaction.

"If I hadn't licked him," continued Mr. Lane, "I should never have had to confess any sins; for I should have gone away and hanged myself forthwith."

"Happy dispatch," suggested the Doctor. And Mr. Lane, grimly smiling, appeared to think that there might be a less satisfactory solution of certain difficulties than the whimsical custom to which his friend alluded.

"You know why I hated him?" the latter resumed.

Again Phelps nodded.

"Yes," said Mr. Lane, seeing that his friend understood the case. "Yes; the brute treated Eleanor badly. He has always behaved ill to every one but his father. *Arcades ambo*."

"Still," said the provokingly fair judge, "I would put that to his credit. A good son must have a redeeming point."

"Well," Mr. Lane rejoined, bitterly; "the old dog and the young hound together have run me down with fidelity and tenacity of purpose, and, as far as my hereditary advantages went, have ruined me. But God forgive them! And as to my inheritances, let them go. But oh! I little knew how they

were torturing *her* until just before the crisis. You know their house was the only home of my orphaned boyhood. As I grew older I gradually saw that George Baily had a secret power over her, to use in my absence, to conceal in my presence. I saw too that a restless devil within her goaded her always to fight him rather than let the strife languish. Indeed, when I was there she often had the best of it, for my presence stayed his hand. In that last Christmas holidays, before our final struggle in which you beat me so ignominiously, Eleanor and I were thrown much together; and to my surprise she clung to me as her natural protector, and spoke frequently of the Bails (her father and brother, as I had till then believed) as her natural enemies. I had no clew to the interpretation of all this."

"Nor have I," Mr. Phelps retorted.

But at this point of his narrative Mr. Lane regarded the expiring agonies of the tea-kettle with mute complacency.

"Come," urged the Doctor; "come, my boy. What was the clew to the secret of her domestic misery?"

"You once remarked an extraordinary resemblance between her eyes and forehead and mine," Mr. Lane replied. "Did it never occur to you to account for that likeness?"

"Never, I believe, till this moment," Phelps answered, after a pause; "but now it flashes across me like a half-remembered dream. Is it possible that she was not old Mr. Baily's daughter, not George Baily's sister, at all?"

"It is so."

"And was she really Captain Lyte's daughter, and your own cousin?"

"Yes."

Here a silence fell upon them both. Dr. Phelps was considering this strange discovery, and calculating how it might have influenced his friend's character and conduct. The latter was pausing because the farther he went the worse his story became.

"Go on, my boy," said Phelps at length.

"I can not."

"You must, now."

"Oh, the poor infatuated, ill-used, noble girl!" cried Mr. Lane, with a groan of unutterable anguish. "Phelps, my best, oldest, truest friend! how can I tell you these horrors against my own flesh and blood, against my craven self, against my hateful, mad, proud, contemptible self? The poor girl loved me—yes, loved me; and now, at last, I know what love is, and how all else is nothing when opposed to it. Then I knew nothing of love. But if you who saw us together thought I loved her, little wonder that she thought so too!"

"You know I had the Civil Fund pension of £100 a year till I came of age. Well,



when I found out the secret of Eleanor's parentage I wrote to my uncle and told him that I declined any further acquaintance with him, and that Eleanor herself had told me of his scheme for our marriage, to which I would never consent, even if abject poverty should stare me in the face.

"Then I went abroad, bidding Eleanor a very curt farewell, and thinking that she would now become her own father's heiress, and would soon abandon her foolish preference for me. I was overwrought and almost distraught with violent conflicts of emotion. My intention was to let my head rest and fatigue my body. I felt the want of a counselor much at that time, and missed you dreadfully; but was sure that if I came to you, you would advise me to make peace with my uncle and accept Eleanor's affection, and those things I was utterly resolved not to do. The old hunters, Captain Lyte and Mr. Baily, had got me in the toils, and I was resolved to break loose and be my own master.

"After a few months' absence I wrote from Basle to Baily, asking him to draw and forward to me my half year's pension, and to keep my address a secret, answering inquiries vaguely with a statement that I was traveling. That he hated me with a complimentary fervor I knew, but what more could he want (I thought) than what I had voluntarily sacrificed?

"The event proved. He sent the money safely enough; and the diligence which brought the mail brought Eleanor also to Basle. She had run away from a home where she was hated, and thrown herself upon a man who could not love her.

"We did not go on into Switzerland, as my intention had been. My pension would terminate with the expiration of my twenty-first year, and it behooved me to put my shoulder to the wheel. We returned to the German Baths, merely to be within reach of some quiet central towns, one of which I resolved to select for our residence."

Phelps was not slow to notice the change from "I" to "we" in the narrative, and beginning to be greatly agitated, he rose and commenced walking up and down the long dimly lighted room. But Mr. Lane, with eyes themselves fiery bright (could any one have seen them), sat still, reading the mysteries of the burning coals, and seeing in them phantom shapes, while in his ears rang cries from lips long silent. He remained thus silent for many minutes, and the Doctor's suspicions waxed stronger and stronger.

"Go on, Bedford," he said, bitterly—"go on. You wanted me to believe in the devil, and I am beginning to do so already."

"The devil? Yes," Mr. Lane replied, bitterly. "Who threw that poor ill-used girl

in my path during our glorious boyhood, when

'many an old philosophy  
On Argive heights divinely sang,  
And round us all the thicket rang  
To many a flute of Arcady?'

Why had I not a home like you, and like almost all other boys? or, if my parents must die so early, out of the course of nature, why must I be sent to a hoary old knave in lieu of a parent, and left at the disposal of a brigand in the person of my nearest relative?"

"'Knave' and 'brigand' are strong terms," Mr. Phelps objected.

Then Mr. Lane told him the story of the double will: how Mr. Baily had induced General Lyte to execute a perfect will before his death, and afterward presented an imperfect previous draft of it to Captain Lyte as his father's only existing testament; how the captain had set this imperfect will aside (knowing it at least virtually to be his father's last will), and had left the fortune of which he was lawfully only life-tenant away from the true heir, dividing it between his godchildren Blanche and Janet Browne.

Yet the Doctor did not resume his gentle or sympathetic manner to this afflicted friend, but kept impatiently tramping to and fro, and urging Mr. Lane to "go on, go on," than which perhaps there are no two equally brief words as irritating and vexatious to a proud spirit.

"How am I to 'go on,' as you call it?" he asked, turning savagely upon his persecutor. "How am I to *go on* if you are down upon me already like this, when, so far, I had been more sinned against than sinning? Pray what had I done to forfeit your esteem up to this point?"

"Then what do you mean by 'We,' after that poor girl arrived at Basle?" asked the Doctor, not sorry of an opportunity for bringing Mr. Lane to the point on this subject.

"I am just going to—" began the latter. Then suddenly turning on his friend fiercely, and flinging humility to the dogs, he exclaimed, "Good God, man! You don't think I wronged my own kinswoman! How *dare* you?"

In no degree daunted the Doctor came closer, looked him calmly in the face, and said, "Oh, I thank the Giver of all good for this warmth of yours, my Bedford! Now I can bear whatever revelation is to come. But a terrible suspicion had taken hold of me. And I feared that my affection for you was going to be put to too severe a test. Forgive me."

So in the midst of Mr. Lane's confession he was called upon to change places and exercise the virtue of charity toward his friend, and this gave him courage to proceed.

He went on to tell Phelps as delicately as possible that his cousin's love for him, and





"FIVE MINUTES AFTERWARD I WAS STANDING OVER THE DEAD BODY OF A TALL, POWERFUL MAN."

her reckless self-abandonment in throwing herself upon him as she had done, caused him terrible embarrassment; that, after one or two vain attempts to induce her to return to London, he had proposed to marry her as the only way in his power to save her reputation; that she had resisted him in this design; and that, setting down her opposition merely to a heroic unselfishness, he had carried his point, and actually made her his wife before they left Basle.

Now, it appeared, when according to rule they ought to have commenced being "happy forever after," the terrible part of the narrative was to come, and we must let

the luckless husband indicate his own sorrows.

"From Schlangenbad, a pretty village embowered in beech and maple woods, we were one day being driven to Schwalbach, when Eleanor showed symptoms of great uneasiness and distress. I could only account for this by the rude stare of a gallant who had just passed us in another open carriage, and whose eyes certainly had dwelt upon Eleanor for the moment of passing with a look both of recognition and surprise. However, I soon forgot the man and his impertinence, and when Eleanor implored me to take her to Baden, had no sus-



picion that she would ever be annoyed by him again.

"We engaged apartments on the ground-floor of a secluded villa, which was unlike any other house in Baden. It had been built by an English lady, and had English grates and fenders in the lower rooms. There was also a front garden with railings in the English style. The public foot-path skirts these railings, and is divided from the high-road by the little river Oos. Rows of linden fringe both path and road.

"I had a notion that Karlsruhe or Stuttgart would suit us as a winter residence, and leaving Eleanor in charge of our good landlady (the person who rented the house), I went off with the intention of being absent three days. But being delighted with Karlsruhe, and wishing Eleanor to see it and help my decision, I returned on the second day.

"The sun had just set as I reached home. I was dusty and weary. I remember even now how dark and cool the little river looked as I turned from it and hastened across the grass-plot to our parlor window. A strange whim urged me to plunge into the stream and end my days by clinging to the roots of a tree under water. Not being either distinctly unhappy or apprehensive of evil, of course I shook off the whim. A startled scream answered my familiar three taps at the window, which, curiously enough, was shut, contrary to custom. Why did not Eleanor run to the window to greet me? Again at the parlor door I was kept waiting, for it was bolted within, and my poor wife evidently hesitated before opening it."

At this point of the narrative Mr. Lane sat staring into the fire without speaking, his teeth chattering as if with cold, and Phelps could see drops of anguish glistening among the shaggy locks on his pale forehead.

"Skip over that and tell me the sequel," said Mr. Phelps, laying his hand affectionately on his friend's shoulder.

"Let me see," Mr. Lane continued. "Five minutes afterward I was standing over the dead body of a tall, powerful man, who must have been comely enough. Eleanor, or her shadow, stood by me ringing piteous hands. She had lost the power of speech from fright."

"Was the man Balbry?" Phelps asked.

"Yes."

"Were they really guilty?"

"Yes."

"And is it his death which lies heaviest on your conscience?"

"No. I had broken her heart by my obstinate pride. She had flung herself away soon after I left England, and her coming after me to Basle was little more than a desperate rush to escape from him and see if I would not pity her."

"Still," urged the philosopher, "you have

been terribly punished by your own act in having married her. You had no censure to fear from me."

Mr. Lane heard these last words without clearly comprehending them. Then, as if Phelps had asked him again for his own indictment, he said:

"She revealed the secret of her own birth to me in honor. I cast it in her face, broke off the marriage contract between us, and then left the country, leaving her surrounded with enemies. Her heart was broken, and I half suspect her brain was deranged."

"Yet you married her after all. That should have healed her wounds and eased her mind."

"It was too late," Mr. Lane sadly answered.

"What and where is she now?"

"A Sister of the Black Veil in the convent of St. Agatha, at Ghent."

"Sane?"

"Usually. But sometimes memory overpowers reason, and she fails for a time."

So these two moralists seemed almost to overlook the fact that Mr. Lane had killed his rival. It had been done in the heat of anger, and was half accidental, as the baronet had fallen backward with his neck over the rim of an English fender, and Mr. Lane, having sprung at his throat, naturally fell forward upon him as he fell. The law of the duchy (Baden) took no cognizance of the accident, and it was vaguely reported that the baronet died from injury to the spine incurred by a heavy fall.

Yet it will appear in the sequel that Mr. Lane's expiation had to be wrought out with sighs and self-restraint and unrelenting toil.

## TWO SONNETS.

### THE SUPERScription.

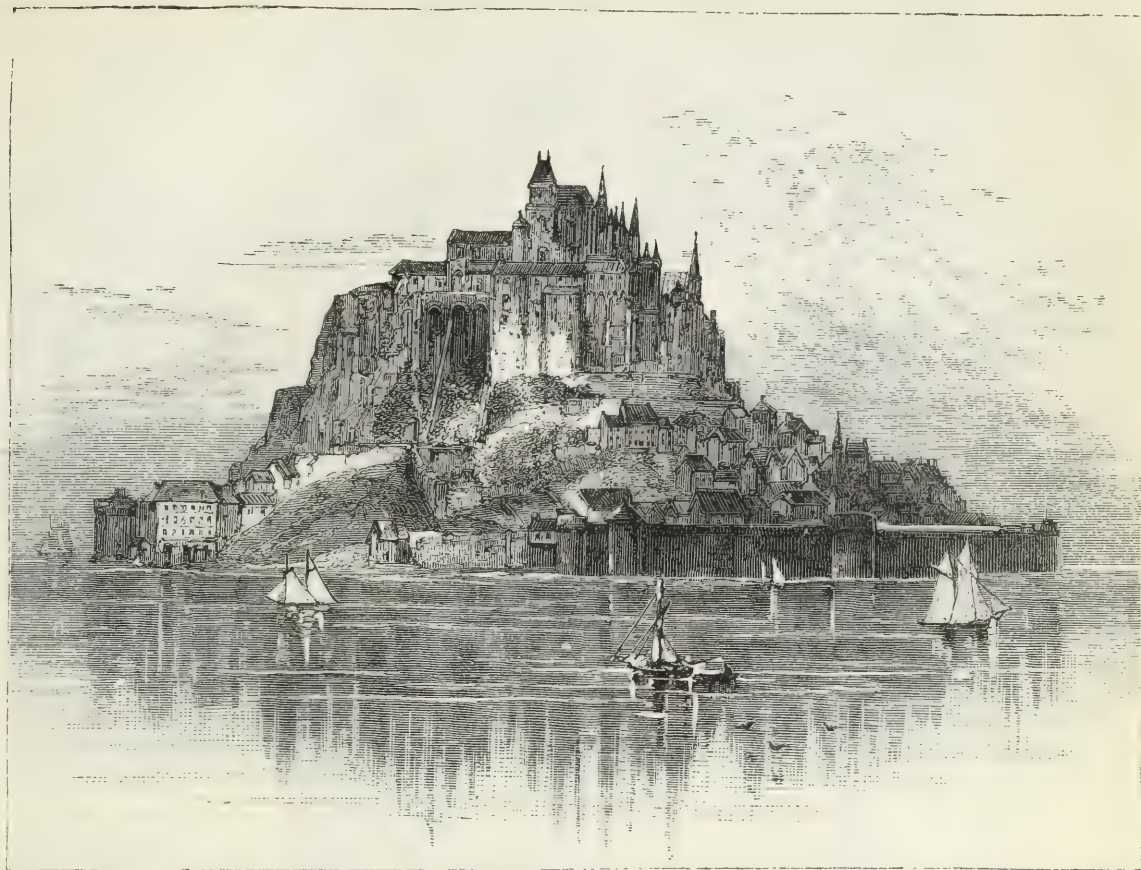
READ, not without thy life's most secret shrine,  
Nor sitting by mid-day's half-stagnant stream,  
Where half-souls turn God's counsel to a dream,  
Mingling slow poison with life's choicest wine.  
Read, not where guest's foot falls on the hallowed life,  
Trampling its fruits and flowers into the dust.  
Read, when by night thy spirit with the Just  
Communes for healing of the day's dark strife.  
Then read, when all day's robes are cast, and prayer  
Invokes God's sleep to guard thy sacred head;  
Then, as on sacramental wine and bread,  
Feed on the life whose heart in song I bare,  
What time I watch before the vouchsafed Sign,  
The double Passion—of the Cross, and mine.

### THE SIGNATURE.

Know me at last, thou Wonder, thou Delight,  
Thou dawning Rapture of the later years,  
Thou more than recompense for all the tears  
And yearnings of my long and lonely night!  
Know me at last! I am the mystic Flower,  
Made vital by the thousand suns of space,  
Whose hues are smiles of the Eternal Face,  
Full grown for thy sweet hand in fated hour.  
Know me at last! I am the mystic Fire  
That burns all weeds from consecrated ground,  
The crown of light that round thy brow is bound,  
Thy unfathomed heart's predestinate Desire.  
Bend all thy radiance on me, and approve.  
Know me at last, at last: my name is—Love.



## MONT ST. MICHEL.



MONT ST. MICHEL.

OF the many picturesque inlets of the French side of the English Channel one of the most attractive is the bay of Cancale, which washes a part of the coasts of both Normandy and Brittany. With Granville on the right and Cancale on the left of its mouth, it rolls its tides directly into the broader Breton sea or bay of St. Malo, in whose throat lie the Chaussey and the Channel islands. Its shores, more like the banks of an inland lake than of the sea, are bordered with green slopes and wooded hills, and the grain fields lie so close to its waters that its foam is cast almost at the feet of the harvests.

At its foot, in the little bay of Avranches, an offshoot from its own, rises Mont St. Michel, an isolated pyramid of rock, whose summit overlooks a great part of the Norman and the Breton coasts, and in clear weather commands the cliffs of Jersey. On the west the eye takes in the Groin de Cancale, with its outlying fort of Rémain; next Vivier, low and bordered with windmills; beyond it Mont Dol; then the towers and roofs of Beauvoir, Pas, Moidrey, and Huisnes; Avranches on its green ridge, the church of the Val St. Pair, the Roman tower of St. Leonard, the church of St. Genets, the tower of Dragey, and last the hill of St. Jean-le-Thomas and the rock of Tombelaine.

From the main-land the most prominent object in the view is Mont St. Michel itself, a sombre cone of granite rising from a sandy plain to a height, including the buildings on its summit, of about four hundred feet. This plain, which is called the Grève, presents many singular phenomena. From the peculiar formation of the shores and the outlying islands and rocks, the tide rises here to a height more than double that at any other point on the coast. While the average rise at Cherbourg during spring-tides is twenty-one feet, at Granville, on the east side of the bay of Cancale, it reaches forty-five feet. The bottom of the bay of Avranches, of which about ten square leagues are uncovered at low water, has so slight an incline seaward as to be practically level, and when the tide comes in an enormous mass of water is poured over it at once, so that the plain is transformed in a few minutes into an angry sea. It is said that the irruption is so rapid during the equinoctial tides that the swiftest horse could not escape it. Fortunately its visits are periodically exact, and the Grève, which is left bare four or five hours each day between the tides, is roamed over with impunity by the neighboring villagers. At low tide the rock is left at least five miles from the sea.

The Grève, though safe to those who know





ARRIVAL OF PILGRIMS AT MONT ST. MICHEL.\*

its ways, should not be visited by the stranger without a guide, for the sea is not the only enemy to be feared. No less dangerous are the moving sands, or *lises*, as the country people call them, which none but an experienced eye can distinguish from the solid ground, and in which the entrapped traveler, unless fortunate enough to be promptly extricated, would sink to fathomless depths. Lises, which are found oftenest in the neighborhood of the little streams that traverse the Grève, may be produced artificially by beating the sand, which soon transforms the solid surface into a wet, spongy mass, indicating that the entire plain is permeated with water at no great depth.

Not even tradition tells when this rock first became the abode of man. Long before the Roman domination, when Armorica was the centre of Druidism, it was a sacred mountain, and some writers claim that it was the site of the college of the nine Druidesses to whom was given the power of healing maladies, of extorting the secrets of fate, and of controlling the elements. Hither came the mariner to purchase the arrows which possessed the virtue when shot into the sea of calming storms, and here were

celebrated the mysteries of the Gallic Venus, with rites not unlike those of the Samothracian Cabiri.

What it was called in those dark days is unknown, but when the Romans came they erected on it a shrine to Jupiter, and named it Mons Jovis. With the advent of Christianity some hermits built cabins and took up their abode there. In the sixth century St. Pair, Bishop of Avranches, formed these lone dwellers into a brotherhood; and in 708, when Childebert II. ruled France, Aubert, also Bishop of Avranches, built a church and surrounding cells, and dedicated the mount to St. Michael.

Under the protection of the Norman dukes the monastery prospered. In 963 Richard I. replaced the church and other buildings with finer structures, and bestowed the whole upon the Benedictines. It rapidly increased in wealth and in strength, and by the beginning of the eleventh century it had grown into an important fortress; and when William the Bastard was about to assert his claims to the English crown, Mont St. Michel contributed ships and men in aid of his cause.

The fortress remained an appanage of the English crown until the beginning of the thirteenth century, when it fell into the hands of the French king, Philippe Auguste, who expended large sums in strengthening and embellishing it. The English made strenuous efforts to recover it, notably in

\* Every year, and especially on the 29th of September (*l'époque de la fête patronale*), Mont St. Michel is visited by large numbers of pilgrims. In 1874 the *fête patronale* was celebrated with unusual ceremony. This illustration, and that which follows, have especial reference to the celebration last September.



the years 1417 and 1423, but always unsuccessfully. In 1469 Louis XI. founded there the knightly order of St. Michael, in gratitude to the archangel for having preserved the mount to France when all the rest of Normandy had fallen; and from that time onward were held there the chapters of the order, which bore the fitting motto, "Immensi tremor oceani."

Mont St. Michel sustained several sieges during the wars of the League, after which its history is mainly peaceful. It was suppressed during the Revolution with the other religious establishments of France, and was made a prison for ecclesiastics who refused to take the civic oath. In 1811 it was converted into a central house of correction, a part of it being reserved for prisoners of state, and it was used as such until a few years ago. It is now in the possession of a few ecclesiastics, who occupy a part of the buildings as an orphan asylum.

The rock of Mont

St. Michel rises abruptly from the Grève on all sides excepting the east and the south-east, where it is defended by a high crenelated wall, strengthened by round towers. Between this wall and the wall of the abbey proper, where the rock has but a gradual rise, are crowded the houses of the little village of Mont St. Michel. Above the village is seen the rock, bearing a stunted growth of pines and evergreen oaks; higher still rise the walls of the abbatial buildings, strengthened with many buttresses; and above all, forming the apex of the pyramid, towers the church with its square tower and graceful Gothic spires. On its topmost



FÊTE DU MONT ST. MICHEL.—THE TORCH-LIGHT PROCESSION.

pinnacle once gleamed a colossal gilded figure of St. Michael, erected in the twelfth century, but it was destroyed by lightning in 1788.

From the exterior gateway a steep narrow street winds around the south side of the mountain to a second gate flanked by two towers. At each side of the entrance, which is closed with an iron-covered gate nearly twelve feet high, is placed one of the great bombards taken from the English in the siege of 1423. These guns, which are made of bars of iron bound together with iron rings, are twelve feet in length; one has a bore of nineteen and a half inches, the



other of fourteen and a half. A steep stair leads through the vaulted gateway to a third entrance, defended by a portcullis and by machicolations, which opens into the guard-room, whence concealed wickets and narrow stairways led into the different parts of the abbey.

The principal of the conventual buildings is that called the Merveille, from its immense size, its walls measuring two hundred and forty-six feet in length and one hundred and eight feet in height. It has three stories of halls, with a cloister above and vast vaulted crypts beneath. Of the halls, that called the Salle des Chevaliers, where the knights of St. Michael held their chapters, is the finest. It is ninety-eight feet long by sixty-eight wide, and is divided into four naves by three rows of columns. Like the greater part of the superstructure of the Merveille, it dates from the twelfth century. Above it is the cloister, a gem of Gothic architecture, and by far the most beautiful part of the building. Its windows, which look out on the bay, are three hundred and thirty feet above the sea.

The church occupies the summit of the rock, and is in the form of a Latin cross. Its nave and transepts are in the massive style of the twelfth century, but the choir is of the fifteenth century, and one of the best examples of the flamboyant style extant. Beneath the latter is a curious crypt, in the middle of which is a circle of short thick pillars set close together around a central one. They support the entire apsis and the base of the great tower, which do not bear perpendicularly on the main platform of the rock. Under the north transept is the great cistern, excavated in the solid

rock, from which the abbey was supplied with water.

Under the buildings upon the south and the west sides of the rock are the subterranean dungeons, of which there are several stories. Some of them are oubliettes, and many of them have fitting names, such as the Trap, the Devil's Dungeon, In Pace, etc. At the extremity of one of the larger caverns on the south side is shown the place where stood the cage in which prisoners of state were confined. It was here that Louis XV. shut up Dubourg, the Frankfort journalist, to be devoured by rats, because he had dared to lampoon Madame De Pompadour. The cage, which was built of heavy beams of wood placed three inches apart, was destroyed in 1777 by the sons of Philippe Égalité, Duke of Orleans, during a visit made by them to Mont St. Michel in company with their "governor," Madame De Genlis.

When Mont St. Michel became a house of correction, the church, the cloister, and other parts of the buildings were transformed into workshops, and the sound of hammer and file was heard where once echoed the clang of knightly arms and the voice of praise. But a few years ago the wooden platforms and partitions were destroyed by fire, and the place thus purified has not since been contaminated by the presence of criminals. Every lover of art will unite in the hope that this noble monument of a period which has left few other memorials comparable with it, this "grandest work of the Benedictines," as the Marquise de Créquy enthusiastically calls it in her *Souvenirs*, may receive henceforth the care commensurate with its historical and artistic value.

## THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE REPUBLIC.

[Fifth Paper.]

### MECHANICAL PROGRESS (*Concluded*).

#### PRINTING.

THE art of taking an impression from an inked stamp is of great antiquity, being found in the most ancient Egyptian and Assyrian remains. Of yore the rude king who smeared his hand with red ochre or the soot from a burning lamp, and then made the impression of his palm and digits beneath a grant of land, was a printer in his way in thus *putting his hand* to the document. Then came seals, engraved in *relief* or *intaglio*, and delivering an impression of the design upon bark, leaf, or skin, either white marks on a dark ground or dark on a light ground, according to the character of the engraving. Seals containing the pronouns of the Pharaohs, each in its cartouch, rewarded the early explorers in the

valley of the Nile, and more lately the stamps and tablets of the recorders of the cities of Mesopotamia have been disinterred by thousands. The impressions, having been made in plastic clay, and then baked, have endured without injury a sepulture of twenty-five centuries. They exhibit the kindred arts of engraving and plastic moulding. It may be safely assumed that they were also used for giving printed impressions, but such memorials are, in the nature of the case, less permanent. Some of the ancient stamps in the British Museum are of bronze, and have reversed raised letters, evidently intended to print on bark, papyrus, linen, or parchment.

To this stage of progress various nations of the world had advanced, and yet it can hardly be said that printing, as we understand the word, had been thought of. This



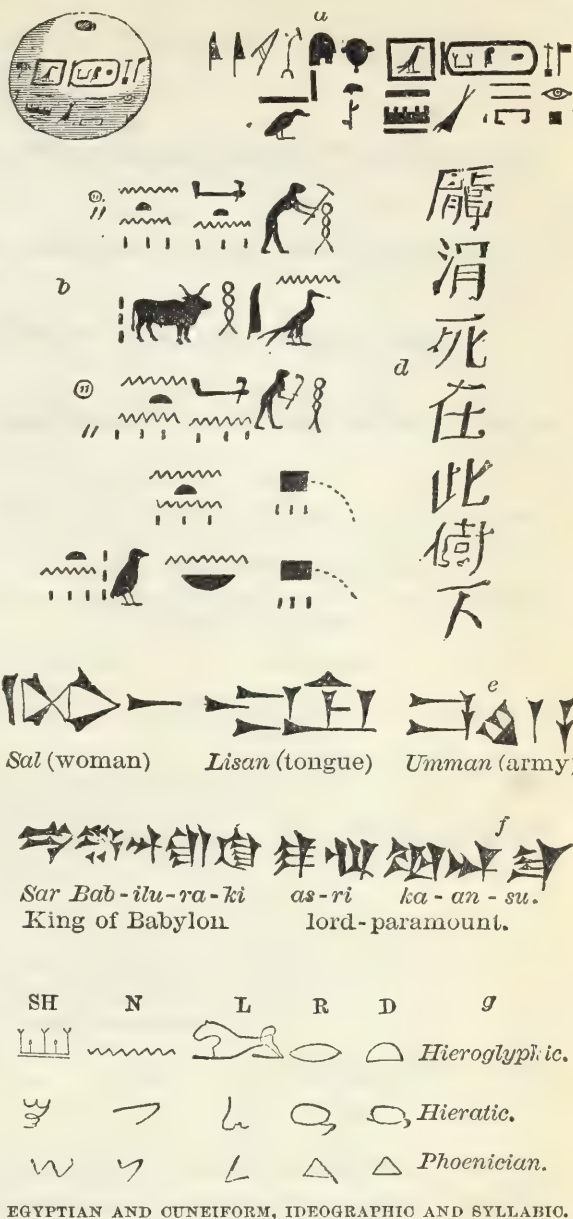
evidently originated in China, but it is not certain that Europe derived it from thence. The first notice that we find of printing is in the Chinese annals. Du Halde cites the following from the pen of the celebrated Emperor Van Vong, who flourished 1120 years before Christ. This was about the time of Samuel the prophet, and a little before Codrus, the last of the Athenian kings.

"As the stone 'Me' [ink, in Chinese], which is used to blacken the engraved characters, can never become white, so a heart blackened by vice will ever retain its blackness."

Other Catholic missionaries concur with Du Halde in supposing printing from blocks to have been invented at least as early as 930 to 950 B.C. The plan adopted was to take a block of pear-tree wood, squared to the dimensions of two pages of the work. On the smooth surface of the block the written pages are inverted, and the paper rubbed off, leaving the ink on the block, which is then delivered to the engraver, who cuts away all the parts not inked. No press is used, but the surface being inked by one brush, the paper is laid upon the block and dabbed down by a dry brush; the sheet is lifted, carrying the ink with it, and is folded with the blank sides in, one side only being printed; the folded edge being outward, the Chinese or Japanese book looks like one with uncut leaves. The first four books of Kung-fu-tze (Confucius) were thus printed between 890 and 925 A.D., and the description equally applies to the mode yet practiced.

The same system was used in Europe in the thirteenth century for printing playing cards and ornamenting fabrics; later, the works known as *block books*, each page being an engraved block like those of the Chinese. Such was the *Biblia Pauperum*, one of the earliest of European block books, compiled by Bonaventura, the chief of the Franciscans, in 1260. In manuscript form, as a book of forty or fifty pages of illustrated Bible scenes and passages, this Poor Man's Bible was a favorite for five centuries. It was printed as a block book about A.D. 1400. The *Speculum Humane Salvationis* of Koster, of Haarlem, to whom the credit of the invention of printing has been hence ascribed, was also a block book. Volumes by the score have been written on the rival claims of the cities of Mentz and Haarlem to the invention of printing. From a careful examination of the subject it would appear that Mentz has the prior right, and that the general verdict in favor of Gutenberg is correct.

About the year 1041, a period when Edward the Confessor was King of England, another forward step was made in China. A blacksmith named Pi-Ching invented a mode of printing from plates formed from



EGYPTIAN AND CUNEIFORM, IDEOGRAPHIC AND SYLLABIC.

movable types, each of which represented a word. The types were about the thickness of a half dollar, each had a word on its face, and they were arranged in order on a backing plate, to which they were attached by mastic.

The Chinese have never advanced beyond *ideographs*, or *word signs*, in which arbitrary symbols (*d*) are made to represent things, qualities, or actions. The language has no elasticity, and, like the Egyptian hieroglyphics (*a b*), is incapable of fulfilling modern requirements. In this respect it is like the ancient Scythic cuneiform (*e*); but the genius of the Mesopotamian nations could not be thus cramped, and the language gradually took on the syllabic form: the cuneiform of the second period (shown in *f*) is a transition form. The Persian cuneiform was substantially syllabic. Other languages of Asia early assumed the phonetic form, in which signs stood for sounds, though it was many ages before the vowels were written definitely. The Phœnician (*h*), which is the







and deliver in piles at the rate of 12,000 per hour. They might think, as the doctors of Paris did of Faust, when they considered, from the cheapness of his books and the exact correspondence of their pages, that he was in league with the Evil One.

The art of printing was scattered over Europe when the city of Mentz was taken and plundered by Archbishop Adolphus, of Nassau, in 1462. Within the next decade the Caxton press was set up at Westminster, and that of Theobaldus Manutius at Venice. Æsop's Fables, by Caxton, is supposed to have been the first book with its leaves numbered.

Italic, Greek, Roman, and Hebrew fonts were cast, letters were pruned of their irregularities and excrescences, and order was gradually introduced and concurred in.

The Aldine classics are celebrated in prose and verse; in the latter by Alexander Pope among others. The Aldine "Livy" was perhaps the first perfect book, as a modern printer might say. This press was in the hands of the descendants of Aldus for nearly a century.

*Catch-words* at the foot of the page were first used in Venice by Vindeline di Spori. They have but lately been abolished. *Signatures* to sheets were used by Zorat at Milan in 1470.

A new light dawned upon the nations of Europe. The avidity with which the pages of the printer were seized and read shows that an unsuspected yearning for knowledge possessed the minds of the people. From this time the current was uncontrollable, and the refuges of lies being undermined, commenced to totter and fall, and some others are yet toppling and falling from time to time.

Germany had taken the lead in the invention of printing, as it did seventy-seven years afterward, when the deputies of thirteen imperial towns protested against the decree of the Diet of Spire. The previous attempts at reform in England and Bohemia were before the invention of printing, and, though not fruitless, were apparently quelled. Italy during the Renaissance, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, was the home of arts and letters. Of the various editions of books published in the sixteenth century one-half were Italian, and one-half of these Venetian. One-seventeenth were English.

At Venice was printed the first newspaper, the *Gazette de Venise*, about 1563, during the war with the Turks; the *Gazette de France* appeared in April, 1631; the *London Gazette* in 1642; the *Dublin News-Letter*, 1685; the *Boston News-Letter*, 1704; the first German newspaper, 1715; the first in Philadelphia, 1719; in Holland, 1732. The growth, mission, and power of the press are to be considered elsewhere.

The first press in America was in Mexico. The *Manual for Adults* was printed on it about 1550, by Juan Cromberger, who was probably the first printer in America. The second press was at Lima, in 1586. The press at Cambridge, Massachusetts, was established in January, 1639, by Stephen Daye. The college was censor till 1662, when licensers were appointed. In 1755 the press was free. A psalter in the English and Indian languages was printed upon this, 1709. The press still prospers as the "University Press."

Printing-presses were established at New London, Connecticut, in 1709; Annapolis, Maryland, 1726; Williamsburg, Virginia, 1729; Charleston, South Carolina, 1730; Newport, Rhode Island, 1732; Halifax, Nova Scotia, 1751; Woodbridge, New Jersey, 1752; Newbern, North Carolina, 1755; Portsmouth, New Hampshire, 1756; Savannah, Georgia, 1763; Quebec, Canada, 1764. The first press west of the Alleghanies was at Cincinnati, 1793; west of the Mississippi, at St. Louis, 1808.

#### TYPE.

The fonts of the earlier printers, as we have said, had a quaint old Gothic character, with various curious tails and inflections, in imitation of the secretary hand of the period. Schoeffer took the best handwriting of his time for his model. The letters gradually became more formal and compact, with fewer exuberances of flourish and abbreviations. It was some time before Italian taste triumphed over German quaintness; but the change was made with more speed than one might suppose would have been the case, considering what a close corporation it was that owned the art of printing in the tight little city, with its tall houses, dark, narrow streets, and its strongly built bastioned walls frowning upon the River Rhine and the adjacent hill. When the archbishop with weapons of this world scattered the coterie of printers it was like the sending forth of the foxes and firebrands of Samson, which carried conflagration into the fields of the Philistines.

In 1465 Schweynheym and Pannartz, who printed first at Subiaco, and afterward at Rome, introduced a new type, very closely resembling Roman. It was professedly derived from the best handwriting of the age of Augustus; and in their *Commentary of De Lyra on the Bible*, 1471, are to be found the first Greek types worthy of the name. Subiaco was the first place in Italy where printing was practiced. In 1468 Gintner Zainer printed at Augsburg the first book in Germany with Roman type.

Roman letters were first used in England by Wynkyn de Worde, Caxton's foreman and successor. He employed them for distinguishing remarkable words or passages, as is now done with *Italic*.



Theobaldus Manutius (Aldus) introduced the *Italic* about 1476: this is believed to have been imitated from the handwriting of Petrarch. This type was first known as *Venetian*; by the Germans as *Cursive*. The first book printed in *Italic* was in 1501, with the title, *Virgilius; Venet; apud Aldum*.

In 1476 Aldus cast a Greek alphabet, and printed a Greek book. The Pentateuch was printed in Hebrew at Soncino, in the Duchy of Milan, 1482. Irish characters were introduced by Nicholas Walsh, chancellor of St. Patrick's, in 1571.

Aldus's Greek type and books were made by the assistance of Greek fugitives from Constantinople, which had been captured by Mohammed II. in 1453, since which the area of Turkish domination had been continually extending. Aldus finished the publication of his Latin classics in 1494. Some of his Greek works were interleaved with Latin translations.

In 1500 he printed the first part of his polyglot Bible, the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin being on the same page.

The first book printed in the English language was a translation of the *Recueil des Histoires de Troyes* of Le Fevre, by Margaret, sister of Edward IV. of England. When the princess married Charles the Bold, William Caxton was one of her household, and is understood to have assisted in the translation, as also in the setting up and printing, which were done at Cologne, 1471. Caxton moved a few years afterward to England, where, in 1474, he printed the *Game of Chesse*, the first book printed in England.

For some centuries each printer was a law unto himself as to forms and face sizes of letters, height of type, relation of face to body, and composition of type-metal. In course of time the most tasteful superseded those which had less excellence, and something like order was initiated. Without citing the successive changes and attempts at uniformity, it may be stated that the American and English practices approximate in the names of the various fonts and the sizes of body, from the small diamond, which has 205 ems to a foot, to canon, which has  $18\frac{1}{3}$  ems in that length. The agreement is not absolute, nor do even the American type-foundries have precisely the same standard. The French standard was established in 1730. The height to paper of the Bruce type is  $\frac{32}{100}$  of an inch; other foundries make the height  $\frac{11}{12}$  of an inch.

The number of punches in the Imperial Printing-office at Paris was 361,000 in 1860. It has fonts of fifty-six Eastern languages, and sixteen European languages which do not use the Roman character.

The "Spécimen Album" of Monsieur C. Derriey, of Paris (1862), affords the most beautiful and graceful examples of the art of the type cutter, founder, and printer. It

may fairly be said that the forms, disposition of parts, accuracy of apposition and register—the latter especially noticeable in the chromo printing—have never been excelled.

The scheme of a font is the proportion of the respective *sorts*; an approximate estimate may be given, but different kinds of work require different proportions; for instance, indexes, dictionaries, and directories are *hard on sorts*, as they require so unusually large a proportion of capitals and points.

In a font of 500 pounds:

Lower-case letters.....	264	pounds.
Points and references .....	20	"
Figures.....	14	"
Capitals....	37	"
Small capitals .....	17	"
Braces, dashes, and fractions....	13	"
Spaces and quadrats .....	98	"
Italic .....	37	"

For French or Italian the above would be deficient in accented letters. Fonts for special work also contain numerous sorts not in the above, such as superior and inferior letters in capitals and lower-case, superior figures in Arabic or Roman, prime letters, arbitrary signs used in arithmetical, astronomical, botanical, chemical, classic, commercial, mathematical, musical, and other works.

Almost every science has symbols of its own. Algebra has one set, chemistry another. For a dictionary which attempts to represent the minute shades of pronunciation a great number are required. Thus in Webster or Worcester, what with letters with dots above and dots below, lines above, below, and across, there are probably 100 additional characters. Some foreign languages have very complicated alphabets. The Greek, with its "accents" and "breathings," requires about 200. Formerly there were so many logotypes and abbreviations as to require 750 sorts. The Oriental alphabets are complex. The Hebrew, with the Masoretic points, requires about 300 sorts, many differing only by a point, stroke, or angle. The Arabic has quite as many. In Robinson's Hebrew lexicon eight or ten Oriental languages appear, and required 3000 sorts, distributed through at least forty cases.

After all, this is simple compared with the Chinese, which has no letters, as we understand the word, no sign which represents a mere sound, but has an arbitrary symbol for each word in the language.

The Chinese dictionary shows 43,496 words; of these 13,000 are irrelevant, and consist of signs which are ill formed and obsolete. For ordinary use 4000 signs suffice. Kung-fu-tze can be read with a knowledge of 2500. There are 214 root-signs, so to speak, which indicate the pronunciation and form *keys* or *radicals*, called by the Chinese *tribunals*. Each character is a word, and the actual number is vastly increased



by tones which give quite a different value and meaning.

The number of letters in the following alphabets is thus given in Ballhorn's *Grammatography* (Trubner and Co., 1861):

Hebrew.....	22	Ethiopic.....	202
Chaldaic.....	22	Chinese.....	214
Syriac.....	22	Japanese.....	73
Samaritan.....	22	Dutch.....	26
Phœnician.....	22	Spanish.....	27
Armenian.....	38	Irish.....	18
Arabic.....	28	Anglo-Saxon.....	25
Persian.....	32	Danish.....	28
Turkish.....	33	Gothic.....	25
Georgian.....	38	French.....	28
Coptic.....	32	German.....	26
Greek.....	24	Welsh.....	40
Latin.....	25	Russian.....	35
Sanskrit.....	328		

#### TYPE-FOUNDING.

*Type-founding* is the invention of Peter Schoeffer, and no important improvement on his mode seems to have occurred to the printers for several centuries. In early times all the operations, from the engraving of the punches, striking the matrices, and casting the type, down to the binding of the book, were carried on within the same establishment. Caxton seems to have regarded himself as well supplied, having five fonts. Type-founding was a separate business in England in 1637.

The "Caslon" type-foundry, established in London in 1716, is still known by that name.

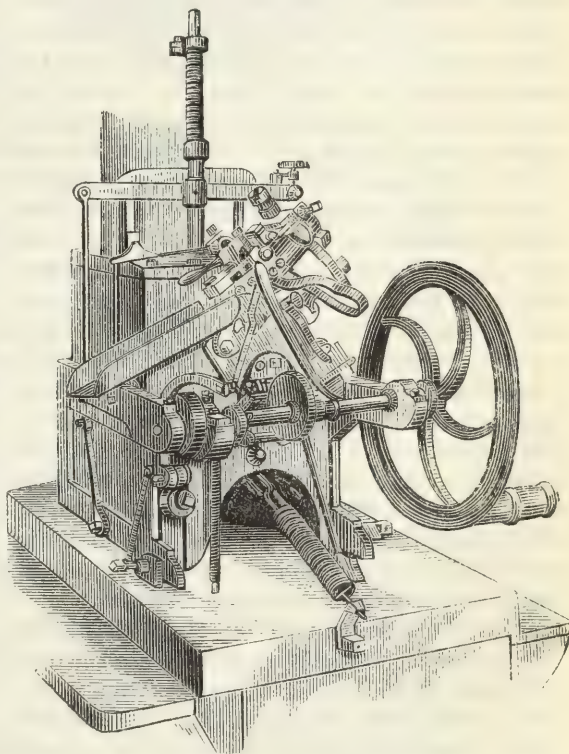
The first type-founder in America was Christopher Saur, of Germantown, Pennsylvania, and the first font cast was of German type, about 1735. In 1768 a foundry was established in Boston, but did not succeed. Abel Buell, of Killingworth, Connecticut, succeeded so far as good work was concerned, but was prevented by a turbulent disposition and by the war of Independence, which supervened, and in which he took an active part, from pursuing the business to a successful issue. Just before the war of the Revolution he was one of the party who destroyed the leaden statue of George III. in the Bowling Green, New York, and was discovered at his house melting up the lead into type-metal, so as to put his Majesty to work disseminating information. A piece of the head of this statue, with some punches and matrices, was found many years afterward in the ammunition chest of an old field-piece to which Buell had been attached during the war.

The American provinces had a hard and generally unsuccessful struggle for independence in business before the idea of political independence seems to have occurred to them. No venture in type-founding was successful till about 1798, when Binney and Ronaldson established themselves by State aid in Philadelphia. The type-founding tools and materials imported by Dr. Benja-

min Franklin from France for his own use fell into the hands of Mr. Binney and partner.

The old hand-mould and spoon reigned supreme till 1838, when the first successful type-casting machine was invented by David Bruce, Jun., of New York. Machines for casting a number of types simultaneously, projecting from a common sprue like the teeth of a comb, had been invented in America and in Europe, but no success attended them.

David Bruce's machine is the model of all American and many European type-casting machines. The great difficulty experienced in the development of the machine was in the fact that the resulting type was porous and about fifteen per cent. lighter than the hand-made, each of which was formed by a peculiar spasmodic jerk given by the founder to the mould as he poured in the metal. The effect of this was to condense the metal and expel air. In the Bruce machine the



BRUCE'S TYPE-CASTING MACHINE.

metal is kept fluid by a gas jet beneath, and is projected into the mould by a pump, the spout of which is in front of the metal pot. Each revolution of the crank brings the mould up to the spout, where it receives a charge of metal; it flies back with it; the top of the mould opens, and the type falls out. The matrix containing the letter is held by a spring against the mould opposite to the opening at which the metal is injected, and the rate of making is about 100 per minute for average-sized type.

After casting, the *jet* or surplus metal at the foot of the type, and which formed the ingate of the mould, is broken off, the side



of the type are rubbed on a grit-stone, they are set up regularly in sticks, corrected for inequalities, a groove planed in the middle of the base, forming what are known as *feet*. The proportion of each letter for a font of given weight is arranged in a galley six by four and a half inches, and forms what is known as a type-founder's page. This is papered and marked with the kind of letter contained.

Printing types were first electrotyped with copper in 1850, and have lately been nickel-plated.

#### TYPE SETTING AND DISTRIBUTING MACHINES.

It is now just about fifty years since the first type-setting apparatus was invented, and a thoroughly successful machine has not yet been introduced. Great hopes have been formed from time to time as one machine after another has been announced, and several of these have done very fair work. As mechanical contrivances they have been quite ingenious, and have worked with a degree of precision which made us think again and again that the goal had been reached at last. And yet to-day but few such machines are in use, and they only on a class of plain work where the number of sorts is limited. A machine must of course include capitals, lower-case, points, and figures; it can not be very efficient without small capitals and italics, but each addition to its capability for variety of work adds greatly to its complexity. After all, it is a race between fingers traveling from the stick to the boxes of the case and back again, and fingers beating upon the keys of the machine. The latter would of course carry the day, as the average travel of the hand after a letter is twelve inches from the stick, and the travel on the key-board of the machine is considerably less than one-half this, but there are so many little niceties to be observed in spacing the words and justifying the lines, work which is done by the skillful printer as he sets up the line, but which, with machine-set type, must be done afterward, when the line of type is broken into lengths for the measure of the work, and then justified by *spaces*. Type-setting machines have separate pockets or galleys for each *sort*, and the mechanical arrangement is such that on touching the key, arranged with others like the key-board of a piano or concertina, the end type of the row is displaced, and is conducted in a channel or by a tape to a composing-stick, where the types are arranged in regular order in a line of indefinite length, and from whence they are removed in successive portions to a justifying-stick, in which they are spaced out to the proper length of line required.

Three machines of this character were exhibited at the Paris Exposition in 1855.

Of the American machines that of Alden has perhaps excited most attention. The persistence of the inventor for seventeen years in the endeavor to perfect his invention, and his death, in 1859, when success appeared to be crowning his efforts, afford one more interesting item to the history of invention when it shall come to be written. His machine has types arranged around the circumference of a horizontal wheel, which rotates slowly, carrying with it fingers which pick up the proper types from their respective cells. The ordinary types are used, with the exception that each has its peculiar nick on one side, which will enable the fellow-machine to discriminate when *distributing* the type.

In the distributing process the *dead matter* is placed on a bed to the right of the key cylinder, and is taken up line by line as each is exhausted. The types are taken up by distributing transits in the revolving wheel, selected by means of the nicks, and then transferred by way of the channels to the respective type pockets. Extra spaces, etc., are tipped out at the end of the channel. Unnick'd type are thrown into a separate box, italics into another.

Another instance may be given: the *Kastenbein* composing machine, in which common types are used, each sort being arranged vertically in a series of tubes, like the pipes of an organ. As a letter key of the key-board is struck, the lever connecting with the particular letter tube opens the lower end of the tube, and allows the lowest type in the rank to fall into a groove which conducts it to the slide where the letters are assembled in a long line, and whence they are taken by the compositor's rule and justified.

The distributing machine reverses this method. The *dead matter* is placed on a bed, each line is cut off and the types raised *seriatim* so that they can be read by the observer. The corresponding key on the key-board being depressed, the type is pushed into its appropriate tube, ready for supplying the composing machine.

Printers have been wont to boast that a practical type composing and *justifying* machine presented a problem which even Yankee ingenuity and persistence could not solve; but in view of the progress made in this direction during the last decade, it can hardly be doubted that complete success will be achieved in the near future.

Still later machines for composing and distributing, the invention of Mr. Paige, are now exhibiting in New York, and work well. It remains, however, to be determined whether or not the capital invested in them and the casualties incident to complicated and delicate machinery will discourage their use in place of compositors, who own themselves, are always ready, and for whom sub-



stitutes can be found if one or another prove ailing or erratic.

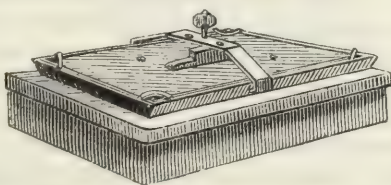
#### STEREOTYPING.

The art of casting solid metallic plates from type was invented by William Ged, a goldsmith of Edinburgh, in 1731. The plates ordered by the University of Oxford for an edition of the Bible were mutilated by jealous printers and thrown aside—the old tale of narrow-minded prejudice and ignorance. Ged's plan was the *plaster process*, but after its abandonment several other means were tried before the plaster was resumed.

Carez (France, 1793) had a plan of dashing down the inverted form upon a surface of hot lead just in the act of solidifying. The cast thus obtained was used in the same way to obtain a cameo impression for a printing surface. Didot's plan consisted in casting types of a hard alloy, and pressing them into a surface of pure lead. This was brought down upon a paper tray of molten type-metal just in the act of solidifying. The *English Monthly Magazine* of January, 1799, comments on this plan. Herham set up the form in copper matrices, and took a cast therefrom in type-metal. These three plans were French.

Stereotyping was introduced into the United States by David Bruce, of New York, in 1813. The first work cast in America was the New Testament, in bourgeois, in 1814.

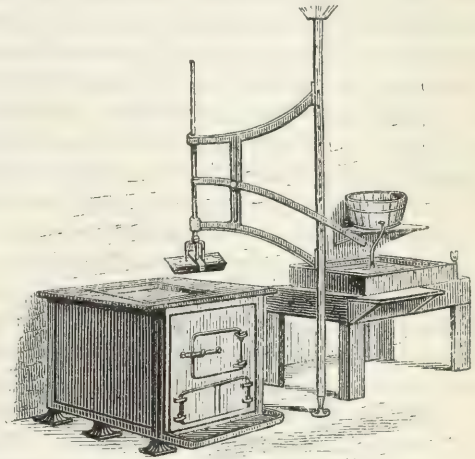
In the *plaster process* of stereotyping the type is set up with spaces, quadrats, and leads which come up to the shoulders of the type. Guard-lines and bearers are placed at the top of the page and at intervals of the type lines to support the plate during finishing. The type is then oiled, and inclosed by a flask to hold within bounds the fluid plaster, which is poured upon the face of the form, and worked in between the letters by a roller covered with flannel and leather. The plaster soon sets, and the mould is carefully raised by screws which lift it vertically from the form. The stereotype plate is then cast from the plaster mould, which is done by inclosing the mould in a box and plunging it into the bath of molten metal. The casting pan is



CASTING PAN.

of iron, consisting of a tray and a lid, the latter having at its corners gaps for the metal to flow in. Each pan has an iron plate or floater three-eighths of an inch

thick, which fits within it. Upon this plate the mould is laid face downward. The cover is chalked and secured by a yoke and screw. The pan is swung over the pot, and lowered on to the metal so as to become heated, then depressed so that the metal flows in at the corners and forces itself between the *floater* and *mould*. When the pan is filled it is submerged, and left till the bubbling has ceased. It is now swung over

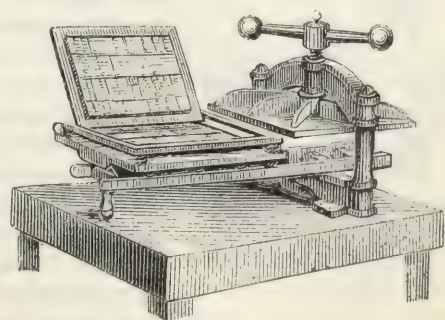


STEREOTYPE CASTING APPARATUS—PLASTER PROCESS.

the water-trough and cooled. The cast is knocked out of the pan, the surrounding metal broken off, and the stereotype freed from the plaster.

The plate is then finished by trimming the edges, laying it on its face, and shaving off the back to bring it to an even thickness. The bearers are cut away with a chisel and mallet, the heads trimmed, and the sides beveled with a plane upon the shooting-board. The plate is then carefully examined and faults repaired.

In the *clay process* a plastic composition of fine clay and plaster of Paris, with a small quantity of gum-arabic water, is spread with a trowel to the thickness of a quarter of an inch upon a plate which is secured to a frame shown in the drawing as hinged like a tympan to the press bed. The form is laid face upward on the bed, the face of the type is brushed over with benzine, covered with a cloth and paper, the tympan is turned down upon the form, the bed run under the platen, and an impression



MOULDING PRESS—CLAY PROCESS.

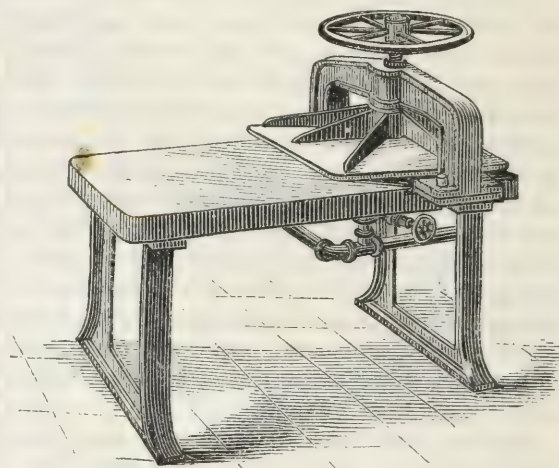


taken sufficiently deep to cause the clay to flow into the blank spaces and give the general outlines of the type. The press is then opened, the cloth and paper removed, and also any superfluous material which has been thrown up by the first pressure, and would be likely to bind. The press is again closed, and a complete impression taken, imbedding the type in the plastic material to the desired extent. This process is usually repeated one or more times in order to give a sufficient depth to the *cups* of the letters. The metallic plate carrying this mould is removed from the press, and the mould hardened by drying. When dry it is set afloat face upward in a vat of melted type-metal in order to bring it to the same temperature as the metal. A wire somewhat thicker than a finished stereotype plate, and bent so as to surround three sides of the mould, is placed on the plate, and a second plate is clamped over the wire, as in a moulder's flask. The whole is then put in a trough, the open edge of the mould upward, and the metal poured in. The casting is cooled by pouring water on the plate containing the mould. When the flask is opened the metal adheres to the mould, which is removed by wetting and brushing. The plate is then planed, trimmed, and dressed up for use.

Curved plates for cylinders are made from a flat form by using a sheet of spring steel of the desired curvature for a mould plate, which is spread flat on the tympan, and the plastic material is applied upon what is to be the concave side. After the impression is taken the sheet is released, and resumes its normal curvature, bending the plastic mould with it. The face of the plate is, of course, somewhat distorted, the stereotype appearing as if taken from type a little more condensed one way than that actually employed in the form.

The *papier-maché* process is very expeditious, and is generally used on daily papers of large circulation. A paper matrix is formed by spreading paste over a sheet of moderately thick unsized paper and covering it with successive sheets of tissue-paper, each carefully patted down smooth; the pack is then dampened. The face of the type is oiled, the smooth surface of the paper treated with powdered French chalk, and laid upon the type. A linen rag is wetted, wrung out, and laid over the paper, and dabbled on the

back with a beating brush so as to drive the soft paper into all the interstices between the letters of the form. Remove the cloth, lay a reinforce sheet of damp matrix paper upon the back of the matrix, and beat again to perfect the impression and unite the surfaces of the two. For large establishments a matrix rolling machine is used. A double thickness of blanket is placed upon the matrix, the form and matrix laid in a press, and screwed down tight. The lighted gas heats the press and the form, and dries the paper matrix. The press is unscrewed, the matrix removed, and it is warmed on the moulding press. The

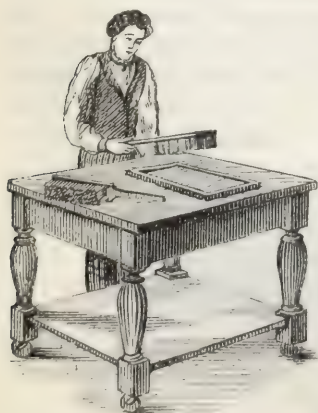


STEREOTYPE MOULD-DRYING PRESS—PAPER PROCESS.

matrix is then placed in the previously heated iron casting mould, and a casting gauge to determine the thickness of the stereotype plate is placed upon it. This extends around three sides of the matrix, the other being left open to serve as a gate at which the molten metal is poured in. The cover is screwed tight, the mould tipped to bring the mouth up, and the metal poured. When the metal is *set* the mould is opened and the matrix removed. The plate is then trimmed and otherwise prepared in the usual manner.

#### ELECTROTYPING.

*Electrotyping* is an application of the art of electroplating, which originated with Volta, Cruikshank, and Wollaston about 1800-1. In 1838 Spencer, of London, made casts of coins and impressions in intaglio from the matrices thus formed. In the same year Jacobi, of Dorpat, in Russia, made casts by electro-deposition, which caused him to be put in charge of the work of gilding the dome of St. Isaac's at St. Petersburg. Electrotyping originated with Mr. Joseph A. Adams, a wood-engraver of New York, who made casts in 1839-41 from wood-cuts, some engravings being printed from electrotype plates in the latter year. Many improvements in detail have been added since to the process as well as the appliances. Mur-

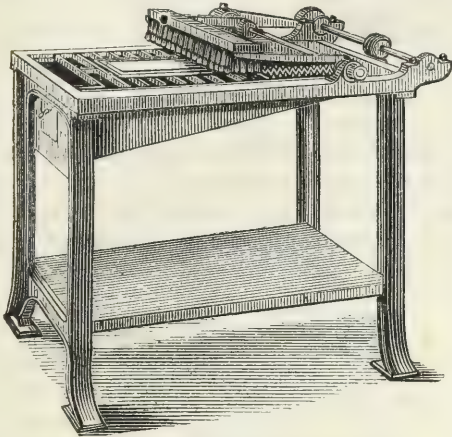


BEATING-TABLE—PAPIER MACHÉ PROCESS.



ray introduced graphite as a coating for the forms and moulds.

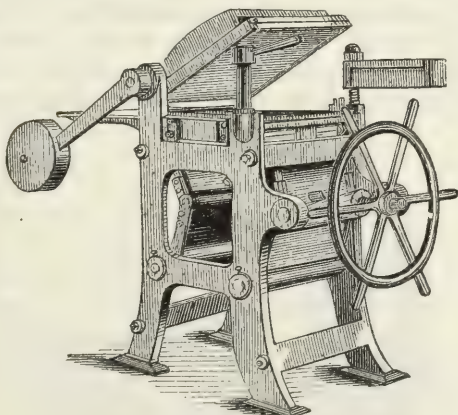
The process of electrotyping is as follows: The form is locked up very tight, and is then coated with a surface of graphite, commonly known as *black-lead*; but this is a misnomer. This is usually put on with a brush, and may be done very evenly and speedily by a machine in which the brush is reciprocated



BLACK-LEADING MACHINE.

over the type by a band wheel, crank, and pitman. A soft brush and very finely powdered graphite are used, the superfluous powder being removed, and the face of the type then cleaned by the palm of the hand. Knight's wet process of black-leading, as practiced at Harper and Brothers' establishment, is, however, much to be preferred, and will be described presently.

A shallow pan, known as a moulding pan, is then filled with melted yellow wax, making a smooth, even surface, which is black-leaded. The pan is then secured to the bed of the press, and the form placed on the bed, which is raised to deliver an impression of the type upon the wax.

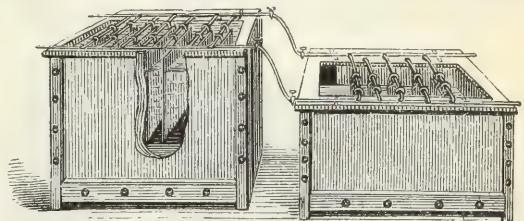


ELECTROTYPING PRESS.

The pan is removed from the head of the press, placed on a table, and *built up*, as it is termed. This consists in running wax upon the portions where large spaces occur between type, in order that the corresponding portions in the electrotype may not be touched by the inking-roller, or by the paper sagging down in printing.

The wax mould being *built*, is ready for black-leading, to give it a conducting surface upon which the metal may be deposited in the bath. The wax mould is laid face upward on the floor of an inclosed box, and a torrent of finely pulverized graphite suspended in water is poured upon it by means of a rotary pump, a hose, and a distributing nozzle, which dashes the liquid equally over the whole surface of the mould. Superfluous graphite is then removed by copious washing, an extremely fine film of graphite adhering to the wax. This is Silas P. Knight's process, and answers a triple purpose. It coats the mould with graphite, wets it ready for the bath, and expels air bubbles from the letters. This process prevents entirely the circulation of black-lead in the air, which has heretofore been so objectionable in the process of electrotyping. Black-lead being nearly pure carbon, is a poor conductor, and in the usual process a part of the metal of the pan is scraped clean to form a place for the commencement of the deposit, and the back of the moulding pan is waxed to prevent deposit of copper thereon. When the dry black-leading is used the face of the matrix is wetted to drive away all films or bubbles of air which may otherwise be attached to the black-leaded surface of the type.

The mould is then placed in the bath con-



ELECTROTYPING BATH AND BATTERY.

taining a solution of sulphate of copper, and is made part of an electric circuit, in which is also included the zinc element in the sulphuric acid solution in the other bath. A film of copper is deposited on the black-lead surface of the mould, and when this shell is sufficiently thick, it is taken from the bath, the wax removed, the shell trimmed, the back tinned, straightened, backed with an alloy of type-metal, then shaved to a proper thickness, and mounted on a block to make it type-high.

Knight's expeditious process consists in dusting fine iron filings upon the wet graphite surface of the wax mould, and then pouring upon it a solution of sulphate of copper. Stirring with a brush expedites the contact, and a decomposition takes place; the acid leaves the copper, and forms with the iron a sulphate solution, which floats off, while the copper is freed and deposited in a pure metallic form upon the graphite. The black surface takes on a ruddy tinge with marvel-

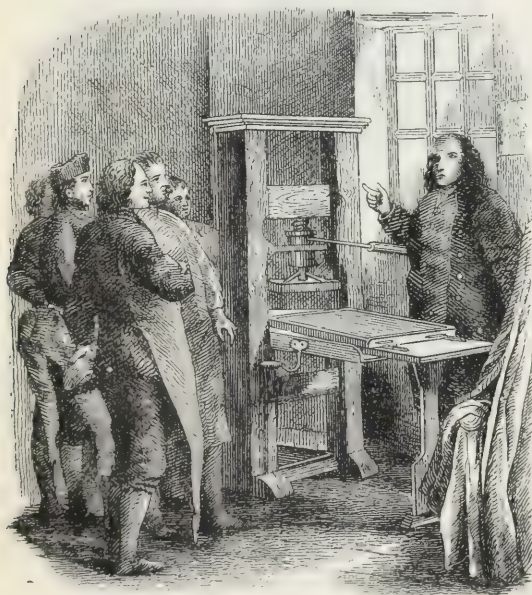


ous rapidity. The film is afterward increased in the usual manner in the electro bath, but the deposit takes place immediately and regularly over the whole surface. The saving in time, acid, copper, and zinc is very great.

#### THE PRINTING-PRESS.

The *printing-press* in its earlier forms was but an adaptation of the ordinary screw-press. The form was locked up in a tray and placed on a platform, upon which the platen was brought down by a screw traveling in a cross-bar above. The screw was moved by a lever, which was shifted into holes in the boss of the screw.

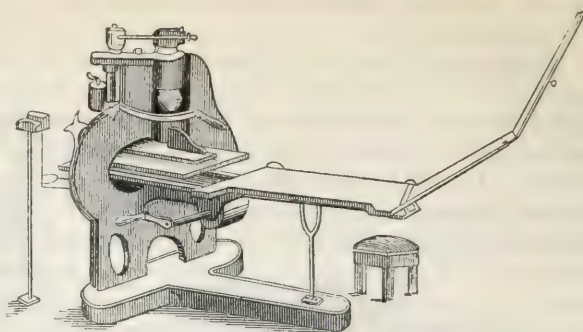
The Blaew was the first patent press, 1620. The carriage was rounced in beneath the platen; the pressure was given by a handle attached to a screw hanging from the beam, and having a spring which caused the screw to fly back as soon as the impression was given. Blaew was a very ingenious and versatile man, and was for some time, in the earlier portion of his career, associated with Tycho Brahe, at the observatory of the latter in Denmark, in contriving instruments and reducing observations. Subsequently he was in Amsterdam, where he made globes and maps, and invented his improvements in printing-presses. He died there in 1638.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S PRESS.

The Franklin press, one hundred years afterward in London, was a Blaew press with some minor improvements.

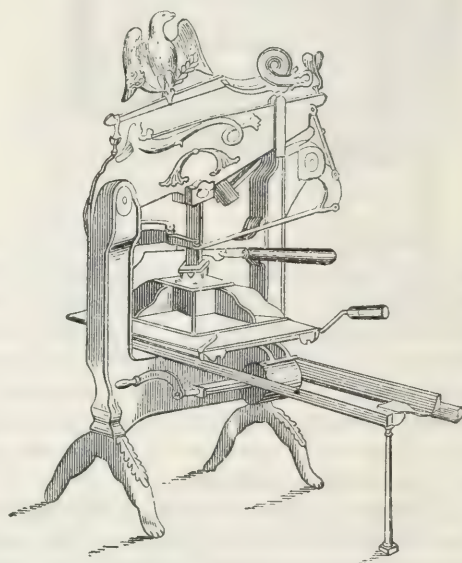
To this succeeded the Stanhope press, about the end of the eighteenth century. The oscillating handle operates a toggle to force down the platen upon the paper on the form. The bed travels on ways, and



LORD STANHOPE'S PRESS.

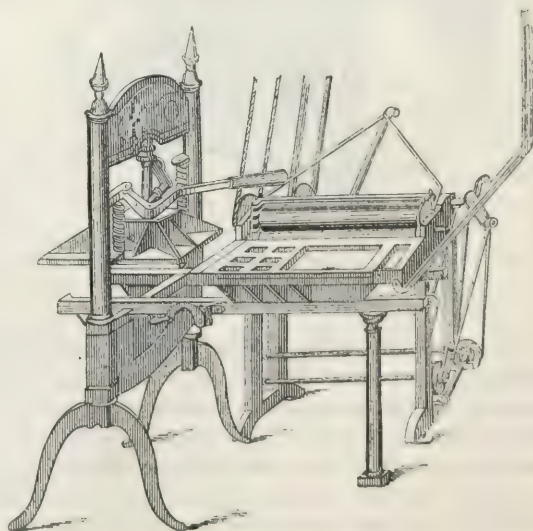
the tympan and frisket are hinged to lay back in elevated position.

The "Columbian" press, by George Clymer, of Philadelphia, was invented about



"COLUMBIAN" PRESS.

1817, and was perhaps the first important American contribution to the art of press-making. The power is applied to the platen by a compound lever consisting of three simple levers of the second order. Peter Smith's hand-press soon succeeded the "Columbian," and in 1829 the "Washington"



"WASHINGTON" PRESS.



was patented by Samuel Rust. The pressure in this is obtained by a compound lever applied to a toggle-joint, and the platen is lifted by springs on each side. The frame is made in sections, and the bed is run in and out by turning a crank which has a belt attached to its pulley or *rounce*. The tympan and frisket are held up by the nature of their hinges, which allow only a certain amount of swing.

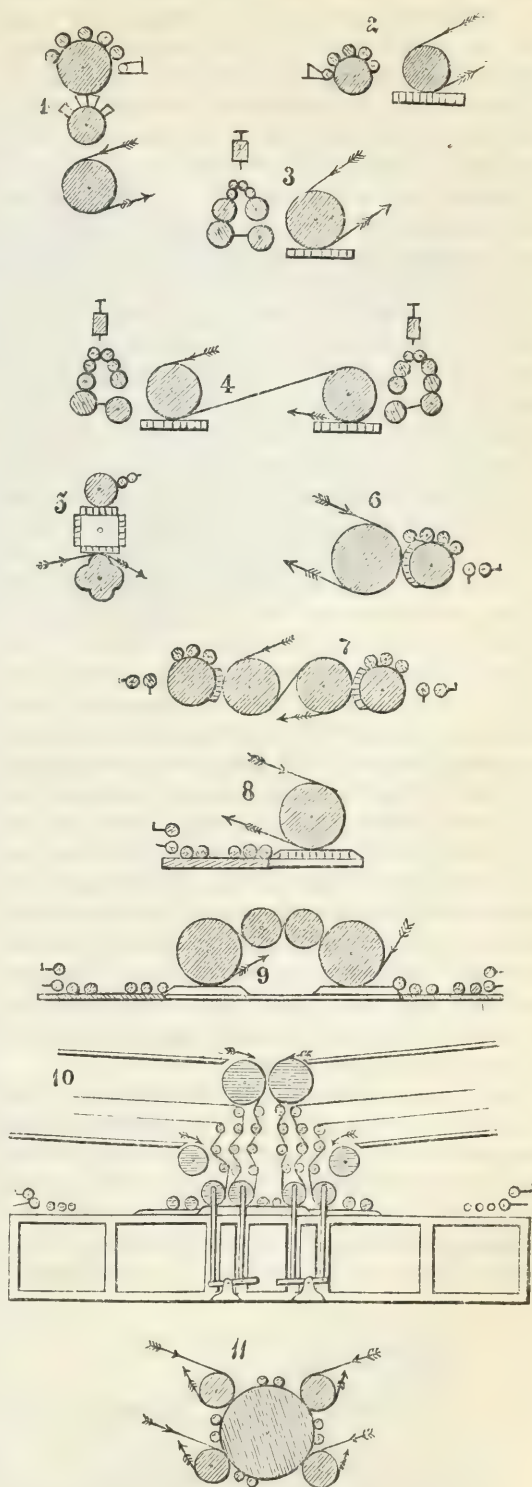
*Power-presses* or *printing-machines*, as they are indifferently called, belong exclusively to our century. Nicholson obtained a patent for a cylinder printing-machine (1) in 1790. It is not known that it was ever brought into use, but several of its features have survived in later and successful machines. The ink was applied by a roller; the types were made narrower toward the foot, so as to fit against each other snugly when attached to the exterior surface of a cylinder. The type cylinder revolved in gear with a leather-covered impression cylinder, and at another part of its rotation with an inking cylinder, to which inking apparatus was applied. The arrangement was modified (2) for a flat bed.

König, a German, constructed a printing-machine (3) for Mr. Walter, of the *London Times*, in 1814. The issue of the 28th of November of that year was the first newspaper printed by machinery driven by steam-power. It gave 1100 impressions per hour, and subsequently was worked up to 1800. The paper was held to its cylinder by tapes; the form was reciprocated beneath the inking apparatus and the paper cylinder alternately. To double the rate, a paper cylinder was to be placed on each side of the inking apparatus. The ink was placed in a trough, and ejected upon the upper of a series of rollers, passing downward in the series; and here first occurred the distributing roller with end motion.

König's press (4), which consisted of two single machines acting in concert and consecutively upon the two sides of the sheet, was perhaps the first attempt at a perfecting press. It was erected in 1818, but did not prove successful.

Donkin and Bacon's machine (5), 1813, was built for the University of Cambridge, England. Several forms were attached on the sides of a prism, and were presented consecutively to the inking cylinder and paper cylinder. In this machine were first used the composition inking-rollers, of glue and molasses.

In 1815 Cowper obtained a patent for curved stereotype plates, to be affixed to a cylinder (6). By duplication of parts the machine (7) was designed to become a perfecting press. The greater portion of the cylinder forms a distributing surface for the ink, the remainder is occupied by the stereotype plate.



PRINCIPLES OF ACTION OF POWER-PRESSES.

Applegath and Cowper's single machine (8) went back again to the flat reciprocating bed, the double machine (9) being a perfecting press. This machine was the first to have diagonal distributing rollers to spread the ink smoothly by sliding on the reciprocating inking-table.

Applegath and Cowper's four-cylinder machine (10), 1827, superseded König's in the *Times* office, and printed at the rate of 5000 per hour on one side. It had four printing cylinders, one form of type on a flat bed, and the paper cylinders were alternately raised and depressed, so that two



were printed during the passage one way, and the other two on the return passage. A pair of inking-rollers between the paper cylinders obtained their ink from the table.

Applegath's machine, 1848, was long used upon the *Times*. It introduced one novelty—placing the whole series of cylinders on end. On the vertical type cylinder the type were arranged in upright columns, forming flat polygonal sides to the drum. Arranged around it were eight sets of inking apparatus alternating with eight impression cylinders, and the paper, fed from eight *banks*, was delivered upon as many tables. The paper fed from each feed-board was carried by tapes and rollers, and passed on edge to the type and impression cylinders, was carried off, thrown over flatwise, caught by a boy, and placed upon the table. The number of sheets per hour worked upon this machine rose from 8000 in 1848 to as high as 12,000, printed on one side.

The Hoe type-revolving printing-machine (11) is made with two to ten printing cylinders arranged in planetary form around the periphery of the larger type-carrying cylinder. The type is secured in *turtles*, or the stereotype is bent to the curve of the cylinder. The circumference of the central cylinder has a series of binary systems, the elements of which are an inking apparatus and an impression apparatus, the paper being fed to the latter and carried away therefrom by tapes to a flyer, which delivers it on to a table. It has as many banks as feeder or impression cylinders.

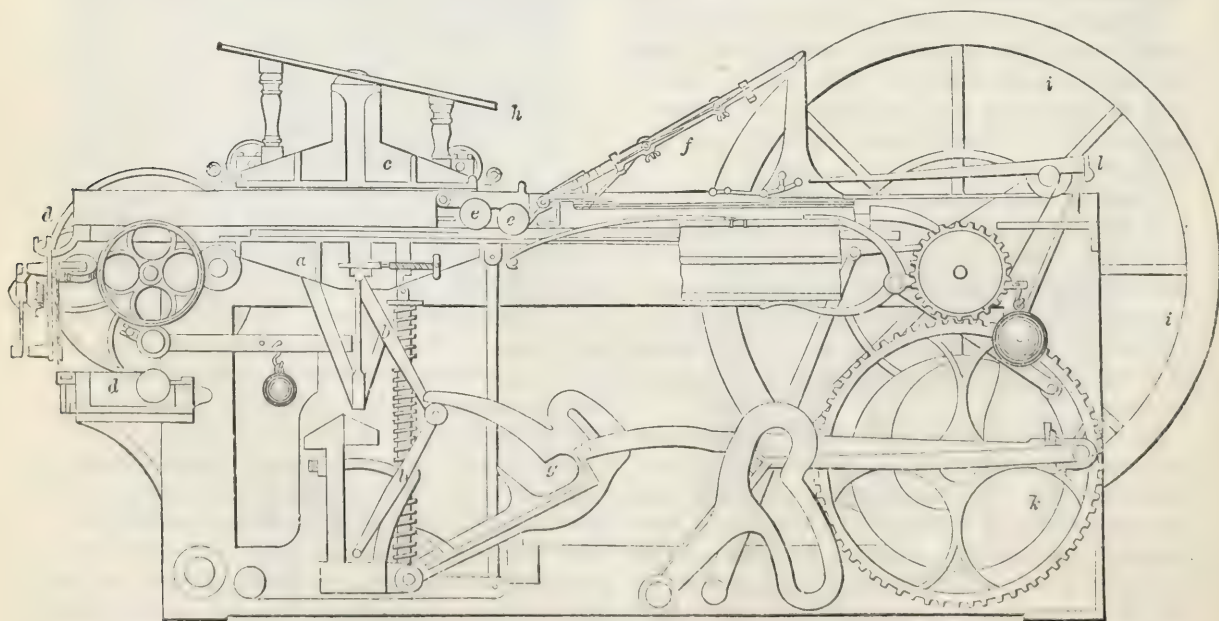
There are numerous modifications of the flat-bed and type-revolving machines for more or less rapid work, perfecting or for one side only; for fine wood-cut work, book-work, or job-work; with continuously revolving cylinders or stop-cylinders, which pause while the bed returns; with inking-

rollers varying in number with the kind of work required; and with many variations in size for posters, handbills, and cards.

The first flat-surface printing-machine was made by Daniel Treadwell, of Boston, in 1822. His machines, first used in Boston, were afterward used by Daniel Fanshaw in New York in printing the Bibles and tracts for the "American Bible Society" and the "American Tract Society." The machines for the former society were driven by a steam-engine, and those for the latter by two mules in the upper story of the Tract-house building, using an endless-track power. In this press the platen comes down on the type. These were the first printing-machines in America driven by other than hand-power, and were long used by Gales and Seaton in Washington in printing the Congressional reports, etc.

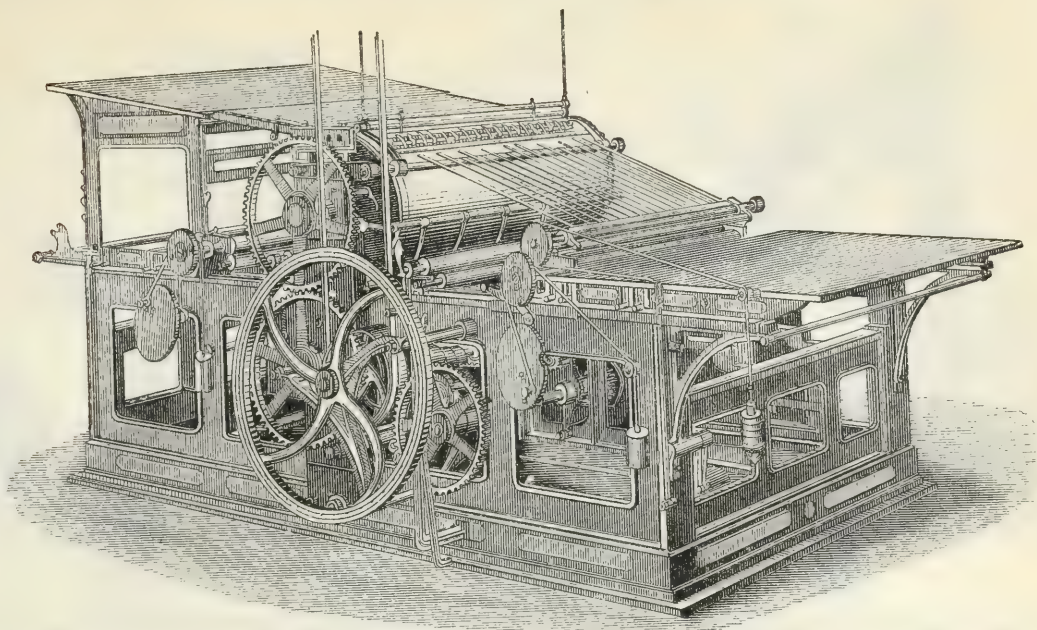
Next was the Adams press, which was introduced in 1830, has been since much improved, and still has a high reputation. Its movement is based on that of the hand-press, and gives a perfectly flat impression by lifting the bed of the press and its form against a stationary platen. Sheets are fed to the press by hand, and taken away by tapes and a fly. One thousand sheets an hour is a full speed for a large Adams press on book forms. It is shown in the figure by a longitudinal vertical section: *a* is the bed, which is raised by straightening the toggles, *b b*; *c* is the platen, *d* the ink fountain and ink-distributing apparatus. The inking-rollers, *e e*, pass twice over the form, and are attached to the frame of the tympan, *f*. The segment *g* serves to straighten the toggles, and cause the impression; *h* is the feed-board, *i* the drive-pulley, and *k* a gear wheel, with a pitman rod to *g*; *l* is the fly.

*Single-cylinder presses*, such as Hoe's, Potter's, Campbell's, etc., have a flat bed, which



ADAMS PRESS.





CAMPBELL'S SINGLE-CYLINDER PRESS.

is geared to reciprocate at an even speed with a revolving cylinder. Sheets of paper are fed to the cylinder, which carries a prepared tympan. The inked form runs along with the sheet until it is printed, when the form is retracted and inked again. In some machines the cylinder stops after the impression is delivered.

The Campbell press is remarkable for several fine points of adjustment. The operation is controlled by the sheet, which, when badly fed, is thrown out. The registering is operated by a small valve through the agency of points, making an electric circuit through point-holes in the sheet. When the press *fails to point*, the exhaust apparatus is brought into action, operating a bolt attached to a diaphragm, which locks up the impression. It has other peculiar features well worth mentioning if space permitted.

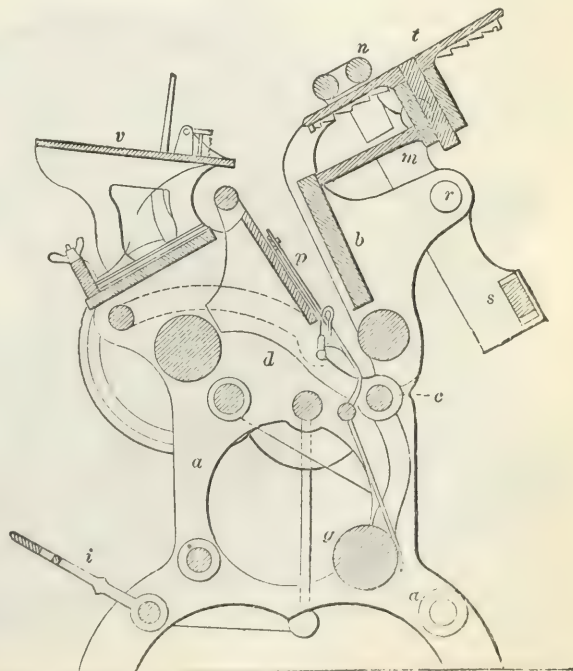
America produces a remarkable variety of handy job presses, known by the name of the makers, as the "Gordon," or by names which constitute trade-marks, as the "Globe," "Liberty," "Universal," etc.—a favorite device both with books in the early days of the art and with presses for a hundred years past; witness the "Columbian" and "Washington" hand-presses. One instance may be given.

The form in the "Gordon" press is secured in a chase, which is clamped to the bed, *b*, of the press. This bed rocks on a pivot at *c*, and comes into parallelism with the platen, *p*, when the impression is about to be given. The platen rocks on the main shaft, *d*, which is propelled by pitman and intermediate gearing from the treadle, *i*. The arm, *m s*, is the roller-carrier, which swings on a pivot, *r*, and carries the rollers, *n n*, alternately over

the form and the revolving disk, *t*, which distributes the ink: *g* is a counter-weight to balance the swinging bed and attachments, and operate the movable fingers by a spring bar, *a: v* is the feed-board.

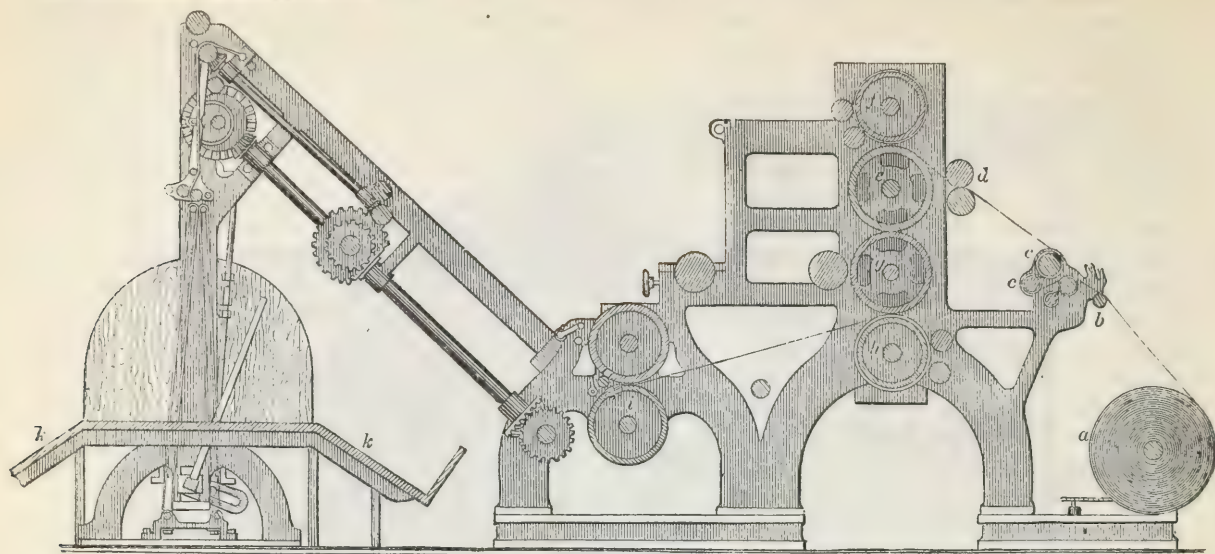
The *web press* is a later thought, and bids fair to supersede all others for large editions and long numbers, where great nicety is not required. It is not yet expected that for fine work and cuts it will supersede the flat-surface and reciprocating-bed presses.

The "Walter" press prints the *London Times* and the *New York Times*. A roll of paper, *a*, three miles long, reels off over the pulley, *b*, which serves to keep it taut. It then passes by the wetting rollers, *c c*, and over the cylinder *d* to the first type cylin-



GORDON JOB PRESS.



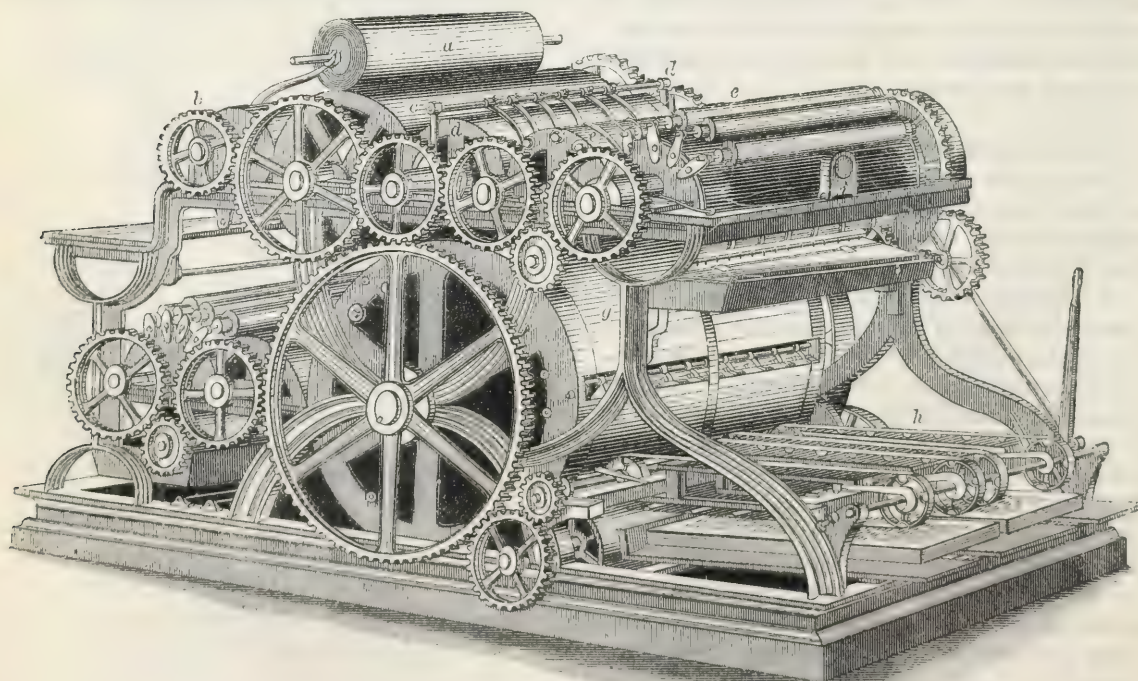


WALTER'S PERFECTING PRESS.

der, *e*, between which and the blanket cylinder, *f*, it receives its first impression. Following the direction of the type cylinder, it passes between two blotting cylinders, and is then delivered to the second printing cylinder, *g*, receiving the impression at *h*. It is then cut by a knife on the cylinder *i*. The sheets are finally piled by two persons on the paper-boards, *k k*. The speed of the Walter press is 11,000 printed sheets per hour.

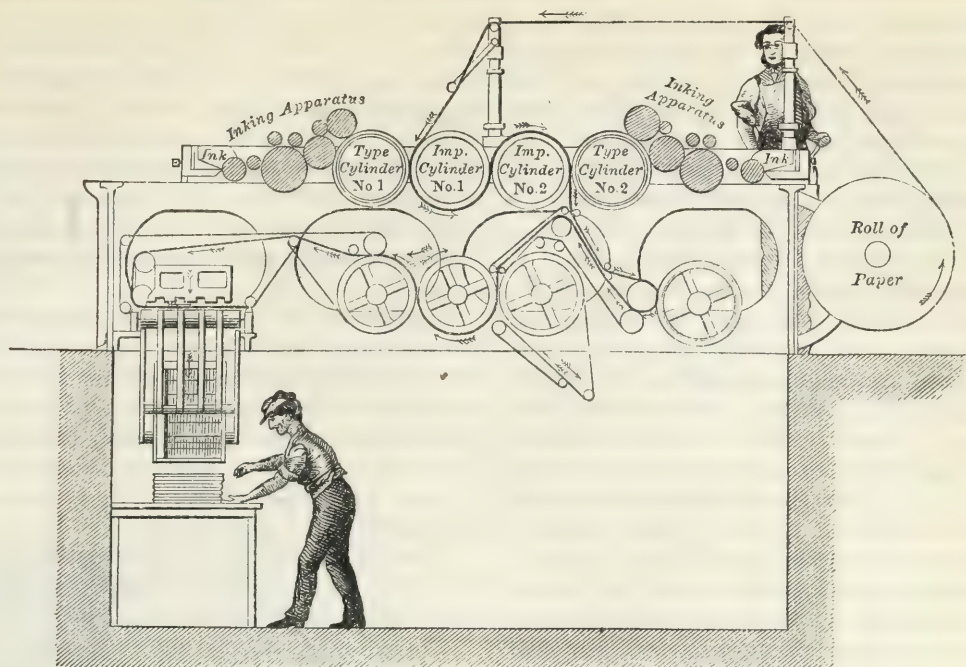
The "Bullock" press, so named from the inventor, the late William Bullock, of Philadelphia, carries the forms upon two cylinders, requires no attendants to feed it, and delivers the sheets printed on both sides. The paper, in the form of an endless roll, is moistened by passing through a shower of spray. A single roll will contain enough

for several thousand sheets, and the printing operation, including the cutting of the paper into proper lengths, proceeds uninterruptedly until the roll is exhausted. The roll of paper having been mounted in its place, the machinery is started, unwinds the paper, cuts off the required size, prints it on both sides at one operation, counts the number of sheets, and deposits them on the delivery board at the rate of 6000 to 8000 per hour. The roll of paper, *a*, is cut into sheets by a knife on roller *b* acting against the cylinder *c*. The sheets are seized by grippers, carried between the impression cylinder, *g*, and the form, *e*, receiving the first impression. The printed sheet then follows the large cylinder, *g*, to the second form, receiving its second impression from this form acting against the large drum, *g*. From the



BULLOCK PERFECTING PRESS.





"VICTORY" PERFECTING PRESS AND FOLDING MACHINE.

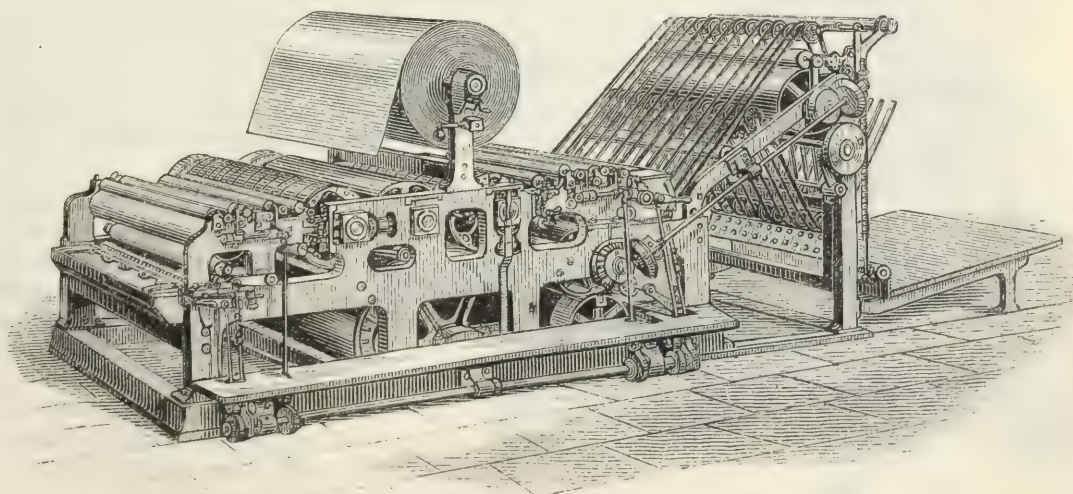
large cylinder the sheets are automatically delivered to the receiving board: *i* is a counting device or arithmometer. The inking-rollers are shown above the inking cylinders, beneath which are the ink-troughs. The starting lever is shown on the right.

The "Victory," like those just described, receives its paper from a roll. The names on the parts will obviate the necessity of specific description. The paper is led over two wetting boxes, and then over two hot copper cylinders, and entered between the first type and impression cylinders. Here one side is printed, and it thence goes to the second type and impression cylinder, where it is backed. It then travels on tapes to the cutting and folding cylinders. Here it receives a transverse fold, and the doubled paper is passed to a serrated knife, which cuts the first printed sheet from the web. A second blunt knife again folds the double sheet, which is carried by grippers to a vi-

bratory frame, entering each alternate sheet to the respective pairs of cross-folding rollers, which deliver the sheets to tapes, which carry them to a swinging delivery frame, by which they are deposited in a pile on the table.

This machine will damp, print, cut, fold, and deliver 6000 to 8000 per hour of an eight-page newspaper of fifty inches square; or it will damp, print, cut, fold, and paste at the back a twenty-four page paper at the speed of 7000 per hour.

The "Hoe" web perfecting press is one of the lately established and successful candidates for public favor. The paper is printed from a roll containing a length of over four miles and a half, equal to 10,000 papers. The machine has three pairs of cylinders geared together. A roll, having been previously damped, is lifted into place by a small crane, and the paper from it passes between the first pair of cylinders, the cir-



"HOE" WEB PERFECTING PRESS.



cumferences of each of which are just equal to the required length of the sheet. One of these cylinders has its periphery covered with stereotype plates of the matter to be printed, and is supplied in the usual manner with an ink fountain and distributing rollers, which, as the cylinder revolves, apply the ink to the stereotype forms. The other cylinder is covered with a blanket, and as they revolve together, with the paper between them, they print its first side. The paper then passes on between the second pair of cylinders, and presents its blank side to the stereotype plates of the second type cylinder. It next passes to the cutting cylinders, the periphery of one of which has a vibrating and projecting knife that at each revolution enters a groove in the opposite cylinder and severs a sheet from the roll. The sheets are successively conveyed by two series of endless tapes to a revolving cylinder, which retains them until six (or any desired number) are collected upon it, when they are delivered in a body to the sheet flyer. A circular cutter cuts the double sheets into single copies.

A counter is attached which shows the number of sheets printed. The machine occupies a space of about twenty feet long, six feet wide, and seven feet high, and delivers 12,000 to 15,000 perfected sheets per hour.

These machines have a reputation on both sides of the Atlantic, being used by the *London Lloyds' News*, *Standard*, and *Telegraph*, while five of them are now building for offices in the United States and two for Australia.

#### FOLDING MACHINES.

As an improvement occurs in one of the machines of a series, every other one has to

mend its pace to keep up. So we found it with the ginning, carding, spinning, and weaving of fibre; so it was with the smelting, puddling, rolling, forging, turning, and planing of iron: one improvement begets another, and a halting member of a series which retards the speed becomes the object of so much solicitude that it shall go hard but he ere long outstrip his brethren in the race.

Machines for folding newspapers and sheets for books follow naturally in the wake of the presses. They are made of various kinds for octavo, 16mo, and 32mo; also for folding 12mo, cutting off, pasting, and inserting the inset; in some cases placing it in a cover, and doubling it up into compact shape for the mail wrapper.

The book-folding machine illustrated is for octavo work, sixteen pages on a sheet, eight pages on a side.

The sheet is placed on the table so that two register points pass through two holes in the sheet previously made on the printing-press. The folder comes down upon the folding edge, the pins give way, and the sheet passes, doubled edge first, between a pair of rollers, which compress it; tapes deliver it to a second table beneath, where a second and a third folder act upon it in turn, and it is delivered into a trough at the rate of 1500 per hour.

With 12mo work imposed in two parts of sixteen and eight pages respectively, the machine cuts them apart, and folds the larger part like an octavo; the smaller folds but once, and is then "inset" into the octavo portion, which forms the "outset."

The two-sheet folder and paster, for large twenty-four-page periodicals, folds one sheet of sixteen pages, 30½ by 45½ inches, inseting the eight pages within the sixteen, and pasting and trimming all, delivering a complete copy of twenty-four pages ready to read at the rate of 1200 per hour. It will fold eight pages alone, sixteen pages alone, with or without pasting or trimming, or will fold, paste, and trim the eight pages, inseting without pasting them in.

Machines of this general character are also made for folding, pasting, and trimming, or for folding, pasting, trimming all around, and putting on a cover of different-colored paper. The *Christian Union* is folded, inset, and covered in this manner, four of these machines being attached to a four-cylinder "Hoe" press.



CHAMBERS'S FOLDING MACHINE.

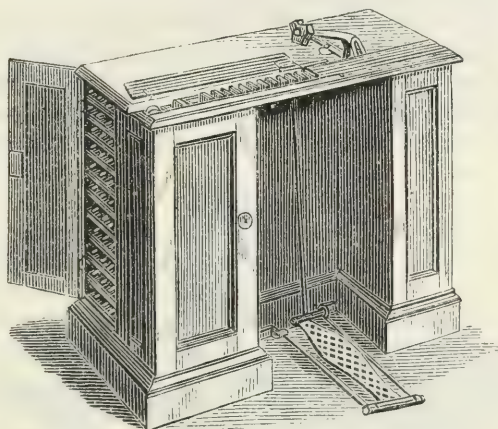


## ADDRESSING MACHINES.

Addressing machines are of two general kinds; one cuts the addresses from printed and gummed strips and attaches them to the paper. The Dick machine works in this way.

The other mode is to set up the addresses in a galley, and bring them successively to a spot at which the enveloped papers are consecutively presented.

The machine illustrated is one of many of the latter class. It prints with ink on the papers or wrappers at the rate of 3000 per hour. The names are set up in long narrow



ADDRESSING MACHINE.

galleys holding fifty or seventy-five each, and after inking with a hand-roller, these are placed successively in the channel of the table, and are pushed along by the apparatus till each name in turn has come under the impression lever, which is worked by the treadle. The motion of the galley is automatic, and the machine indicates a change of post-office by the stroke of a bell, so that the papers may be thrown into separate piles to be bundled for mailing.

The "Forsaith" addressing machine also operates in a very satisfactory manner.

## PRINTING FOR THE BLIND.

The art of printing in raised letters which may be distinguished by the touch originated and has been developed within the century. The first successful efforts in this direction were made at Paris in 1784 by the Abbé Valentin Haüy, who in the same year founded "L'Institution Royale des Jeunes Aveugles," the first institution ever established for the instruction of the blind.

Various systems of forming the embossed characters have since been introduced, which may be divided into two classes—the *arbitrary*, arranged exclusively with reference to the supposed greater facility with which their forms may be distinguished by the touch, no attempt being made to imitate ordinary printing; and the *alphabetical*, in which the letters resemble those ordinarily employed.

Prominent among the first are those of Lucas, Frère, Moon, Braille, and Carton. Lucas's system is composed of a series of dots, curves, and straight lines, each of which represents a letter, distinguishable by its form or the position in which it is set. Many contractions and abbreviations are employed, and though it is claimed to be easily read by the touch, its bulk and the frequent ambiguities arising from the peculiar system of abbreviations are objectionable. Thirty-six volumes are required to contain the Scriptures, which in the American lower-case alphabet are comprised in eight.

Frère's system is phonetic, thirty-six characters being employed, each representing a simple sound.

Moon, himself a blind man, represents the letters of the ordinary alphabet by characters, each composed of but one or two lines. The printing is read alternately from left to right and from right to left.

Braille's system is that generally employed in France: the letters are formed by combinations of dots varying in number from one to six.

Carton's system also employs dots, but arranged to more nearly resemble the letters of the Roman alphabet.

Among those known as alphabetical are—

The French, a combination of lower-case and capitals.

Alston's, English, has modified Roman capitals.

Friedlander's, American, Roman capitals of the kind known as block letters.

That of Dr. S. G. Howe, principal of the Institution for the Blind at Boston, Massachusetts, employs an angular form of lower-case for all the letters except G and J, which are capitals. This character is used at most of the institutions in the United States, and many valuable works have been printed in it.

Mr. N. B. Kneass, of Philadelphia, himself a blind man and a publisher of works for the blind, employs lower-case like that of Dr. Howe and block capitals, under the title of "Kneass's improved combined letter."

## ENGRAVING.

The early history of engraving concerns the inscriptions on stones; the "iron pen," and inlaid "lead letters" in the rock, referred to by Job, if that be a fair understanding of the passage. Contemporary with this are the carved and lettered obelisks of Egypt, the tablets of Assyria and Etruria, the engraved gems in the breastplate of Aaron, perhaps the leaden plates inscribed with Hesiod's "works and days," which were so long preserved at the fountain of Helicon, in Bœotia, as recorded by Pausanias.

From inscriptions the Greeks proceeded to engraving maps on metallic plates; and



the brass plates containing the Roman laws were complete enough for printing, but it does not seem to have been thought of. The history of engraving is the history of printing; but we must not repeat it here.

The art of engraving is naturally divisible into three orders—metal, wood, stone; the latter better known as lithography, and considered separately.

Engraving on metallic plates originated with chasers and inlayers. It can not but be that such artists took proof in dirty oil on rag or leather, but no impression of intrinsic value was had until the time of Finiguerra, a Florentine artist, in 1440. Euclid was printed with diagrams on copper in 1482. The copper-plate press was invented in 1545. Etching on copper by means of aquafortis was invented by F. Mazzuoli, or Palmegiani, in 1532; mezzotint engraving by Von Siegen in 1643; improved by Prince Rupert, 1648, and by Sir Christopher Wren in 1662.

Stipple engraving—also called “chalk engraving,” from the resemblance of the work to crayon drawing—was invented by Jacob Baylaert in London in 1769; engraving on steel as a substitute for copper, by Jacob Perkins, of Philadelphia, in 1819.

The present century has not devised much that is new except the ruling machine by Wilson Lowry.

Plate engraving flourished in England from 1800 to 1850, but photography and lithography have gradually pushed it aside, since which the skill has decayed and the demand fallen off. Until this decadence persons of average taste would claim that though our predecessors excelled in rude vigor, our execution was as good as that of the earlier masters, and our effects better, the connoisseurs in the antique to the contrary notwithstanding. Nor will it avail for such to quote Gifford's sarcasm,

“We want their strength: agreed; but we atone  
For that and more by sweetness all our own.”

Wood-engraving originated in China, as we have had occasion to observe before; its first uses in Europe were in ornamenting paper and fabrics, afterward for making playing-cards.

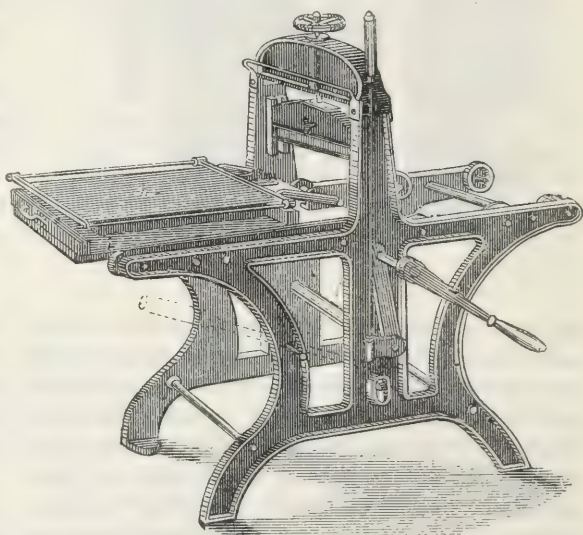
The earliest known wood-cut with a date—the St. Christopher of 1423—is in the Althorpe Library, England, which, it may be stated in passing, contains the most valuable single volume in the world, an edition of Boccaccio printed at Venice by Valdarfer in 1474, of which no other perfect copy is known. It sold at the Duke of Roxburgh's sale in 1812 for £1260. The art of wood-engraving was much improved by Dürer, 1471–1528; by Bewick, 1789. It has gone on improving ever since, by fits and starts, but always onward. The great use made of it by the *Illustrated London News* is

an era; its advance over the *Penny Encyclopedia* affords a good means of judging the rate of progress. The American *Aldine* and *Picturesque America* are triumphs of the art.

#### LITHOGRAPHY.

The art of engraving or drawing on stone, so that printed copies may be obtained therefrom in the press, originated with Alois Senefelder, of Munich, 1796–1800. The invention was not a mere accident, as recounted in the common myth of an absent-minded man, a piece of limestone, and a waiting washerwoman, but was the result of earnest, persistent, and intelligent work directed to an object kept steadily in view.

The stone used for lithographic work is a compact sedimentary limestone of a yellowish or bluish-gray color, which comes from the Solenhofen quarries in Bavaria. It is ground by moving one stone upon another



LITHOGRAPHIC HAND-PRESS.

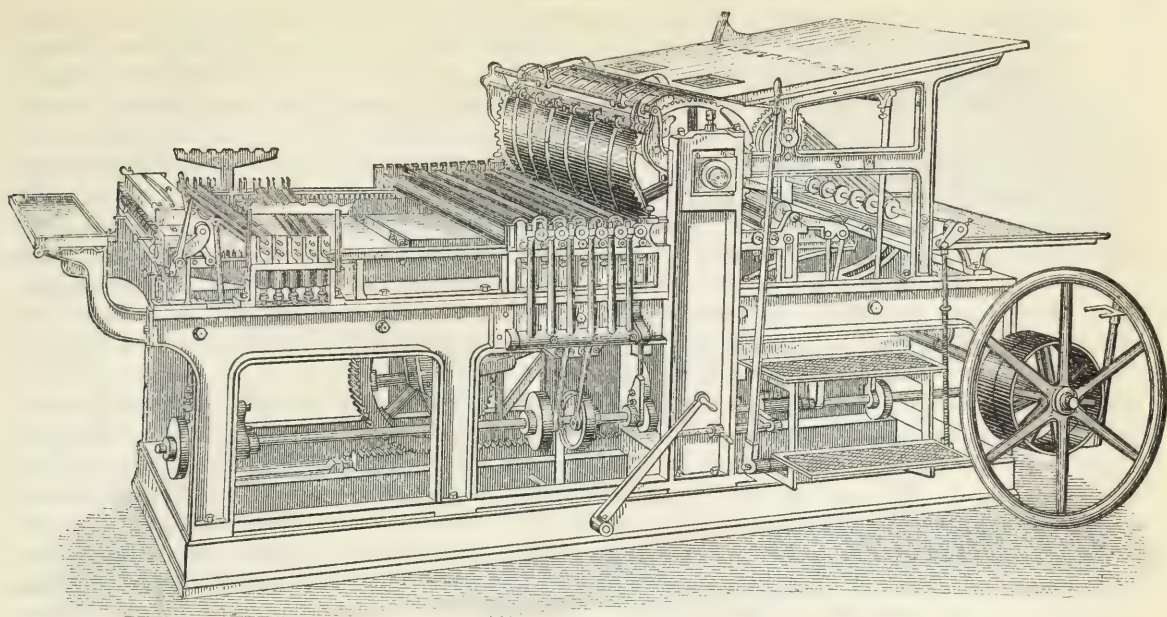
with sand between them, and then polished with pumice-stone.

Upon the stone thus prepared the design may be produced in four ways:

1. It may be done with a fluid, watery ink.
2. With a solid crayon.
3. By a transfer from an inky design on paper.
4. By engraving with an etching point.

1. The *ink* is essentially a soluble soap colored with lamp-black, applied with a pen or hair-pencil. The stone is then *etched* with a weak acidulous solution, decomposing the soap, combining with its alkali, and setting free the fatty acid in contact with the particles of carbonate of lime of which the stone consists, forming an insoluble lime soap which no washing or rubbing can remove and no fatty matter can penetrate. The stone is then flooded with gum-arabic water to incapacitate the clear parts from receiving ink when wetted. The stone is now placed in the press and made ready.





HOE'S LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTING-MACHINE.

With a sponge and abundance of water excess of gum is washed off, and, while still wet, the drawing is *washed out* with turpentine applied with a rag. This appears to obliterate every thing, but a close inspection shows the work as a pale white design on the face of the stone. The stone is now *rolled up* by passing a roller charged with printing-ink over its face, which is still damp; the greasy ink adheres to the white design, while the clear gummed damp face takes no ink. A sheet of paper is laid upon it, the tympan closed, and the stone pulled through. The operations of damping, inking, and printing are then repeated in succession.

2. The work by *lithographic crayon* is upon a *grained* stone, the surface of which is evenly roughened by grinding with very sharp and even sand of a grade according to the fineness of grain required. The crayon is of soap, wax, and tallow, and it is used on the stone as a drawing chalk is upon rough Whatman paper. The subsequent processes in preparing the stone are the same as those before described. The process gives opportunity for much artistic taste and display, the broken surface of the stone preventing the continuity of the lines, whose depth of color will depend upon the pressure of the crayon upon the rasping surface.

3. The *transfer method* consists in placing the design on paper and then transferring it to the stone. The writing, for instance, is done on ordinary sized paper, but preferably on paper prepared with a coating of gelatine, which may be colored with gamboge. The written sheet is dampened, laid face down on the stone, and pulled through. The ink adheres to the stone, which is treated as before.

4. The *engraving method* differs from the preceding. The surface of the stone is treated with gum-arabic water, which, when dry,

is colored to allow the succeeding work to show. The design is then scratched in with needles or diamond points, and the face of the stone flooded with oil, which is absorbed by the stone where the etching points have laid it bare. The coloring matter and excess of gum are washed off, and the lines are filled with ink, the gum protecting the clean surface. The paper is laid on, and the stone pulled through the press, the sheet lifting the ink out of the lines. It is not usual to print from the engraved stone, but to transfer an impression therefrom to another one and print in the usual way.

There are many modifications of the art: a tint is rubbed on dry, and distributed or rubbed off according to the lights and shades of the design; by another mode the surface is covered with a solution of asphalt and crayon, and scraped off for the lights. The list might be much extended.

Until a comparatively recent period all lithographic printing has been upon hand-presses, but lately a successful lithographic printing-machine has been made. Hoe's machine is a stop-cylinder press, that is, one in which the cylinder comes to a stop pending the adjustment of the sheet. The paper is fed to grippers on the cylinder from the inclined table above. The traveling bed on which the stone rests is drawn under the cylinder by a crank and connecting rod from the end of the frame below, and the cylinder, after being thrown into gear, is rotated at the same time (carrying the sheet with it) by a rack attached to the side of the bed. At the end of the stroke the cylinder goes out of gear, and remains stationary and locked during the return of the bed and stone, the latter passing under a cut-away part of the cylinder, so as not to come in contact with it. In place of a tympan the cylinder is covered with a thin



rubber blanket. The inking of the stone is effected by parallel rollers (from three to six) in front of the cylinder, upon which are heavy riding rollers of iron, the latter being made to vibrate laterally to aid the distribution of the ink. These inking-rollers are covered with leather, like the ordinary hand-rollers for lithographic printing; they receive their ink from a table which travels with the bed, and are driven by a rack or friction pieces on the sides of the bed. The ink is fed to the table from a fountain at the end of the press, and distributed by a number of oblique-lying rollers, also covered with leather. The automatic damping arrangement is at the back of the cylinder. It consists of a shallow trough containing water, partially immersed in which a cylinder of wood is made slowly to revolve. An absorbent roller is held in contact with the surface of this roller for a longer or shorter time, according to the amount of water required upon the stone, after which it carries its increase of moisture over to a heavy riding roller, which again gives it up to two damping rollers covered with linen, which traverse the stone as it passes beneath them, just before it meets the inking-rollers near the cylinder; the feed of water admits of adjustment as to quantity while the press is in motion.

The pressure in this press is adjusted by means of butting screws, which lift or lower the bed in the traveling carriage; these screws are turned by a key from above. When the sheet is printed it is conveyed by an intermediate cylinder provided with grippers to the fly at the end of the press, and there deposited, face up, on the pile of printed work.

This press, though by no means identical with European machines of the same class, may be regarded as furnishing an illustration of the essential features of them all.

The introduction of the lithographic power-press has totally remodeled the lithographic trade throughout the world within the short period of six years (1868-74), increasing the possible production about tenfold. It has lowered the cost of, and in fact rendered possible, large editions from stone which in former times found their way to the type press, with very inferior results. By this change the general public have profited largely.

Chromo-lithography, the highest development of the lithographic art, differs only from the ordinary processes in the imposition of a number of impressions in different colors from as many different stones upon a sheet of paper, the combination of colors making a finished picture. An outline drawing is transferred to each stone required to complete the picture, so as to secure exactness in the co-relation of all parts on each stone. Upon these stones the artist draws

the different tints and colors, the number varying with the character of the picture. Mr. Prang's famous chromo, "Family Scene in Pompeii," occupied forty-three stones. An artist must have a high degree of skill in drawing, a fine feeling for and thorough knowledge of color, and must be able to tell what number of stones will be required, what the order of the tints and colors, what effect one tint will have upon the succeeding ones. Careful *register* is required, so that each color may fall in its proper place in the picture.

Senefelder died in 1834. Every phase of the lithographic art described in the foregoing was indicated, originated, or practiced by him. The development and perfection of the present day, in every branch of his great invention, would gratify and astonish him infinitely. He would gaze in amazement at the lithographic power-press printing thousands of sheets daily, and would be lost in admiration at the sight of a chromo which he would confound with the original painting, and which his art has placed within the reach of every one. All this he would readily comprehend; *photolithography* alone would be to him a mystery and a revelation.

#### PHOTOGRAPHY.

The art of photography is entirely embraced within the century. The solitary fact bearing upon the subject, and known to the world previous to 1776, was that *horn-silver* (fused chlorid of silver) is blackened by exposure to the sun's rays. It is now known that many bodies are photo-chemically sensitive in a greater or less degree, but some of the salts of silver and chromic acid in conjunction with organic matter are pre-eminently so, and are used practically to the exclusion of all others.

Scheele in 1777 drew attention to the activity of the *violet* and *blue* rays as compared with the rest of the spectrum; and Ritter in 1801 proved the existence of *dark rays* beyond the violet end of the visible spectrum by the power they possessed of blackening chloride of silver. Wollaston experimented upon gum-guaiacum. Wedgwood, previous to 1802, was the first to produce a photograph, in the technical sense of the word; this was a negative of an engraving which was laid over a sheet of paper moistened with a solution of nitrate of silver. Such a picture had to be carefully preserved from daylight, or the whole surface would blacken. Neither Wedgwood, nor Davy, who accompanied with observations the memorandum submitted by Wedgwood to the Royal Society, devised any mode of fixing the image.

From 1814 to 1827 Joseph Nicéphore Niepce, of Chalons on the Saône, experimented on the subject. In the latter year he communicated his process. He coated a



plate of metal or glass with a varnish of asphaltum dissolved in oil of lavender, and exposed it under an engraving or in a camera; the sunlight so affected the bitumen that the parts corresponding to the white portions of the picture or image remained upon the plate when those not exposed to light were subsequently dissolved by oil of bitumen and washed away. This was a permanent negative picture. In 1829 Niepce associated himself with Daguerre.

In 1834 Fox Talbot commenced his investigations, and in January, 1839, announced his *calotype* process. He prepared a sheet of paper with *iodide of silver*, dried it, and just before use covered the surface with a solution of *nitrate of silver* and *gallic acid*, and dried it again. Exposure in the camera produced no visible effect, but the latent image was *developed* by a re-application of the gallo-nitrate, and finally *fixed* by *bromide of potassium*, washed and dried. A negative so obtained was laid over a sensitized paper, and thus a *positive print* was obtained. This was a wonderful advance.

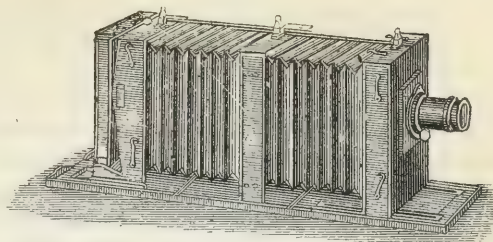
In the same month, January, 1839, Daguerre's invention was announced, but was not described till July of that year. In the *daguerreotype*, which has made the name of the inventor a household word, and furnished a test of skill in all the spelling schools of the United States, polished silver-surfaced plates are coated with iodide of silver by exposure to the fumes of dry iodine, then exposed in the camera, and the latent image developed by *mercurial fumes*, which attach themselves to the iodide of silver in quantities proportional to the actinic action. The picture is fixed by *hyposulphite of soda*, which prevents farther change by light.

Goddard in 1839 introduced the use of *bromine* vapor conjointly with that of iodine in sensitizing the silver surface.

The addition of chlorine was by Claudet in 1840. M. Fizeau applied the *solution of gold*, which combined with the finely divided mercury, and in part replaced it.

In 1848 M. Niepce de St. Victor coated glass with *albumen*, and treated it with nitrate of silver to sensitize and coagulate it. The film hardened in drying, and furnished a negative from which pictures might be printed by light.

The *collodion process*, by Scott Archer, of London, was one of the most remarkable inventions of the series, and has made photography the most important art industry of the world. A plate of glass is cleaned, floated with collodion, sensitized with iodides and bromides, usually of potassium. It is then plunged in a solution of nitrate of silver. Metallic silver takes the place of the potassium, and forms insoluble iodide and bromide of silver in the film,

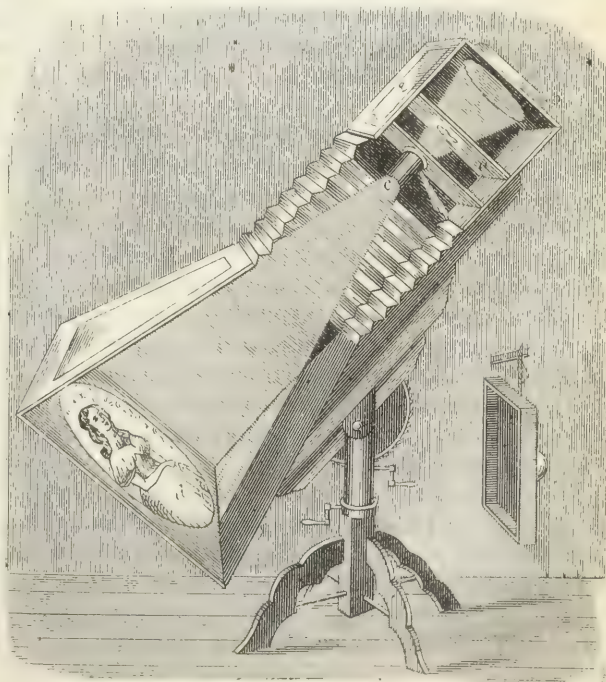


BELLOWS CAMERA.

which assumes a milky appearance. The plate is exposed in the camera, and the latent image developed by an aqueous solution of protosulphate of iron, the picture gradually emerging by a dark deposit forming upon those places where the light has acted, the density of this deposit being directly proportional to the energy of the chemical rays. When sufficiently developed, the plate is washed with water, and fixed by washing away the free silver salt by a solvent, such as the cyanide of potassium or hyposulphite of soda. This removes the milky character of the film, and leaves the picture apparently resting on bare glass.

To produce *positive photographic prints* from such a negative a sensitized sheet of paper is placed beneath the negative, and exposed to the sun's rays. The light passes through the negative in quantity depending upon the transparency of its several parts, and produces a proportionate darkening of the silver salts in the albuminous surface of the paper. The paper is now washed to remove the unaltered nitrate, *toned* by a salt of gold, *fixed* by hyposulphite of soda, washed, dried, mounted, and glazed.

The *solar camera* is used for making enlarged prints from a negative. It is an adjustable portion, having a central aperture



ENLARGING SOLAR CAMERA.



at which the negative is exposed to the rays entering at the window, *b*; *c* is the lens; *d* the board for the paper enlargement.

Space can not be spared for even the recitation of the names of the various processes which have from time to time been prominently before the public. Some of these were invented in the infancy of the art, and have been long superseded by more perfect methods; others yet survive for certain purposes.

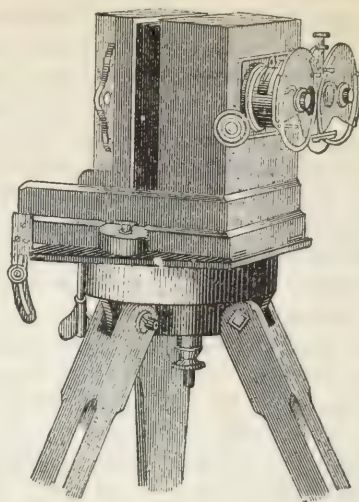
The *ambrotype* is a thin collodion negative on glass made by a short exposure, and developed so as to produce as white a deposit as possible on the lights. Such a picture is not looked at by transmitted light, nor is it valuable as a negative; it is to be backed up with a black surface, generally a black varnish, and regarded by reflected light only. Under these circumstances it appears as a positive, the deposit reflecting and the black backing absorbing the light. Pictures of this kind are rapidly made, and finished direct from the camera, as is the case with the daguerreotype, while the cost is very much less. They are, however, very inferior to good positives on paper, and had to make way for the latter as the negative process improved.

At the present day ambrotypes are rarely to be met with, but *ferrotypes*, or *tintypes*, as they are sometimes called, are produced by a perfectly analogous process, the substantial difference being that the collodion picture is made directly upon a thin iron plate covered with a black enamel or lacquer, which protects both its surfaces from the action of the negative bath, and acts the part of the black backing used in the ambrotype.

*Ferrotypes* are still in vogue, the quickness with which they can be produced and their exceedingly small cost making them popular with the public. Cameras provided with a large number of lenses are employed in their production.

The trouble and difficulty in the efficient working of collodion negatives out-of-doors created a desire for a means of preserving a collodion plate in a sensitive condition, so as to render it unnecessary to coat, sensitize, and develop the plate where the landscape is taken. Accordingly a number of preservative and dry-plate processes have been invented. No dry process, however, gives results fully equal in quality to the work from wet plates, but they offer other advantages which can not be ignored.

The stereoscopic camera used for field work has an arrangement for instantaneous exposure of the two lenses, which admit pencils of beams to the plates in the binary chamber. Shutters are placed in front of each tube, so arranged that by touching a spring they are simultaneously rotated, bringing for an instant of time a hole in



STEREOSCOPIC CAMERA.

each shutter in correspondence with the tube, admitting rays of light from the object to the sensitized surfaces in the interior.

The first daguerreotype portrait from life was taken by Professor John W. Draper, of New York, in 1839. An announcement of it was made in the *London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine* in March, 1840. A full account of the operation was subsequently published in the same journal. He also took the first daguerreotype view in America, a view of the Church of the Messiah, from a window of the New York University. In his laboratory Professor Morse learned the art.

Daguerre made an unsuccessful attempt to photograph the moon. Dr. J. W. Draper succeeded in 1840 in obtaining a photograph of the moon on a silver plate with a telescope of five inches aperture. He presented specimens to the New York Lyceum of Natural History in 1840. Professor G. P. Bond, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, made photographs of the moon in 1850 with the Cambridge refractor of fifteen inches aperture. Many others followed. Mr. Rutherford's photographs of the moon are most excellent. Mr. Delarue, in England, must also be mentioned.

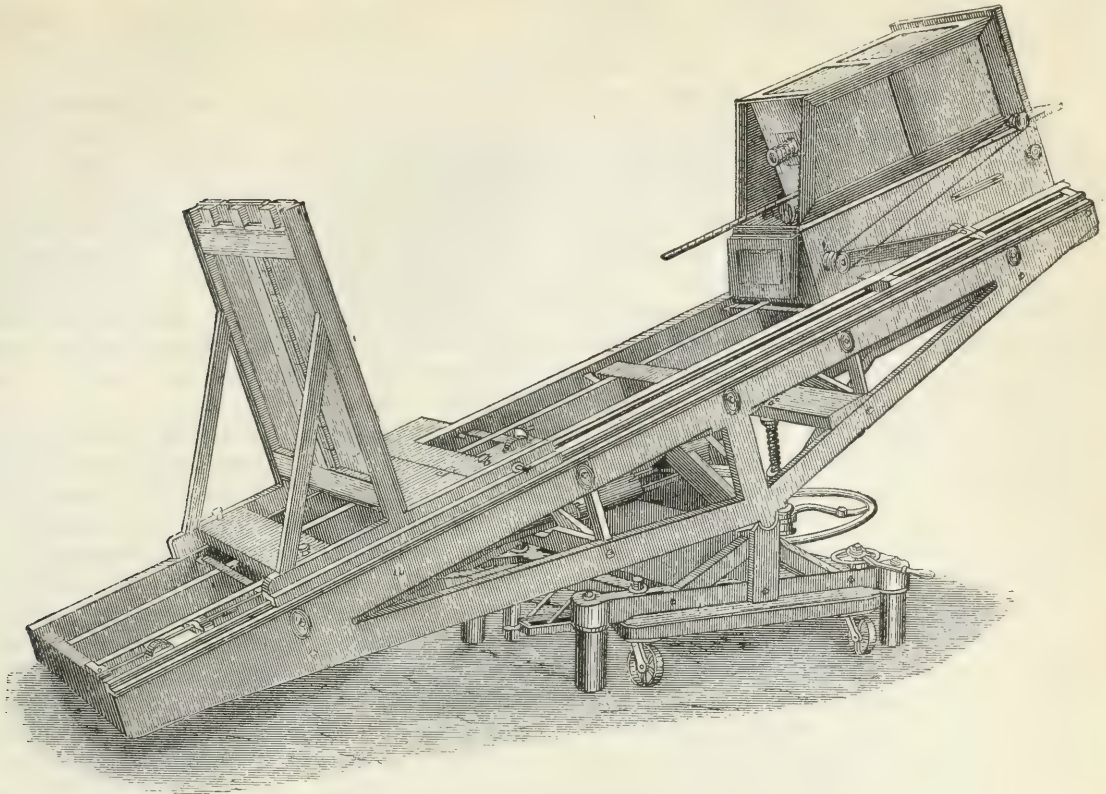
#### PHOTOLITHOGRAPHY.

*Photolithography* is a mode of producing by photographic means designs on stone from which impressions may be obtained in the ordinary lithographic press.

The first attempts in this line were by Dixon, of Jersey City, and Lewis, of Dublin, in 1841; they were followed by several inventors in Paris, Vienna, and Rome.

Their experiments were with resins directly upon stone. Joseph Dixon, 1854, was the first to use organic matter and bichromate of potash upon stone to produce a photolithograph. Poitevin was the first to recognize the fact that bichromated organic matter altered by light took the greasy ink from the roller. No great measure of suc-





OSBORNE'S COPYING CAMERA AND TABLE.\*

cess was attained by operations with resins and directly upon stone. The various gelatine processes have been more successful.

J. W. Osborne patented in Australia September 1, 1859, and in the United States June 25, 1861, a transfer process, in which he prepares a sheet of paper by coating one side with a mixture of albumen, gelatine, and bichromate of potash, and dries it in the dark. This is exposed under a negative, whereby a visible change is produced, the brilliant yellow of the sheet, due to the salt of chromium, being changed to a chestnut-brown. In addition to this visible change, the organic matter becomes insoluble. A coating of transfer-ink is now applied to the whole exposed surface by passing the sheet through the press, face down, upon an inked stone. When the sheet is removed the photographic picture is almost invisible. The sheet is then floated, ink side upward, upon hot water, the action of which is to coagulate the albumen, rendering it insoluble, and to swell and soften the gelatine, causing the part affected by light to appear depressed by contrast. The sheet of paper so floated is next placed upon a slab, and the superfluous ink rubbed off by a wet sponge. This operation develops the picture. The sheet is then washed, dried, and transferred to the stone in the usual way. The coagulated albumen forms over the whole surface of the paper a continuous film, which adheres

strongly to the stone during the transfer process, preventing any shifting and consequent doubling of the lines. This is, for all practical purposes, the first successful photolithographic process, and has been used in the Crown Lands Survey Office of Victoria since September, 1859, in the publication of maps. Substantially the same process is used in the Ordnance Survey Office of England. The duplication and copying of drawings for the United States Patent-office has been for some years performed by this process, which, in accuracy and speed, leaves nothing to be desired.

The copying camera employed in making negatives from drawings is shown in the figure. The camera (containing the negative plate) and the plan-board, on which is tacked the drawing to be copied, are adjustable on a table, which is tilted on its truck to give the drawing a good presentation to the light. The focusing is done by a thin metallic belt, giving a rapid and positive movement on either side of the problematical focus. The table is always brought into a horizontal position in focusing, the end of the camera box being covered by a hood, under which the operator stands. So placed, he controls the positions both of the plan-board and the lens, and has the ground glass always at a convenient distance from him. In copying at or near full scale the position of the lens affects the size of the picture, making little change in the sharpness of the focus, which latter operation is then done with the plan-board. When a large reduction is required, the position of the plan-

\* The majority of the illustrations for this article are borrowed from *Knight's Mechanical Dictionary*, published by J. B. Ford and Co., New York.



board affects the size, and the focusing is done with the lens.

#### MISCELLANEOUS PHOTO PROCESSES.

Besides the processes which have been described under the titles *Photography* and *Photolithography*, there are a number of others which should not be entirely overlooked. The processes yet remaining to be stated depend upon the use of gelatine.

Mungo Ponton in 1839 first discovered the sensitiveness to light of a sheet of paper treated with bichromate of potash. Becquerel in 1840 determined that the sizing of the paper played an important part in the change. Fox Talbot in 1853 discovered and utilized the insolubility of gelatine exposed to light in the presence of a bichromate. Dissolve gelatine in hot water, add to the solution some bichromate of potash and dry it; the compound is sensitive to light in a way different from ordinary photographic paper. If a photographic negative on glass be laid over a sheet of this prepared gelatine, the portions shielded from light by the dark parts of the picture will dissolve as readily as before, while the parts acted on by light will form a tough tawny substance unaffected by hot water.

From this point the gelatine processes naturally divide into two groups.

1. The first group includes *carbon printing*. Poitevin, in 1855, was the first to use carbon combined with gelatine as a vehicle, availing himself of its insoluble character after exposure. This process is as follows: Paper is coated with a compound of bichromate of potash, gelatine, and lamp-black dissolved in cold water. This paper is dried in a dark room, exposed beneath a negative, and the parts not affected by the actinic action of the light dissolved off by hot water. The resulting picture is a positive print in black and white, of which the shades are produced by the carbon of the lamp-black, blackest where the light acted most freely, and with all the various shades according to the relative translucency of the different portions of the negative. Poitevin subsequently introduced a process for carbon printing under a positive. The process was materially improved by Swann about 1861. He transferred the film, after exposure, to another surface with the face downward, so that the dissolving was effected from its back, after which it was retransferred to the paper, on which it remained.

2. The picture is produced by the action of light on bichromated gelatine, and is made (a) to produce a print capable of being transferred; or (b) to serve as a printing matrix, from which impressions may be taken by the ordinary lithographic means; or (c) to obtain an impression in relief which may be printed from in the ordinary printing-press.

(a) The first success in this line resulted in the process of photolithography, which has been considered.

(b) Paul Pretsch in 1854 discovered and utilized the quality which a sheet of bichromated gelatine possessed of not swelling in water after exposure to light. Poitevin, 1855, was the first to recognize the fact that bichromated organic matter altered by light took greasy ink from the roller. Tessié du Motay and Maréchal, in 1864, were the first to print from a photographic image on bichromated gelatine as from a lithographic stone.

The *Albert-type*, named from Albert, of Munich, the *autotype*, the *heliotype*, by Edwards, now worked by J. R. Osgood, of Boston, and many others might be cited, differing in minor respects. Edwards, in the *heliotype*, produced a movable film; by the addition of chrome-alum to the gelatine a tough, tawny, insoluble sheet is formed, capable of standing rough usage, and yet retaining its property of being acted on by light in the presence of a bichromate, and of receiving and refusing greasy ink. The sheet is exposed under a negative, mounted on a metallic plate, the superfluous chemicals washed out, and then printed from with lithographic ink on an ordinary platen printing-press, being damped between each impression, as in ordinary lithographic printing.

(c) *Relief-work* is produced in several different ways, but can not here be described. Niepce de St. Victor in 1827 led the way by an asphaltum and etching process.

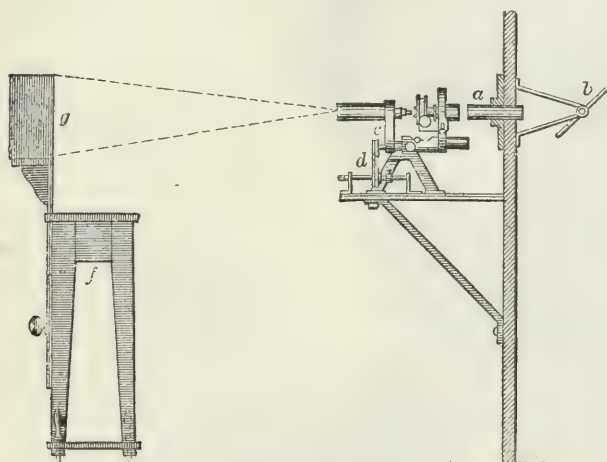
The *photoglyptic* process of Fox Talbot, 1852, was another etching process. The *photogalvanograph* of Pretsch, 1854, depended upon the swelling of the gelatine after exposure; a matrix was taken in gutta-percha, and from this a cameo plate was obtained by electro-deposit. The *phototype* belongs to this sub-class. Poitevin in 1855 had a process somewhat resembling this, in which he obtained a cast by the use of plaster hardened with protosulphate of iron. Osborne in 1860 transferred the inked gelatine sheet to zinc, and etched to make a relief.

In the *Woodbury process*, from which such excellent results have been obtained for illustrating the *Medical and Surgical History of the War*, the gelatine picture in relief, obtained by light, is placed in contact with a sheet of soft metal, and subjected to heavy hydraulic pressure. This gives a picture in reversed relief and depression. Such a mould is deeper in the places answering to the shades in the original picture, and conversely, shallower in the lights. It is filled with a solution of colored gelatine in hot water; a piece of paper is placed on top and pressed down with a level lid, so as to squeeze out the superfluous gelatine. The paper is then lifted, bringing with it the colored gelatine, which forms the picture.



## PHOTO-MICROGRAPHY.

The co-application of the microscope and photographic process has led to wonderful results, which we may briefly illustrate by an example. Merely referring to the early attempts of Donné, and the experiments of Gerlach, Albert, and Maddox in Europe, and of Rood and Rutherford in America, we may describe the plan adopted by Colonel J. J. Woodward, M. D., of the United States Army



WOODWARD'S MICRO-PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS  
(WITH SOLAR LIGHT).

Medical Museum in Washington. He dispenses with a camera and ground glass. The operating-room has two windows, through one of which sufficient yellow light is admitted to enable the operator to work; the lower part of the other window is provided with a shutter fourteen inches high, the upper part being blackened. In the shutter is a hole in which is inserted a tube, *a*, through which the solar light reflected from a plane mirror, *b*, or, preferably, a heliostat, is thrown upon the achromatic condenser of the microscope, *c*, which is placed on a shelf at the window of the dark room. The light reflected through the tube, which is provided with an achromatic lens of about ten inches focal length, is thrown upon the achromatic condenser. *d* is the focusing device; *g f*, the negative holder and its stand.

For powers from 200 to 500, a  $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch objective without an eye-piece is used, the power being varied by increasing or diminishing the distance of the sensitized plate from the instrument. A cell filled with ammonio-sulphate of copper, which absorbs the non-actinic rays, is interposed between the large lens and the condenser, and a hood is drawn around the instrument to prevent any loss of light.

For objects magnified less than 500 diameters the time of exposure, being less than a second, is regulated by a sliding shutter placed before a slit in front of the microscope, the width of the slit being adjusted to correspond with the required length of

exposure. For powers between 500 and 1500 a  $\frac{1}{16}$ -inch objective is employed, dispensing in general with an eye-piece or amplifier, and placing the sensitized plate at a distance not exceeding three to four feet from the microscope. In the case of objects having very minute details, however, it is frequently advantageous to employ an eye-piece or amplifier rather than enlarge a negative taken with a smaller power.

Though natural sunlight is to be preferred, it may be sometimes necessary, when this is wanting, to employ artificial illumination. For this purpose the electric, the magnesium, and the oxy-calcium lights have been used with success. Of these the electric light is the best, and for its production Dr. Woodward employs a Duboscq lamp, operated by a battery of fifty small Grove elements, ten in a cell.

The accompanying figure is a fac-simile of a photograph obtained by the instrument just described. It is an enlargement on a scale of 617 diameters from a writing on glass by Webb, of London, for the United States Army Medical Museum. The writing was executed with a diamond point by an instrument of Mr. Webb's invention, and known as a micro-pantograph.

The glass slip also contains the following inscription in a larger writing: "Webb's Test. The Lord's Prayer. 227 letters in the  $\frac{1}{294} \times \frac{1}{441}$  of an inch, or the  $\frac{1}{129634}$  of a square inch, and at the rate of 29,431,458 letters to an inch, which is more than 8 Bibles, the Bible containing 3,566,480 letters."

The area within which the prayer was written was micrometrically verified by Dr. Woodward, who found that it and the

*Our Father which art in  
heaven hallowed be Thy  
name Thy kingdom come.  
Thy will be done in earth  
as it is in heaven Give us  
this day our daily bread and  
forgive us our trespasses as we  
forgive them that trespass  
against us and lead us not  
into temptation, but deliver  
us from evil. Amen.*

## THE LORD'S PRAYER.

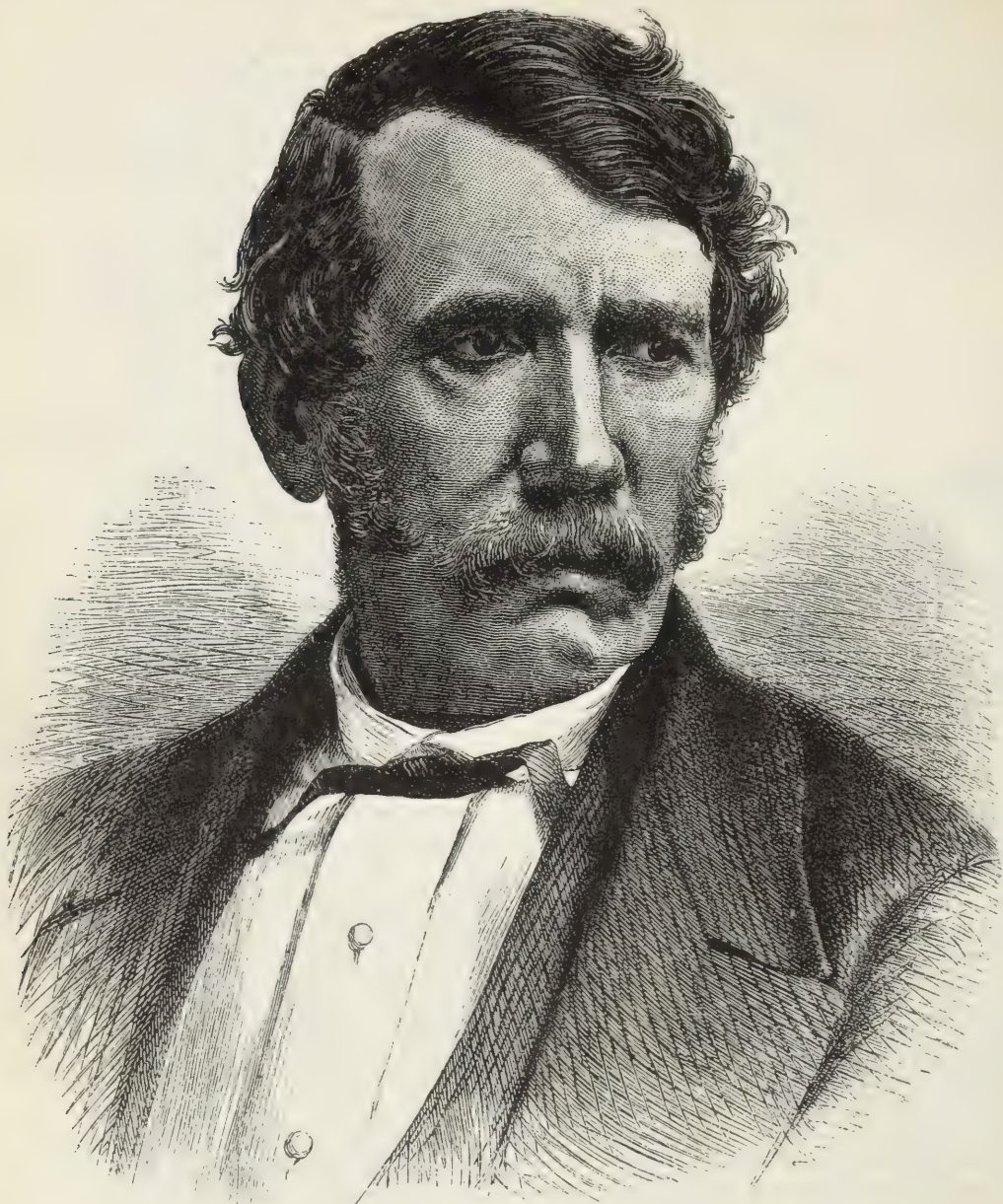
above inscription were contained within a space  $\frac{1}{75}$  of an inch square.

According to a statement made in 1862 by Mr. Farrants, president of the Microscopical Society of London, Mr. Peters has succeeded in writing the Lord's Prayer so as to be distinctly legible, with sufficient magnifying power, within the space of  $\frac{1}{356000}$  of a square inch.

WASHINGTON, D. C. EDWARD H. KNIGHT.



## THE LAST JOURNALS OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE.\*



DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

THE world owes a debt of gratitude it can never pay to the faithful servants who, through dangers and against obstacles which the imagination can but faintly picture, bore the dead body of their friend and master, with all the precious records of his wanderings and discoveries, from the little village where he breathed his last to the sea-coast at Zanzibar. But for their affectionate devotion these records would have been lost; and with the exception of what was contained in the diary intrusted to the

care of Mr. Stanley, all knowledge of the important discoveries made by the great traveler during the last seven years of his life would have perished. Thanks to the fidelity of these poor ignorant men, in the narrative now given to the world, covering seven years of continuous travel and discovery, not a break occurs. "We have not," says the editor of this deeply interesting work, "to deplore the loss, by accident or carelessness, of a single entry from the time of Livingstone's departure from Zanzibar, in the beginning of 1866, to the day when his note-book dropped from his hand in the village of Ilala, at the end of April, 1873." The preservation of these documents appears almost miraculous when we consider the nature of the perils through which they were borne to a place of safety. The little

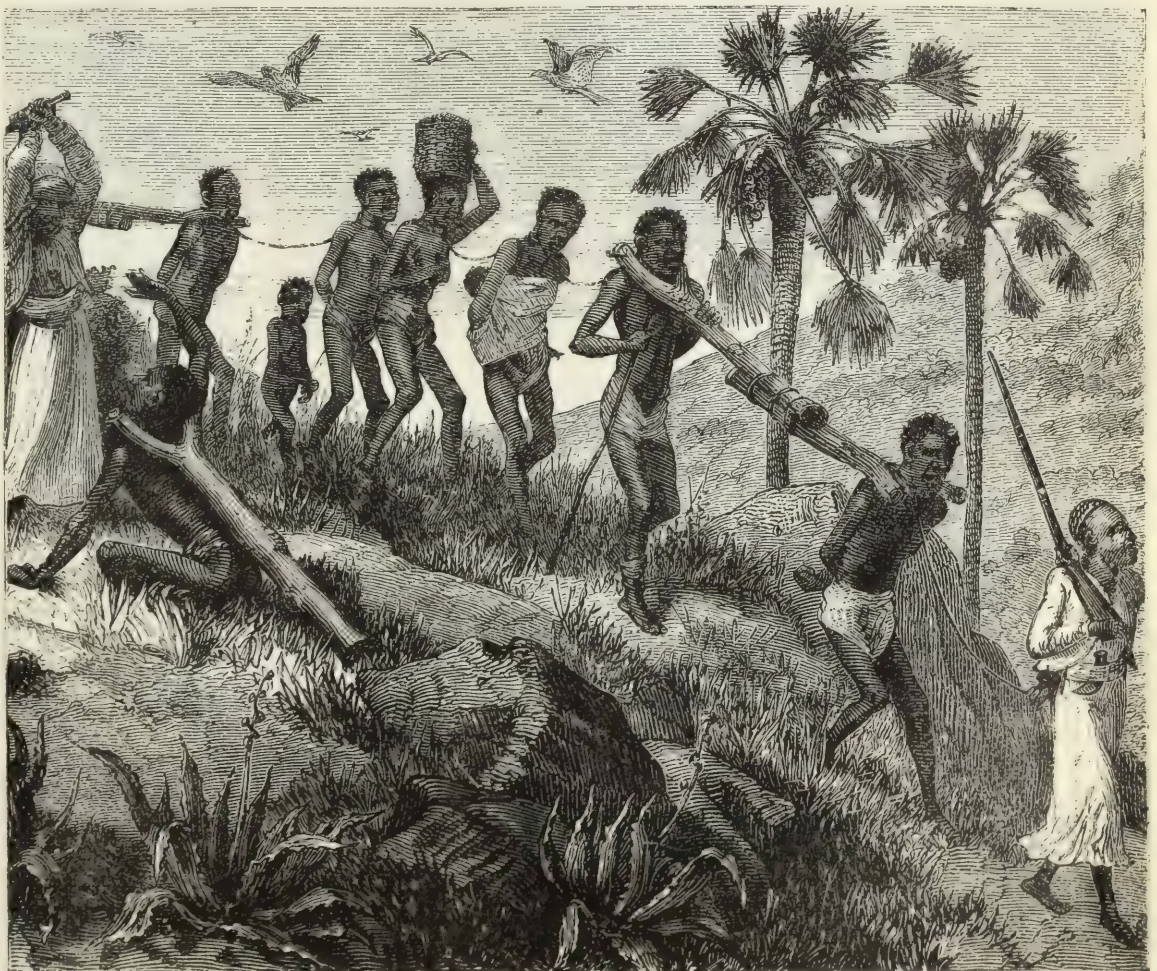
\* *The Last Journals of David Livingstone, in Central Africa, from 1865 to his Death. Continued by a Narrative of his Last Moments and Sufferings, obtained from his faithful Servants Chuma and Susi.* By HORACE WALLER, F.R.G.S., Rector of Twywell, Northampton. With Portrait, Maps, and Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers.



band of faithful servants had to make their way with their precious burden hundreds of miles through a wild and terrible country, through lands where the debased and superstitious tribes would have torn them in pieces had it become known that they were carrying a dead man, over rivers swollen into raging torrents, across mountains, and through dense forests, where dangers lurked in every thicket. Yet although at every step beset with perils, suffering oftentimes from hunger and thirst, and sometimes almost dead with fever, the dreaded scourge of equatorial Africa, they remained faithful to their sacred trust, and gave an example of fidelity and heroism that should never be forgotten.

Before proceeding to sketch, in a necessarily brief manner, the last years of Dr. Livingstone's life, a word should be said in regard to the nature of the notes and journals thus wonderfully preserved. Our readers will remember that when Mr. Stanley left him in 1872 Dr. Livingstone intrusted to his care a very large diary, sealed up and consigned to the safe-keeping of his daughter, Miss Agnes Livingstone. When the rumor of his death was confirmed this book was examined, and found to contain a considerable part of the notes he had made during his travels previous to his meeting with

Mr. Stanley. It was his custom always to have in use metallic note-books, in which the day's jottings were recorded. When time and opportunity served, these were carefully entered in the larger volume. It seems, however, that during the last three or four years of his life this rule had to give way to the toils of travel and the exhaustion of distressing sickness. While in the Man-yuema country he ran out of note-books, ink, and pencils, and had to resort to shifts which at first made it very doubtful whether the most diligent attempt at compilation would succeed in bringing order out of what appeared to be inextricable confusion. Such pocket-books as remained at this period of his travels were utilized to the last inch of paper. In some of them were found lunar observations, the names of rivers, the height of mountains, advancing toward the middle from one end, while from the other the itinerary grows day by day interspersed with map routes of the march, botanical notes, and carefully made drawings. But in the mean time the middle portion of the book was filling up with calculations, private memoranda, words intended for vocabularies, and extracts from books, while here and there the stain of a pressed flower causes indistinctness. Yet the thread of the narrative runs throughout, and nothing



SLAVERS REVENGING THEIR LOSSES.





OHUMA AND SUST.

line, as well as all his maps, which now for the first time come to light.

It would be impossible to overstate the importance of Dr. Livingstone's researches and discoveries. By his own exertions, beset with perils and obstacles which would have driven back a man less courageous and determined, he has filled up a great space in the map of Africa; he was the first European whose eyes beheld vast inland seas whose existence had been vaguely conjectured from native reports; he laid down the course of hundreds of new rivers, and noted their volume and the velocity of their flow. Most important among the facts recorded in his journals is the discovery that Lake Nyassa belongs to a totally distinct system of waters from that which holds Lake Tanganyika and the rivers running north and west. With regard to the latter lake he leaves an

but his invariable habit of repeating the month and year in each date prevents hopeless confusion. At last pocket-books gave out, and old newspapers, yellow with African damp, were sewn together, and a substitute for ink was improvised. Loving patience at length accomplished the laborious task of deciphering this portion of the journals. On comparing this great mass of material with the journal intrusted to Mr. Stanley, it was found that a great deal of most interesting matter could be added. In the hurry of writing and copying dispatches previous to his companion's departure, Dr. Livingstone had rapidly entered up from his note-books as much as time permitted. Fortunately he carried the original note-books up to the time of his death, so that they were forth-coming with his other effects. His faithful men had saved every

interesting problem to be solved by future explorers. It may be taken for granted that he would hardly venture the surmise that Tanganyika may have a subterranean outlet without having duly weighed the probabilities in the scale with his elaborate observations. But whether this lake really pours its waters through the caverns of Western Kabogo into the vast rivers flowing northward is a problem which must soon be determined by actual exploration.

Besides geographical information of importance, these journals contain innumerable notes on the habits of animals, birds, and fishes; on phenomena of every kind that came under the keen, searching eye of the great traveler as he moved through some of the grandest and most beautiful scenes in the world; descriptions of native life and habits; and sketches of personal adventure,





KILLING SOKOS.

told with the natural modesty of a great man, whose thoughts were more on his work than on himself.

In preparing these journals for publication, the editor, a life-long friend of Dr. Livingstone, and for some time his companion in Africa, received valuable assistance from the doctor's faithful men, Chuma and Susi, to whom the world is indebted for the pres-

ervation of his manuscripts. They were with the editor for four months. Among other good services, they aided the artist by reproducing in exact fac-simile the hut in which Dr. Livingstone died, besides making models of the "kitanda" or traveling cot on which he was carried during his last journey, and of the village in which his body lay for fourteen days.



Dr. Livingstone's point of departure on his last journey was the island of Zanzibar, where he arrived from Bombay on the 26th of January, 1866. A letter from Sir Bartle Frere, Governor of Bombay, addressed to his Highness Sejuel Majid, Sultan of Zanzibar, to whose consideration and friendly aid the great traveler was warmly commended, procured for him many tokens of kindness from that petty sovereign, but, owing to the delays that seem to be inseparable from dealings with the people of Eastern countries, his preparations for starting were not completed until the 18th of March. He sent forward to Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, a portion of his supplies, consisting of beads, cloth, flour, tea, coffee, and sugar, consigned to the care of an Arab trader at that post named Thani bin Suelim. This man turned out to be a great rascal. On the 19th of March he left Zanzibar in the *Penguin* for Rovuma Bay, at the mouth of the river of that name. His live stock, consisting of six camels, three buffaloes, two mules, four donkeys, and a calf, was sent off in a dhow, the name given to the coasting vessels of East Africa and the Indian Ocean. His party was made up of thirteen Sepoys, ten Johanna men, nine Nassick boys, two Shupanga men, and two Waiyaus, Wakatani and Chuma. Several of these men had previously been employed by Dr. Livingstone on the Zambesi and Shiré; thus Musa, the Johanna man, was a sailor on the *Lady Nyassa*, while Susi and Amoda were engaged at Shupanga to cut wood for the *Pioneer*. The two Waiyau lads, Wakatani and Chuma, were liberated from the slavers by the Doctor and Bishop Mackenzie in 1861, and lived for three years with the mission party at Chibisa's before they were engaged by Livingstone. The Nassick lads were entire strangers, and were trained in India.

Rovuma Bay was reached on the 22d of March, and until the 6th of April the time was busily occupied with preparations for the march into the interior. The doctor was in high spirits and full of courage.

Leaving Rovuma Bay on the 6th of April, he started southward with his little caravan. On the evening of the next day the buffaloes and camels were severely bitten by the tsetse fly, a pest of an insect, whose bite will usually lay the foundation of a disease that destroys animals in a few weeks. This was the beginning of misfortunes. Sick-ness assailed the men, who were obliged often to cut a way through dense jungles of thorn climbers, one species of which gave them a great deal of trouble. It bears some resemblance to the scabbard of a dragoon's sword, but along the middle of the flat side runs a ridge from which springs up, every few inches, a bunch of inch-long straight sharp thorns. It hangs straight for a couple of yards, but as if it could not give its

thorns a fair chance of mischief, it suddenly bends on itself, and all its cruel points are now at right angles to what they were before. It really seems to be eager for mischief, stretching out its prickly fingers in all directions to inflict injury upon every one who comes within reach—a clear case of natural depravity.

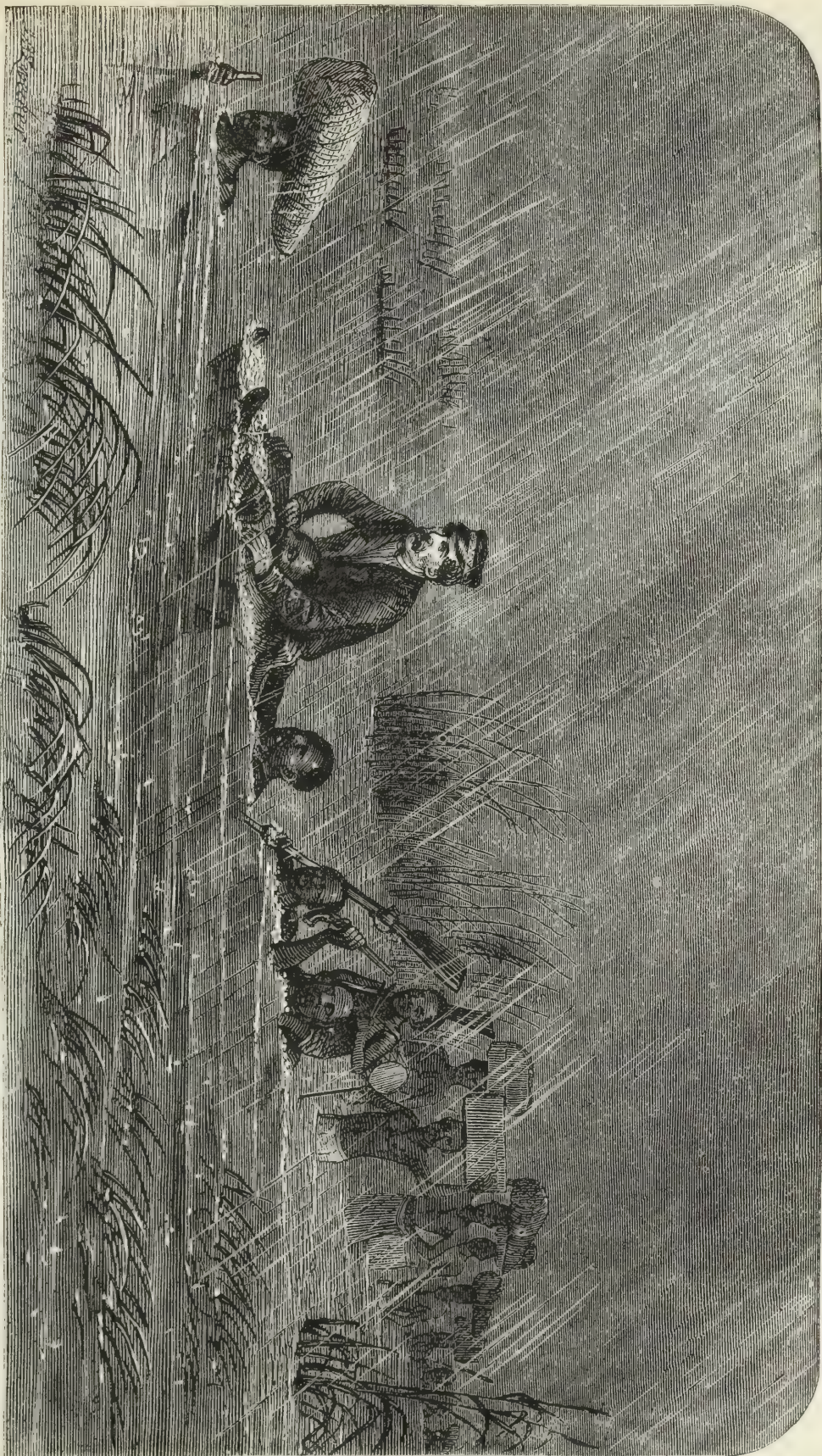
The route pursued by Livingstone followed the general course of the Rovuma. As the little caravan ascends the river, sometimes marching along the bank, and sometimes over or around the flanking hills, thriving villages are passed, surrounded by cultivated fields, where rice and tobacco are grown. The Sepoys proved very troublesome. They beat the animals so brutally when the Doctor was not in sight that several fell sick and had to be left behind. On the 1st of May the party reached a country comparatively free of wood, and were able to move on without the perpetual cutting and clearing that hitherto had delayed their progress. The brutality of the Sepoys grew worse and worse, and their habitual laziness gave the Doctor no end of trouble. They would sit down and smoke, leaving the animals standing loaded in the hot sun. They refused to carry their belts and bags, and their powers of eating and vomiting were astounding. They would eat a hearty breakfast, and an hour afterward they would sit down to gorge again, unless Dr. Livingstone was on hand to keep them moving. It is not surprising that the supplies of food soon gave out, and as it was difficult to buy new stores, the party soon began to suffer from hunger.

As Livingstone pressed further into the interior the horrors of the slave-trade became more and more apparent. One day he passed the dead body of a woman tied by the neck to a tree. The people of the country explained that she had been unable to keep up with the other slaves in a gang, and her master had determined that she should not recover to be the property of any one else. Others tied in a similar manner were seen further on. There is a double purpose in these murders. The terror inspired in the minds of the survivors spurs them on to endure the hardships of the march. One day one of Dr. Livingstone's men wandered from the party and came upon a number of slaves yoked together with slave-sticks, like those shown in a preceding illustration. They had sickened for want of food, and had been abandoned and left to die. When found they were too weak to speak. Some of them were mere children.

On the 15th of July Livingstone reached Mataka, near the southern end of Lake Nyassa. The town, which numbers at least a thousand houses, and is surrounded by small villages, is situated in an elevated val-



FORDING A SWOLLEN RIVER.



ley overlooked by lofty mountains. The chief, Mataka, kept the party waiting for some time in the veranda of his large square house, but at length appeared with a broad smile on his good-natured face. He was about sixty years old, dressed as an Arab, and as his remarks were frequently greeted

with laughter, he was judged to be a wit. He gave the party a very hospitable reception. They had marched for eight days on a meagre diet of porridge and rice, and the change from hard and scanty fare made several of them sick. The natives of this region, the Waiyaus, are described as being far





THE LAST MILE OF LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS.

from handsome. Their heads are of a round shape, with compact but not particularly receding foreheads. The lips are full, and with the women a small lip-ring just turns them up to give additional thickness. Their style of beauty is exactly that which was in fashion when the stone deities were made in the caves of Elephanta and Kenora, near Bombay.

Livingstone remained at Mataka until the 29th of July, when he started for Lake Nyassa. The march for a part of the way was through a depopulated country. The natives differ as to the cause. Some say slave wars, and assert that the Makoa from the vicinity of Mozambique played an important part in them; others say famine; others that the people have moved to and beyond Nyassa. Certain it is, from the potsherds strewed over the country, and the still remaining ridges on which beans, sorghum, maize, and cassava were planted, that the departed population was prodigious. The Waiyans, who are now in the country, came from the other side of the Rovuma, and they probably supplanted the Manganja, an operation which we see going on at the present day. The lake was reached, at the confluence of the Misinjé, on the 8th of August. "It was," says Livingstone, "as if I had

come back to an old home I had never expected again to see; and pleasant to bathe in the delicious waters again, hear the roll of the sea, and dash in the breakers." The head man there, Mokalaosé, was very friendly, and presented millet, porridge, cassava, and boiled hippopotamus meat. He had his little domestic afflictions, and confided them to Livingstone. One of his wives had recently run away. Livingstone asked how many he had left, and on being told twenty in all, the Doctor remarked that was nineteen too many. He gave the usual answer, "But who would cook for strangers if I had but one?" He was a great toper of beer, and his manner of drinking was curious. As he emptied the contents of a huge jug down his capacious throat, a slave girl put both hands round his waist below the short ribs, and gradually drew them round in front, as if to make the liquor go equally over the stomach.

Livingstone now crossed the Shiré, which flows into Nyassa at the southern end of the lake, and continued his journey on toward the Mazitu country. The way was rendered doubly laborious by the immense "earth sponges" frequently encountered. They consist of black porous earth covered with a hard wiry grass and a few other damp-lov-



ing plants. When one treads on the black earth, though little or no water appears on the surface, it is frequently squirted up the limbs, and gives the idea of a sponge. In the paths that cross them the earth readily becomes soft mud, but sinks rapidly to the bottom again, as if of great specific gravity: the water in them is always circulating and oozing. The places where the sponges are met with are slightly depressed valleys, without trees or bushes, in a forest country where the grass, being only a foot or fifteen inches high, and thickly planted, often looks like a beautiful glade in a park. They are from a quarter of a mile to a mile broad, and from two to ten or more miles long. The water of the heavy rains soaks into the level forest lands: one never sees runnels leading it off, unless occasionally a foot-path is turned to that use. The water, descending about eight feet, comes to a stratum of yellow sand, beneath which there is another stratum of fine white sand, which at its bottom cakes so as to hold the water from sinking farther. Livingstone had previously found the same thing in the Kalahari Desert when digging for water for his cattle. The water is guided by the fine sand stratum into the nearest valley, and here it oozes forth on all sides through the thick mantle of black porous earth which forms

the sponge. In the desert it appears to damp the surface sands in certain valleys, and the Bushmen by a peculiar process suck out a supply. When he had dug down to the caked sand there years before, the people begged him not to dig farther, as the water would all run away, and he desisted, because he saw that the fluid poured in from the fine sand all round the well, but none came from the bottom or cake. Two stupid Englishmen afterward broke through the cake in spite of the entreaties of the natives, and the well and the whole valley dried up.

On the 24th of September Livingstone reached the large village of Marenga, situated at the extremity of the "heel" of the lake. The people collected in great numbers to gaze at the stranger. The chief was ill, but his brother was present, and asked a few questions. Livingstone took the occasion to be a good one for telling him something about the Bible and the future state. The men said that their fathers had never told them aught about the soul, but they thought that the whole man rotted and came to nothing. What Livingstone said was very nicely put by a volunteer spokesman, who seemed to have a gift that way, for all listened most attentively, and especially when told that our Father in heaven



EVENING—ULA.





VILLAGE WHERE THE BODY WAS PREPARED.

loved all, and heard prayers addressed to Him. Here Livingstone was deserted by all the Johanna men, who went back to the coast and spread a report of the great traveler's death, which filled the whole civilized world with sorrow, until Mr. Edward Young made a journey to Nyassa, and ascertained the story to be merely an invention.

Still pushing northward, Livingstone reached Kimsusa's on the 28th of September. Kimsusa, an old friend, gave him a most hearty welcome, and fairly loaded him down with provisions. When Livingstone was ready to start on, Kimsusa accompanied him a part of the way, his numerous wives acting as porters. The lack of means of transportation was the cause of much delay. Obligated to avoid places stripped of provisions, the party pursued a zigzag course, like a ship baffled with foul winds. The people, too, were unable to give information about others at a distance from their own abodes. An intelligent smith, who acted as guide for a portion of the way, did not know a range of mountains about twenty miles off. "It was too far away for him to know the name." Another source of annoyance was the hostile attitude of the Mazitu people, who were sending out marauding parties and plundering in every direction. Great caution was necessary to avoid falling into the hands of any of these parties, while their spoliations

had made it very difficult to obtain supplies of food. On nearing one village the travelers were mistaken for Mazitu raiders, and the villagers issued out in force to attack them. The true character of the party was discovered in season to prevent bloodshed. To add to their discomforts, four goats were lost or stolen. Livingstone felt this loss very keenly, for whatever kind of food he had, a little goat's milk made it all right, while without it the coarse fare was very hard of digestion.

Among the numerous notes of natural history scattered through this part of his journal we find mention of the honey-guide, an extraordinary bird that flies from tree to tree in front of the hunter, chirruping loudly, and will not be content till it arrives at the spot where the bees have made their nest. It then waits quietly till the honey is taken, and feeds on the broken crumbs of comb that fall to its share. While resting one day two honey-hunters came up with the party. They stopped to talk and smoke, and the honey-guide they were following waited quietly on a neighboring tree until they were ready to go on, when it again took the lead.

Toward the end of January, 1867, Livingstone met with a very serious loss, that of his medicine chest. Two Waiyau servants deserted. They had been very faithful, and



knowing the language of the country well, were extremely useful. Their uniform good conduct had inspired confidence, and they were more trusted than any of the other servants. But they deserted in a dense forest, taking with them the medicine chest and several valuable packages. The forest was so dense that there was no chance to get sight of the fugitives, and a heavy rain coming on, their foot-prints were entirely obliterated. Livingstone felt as if he had received the sentence of death.

On the 1st of April, 1867, Livingstone reached the southeastern end of the body of water called Lake Liemba, which subsequently proved to be the southern extremity of Lake Tanganyika. The first view was obtained from an elevation of about 2000 feet. The lake appeared to be eighteen or twenty miles broad, and they could see about thirty miles up toward the north. Livingstone was enchanted with the place, and remained there some time. The lake lies in a deep basin whose sides are nearly perpendicular, but covered well with trees; the rocks which appear are bright red argillaceous schist; the trees were then all green: down some of these rocks come beautiful cascades, and buffaloes, elephants, and antelopes wander and graze on the more level spots, while lions roar by night. The level place below is not two miles from the perpendicular. The village (Pambété) at which they first touched the lake is surrounded by palm-oil trees—not the stunted ones of Lake Nyassa, but the real West Coast palm-oil tree, requiring two men to carry a bunch of the ripe fruit. In the morning and evening huge crocodiles were observed quietly making their way to their feeding-grounds; hippopotamuses snorted by night and at early morning.

A few days after arriving at this beautiful spot Livingstone had an alarming fit of insensibility. He found himself floundering outside of his hut and unable to get in. He tried to raise himself by laying hold of two posts at the entrance, but lost his grasp when nearly upright, and fell back, striking his head heavily against a box. Some hours elapsed before he could recognize where he was. Not many days afterward he experienced another attack of the same kind. The loss of the medicine chest was sorely felt.

Livingstone remained about six weeks on the shore of the lake trying to pick up some flesh and strength. The natives showed him many acts of kindness, and gave him valuable information about the movements of the Arabs who had come into that country in search of ivory, and were fighting their way. This induced him to go south around the district infested by these marauders. When he had traveled about sixty miles he heard that the head-quarters of the Arabs were twenty-two miles further on.

They had found ivory very plentiful and cheap, and had pushed on toward the west till attacked by a chief named Nsama, whom they beat in his own stockade. They were now at a loss which way to turn. On reaching Chitimba's village Livingstone came upon them. They were about six hundred in number. On presenting a letter he had from the Sultan of Zanzibar he was immediately supplied with provisions, beads, and cloth. They approved of his plan of passing to the south of Nsama's country, but advised waiting till the effects of punishment, which the Bäulungu had resolved to inflict on Nsama for breach of public law, were known. It was anticipated that Nsama might flee: if to the north, he would leave Livingstone a free passage through his country; if to the south, he might be saved from walking into his hands. But it turned out that Nsama was anxious for peace. He had sent two men with elephants' tusks to begin a negotiation; but treachery was suspected, and they were shot down. Another effort was made with ten goats, and repulsed. This was much to the regret of the head Arabs. It was fortunate that the Arab goods were not all sold, for Lake Moero, which Livingstone was anxious to visit, lay in Nsama's country, and without peace no ivory could be bought, nor could he reach the lake. The peace-making between the people and Arabs was, however, a tedious process, occupying three and a half months—drinking each other's blood.

Passing to the north of Nsama, and moving westward, Livingstone reached the north end of Moero on the 8th of November, 1867. There the lake is a goodly piece of water twelve or more miles broad, and flanked on the east and west by ranges of lofty tree-covered mountains. The range on the west is the highest, and is part of the country called Rua-Moero; it gives off a river at its northwest end, called Lualaba, and receives the river Kalongosi (pronounced by the Arabs Karungwesi) on the east near its middle, and the rivers Luapula and Rovukwe at its southern extremity. The point of most interest in Lake Moero is that it forms one of a chain of lakes, connected by a river some five hundred miles in length. First of all, the Chambezé rises in the country of Mambwé, northeast of Molemba. It then flows southwest and west till it reaches latitude  $11^{\circ}$  S., and longitude  $29^{\circ}$  E., where it forms Lake Bemba, or Bangweolo; emerging thence, it assumes the new name Luapula, and comes down here to fall into Moero. On going out of this lake it is known by the name Lualaba, as it flows northwest in Rua to form another lake, with many islands, called Urengé or Ulengé. When Livingstone crossed the Chambezé the similarity of names led him to imagine that this was a branch of the Zambesi. The natives



said, "No; this goes southwest, and forms a very large water there." Subsequent explorations proved the correctness of this information.

Adjacent to the upper end of Lake Moero lies Casembe's town, which Livingstone visited near the end of November. The town covers a mile square of cassava plantations, the huts being dotted over that space. Some have square inclosures of reeds, but no attempt has been made at arrangement: it might be called a rural village rather than a town. No estimate could be formed by counting the huts, they were so irregularly planted, and hidden by cassava; but Livingstone's impression from other collections of huts was that the population was under a thousand souls. The court or palace is a square inclosure of three hundred yards by two hundred yards, surrounded by a hedge of high reeds. Inside, where Casembe honored the traveler with a grand reception, stands a gigantic hut for Casembe, and a score of small huts for domestics.

On this occasion Casembe sat before his hut on a square seat placed on lion and leopard skins. He was clothed in a coarse blue and white Manchester print edged with red baize, and arranged in large folds so as to look like a crinoline put on wrong side foremost. His arms, legs, and head were covered with sleeves, leggings, and cap made of various-colored beads in neat patterns; a crown of yellow feathers surmounted his cap. Each of his head-men came forward, shaded by a huge ill-made umbrella, and followed by his dependents, made obeisance to Casembe, and sat down on his right and left; various bands of musicians did the same. When called upon Livingstone rose and bowed, and an old councilor, with his ears cropped, gave the chief as full an account as he had been able to gather of the English in general and the great traveler's antecedents in particular. The fact that Livingstone had passed through Lunda to the west of Casembe, and visited chiefs of whom he scarcely knew any thing, excited most attention. He then assured Livingstone that he was welcome to his country, to go where he liked, and do what he chose. A display of the presents intended for the chief closed the interview. The Casembe (the word signifies general) visited by Livingstone was a usurper, and on coming into power, about five years before, had ruled with such barbarity—cropping ears, lopping off hands, and selling children—that many of his subjects had taken refuge in neighboring countries. His favorite mode of punishing his ministers was cropping their ears. The public executioner, who generally attended him, carried a pair of sharp shears for this purpose.

While in this region Livingstone heard

stories of wonderful under-ground dwellings in the Rua Mountains. These caverns or excavations extend for a distance of twenty miles, and are capable of housing a population of ten thousand souls. Provisions are stored in them for use in case of war, and a perennial rivulet flows inside. In some cases the doorways are on a level with the plain, in others they are reached by means of ladders. On one occasion, when the main entrance was besieged by an enemy, some one who knew all the intricacies of the excavations led a party out by a secret passage, surprised the besiegers, and drove them off with heavy loss. Livingstone thinks that these under-ground dwellings may have been dug out by the original burrowing race, as the present natives know nothing of their origin, and have no traditions concerning it.

After many tedious delays, Livingstone started from Casembe's on the 11th of June, 1868, on his way south to discover Lake Bemba, or more properly Lake Bangweolo, Bemba being the name of the country in which it lies. On his way he crossed a wide grassy plain, through which flows the Luongo, a deep river embowered in a dense forest. The trees were covered with lichens, some flat, others long and thready, "like old men's beards," and waving in the wind as they do on the mangrove swamp trees on the coast. A company of slaves passed, singing as if they did not feel the weight and degradation of the slave-sticks about their necks; but on asking the cause of their mirth, Livingstone was told that they were rejoicing at the idea of coming back after death and haunting and killing those who had sold them into slavery. Their song ran, "Oh, you sent me off to Manga" (sea-coast), "but the yoke is off when I die, and back I shall come to haunt and to kill you." Then all joined in the chorus, in which the name of each trader was repeated. It told not of mirth, but of the bitterness and tears of the oppressed.

On the 18th of July Livingstone reached the shore of the lake, one of the largest in Central Africa. He records the fact with characteristic modesty: "Reached the chief village of Mapuni, near the north bank of Bangweolo. On the 18th I walked a little way out, and saw the shores of the lake for the first time, thankful that I had come safely hither." He was unable, from obstacles thrown in his way by the natives, to make a thorough exploration of the lake; but from information gleaned from canoe-men, he judged its dimensions to be not less than one hundred and fifty miles in length by eighty in width. It contains four large islands, the largest of which sustains a thriving population and flocks of sheep and goats.

Livingstone started back on the 30th of



July, and on the 7th of August reached Kombokombo's stockade, in the Imbozhwa country, where, on account of the disturbed condition of the country, he was obliged to remain a long time. His Arab associates of the last few months had taken up Casembe's cause against the devastating hordes of Mazitu, who had swept down on these parts, and had repulsed them. But now a fresh complication arose. Casembe and Chikumbi, chief of the district, became alarmed lest the Arabs, feeling their own power, should turn upon them and take possession of the whole country; so they joined forces and made an attack on Kombokombo, one of the leading Arabs. The assault was repulsed, but the Arabs felt that they could no longer remain in security, and accordingly united their forces in order to effect a safe retreat. This was accomplished on the 23d of September, Livingstone and his little party going with them. Kombokombo soon parted from his associate, Syde bin Omar, with whom Livingstone kept until the cataracts of the Kalongosi were reached.

Livingstone's object was now to reach Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, where he hoped to find letters, a good supply of medicines, and stores for trading. Weeks and months of tedious waiting and slow, toilsome travel were before him. The new year, 1869, opened badly. He fell dangerously ill. For some time the entries in his journal failed altogether, and when resumed they were very brief; nor was he able at any time during this seizure to continue the minute maps of the country in his pocket-books, which now for the first time fail. Before reaching the western shore of Tanganyika he became so weak that he was carried, for the first time in his life, in a kitanda, or frame, like a cot. Even this was painful to the sick man. The way was rough; head down and feet up alternated with feet down and head up, while changing shoulders by the bearers, involved a distressing toss from one side to the other of the kitanda. On the 14th of February he reached the western shore of the lake, at the confluence of the river Lofuko. After some delay canoes were procured for the voyage to Ujiji. There, on the 14th of March, the sorely tried and almost dying traveler was landed, to meet with a grievous disappointment. His supplies, which had been left to be transported from Zanzibar by caravan, had been made away with in all directions. Medicines and wines had been left at a place thirteen days' journey east of Ujiji, and of the goods that had reached the latter settlement a large amount had been stolen.

While waiting to recover strength and get fresh supplies Livingstone employed his time in writing letters to his family and friends in England. These letters never reached Zanzibar.

By the 12th of July, 1869, Livingstone felt sufficiently strong to set out for the exploration of the Manyuema country, an unknown region lying west of Tanganyika. He found that the country and the people differed in almost every respect from the regions lying nearer the east coast. The Arabs had an inkling of the vast quantities of ivory which might be procured there, and Livingstone went into the new field with the foremost of those hordes of Ujijian traders, who, in all probability, will eventually destroy tribe after tribe by slave-trading and pillage, as they have done in so many other regions. The country is described as surpassingly beautiful. Palms crown the highest heights of the mountains, and their gracefully bended fronds wave beautifully in the wind, and the forests, usually about five miles broad, between groups of villages, are indescribable. Climbers of cable size in great numbers are hung among the gigantic trees, many unknown wild fruits abound, some the size of a child's head, and strange birds and monkeys are every where. The soil is excessively rich, and the people, although isolated by old feuds that are never settled, have attained considerable skill in cultivation.

In this region Livingstone spent nearly a year, making many discoveries of great importance, which must be passed without mention here. He met, as usual, with many difficulties and obstructions, and endured many serious hardships. Finally, toward the end of June, 1870, all his men deserted except Susi, Chuma, and one other; and with these faithful attendants only, he pressed forward toward the Lualaba River, which he was most anxious to explore. The obstacles in his way proved to be too great, and he was at length obliged to retrace his steps. He halted at a place called Bamarré. Here he witnessed a hunt for sokos, an entirely new species of chimpanzee, of which he gives a very interesting description. An extensive grass-burning had forced the creatures out of their usual haunts, and, coming on the plain, they were speared. The soko often goes erect, with a hand to its head as if to steady the body. It is an ungainly beast. Its light yellow face shows off its ugly whiskers and faint apology for a beard; the forehead, villainously low, with high ears, is well in the background of the great dog mouth; the teeth are slightly human, but the canines show the beast by their large development. The hands, or rather the fingers, are like those of the natives. The flesh of the feet is yellow, and the eagerness with which the Manyumas devour it leaves the impression that eating sokos was the first stage by which they arrived at being cannibals: they say the flesh is delicious. The soko is represented by some to be extremely knowing, successfully stalking



men and women while at their work, kidnapping children and running up trees with them. It seems to be amused by the sight of the young native in its arms, but comes down when tempted by a bunch of bananas, and, as it lifts that, drops the child: the young soko in such a case would cling closely to the armpit of the elder. One man was cutting out honey from a tree, and naked, when a soko suddenly appeared and caught him, then let him go. Another man was hunting, and missed in his attempt to stab a soko. It seized the spear and broke it, then grappled with the man, who called to his companions, "Soko has caught me!" The soko bit off the ends of his fingers, and escaped unharmed. These animals do not attack unarmed men, and never molest women. If wounded, they will seize the hunter by the wrist and bite off the fingers. They will draw out a spear, but never use it, and stuff leaves into the wound to stanch the blood. Some of the Manyemas think that their buried dead rise as sokos.

At Bambarré Livingstone was rendered helpless for nearly three months by distressing ulcers on the feet. His mind was clear and active, and he occupied himself with his notes, maps, and journals. We find among his notes a vehement protest against "theoretical" discoverers and map-makers, with special mention of one who, in laying down the probable course of the Chambezé, made it run between three and four thousand feet up hill, and called it the "New Zambesi," probably, says Livingstone, because the old Zambesi runs down hill.

At length, on the 16th of February, 1871, he started northward, having received some supplies and a reinforcement of servants. After traversing a wide extent of country, passing through many villages, and crossing many small rivers, he reached the Lualaba River, at the town of Nyañgwé, a short distance below the confluence of the Kunda. Most anxious to explore the great river, which at this point is very deep and not less than three thousand yards across, and to visit a lake formed by the confluence of two rivers west of the Lualaba, to which he had given the name of Lincoln, in honor of the martyr President, Livingstone was baffled by inability to procure canoes, want of supplies, and the disturbed condition of the country. He was witness to a terrible massacre of unoffending people and to the burning of many villages, but was helpless to prevent these atrocities. After weeks of weary waiting he started back for Ujiji on the 20th of July, and after a dangerous and eventful journey, during which on several occasions he narrowly escaped death, he once more found himself at the great Arab trading station on the eastern shore of Tanganyika. He was reduced to a skeleton; but the market being held daily, he

hoped that food and rest would soon restore him. He discovered, however, that during his absence all his goods had been sold by the rascal who had charge of them, leaving him almost a beggar among strangers. It is not surprising that he fell into a despondent state of mind. "I felt," he writes, "as if I were the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves;" but when his spirits were at their lowest ebb, the good Samaritan was close at hand. One morning Susi came running to him at the top of his speed, and gasped out, "An Englishman! I see him coming!" and off he darted to meet him. Livingstone followed. The American flag at the head of a caravan betrayed the stranger's nationality. Bales of goods, baths of tin, huge kettles, cooking pots, tents, etc., made the wayworn and half-starved explorer think, "This must be a luxurious traveler, and not one at his wits' end like me."

The stranger proved to be Mr. Henry Moreland Stanley, the energetic and untiring correspondent sent out by the proprietor of the New York *Herald* with orders to obtain accurate information about Livingstone if living, and if dead to bring home his bones. Stanley's arrival was most opportune. The fresh supplies of food, the exciting news of the world from which he had been cut off for nearly two years, raised Livingstone at once from his despondency. In a week he began to feel strong again. "I am not," he writes, "of a demonstrative turn—as cold, indeed, as we islanders are usually reputed to be—but this disinterested kindness of Mr. Bennett, so nobly carried into effect by Mr. Stanley, was simply overwhelming. I really do feel extremely grateful, and at the same time I am a little ashamed at not being more worthy of the generosity."

Stanley reached Ujiji in the latter part of October, 1871, and remained with Livingstone until the middle of the following March. Meanwhile they made a canoe voyage to the northern end of Tanganyika, and discovered that the river Lusizé, previously supposed to be an outlet, pours its sluggish waters into the lake. The outlet must therefore be sought elsewhere. Livingstone conjectured that its waters might flow off through subterranean channels, or possibly through the Mokungo into the Lumbumba River. On returning from this survey the travelers explored the Unyanjembe region, and then Stanley took his departure for the coast. He urged Livingstone to return with him and recruit his shattered health before continuing his arduous task. But the brave old man was firm in his determination not to leave Africa until he had made one more effort to solve the grand problem of the Nile sources. At Unyanjembe the travelers parted, on the 14th of



March, 1872, Stanley pushing toward the coast with the news for which the whole world was looking with anxious solicitude, and Livingstone waiting at Kwiwara until the arrival of supplies and men, to be sent back by Stanley from the coast, should enable him to set out once more.

Livingstone was "all but certain" of the existence of "four full-grown gushing fountains" on the water-shed eight days south of Kataŋga, each of which at no great distance off becomes a large river; that two of the rivers thus formed flow north to Egypt, the other two south to Inner Ethiopia. Even were these not the fountains of the Nile mentioned to Herodotus by the secretary of Minerva, at Sais, in Egypt, Livingstone deemed them worthy of discovery, as lying in the last hundred of the seven hundred miles of water-shed in which nearly all the Nile springs unquestionably rise. It was his purpose to go from Unyanyembe round the south end of Tanganyika, across the Chambezé and to the south of Bangweolo, then due west to the ancient fountains. By pursuing this route he hoped that no sources of the Nile flowing from the south would escape him. "No one," he writes in his journal, "will cut me out after this exploration is accomplished; and may the good Lord of all help me to show myself one of His stout-hearted servants, an honor to my children, and perhaps to my country and race!"

While waiting thus Livingstone was not without material to afford him occupation. Distances were calculated from native reports, preparations for the coming journey were pushed on, many of his astronomical observations were copied out, and minute records taken of the rain-fall. Still it was a period of trying suspense. It was not until the 14th of August that the stout-hearted old man was gladdened by the arrival of a troop of fifty-seven men and boys. Of his original followers only five remained. These were Susi, Chuma, and Amoda, who joined him in 1864 on the Zambesi—that is, eight years previously—and Mabruki and Gardner, Nassick boys hired in 1866. The new-comers by degrees became accustomed to the hardships of travel, and shared with the old servants all the danger of the last heroic march home. It must not be forgotten that it was to the intelligence and superior education of Jacob Wainwright, one of the new-comers, that the world was indebted for the earliest account of the eventful eighteen months during which he was attached to the party.

Preparations for the journey were now pushed forward with great energy, and on the 25th of August, 1872, Livingstone started south from Unyanyembe. The records in his diary are very brief, and we frequently come across the entry, "Ill." His old enemy was upon him, and he had little strength

for resistance. The men speak of few periods of even comparative health from the date of September 18. Still he pressed on as rapidly as his growing weakness would permit, always looking for the bright side where all seemed dark, and with his mind intent on the grand object of his life. As the party approached Lake Bangweolo the difficulties of the march increased. The surface of the country was traversed by immense "sponges." The men speak of the rest of the march as one continual plunge in and out of morass, and through rivers which were only distinguishable from the surrounding waters by their deep currents and the necessity for using canoes. To a man reduced in strength, and chronically affected with dysenteric symptoms ever likely to be aggravated by exposure, the effect may be well conceived. It is probable that had Livingstone been at the head of a hundred picked Europeans, every man would have broken down. His company of followers must have been well led, and under the most thorough control, to endure these marches, for nothing crows the African so much as rain. Livingstone soon became unable to endure the wading, and was carried across the sponges and streams on the shoulders of his faithful servants.

Added to the natural difficulties of the way, there were delays from the treachery of guides and scouts, from the necessity of sending out parties in search of food, and from the rapacity of native chiefs through whose territory the line of march lay. Under the pressure of these harassing obstacles, Livingstone's disorder increased, and his hair all turned gray. Up to April 21 he wrote every day in his journal, though the entries are very brief; from the 22d to the 27th of that month he had not strength to write any thing but the several dates. Under date of April 27 is this entry:

"Knocked up quite, and remain—recover—sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Molilamo."

These are the last words that David Livingstone wrote. The party was now south of Lake Bangweolo. Since the 21st Livingstone had been unable to ride the donkey he had brought from Unyanyembe, and his servants, in order to carry him with as little pain to him as possible, made a kitanda of wood, consisting of two side pieces of seven feet in length, crossed with rails three feet long and about four inches apart, the whole lashed strongly together. This frame-work was covered with grass, and a blanket laid on it. Slung from a pole, and borne between two strong men, it made a tolerable palanquin for the exhausted traveler. To render the kitanda more comfortable, another blanket was suspended across the pole, so as to hang down on either side and allow the air to pass under while the



sun's rays were fended off from the sick man. By this means Livingstone was carried to the river Molilamo, or Lulimala as it stands on the map. Here it was necessary to remain until canoes could be procured for crossing. This was accomplished, and on the 29th Livingstone, with great difficulty and at the expense of excruciating pain, was got over the river and taken to Chitambo's village, a short distance further on. For the first mile or two they had to carry him through dreary swamps, and were glad enough to reach something like dry ground. The village was almost empty, the inhabitants being absent guarding their growing crops, and the men found room and shelter ready to their hand. The rapidly sinking traveler was taken into a vacant house and laid gently on a bed. A fire was lighted outside, nearly opposite the door, and a boy slept just within to attend to his master's wants in the night.

The next day he was still weaker. At night-fall some of the men silently took to their huts, while others, whose duty it was to keep watch, sat round the fires, all feeling that the end could not be far off. About 11 P.M. Susi, whose hut was close by, was told to go to his master. At the time there were loud shouts in the distance, and, on entering, Livingstone said, "Are our men making that noise?" "No," replied Susi; "I can hear, from the cries, that the people are scaring away a buffalo from their dura fields." About an hour later Susi was again called by Majwara, the boy. On reaching the bed he was directed to boil some water, and for this purpose he went to the fire outside, and soon returned with the copper kettle full. Calling him close, he asked him to bring his medicine chest, and to hold the candle near him, for the man noticed he could hardly see. With great difficulty Livingstone selected the calomel, which he told him to place by his side; then, directing him to pour a little water into a cup, and to put another empty one by it, he said, in a low, feeble voice, "All right; you can go out now." These were the last words he was ever heard to speak.

It must have been about 4 A.M. when Susi heard Majwara's step once more. "Come to Bwana; I am afraid; I don't know if he is alive." The lad's evident alarm made Susi run to arouse Chuma, Chowperé, Matthew, and Muannaséré, and the six men went immediately to the hut.

Passing inside, they looked toward the bed. Livingstone was not lying on it, but appeared to be engaged in prayer, and they instinctively drew backward for the instant. Pointing to him, Majwara said, "When I lay down he was just as he is now, and it is because I find that he does not move that I fear he is dead." They asked the lad how long he had slept. Majwara

said he could not tell, but he was sure that it was some considerable time. The men drew nearer.

A candle, stuck by its own wax to the top of the box, shed a light sufficient for them to see his form. Livingstone was kneeling by the side of his bed, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. For a minute they watched him: he did not stir; there was no sign of breathing; then one of the men advanced softly and placed his hands on his cheeks. They were quite cold. Livingstone was dead. It was the morning of May 1, 1873.

The faithful men at once held a consultation as to the best means of preserving the body and the effects of their beloved master. They were in a trying position. Africans have a horror of the dead, and great caution was necessary in preparing the body and conveying it to the coast. We have already alluded to the heroic fidelity with which this was done, and must refer our readers to the book for the deeply interesting narrative of the adventures of these loyal men on their long and perilous journey to the sea-board. Great indeed must have been the love that dared and overcame so much! So long as the name of David Livingstone is known and honored among men, these brave and faithful servants will be remembered with gratitude.

#### A WOMAN'S CHOICE.

**B**LANCHE was all in a cloud of tulle and lace. Lorrimer likened her somehow to his pet mountain peak just tipped with sunshine and draped in rarest mist. The sunshine, of course, was her face: was ever brighter, fairer, more dainty, delicate, and fine? The color glowed in her cheek like a flame, then paled rapidly away. Of what combination was composed that subtle bloom, and whence came that wonderful blue in her eyes?—so blue that no color was ever on his palette like it.

She was even more than fashionably fair, for with all this filigree and fuss about her, there was that in the grace and rhythm of her every movement that appealed to the artistic soul of Lorrimer.

"You will not, you *must* not go," she murmured, and her tones were full of coaxing entreaty; but her glance wandered away to the whirling pairs in the corridors, and her foot beat time to the music.

"How you envy these dancing dervishes!" said Lorrimer.

"No, no," she whispered in return. "You know I would rather talk with you. But was there ever any thing so ravishing as that galop?"

"It is the one dance I hate above all others," said Lorrimer—"a dashing, desperate hand-to-hand conflict, that when you are



engaged in, I must be out of sight and hearing!"

Blanche sighed. It was doubtful if she even heard this last remark. Every faculty of her being was absorbed just then in that throbbing of the tumultuous-strained galop, now in the very height and fervor of its maddest temptations.

And now Mr. Lennox appeared at the further end of the corridor. He put up his glass and looked upon one side and the other. Oh, could he be looking for her, and already the galop on the wane! Blanche's color rose, her eyes sought eagerly the trained steps of yonder Terpsichorean, and Lorrimer knew that whatever soul was in this beautiful body had gone out to meet the master of the dance. All too soon there is nothing left him but the glimpse of a white arm and hand on a black dress-coat, and away she whirls out of his sight in the arms of this Lennox, the emptiest-headed coxcomb that Lorrimer knew.

What could he do but go back to her prototype, the mountain peak, that even now rested fair and still in that star-lit valley of New Hampshire? Going from the train the next evening, the mile and a half to the farm-house was one long revelation of beauty.

Lorrimer knew that the sturdy, powerful step that strode past him and was fast becoming lost in the distance was that of the son of his landlady at the farm, and was dimly conscious of a lack of courtesy in not hailing him as a companion; but Nature was in one of those delicious moods that he wanted to be alone with her, and, besides this, John Bradshaw was a morose, surly, cross-grained boor at the best—a fellow born to a heritage of beauty which he was sacrilegious enough to despise.

Lorrimer had heard this young man declare that if the whole mountain were his own, he would gladly swap it—ravines, glens, wind-blown summits, and all—for a bit of good rolling prairie land, and from that time Lorrimer had held him as one who would sell his birthright for a mess of pottage.

At the breakfast-table the next morning Lorrimer did not fail to contrast the viands at the farm with those resting at that moment on the sumptuous board he had just left, and remarked to himself that perhaps the very stint of luxury to which they were condemned added to the bounty of those palaces of pleasure wherein the lovely Blanche found her home during the summer months.

Not that he cared a pin for himself. Thanks to the life he led, he was blessed with the digestion of an ostrich, and could live upon any sort of food for the time being; but at the further end of the long barren table his eyes rested upon the slim, some-

what bent form of the village school-teacher; her thin little hand dallies with the spoon in the wretched concoction called coffee in her cup, on her fire-blistered plate swims again the bit of stringy ham in the sea of turgid gravy, and in the steam that exhales from the pyramid of yellow biscuits before her Lorrimer fancies he can see the familiar afrite of saleratus threatening the poor child's weary day.

He would have taken any trouble just then to have transported this poor little blighted woman to the side of the beautiful Blanche, and would have tasted a rare felicity in seeing her enjoy what he estimated as "a square meal." And now she rises from the table and goes forth to be the victim of this small Inquisition in the shape of a school.

Lorrimer caught up his sketching apparatus and joined her at a turn of the road. The red dust had already fallen thickly on her black dress; the little figure drooped wearily. One of her hands had instinctively sought her forehead and pushed back the hat that seemed to compress her brain.

"Such a headache this bright morning!" she said, smiling faintly up at Lorrimer. "What a blot I must seem on this lovely landscape—nothing but tremors of nerves and throbbing aches and pains! Isn't it strange in this mountain air?"

"Not at all," said Lorrimer, looking first at her and then at his knapsack, half inclined to drop the one and carry the other. "The mountain air is sadly diluted when it reaches our bed-chambers, Miss Wharton; it comes to us fresh from the kitchen drain, and is strongly tinctured by the flavor of our breakfast-table, only it has the disadvantage of being live pork in this case. Our mountain air is a deadly malaria!"

"Do you, then, thrive upon poisons?" said Miss Wharton; and her fleeting glance was a subtle tribute to Lorrimer's blonde and classical allurements.

"Oh, as for me," he replied, "I am just now like Venus, straight from the sea."

"The sea!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands together with an involuntary air of yearning. "I'd give the world, Mr. Lorrimer, just for a glimpse of it—just to hear the lap of the waves on some sandy beach, and drink in for one little moment delight enough to last me a lifetime!"

"You've never seen the sea?" said Lorrimer.

"Never," she repeated, with a sad accent that reached the heart of her companion; "nor ever shall, I suppose."

Here a square whitewashed building loomed up in front of them, a troop of noisy children swarming about its portal. She took a key from her little reticule, unlocked the door, let the unruly crowd flock



in, then went after them herself, with a little nod of adieu to Lorrimer. He stood there a moment with an air of distraction and dismay, as one who stands without a prison gate and finds that the misfortune of the creature within, deprived of God's sunshine and the bountiful air, has tainted his own freedom and rendered it for the time abortive. Then he walked slowly back to the spot where best he could catch the light and shade on his mountain peak; but despite himself his thoughts drifted to the little school-teacher and her love for the sea.

It was so readily seen, after all; quite an ordinary matter to get down to the ocean; even possible to do the trip and back again in a day if one looked sharp about the trains: amusing to hear the little woman's excitement about so simple a matter as the swash of the waves on the beach. Blanche never looked at things in that light; but then Blanche—good Heavens!—Blanche De Vigne and Melicent Wharton were two vastly different beings: one was sunshine, the other shadow; that was it; and to a painter—confound it!—both these elements were necessary. A fellow grew tired of a blaze of light forever; he wanted rest in the shade—natural, quite natural!

Many a time that day his brush dropped from his hand and his gaze wandered down the rough red road. When at last the shadows lengthened into afternoon, and the point of light down that dusty perspective became a little black figure of a woman, Lorrimer dashed his sketch into his box, wiped off the color from his palette, and started out to meet her.

His long swinging stride soon swallowed up the distance between them, so that he joined her not far from where they separated in the morning.

"I have a project in hand," began Lorrimer, with the air of one who takes a thing for granted, "that will delight you, Miss Wharton. I find I must run down to the sea-shore again, and propose to take one of your holidays for the trip. Suppose we say next Saturday. Could you be ready, do you think, for the early morning train? We'd have to be at the station by five-twenty-eight."

Miss Wharton looked at him in bewilderment. He thought he had never seen a face so appealingly weary; heavy black rings circled her honest gray eyes, and the long black lashes seemed too tired to lift themselves to his face. Her step was sad and slow, as if even the light dust became an obstruction.

Lorrimer went on, eagerly, "We could get there in capital season for me to study a trick of green in that foreground wave that I've never yet dared to handle successfully."

He talked on volubly, as if it were a proposition to go blackberrying in the neighbor-

ing field, and by the time they had reached John Bradshaw's five-acre plot of timothy and clover that adjoined the farm-house, Miss Wharton had been able to about half understand that there was a faint probability on the following Saturday of her not only seeing the sea, but that she might even reach that rapturous delight in the companionship of Mr. Lorrimer.

The gleaming of a ferocious scythe through the fragrant grass made Melicent shudder. She felt that if John Bradshaw could but know the hopes and yearnings of that little hour they would have as little mercy at his hands as yonder innocent blooms of clover.

The intervening days were passed in a sort of trance, the country school-mistress finding the rude blackboard once in a while taking gigantic dimensions, and the shock heads of her pupils swimming before her delirious fancy. Even when they were actually in the cars together on that wonderful Saturday she was afraid it was a dream, and could only hope it would not be too rudely dispelled.

As for Lorrimer, now that the affair was really under way, he enjoyed it immensely, pointing out the various landmarks as they went along, and remarking to himself the rare talent Miss Wharton had for saying nothing when she had nothing to say. Blanche would have driven him wild the first five miles with a torrent of silly platitudes, would have sent him hither and thither at every station in search of impossibilities, would have weighed him down with ridiculous burdens, and would have complained bitterly of the heat and dust, which really were aggravating. But this little woman by his side uttered no word that could not be construed into ecstasy.

At last they stood upon the beach together and looked far out upon the shining sea. Lorrimer felt no peculiar exaltation till he was conscious that the hand resting upon his arm trembled, and looking down, he found her face paling and glowing by turns, her lips trembling, actual tears falling out of her eyes.

Straightway the soul of Lorrimer took fire. He saw with a painter's eye the inimitable scene before him, and every wave seemed to surge in his heart and overwhelm it with beautiful fancies. Some of these he poured into the ears nearest him, depicting with rare felicity the emotion that her own agitation had excited, and both of them stood there in that supreme exaltation of feeling that rarely overtakes mortality, however happily situated.

Even when the intensity of these emotions rendered them the less durable, and the tidal wave of enthusiasm was going out with every hour that slipped by, there still remained the reflection of a joy rarely tasted,



and Lorrimer declared to his companion that thus far it had been a perfect day.

She did not reply, but he had become able to interpret felicitously this silence of hers.

Excitement had brought a glow to her cheek and a brightness in her eyes; but Lorrimer had the mortification to find that the "square meal" he had determined upon in her behalf remained almost untasted.

The sombre monotony of her black dress was relieved by the red ochre of their journey; the sea wind had tossed the primness out of her brown braids and blown back her close-brimmed bonnet; a child-like air of wonder and delight completed the metamorphosis of the demure little school-teacher, and Lorrimer looked at her with undisguised admiration.

He sighed as he put her in the hands of one of the maids at the hotel: his critical eye saw the necessity that this new-born loveliness should be toned down a little before they started homeward.

"Make yourself as ugly as possible," he said, "before we again enter the grim presence of our friends the Bradshaws; but don't be long about it, for we haven't a minute to spare."

When Miss Wharton reached the foot of the staircase again her companion was gone; and looking about for him nervously, for she began to feel that the moments were important, she saw a gay party trooping in at the doorway, and in their midst, in close converse with Lorrimer, was a young votary of fashion whose toilet never seemed to need toning, that no journey seemed to disarrange, no dust to sully, or wind to ruffle.

Melicent stared open-mouthed at this masterpiece of nature enhanced by art, and could remember nothing more enchanting in the whole length and breadth of this wonderful journey to the sea. She did not wonder, with that miraculously gloved hand resting on his shoulder, and that bewitchingly bonneted head so near his own, that he should forget the existence of a plain little woman he had in charge for the day.

She started when a hand fell upon her arm. There was something in its touch familiar and yet repelling. It was muscular, strong, hard as iron: she shuddered as she looked up in the frowning face of John Bradshaw.

"You followed me, then," she said, bitterly.

"It is well that I did," he replied, calmly. "There is just time to reach the train, and I don't suppose you care to stay in this place until Monday."

"No, no," cried poor Melicent; and clutching the iron hand, she was soon lifted into the stage, and out of sight of the sea and its surroundings.

Not until she was hemmed closely into a seat in the car did her straining eyes catch sight of a horseman in the distance, gallop-

ing, shouting, gesticulating wildly, but in vain.

"Oh, John!" she said, "stop the car! quick! there is—" But something in his grim smile froze the words on her lips.

"It's always the way," said a passenger near her; "some one's sure to be too late."

The train went on, of course. Lorrimer watched it till it was out of sight, as people will in the first moment of bitter frustration. Then he took off the hat that seemed like a band of iron; his brain throbbed, his temples burned. This was the end, then, of his project for ameliorating the bitterness of this poor little woman's life. He had wantoned away the moments that decided her whole future destiny. To lose that train was to be compelled to stay at the watering-place until the following Monday, without a friend or acquaintance save himself. He had thus exposed her to an infamy which only her good sense and wonderful aptitude had averted. All he could remember was a wild white face at the window, and a little hand outstretched to him. How she got there was a mystery.

And now what was to become of her, as, alone and unbefriended, she steamed back to that persecution in her sterile home? What would the bony and conventional Mrs. Bradshaw say to this escapade? and how would it be looked upon by the stern and black-browed John?

Perhaps she would get lost upon the way, or miss the connecting trains, or it might be that she had no money with her for the necessary expenses of her journey. Even if all went well on the trains, his heart sank within him when he thought of the lonely walk awaiting her at the dead of night in that wild defile of the mountains. There was something unspeakably ignominious in the thought that he had brought all this unhappiness upon any woman, and yet Lorrimer spent almost an hour in creating imaginative torture for her whom in his remorse just then he would have given his life to save a single pang.

Suddenly a queer little engine steamed up to the track, right under his very nostrils. The smoke-stack didn't seem to Lorrimer much higher than his hat, and he leaned down from his horse to speak to the smoke-begrimed artisan within. Soon his horse was given to a boy near by, and Lorrimer crept into the little box beside him, and never did moments lag so heavily as those before this queer little machine went again on its way; and never did the miles disappear behind that little engine as on that day that Lorrimer became its one passenger. He always declared the exigencies of the road were created at that time for his benefit, and the engine was an instrument of Providence in behalf of a despairing soul.

Great drops stood out on his brow as



they devoured the long stretch of road; and those drops becoming mingled with the grimy smoke and cinders that filled the air about him, his face soon became strikingly similar to that of his working companion, and by the time he bade the man good-by not a soul that knew him would recognize in this sooty, begrimed, dirt-stained, and travel-sore pilgrim the dainty and delectable son of fashion who had so lately joined in that *tête-à-tête* with Blanche De Vigne.

It was even now impossible for Lorrimer to intercept Miss Wharton at any point in her journey except where she finally left the train, and had before her that mile and a half walk homeward. To do this he was compelled to take an express further on, and walk back again to the home station. He calculated that as she would have to wait at one place an hour for the connecting train, he might be able to get there in time.

When he left the express he felt refreshed and eased, he could not tell how, by the evening air blowing in his face. The night was soft, warm, and hazy; mellow, but not overbright. Speeding on fleetly over the rough, stony by-road and across the bewildering tiles, it had never seemed possible to Lorrimer that his legs could have been coaxed into such brilliant action. Something like a prayer escaped from his lips as, nearing the station, he saw the great gleaming eye of the up train already in the distance. As it belched out its shrill shriek and clattered along to his feet, he felt them trembling beneath him.

Useless to describe the agony of suspense in that moment. Would she, *could* she, after all, be there? Or was she, the victim of some mistake, left over by the roadside?

There were few passengers to get off at this insignificant little stopping-place. Lorrimer's heart stood still as among them he saw John Bradshaw and the slim, shrinking form of the school-mistress. For a moment he stood paralyzed. What did it mean? Then he sprang forward. A hundred different emotions rendered him speechless, but he held out to her his hands.

She shrank back, and John Bradshaw's arm encircled her in a protecting grasp.

"Get out of the path, Sir," he said, roughly.

Lorrimer, seemingly unconscious of his presence, drew still nearer to Melicent.

"For God's sake, Miss Wharton," he said, "don't drive me away from you after all I've gone through to get here!"

She stopped at the first sound of his voice, and all the strength of John Bradshaw couldn't force her on.

"Why—why," she faltered, "it's Mr. Lorrimer!"

Her hand half escaped from John Bradshaw's arm; she took one little step forward.

"Yes, yes," said Lorrimer, eagerly. "I beg of you, oh, I pray of you, Miss Wharton,

give me the chance to tell you all I've suffered since I last saw you!"

"Nonsense, Sir," said the stern voice of Bradshaw. "It'll be well on for midnight now when we reach home. I should think you'd find it natural that this lady should prefer my company to yours."

"Then let her say so," said Lorrimer, standing directly in the path of the irate young farmer. "I will only take this verdict at her hands, and may Heaven incline her heart to mercy!"

She looked from one to the other. The sturdy form of Bradshaw loomed a full foot above that of Lorrimer. The rugged outlines of his face caught a rude grandeur in the dim light. Lorrimer's aspect was pitiable indeed. His eyes were haggard with excitement and blood-shot with cinders; his face, streaked with soot and the greasy smoke of the engine, was almost unrecognizable; his traveling suit of that peculiar French gray so dear to the heart of an artist wore many a discolored patch. But he held out his hands to her imploringly, and there was that in his eyes that was almost magnetic in appeal.

"Come," he said; "oh, be generous!"

Bradshaw felt the hand upon his arm tremble.

"Choose, then," he said, pushing it from him—"choose between this man's company and mine."

It was a sin and a shame. I wish she had chosen Bradshaw. He was a fine, manly fellow in the main; he had been, in his own hard way, a hero in her behalf; there was at that time even in personal attributes no comparison between the strong, sensible mountaineer and the vacillating, womanly artist.

But Miss Wharton faltered out something to the effect that she thought she ought in courtesy to listen to the apology of Mr. Lorrimer; and with one little half-drawn sigh, she fell forward half fainting in the perfidious custody that had only that day proved so dangerous.

"You dear, dear little woman!" said Lorrimer, as the tall figure of Bradshaw strode away in the distance, "you never shall repent this generosity. There is not under the loving infinite canopy of heaven a nobler, greater soul than your own, or a more penitent, grateful heart than mine!"

And as if she had not had enough of the sea, before she reached the farm-house that night she even consented to cross the ocean itself on her wedding journey with Lorrimer.

"He'll leave her on the other side," said John Bradshaw to me when he heard of it, "and come back with the first pretty face that seizes his fancy." But I hope this was only John's way of disposing of their future. For my part, I have every hope for its joy and prosperity.



DE WITT CLINTON AS A POLITICIAN.—(*Concluded.*)

By JOHN BIGELOW.

WITH the quick instinct of an insatiable ambition, Clinton early discerned in Van Buren his most formidable competitor for political leadership in the State of New York, and therefore upon no one is he so virulent and unrelenting in denunciation. Between the years 1817 and 1824 nearly every letter to Post contains some vituperative allusion to Van Buren, as for example:

"Whom shall we appoint to defeat the arch-scoundrel Van Buren?"

"It is very important to destroy this Prince of Villains."

"We can place no reliance upon the goodwill of Van Buren. In his politics he is a confirmed knave."

"Honey in his mouth, words of milk,  
Gall in his heart, and fraud in his acts."

"With respect to Van Buren, there is no developing the man. He is a scoundrel of the first magnitude, beset by enemies at home and abroad, having the shadow of influence, and able to do much for a good cause, but without any fixture of principle or reality of virtue."

"Your plan of uniting the State is a good idea, but you can never effect it through treachery and duplicity, through Van Buren and Skinner."

"Van Buren must be conquered through his fears. He has no heart, no sincerity."

"Van Buren is now excessively hated out of the State as well as in it. As he falls we will of course rise. There is no doubt of a corrupt sale of the vote of the State, altho' it can not be proved in a court of justice. The very idea is destruction, and it is indelibly fixed in the public mind.....He had been courted all round, and finally closed with the highest offer."

But, unhappily, not content with exhausting the rogues' calendar in search of epithets to apply to a gentleman whom the State of New York delighted to honor—Van Buren, be it observed, was all this time a Senator of the United States—Clinton did not scruple to employ the poisoned weapons of calumny and scandal against his more successful rival. Not to dwell upon Van Buren's alleged sale of the State to President Madison just cited, and which is repeatedly charged in this correspondence, though, as he admits, not susceptible of proof in a court of justice, we will select two cases, neither of a political nature, and both lacking the quality and degree of authenticity that justify the use that he made of them.

At the close of a letter dated October 24, 1824, he writes:

"You see what they say about Mrs. M. It is said that V. B. paid her rent when under distress in this place."

In another letter he speaks of this Mrs. M., whoever she was, as having borne a bad

character, in justification of an insinuation he had thrown out to Post that John Q. Adams had been too intimate with her.

The following letter, written shortly after Van Buren's election to the United States Senate, opens with a piece of scandal yet more unworthy of the circulation he gave it:

"ALBANY, 30 August, 1822.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Since writing my last a rumor which has been insinuated to the disadvantage of Van Buren has been embodied in a tangible shape. On his way to the West the back seat (to which he had a claim) was occupied by Genl. Breckinridge, of Virginia, the uncle of Mr. Porter, formerly a member of Congress—a man of character and decided courage—with two ladies. V. B., considering him a plain countryman, as his looks would indicate, patted him with his cane and demanded his seat. This was indignantly refused, and on Duer's announcing him as a Senator, the Genl. stated that he was sorry the State of N. Y. was disgraced in being represented by a blackguard. The next stage produced a challenge, which V. B. declined, and he must either crouch or be whipped. So goes the report, probably exaggerated, but in substance correct; and this humiliation may account for his evident embarrassment and distress of physiognomy when I have seen him. Of his cowardice there can be no doubt. He is lowering daily in public opinion, and is emphatically a corrupt scoundrel."

As to the "rumor" here cited, and the sweeping epithets applied to Van Buren throughout this correspondence, there is every reason to believe that Van Buren would have been spared them all if he had not had the ill fortune to be, or seem to be, an obstruction in the path of Clinton's ambition.

It is but just to Mr. Van Buren to say that he was never provoked or betrayed by Mr. Clinton's example to neglect any of the proprieties of official life in his demeanor toward that statesman. We hazard little in saying that not a syllable of what is technically known as "unparliamentary language" about Clinton can be traced either to his lips or pen. We may even go farther, and say that he never permitted Clinton's undisguised and aggressive hostility to him to blind him in the least to Clinton's merits as a servant of the public. In this respect, if no other, his revenge upon Clinton was condign.

When the act authorizing the Erie Canal, upon which Clinton had staked his entire fortunes as a statesman, was before the Legislature, Van Buren, then a member of the State Senate, rose, and, to Clinton's surprise, made what Colonel Stone, who was present, characterized as his great speech of the session, in favor of the bill. In a letter to Dr. Hosack describing the scene that followed, Colonel Stone says:



"When Mr. Van Buren resumed his seat, Mr. Clinton, who had been an attentive listener in the Senate-chamber, breaking through that reserve which political collisions had created, approached him and expressed his thanks for his exertions in the most flattering terms."

When Clinton was inditing the bitter paragraphs to Post, of which we have cited specimens, he little suspected that the finest tribute that would ever be paid to his memory was destined to fall from Van Buren's lips. We might almost say the noblest tribute ever paid to any statesman, for we do not know where can be found a much finer bit of mortuary eloquence than closes the paragraph we are about to cite from the speech with which he prefaced some resolutions which he offered at a meeting of the Congressional delegation at Washington on the occasion of Clinton's death:

"We can not, indeed, but remember that in our public career collisions of opinion and action, at once extensive, earnest, and enduring, have arisen between the deceased and many of us. For myself, Sir, it gives me a deep-felt though melancholy satisfaction to know, and more so to be conscious that the deceased also felt and acknowledged, that our political differences have been wholly free from the most venomous and corroding of all poisons, personal hatred. But in other respects it is now immaterial what was the character of these collisions. They have been turned to nothing, and less than nothing, by the event we deplore, and I doubt not that we will with one voice and one heart yield to his memory the well-deserved tribute of our respect for his name, and our warmest gratitude for his great and signal services. *For myself, Sir, so strong, so sincere, and so engrossing is that feeling that I, who while living never—no, never—envied him any thing, now that he has fallen, am greatly tempted to envy him his grave with its honors.*"

It is not easy to determine whether to have merited such a tribute or to have paid it, under all the circumstances, should confer the greater distinction.

The following letter has reference to a duel in which De Witt Clinton had been concerned with John Swartwout as long ago as 1802. Swartwout was a devoted friend and admirer of Aaron Burr, then Vice-President. The friends of Clinton, among whom Cheetham was most conspicuous and most scurrilous, accused Burr of coquetting with the Federal party—the gravest offense which in those days could be laid at the door of a Republican. It reached Clinton's ears that Swartwout had accused him of opposing Burr upon personal and selfish grounds. Clinton responded, in his gentle and unimpassioned way, by proclaiming Swartwout "a liar, a scoundrel, and a villain!" This was reported to Swartwout, and of course a challenge immediately followed. Colonel Smith, Swartwout's second, has left us the following account of what occurred on the ground at

Weehawken, where the combatants respectively sought satisfaction. Clinton was accompanied by Richard Riker, the hero afterward of Halleck's *Recorder*:

"The gentlemen took their stations, were each presented with a pistol, and, by order, faced to the right, and fired, ineffectually. At the request of Mr. Riker I asked Mr. Swartwout, 'Are you satisfied, Sir?' He answered, 'I am not.' The pistols then being exchanged, and their positions resumed, they by order faced to the right, and fired a second shot, without effect. At the request of Mr. Riker I again addressed Mr. Swartwout, 'Are you satisfied, Sir?' He answered strongly in the negative. We proceeded, and a third shot was exchanged, without injury. At the request of Mr. Riker I again asked Mr. Swartwout, 'Are you satisfied, Sir?' He answered, 'I am not, neither shall I be until that apology is made which I have demanded. Until then we must proceed.' I then presented a paper to Mr. Riker, containing the apology demanded, for Clinton's signature, observing that we could not spend our time in conversation; that this paper must be signed, or proceed. Mr. Clinton declared he would not sign any paper on the subject; that he had no animosity against Mr. Swartwout; would willingly shake hands and agree to meet on the score of former friendship.

"Mr. Swartwout insisting on his signature to the apology, and Mr. Clinton declining, they stood at their posts and fired a fourth shot. Mr. Clinton's ball struck Mr. Swartwout's left leg, about five inches below the knee. He stood ready and collected. At the request of Mr. Riker I again addressed Mr. Swartwout, 'Are you satisfied, Sir?' He answered that it was useless to repeat the question: 'My determination is fixed, and I beg we may proceed.' Mr. Clinton repeated that he had no animosity against Mr. Swartwout, was sorry for what had passed, proposed to advance, shake hands, and bury the circumstance in oblivion. During this conversation Mr. Swartwout's surgeon, kneeling by his side, extracted the ball from the opposite side of his leg. Mr. Swartwout standing erect on his post, and positively declining any thing short of an ample apology, they fired the fifth shot, and Mr. Swartwout received the shot in the left leg, about five inches above the ankle, still, however, standing steadily at his post, perfectly composed. At the request of Mr. Riker I again addressed Mr. Swartwout, 'Are you satisfied, Sir?' He forcibly answered, 'I am not, Sir; proceed.' Mr. Clinton then quit his station, declined the combat, and declared he would fire no more. Mr. Swartwout declared himself surprised that Mr. Clinton would neither apologize nor give him the satisfaction required, and, addressing me, said, 'What shall I do, my friend?' I answered, 'Mr. Clinton declines making the apology required, refuses taking his position, and positively declares he will fight no more; and his second appearing to acquiesce in the disposition of his principal, there is nothing further left for you *now* but to have your wounds dressed.' The surgeons attended, dressed Mr. Swartwout's wounds, and the gentlemen in their respective barges returned to the city."

It was currently rumored at the time that during the duel Clinton was heard to say,



"I wish I had the *principal* here." The letter which will now be cited states that Clinton actually challenged Burr on the field, and regretted that he had not challenged him in the first instance, with whom was his quarrel, instead of Swartwout, for whom he had no unkind feelings whatever.

How Clinton should have challenged Burr on the field without its resulting in a meeting is not quite intelligible to us now. Though not much given to the redress of personal grievances in that way, Burr was the last man to leave a hostile message from an adversary like Clinton, then a Senator of the United States, unanswered.

Had they met, it is curious to reflect how the history of this State and country might have been modified. Hamilton might have still been living, perhaps an ex-President; the Erie Canal might have been anticipated by the railway; Clinton might have gone to his grave execrated as an assassin, and Burr have become, instead of Hamilton, the martyred hero of a barbarous code.

"ALBANY, 21st September, 1822.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I return S.'s letter. It is satisfactory. The affair of the duel ought not to be brought up. It was a silly affair. Clinton ought to have declined the challenge of the bully, and have challenged the principle, who was Burr. There were five shot, the antagonist wounded twice, and fell. C. behaved with cool courage, and after the affair was over challenged Burr on the field. It will not do to re-agitate this question. Jackson and Clay have both been in duels.

"The loss of the *Aurora*\* is not irretrievable. The *C. O.* must be supported.

"Y. is despised and talked against openly; his holding on when he had an opportunity to resign properly is considered the result of avarice. Savage and Skinner talk plainly against him, and he is the subject of commonplace ridicule."†

The contest in which this duel had its rise produced a crop of similar appeals to the code of honor.

The year after, Clinton was challenged by Senator Dayton, of New Jersey, a warm partisan of Burr. This affair, however, was arranged without a meeting, but the year following Robert Swartwout fought with Richard Riker, who had been Clinton's second, and severely wounded him. The same year Coleman, the editor of the *Evening Post*, was provoked by Cheetham, the Thersites of the press in those days, to challenge him. Friends, however, interfered, and the affair was settled upon the understanding that

Cheetham would behave more discreetly in future. Out of this challenge, however, grew another quarrel which was attended with altogether deplorable results. A harbor-master of New York by the name of Thompson—he was called Captain Thompson—gave it out that it was Coleman, not Cheetham, who had shown the white feather on the occasion just referred to. Coleman heard of it and challenged him. They met in what is now Twenty-first Street, then called "Love Lane," at the edge of a winter's evening. The ground was covered with snow, and it was cold and nearly dark. A shot or two was exchanged without effect. The principals were then brought closer to each other, that they might see one another more distinctly. At the next shot Thompson cried out that he was hit, and fell headlong into the snow, mortally wounded. Coleman and his second hurried away, while the surgeon raised the bleeding man and examined his wound, at the same time suggesting to him the propriety of never mentioning the names of any of the parties to the meeting. Thompson promised he would not, and kept his word. "He was brought," says Mr. Bryant,\* "mortally wounded, to his sister's house in town; he was laid at the door; the bell was rung; the family came out and found him bleeding and near his death. He refused to name his antagonist, or give any account of the affair, declaring that every thing which had been done was honorably done, and desired that no attempt should be made too seek out or molest his adversary."

At the caucus of the members of Congress by which Madison was nominated as the successor of Jefferson for President but one member from New York was present. The caucus which renominated Madison contained only twelve persons from States east of New Jersey. Those Republicans who objected to the caucus system of nomination fixed their eyes upon Clinton as the candidate most available for breaking down the caucus system of nominations and the Virginia dynasty at the same time. Clinton was accordingly nominated by the Republicans of the State of New York, and received 89 electoral votes to 128 given to Madison. He triumphed in the overthrow of King Caucus, but, like Samson, he was obliged to fall himself under the ruins of the temple which he pulled down upon the heads of his enemies. It placed him under the ban of the Republican administration at Washington, threw him into suspicious relations with its enemies, which subjected him to the charge of Federalism—a crime fatal to politicians in those days as that of "Abolitionist" became in later times—and resulted in his removal from the office of

\* Duane did not succeed in interesting the friends of Clinton sufficiently in his paper to sustain it through the year. He got some business agency in South America, where he remained during the struggles of the South American republics for their independence. On his return he was appointed prothonotary of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania for the Eastern District, which office he held until his death.

† And yet Yates was elected Governor almost unanimously only a few months after this letter was written.

\* "Reminiscences of the *Evening Post*."



mayor in 1815; it arrayed the New York city delegation in the Legislature solidly against his canal policy, merely because it was his; it gave him a hostile Legislature in 1819; it placed his friends in the minority in the Council of Appointment, and also in the Constitutional Convention of 1821; it transferred from him to Yates the office of Governor in 1823; and finally, what he felt more than all else, it provoked the Legislature on the last day of the session, the 15th of April, 1824, to remove him from the office of Canal Commissioner.

At the date of this most unworthy act of partisan vindictiveness Clinton had devoted fourteen of the best years of his life to promoting the internal commerce of the State by the development of a wise and comprehensive system\* of canal navigation; and whether in or out of office, though a comparatively poor man, he never received any compensation, directly or indirectly, for his services.

Like all wrong and injustice, in due time this also returned to plague its inventors. The news of his removal had no sooner reached the principal towns of the State than public meetings were held to denounce the proceeding. In the city of New York, the home of Clinton's most active opponents, not less than ten thousand persons—a very large meeting in those days—assembled to testify their discontent, and the proportion in other places was still greater. Clinton was immediately put in nomination again for Governor in place of Yates, whose term was about to expire, and he was elected over Samuel Young, the administration candidate, by a majority of over 16,000.

Crawford too, whose election to the Presidency it was a part of this intrigue to secure by the defeat of Adams, who was popular in the State, was defeated, and Adams was elected, thus righteously accomplishing the very results which by foul means they had sought to prevent. Three days after his removal from the Canal Commission, Clinton writes thus briefly to Post:

"There is to be a meeting here to-morrow night about the removal of Canal Commissioner. Never was there a meaner act or more unpopular one. It has roused the most apathetical. There was a complete understanding between Suydam\* and Wheaton,† and the latter went about among the members to get the resolution passed."

This comparatively accidental association of the friends of Clinton and Adams in resistance to the Crawford conspiracy in the

Legislature furnished Adams, when he became President, with an opportunity, of which, no doubt, he was glad to avail himself—after his election, but before his inauguration—of offering the English mission to Clinton. Clinton, unwisely, we think, and unfortunately, declined the invitation. "Having recently," he says in his letter to the President, "accepted from the people of this State the highest office in their power, I can not, consistently with my sense of duty, retire from it until I have had an ample opportunity of evincing my gratitude and my devotion to their interests."

In a letter written to Post on the 5th of September previous, and before the Presidential election, he speaks of some proposition made to him through Post, by which, he says, "It is proposed to bind him [Clinton] hand and foot, and put him completely in the power of his enemies, and intrust his fate to the negotiations of a devoted tool of theirs."

"The proposition," he goes on, "is also involved in intrinsic difficulties, and is repugnant to my sense of propriety in reference to all persons connected with it directly or indirectly, and it therefore has my unqualified negative. It would be very questionable whether, all things proper, I should consider it expedient to accept of any place at W. [Washington]. I do not attach much importance to it, nor do I think that it can be a stepping-stone. On the contrary, it can be a stumbling-block for an honest man, and can only promote the views of corruption and knavery."

Evidently the proposition was one by which Clinton was in some way to ally his political fortunes to those of one of the more prominent candidates for the Presidency.

On the 7th of March of the same year, 1825, Clinton, in a letter to Post, alludes to the English mission, and intimates that he did not give the President all his reasons for declining it:

"I have declined the London mission, as I told you I would any office from any source. Any other course would have been incompatible with my fealty to the people of this State after the signal honors conferred on me. Various other considerations entered into this determination, but the leading one above mentioned was the only one mentioned in my answer to Adams."

It will be remembered that the English mission was then offered to Rufus King, whose term of office as United States Senator had just expired, and was by him accepted. Of this selection Clinton thus writes to Post on the 18th of April, not many days after it transpired:

"R. King's appointment is very unpopular. Better, however, than any of the other candidates. All his negotiations will fail. It is ut-

\* A prominent lawyer of Kingston, a member of the Senate, and a staunch Federalist. It is said that many years previous to this, hostile messages passed between him and Van Buren, which, however, through the interposition of friends, did not result in spilling any of the blood of either.

† Henry Wheaton, the historian of international law.



terly untrue, as his friends say, that he had an offer before Clinton."\*

Why Clinton took such a discouraging view of King's mission does not appear. It may be attributed to the well-known condition of Mr. King's health, which did, in fact, render his mission fruitless, and sent him home after a few months' sojourn in London, or to the fact that King was a leading Federalist, and therefore had great difficulty to contend with in trying to do any thing that should appear right in the eyes of a Republican.

Clinton was the last person to abandon the hope that he would be the successor of Monroe to the Presidency. Doubtless the pathology of the Presidential rabies is much the same in all cases, but few persons ever have an opportunity of a clinical inspection of its ravages. These letters of Clinton constitute perhaps the fullest and most instructive record of the complaint that is known to exist.

Clinton was not an exception among American politicians in desiring the people to enjoy to the fullest extent the right to select their own servants, with the understanding always that they would be sure to select such as suited him. *Ex. gr. :*

At the opening of the Legislature in January, 1822, he writes :

"10 Jan., 1822.

"MY DEAR SIR,—.....You may rely on these things :

"1. First, that none of the high-minded men will be appointed.

"2. That the present judges may be nominated, but will be rejected.

"3. That Yates and Van Buren are both prostrate, and the latter particularly so.

"4. That Young's party is friendly to Clinton, and growing.

"5. That Root is going down hill.

"6. That all that we want is organization and exertion. If Clinton can get this State, the Eastern and Western States will unite in his favor, and in that of no other."

On the 21st October, 1822, he writes :

"The odium attached to the name of Federalist has been a millstone round the neck of true policy. It is now almost universally dropt in this District, in the District of which Oneida County is part, and in the Herkimer County Meeting. I hail this as an auspicious event. Names in politics as well as science are matters of substance, and a bad name in public is as injurious to success as a bad name in private life. In the adventures of Tristram Shandy the Hero got a deprecated name fixed on him, which, like a bird of evil omen, pursued him thro' life..... Have you seen the attack on Crawford in the New Haven *Herald*? What an *exposé*! chiefly from Clark's pamphlet. In what a ruffian light he appears! The rancorous and stiletto spirit

betrayed by — appears to have been a germination from the Crawford School. Without the epicurean elegance, the fascinating manner, and the acute intellect of Burr, he appears to be as hardened a ruffian, and exhibits the clown instead of the Gentleman aspiring to the highest seats in the community.

"One observation. In all the litigant papers of the belligerent little men you see latent fears and jealousies of Clinton.

"Our friends are up and doing in Ulster. The inferences I draw from the Signs of the Times are—

"1. The ascendancy of our party from the collisions of parties. In proportion as they quarrel with each other they will draw closer to us. The last hate being the most violent (on account of its recency and its being a family quarrel), will supersede the former antipathy.

"2. The old names as well as the old lines of party will be abolished.

"3. Nominations by Caucuses will be exploded.

"4. Yates, Van Buren, etc., will go down like the stick of a rocket.

"5. The prostration of Crawford. Jackson and Clay will not get up. Calhoun and Adams are now *hors de combat*."

It will be observed by this letter that Jackson, whose candidacy for the Presidency Clinton espoused so warmly at a more advanced stage of the canvass, was regarded at this time in the light of a rival.

On the 25th November, 1822, Clinton writes to Post :

"Col. Dwight, a member of Congress from Mass., was here last night, very bitter against Crawford and V. B. Write to C. [*Columbian*] *Observer* that the latter [Van Buren] has sold the vote of the State for the Vice-Presidency or a foreign mission."

On the 24th December, 1822, Clinton writes :

"Where can *Publicola* be procured? It is J. Q. Adams's answer to Paine's *Rights of Man*. It ought to be republished.

"I think that Crawford is completely done over, beyond the possibility of resuscitation. It appears that he has no hold of the public mind. He has never distinguished himself by speeches, by writings, or by actions. The display in his favor altogether arose from the venality of some printers, from the bustling activity of a few imprudent friends, and from the obtrusive impudence of his pretensions. He has expired like the rattlesnake, with a very slight blow; he has received the *coup de grace*, altho' he may continue to move his tail until the setting of the sun.

"The piece of Clay is not calculated to reflect honor on him; it is evasive and insidious, and Adams's prompt reply has a manly aspect. I think that Clay must descend into the Arena, or be disgraced. If he does, he will not stand upon *terra firma*. He does not possess that quality which a Poet calls 'Nature's chief Masterpiece'—the art of writing well.

"Can you procure a collection of the patriotic addresses and answers during John Adams's Reign of Terror? In his defenses of American Constitutions, or Essays on Davila (I forget

\* This, like all the letters of Clinton in which he speaks of himself in the third person, though in his handwriting, is not signed.



which), he says 'that a limited monarchy is the best species of republican Government.' This is a key to the political opinions of his son."

On the 8th January, 1823, Clinton writes:

"However strange you may think it, *Van Buren himself* has an eye to the Presidency. When I say this I speak understandingly. It arises from his past success, from his inordinate vanity, and from his enthusiastic references to himself. The strength of Van Buren consists in his having possession of the State Press."

On the 18th January, 1823, he writes:

".....A coalition between Adams and Crawford—between an acid and an alkali! What a Munchausen tale!—a tale told by a wise man, signifying nothing. Is it possible that your credulity could be enlisted by such a fable?"

"I give a different version to the report. Calhoun's friends as well as Clay's want Clinton to decline; attempts have been made in various ways to produce this result; and this is a bugaboo they got up to accomplish it. It proceeds from that quarter at Washington—Vandeventer, Dix, etc."

Early in the winter of 1822–23 Mr. Cantine, one of the editors of the *Albany Argus*, died, and on the 31st of March, 1823, the Legislature appointed Edwin Croswell and Isaac Q. Leake State printers. Yates had just succeeded Clinton as Governor. On the 18th of March of that year Clinton writes:

"A bill has passed the Assembly making Croswell and Leake State printers, when Riggs would have taken the office at an annual saving of 1000 dollars to the State."

In the course of the year 1823 Clinton openly avowed his preferences for Jackson, and his letters for that year abound with allusions to Jackson's prospects, though by the following paragraph in a letter written March 4, 1824, it would appear that Clinton had still some Presidential illusions. A Democratic convention had just nominated Jackson at Harrisburg, and, shortly before, Dallas had withdrawn Calhoun's name as a candidate, and represented that his friends, who were numerous in the State, would support Jackson.

"I am surprised to see that you think that Dallas gave up Calhoun by concert, or that you suppose that he has withdrawn. Depend on it that neither is the case.

"The Crawfordites are out of spirits. The Virginia ticket of Electors is a very feeble one. You see that Jefferson and Madison, notwithstanding — boastings, are not on.

"What course we ought to pursue is uncertain. But we ought not to recede without strong reasons, nor ought we to hold on against hope.

"I think that Crawford is *hors de combat*. Calhoun never had force, and Clay is equally out of the question. Pennsylvania has made Jackson strong. As for Adams, he can only succeed by the imbecility of his opponents, not by his own strength.

"In this crisis *may not some other person bear away the palm?*"

As late as December of the same year Clinton betrays his conviction that something favorable to his aspirations would yet "turn up."

"Do you recollect," he writes, "the story of Themistocles the Athenian? After the naval victory of Salamis a council of Generals was held to determine on the most worthy. Each man was to write down two names, the first and the next best. Each General wrote his own name for the first and that of Themistocles for the second. May not this contest have a similar result? I am persuaded that with common prudence we will stand better than ever."

On the 17th February, 1824, Clinton writes:

"The impression here is that V. B. [Van Buren] and his junto are politically dead. The impression will produce the event."

He had written on the 6th of August previous in the same strain:

"Van Buren is now excessively hated, out of the State as well as in it. There is no doubt of a corrupt sale of the vote of the State, altho' it can not be proved in a court of justice. The very idea is destruction, and it is indelibly fixed in the public mind. V. B. was closeted with Crawford the day before he left Washington, and wrote a note to Calhoun, hoping political differences would not affect private friendships. Old R. [Rufus] King wrote to the President recommending V. B. in the highest terms for the vacant judgeship."

The friends of Crawford, of whom Van Buren, General Root, and Samuel Beardsley were prominent in the State of New York, desired that a nomination should be made by a Congressional caucus, it being certain that of the members who would take part in such an assembly a majority would favor Crawford. To this end a caucus of the Republican members of the Legislature was held at Albany on the 22d of April, Walter Bowne in the chair, wherein it was resolved that a Congressional caucus for the nomination of a President ought to be held, and its candidate supported. It was while this caucus was impending, and on the 17th of April, that Clinton wrote as follows to Post:

"The *National Intelligencer* speaks of Crawford's success in this State as certain. This is the result of a corrupt coalition to support them. Halsey, Rogers, Suydam, Meyer, Goodell, the Speaker, and Wheeler were the men that brought about the nomination. Porter is also for Crawford. Cramer plays another fiddle, with a view of gathering from the other flocks.

"You may rely on it that there never were greater scoundrels combined in deluding the people.

"Clay ought to resign forthwith. His chance is worse than nothing. Jackson would then prevail with all the Western States if we can get New Jersey."

On the 21st April, 1824, Clinton writes:

"As for New Jersey, we can get her. I see



no terrors in Adams's papers; his influence has gone with his morals. The next point is Ohio. If we succeed there—and I think we will—Adams is out of the question.

"Unless the next election effects a complete revolution, this State goes for Crawford. The signs of the times are very auspicious. Pierson, Wheaton, and Drake are, I take it, down in New York. Tallmadge can scarcely get a vote in his own county. He is the prince of rascals—if Wheaton does not exceed him.

"I have no doubt of Jackson's success in all the Southern States except Georgia and Virginia. The West—the West—and all is right. Clay can do no good to himself by holding out, and if he plays the dog in the manger he will receive general execration."

On the 23d July, 1824, Clinton writes:

"Calhoun is acting a treacherous part to Jackson, and is doing all he can for Adams. The policy of this step is obvious. I have no doubt but that it entered into the choice of your Convention Delegates in N. Y. How easily a signal victory might have been obtained! But this step will have no decided result.

"The appointment of Wheaton as a Delegate is a barefaced insult, and must be met as such.

"The policy of Calhoun is base and dishonorable. A preference of Adams is one thing, but a deceptive course on this subject is another."

On the 27th July, 1824, Clinton writes:

"I am glad that you have communicated to Mr. E. your views of the duplicity and treachery of C. and Co.\* Perhaps there is not a man in the U. S. more hollow-hearted and base. I have long observed his manœuvres, and after a short observation my opinion was formed on this subject, and every day's notice confirms it. The object of this little junto is to associate us in their disgrace by prevailing on us to come out in favor of Adams. This will shield their treason, and at the same time give them the benefit of all our influence. Mr. L. and S——d are the mere automata of C., and J. B. M. is the unconscious creature of their duplicity, and as such ought to be guarded against."

On the 28th July, 1824, Clinton writes:

"You will return these letters immediately. They show the treachery exercised against Jackson. C——n is at the bottom of the whole—a thorough-paced political blackleg."

On the 21st August he writes:

"I do not think that any thing can be made out of the Clay affair. Oil and vinegar can not unite.....The great danger is that there will be a quarrel between the friends of Jackson and Adams, and that in the war between the lion and the unicorn the cur may slip in and carry off the prize.

"In Jackson we must look for a sincere and honest friend. Whatever demonstrations are made from other quarters are dictated by policy and public sentiment."

On the 23d October, 1824, Clinton writes:

"I have received a confidential communica-

tion from Washington which states that on the 12th instant, when Lafayette was received by the President, Crawford was present, and his whole appearance and behavior indicated mental fatuity, and a moral and physical wreck. On passing the President, who was conversing with Adams and Calhoun, he made his way directly between them, forcing them all to fall back in order to get out of his way. After sitting for some minutes with his hat on, he took it off."

The failure of an election of President by the people in 1824, the choice afterward of Mr. Adams by the House of Representatives through the influence of Mr. Clay, and Mr. Clay's subsequent acceptance of the office of Secretary of State from Mr. Adams, are among the most widely known events of our political history. After the ineffectual vote by the people, but before the House of Representatives had made its selection from the three most popular candidates, Clinton wrote as follows to Post:

"5 Jan., 1825.

"MY DEAR SIR,—.....Your letter assumes a tone in respect to the Presidential Election which I own surprises me. I have no faith in the discernment of your Washington Correspondents, and very little in their candor. J. B. M. is the creature of the P.M.G., and Genl. B. has lost his mind with his health. I can not trust driveling intriguants or shallow-pated tools, who derive all their importance abroad from their supposed influence at home.

"I have received letters from J. B. M., and they are of a piece with those he wrote from Washington on another occasion. I detect deception in every line. My accounts are very different. I can readily believe that Clay will take the course pointed out, but it will be ineffectual, and end in his ruin. Crawford's friends it is impossible can coalesce; but if such an event takes place, and the coalition is as you represent, it will prostrate the conspirators as an unprincipled and profligate league, and I shall have nothing to do with it. A dying administration is without power, and I do not believe that Monroe can enlist a single vote.

"My choice is a very plain one. My preference for the hero is known and avowed, and  $\frac{2}{3}$  of the people of this State are of the same opinion. The question is now before Congress, and by them will it be decided. There is a concert at Washington to make a mob and attempt to drown the public sentiment of this State. It is a pitiful manœuvre, and worthy only of contempt. With this view Tracy and two or three more members have been duped to write letters boasting the certainty of Adams's success. The very great earnestness displays conscious imbecility, and gives the lie to their statements."

On the 7th March, 1825, and after Clay had accepted office under Mr. Adams, Clinton wrote to Post:

"I truly regret the appointment of Clay. It augurs badly for the purity of our Republican institutions. I did not think it in the compass of possibility."

On the 3d of the month following Clinton writes again:

\* Calhoun and Co.



"Clay has sent me his vindication. He does not touch the main points, and his intimation that his office has a claim upon the Presidency is very unwise."

As soon as it was understood that Mr. Clay had consented to enter the cabinet of Mr. Adams a general shout of "bargain and corruption" was put up by the friends of the defeated Presidential candidates throughout the country.

Mr. Kremer, a member of Congress from Pennsylvania, publicly charged Mr. Clay with having sold his influence in Congress to Mr. Adams. James Buchanan, of the same State, was designated by General Jackson as one who could testify to the fact. John Randolph provoked a challenge and the privilege of firing two pistol-charges at Clay, and having Clay fire the same number at him, by stigmatizing the Clay-Adams alliance as "a coalition of Puritan and black-leg."

Buchanan was finally compelled to repel the responsibility with which General Jackson had clothed him as a witness of the corrupt understanding alleged to have existed between Clay and Adams, asserting that the general had probably inferred their corruption from the fact that Buchanan himself had tried unsuccessfully and through precisely the same temptation to seduce Clay to the support of Jackson.

The essential indecorum of Mr. Clay's conduct in taking the first cabinet office from Mr. Adams, whom his vote had just elevated to the Presidency, furnished all the proof of corruption that the public required, and neither the denials nor duels of Mr. Clay nor the protestations of Mr. Buchanan could restore to Mr. Clay the confidence of the nation. As a specimen of the popular reasoning upon the subject we will cite the following paragraphs from a letter of Clinton's to Post, bearing date August 15. The year is not given, but we presume it was 1827.

Clinton looks upon the allegation purely as a piece of partisan artillery, which he thinks had been badly manœuvred, of which Buchanan's card was evidence, and he then goes on to show the aspect in which the case should have been presented to the people. The Jackson party of that day, and Clinton among the rest, went upon the principle that if the allegation was not true, it was as good as true.

"After my letter of yesterday I have seen Mr. Buchanan's publication. It appears to me that this affair has been badly managed. It was never to be expected that positive, direct testimony could be adduced to establish a charge of corruption of that nature. It must emanate from circumstantial evidence, and on this footing it alone ought to be put as sufficiently conclusive.

"1. The known habits of the parties.

"2. An arrangement for their mutual benefit; and,

"3. This in opposition to C.'s constituents, his interests, and Western popularity.

"4. In opposition to the opinions of Adams's best friends.

"5. The silence of Clay for a long time.

"6. His imputed advances to General Jackson.

"7. The known irregularities of his conduct and the selfishness of Adams.

"8. The profligate men associated in the corrupted East and West.

"It appears to me that no other evidence is wanted but the circumstances of the case.

"Jackson, Eaton, and D. W. have shown great imbecility in this concern. You can see that B.\* is boiling with rage, and that he is only restrained by political considerations.

"In cases of this kind it is difficult to procure the evidence of an accomplice, and if you can, it is rarely worthy of credit."

The administration of Mr. Adams did not prove popular; the friends of Crawford and Jackson united at once against him in favor of Jackson for their candidate in 1828; and from the following paragraph in a letter from Clinton to Post, on the 5th December, 1827, it appears that Clinton, if he could not have the first place on the ticket, would not have refused the second:

"From some late indications, if C. [Clinton] was associated with J. [Jackson] as Vice-P., the great body of the Adams men would ground their arms."

On the following day, the 6th December, Clinton writes:

"There is no doubt of Jackson's success. Conversions as miraculous as St. Paul's daily take place. The people are sick at heart of Adams. He is personally hated and politically abhorred."

In less than three months from the day these last two notes were penned, De Witt Clinton was in his grave. He died very suddenly on the 11th of February, 1828, at the comparatively early age of fifty-nine. He had enjoyed all his life most excellent health, and in all this body of correspondence there is but one allusion to his health. We will quote it, if for nothing but its singularity. It was written on the 30th of December, 1827, scarcely six weeks before his death:

"With the compliments of the season, you will accept my best prayers for your health and happiness. Without the former the latter can not be expected. The kind anxiety you express for mine is really gratifying. I can not account for the numerous rumors propagated on that subject. The fears of friends and the anticipations of foes are proofs of some importance, and would make me vain, were it not that the latter exhibit human nature in too mortifying an aspect. I believe that your prescriptions, founded on personal experience, are generally good. My complaint is of the same character vulgarly

\* Buchanan.



called dyspepsia, or a derangement of the chest. It is cured by diet, by exercise, and change of air; and nurtured by excess, by a sedentary life, and by violent irritations. Of the first and the last I am guiltless, but the want of exercise is my besetting sin."

The first impression produced by a perusal of the correspondence, of which we have sought to give our readers a faithful and intelligent impression, is one of astonishment that a man capable of such great things as Clinton proved himself to be could ever have taken such a lively interest, as he seemed to, in the mere scullionery of politics. To be at the head of a successful party seemed to absorb him utterly. There was no detail of party management with which he did not occupy himself personally and persistently. He did not foresee that the only work of his which survived him, and which has transmitted his name to later generations, owed its successful initiative to the involuntary leisure to which he was condemned by his removal from the office of mayor in 1815, and the prostration of all his political prospects apparently forever.

Had Lord Bacon been allowed to remain upon the woolsack, it is not likely that his name would ever have descended to posterity imperishably associated with the inductive philosophy; and had Clinton's political career been as uninterruptedly successful as Van Buren's, it may well be doubted whether his fame would have been more durable.

It must be said, however, in extenuation of Clinton's folly in giving to party so much of what was meant for mankind, that none of his political contemporaries in this State seem to have less overrated the rewards of political success than he did, or to have been more fastidious about the means of securing them, while none of them sought more earnestly than he to achieve their own through the public good. Clinton no doubt put too much faith in the arm of flesh and in political arts of man's device, but his ends were always noble and patriotic. If he failed as a statesman, like Phaeton driving the chariot of the sun, he failed in attempting great things. His hands were always clean. He was never poorer in worldly wealth than when he died; and he scorned all the baser motives of the selfish throng that ever infest

"party's pond, wherein  
Lizard, toad, and terrapin,  
Your ale-house patriots, are seen  
In Faction's feverish sunshine basking."

These letters betray a willingness to criticise and censure, a proneness to ascribe unworthy motives, a blindness to the faults of his partisans and to the merits of his adversaries, which impair the symmetry of his greatness, as in life they impaired his popularity and influence. Had his days been lengthened, and had he been permitted to

emerge from the somewhat provincial arena in which he spent his entire public life, he would have learned no doubt by experience what the Russians have cast into a proverb, that "the wise man when alone thinks of his own faults, and when in company forgets the faults of his friends," and that in politics more especially we should never forget that the adversary of to-day may to-morrow be an indispensable ally.

## MAGASS, THE OUTLAW OF THE CARPATHIANS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THROUGH the floating mist which spread like a dreary sea around the massive round tower of the manor-house of the lord of Jauma, the britzska of the proprietor, drawn by three work-horses, had sailed, as it were, into the court-yard. The old Cossack, Petreuko, stood by the step, with drowsy eyes and hair half filled with straw, helping out first the gracious Herr Adam Kanwizki, and then the young priest whom his lord had brought from Lemberg to be the tutor of his children.

"Hey, Lucas," drawled out the old servant, "rub your eyes open! Here's the young father's trunk!"

Meanwhile the lady of the house had come out, a little, slender, Polish woman, sallow but piquant, her brown hair *en papillotes*, her hands in the pockets of her prettily fitting outside sacque, and a big cigar in her small red mouth. She received the tutor with expressive Polish courtesousness, apologizing for the poor hospitalities her house could furnish.

"Nothing new?" asked the lord.

Frau Celina shrugged her shoulders.

"There was a great red fire to be seen in the night," said the old Cossack.

"Is all the work done?" asked the proprietor.

"All but drawing in the wood," replied the Cossack. "We have had no horses."

"The peasant might drive out there now," remarked Frau Celina.

This peasant, Kvitka, born on the estate, and rendering socage service, was about thirty years old, and with his black hair hanging down over his forehead, his long mustache and unshaven beard, presented rather a forbidding appearance.

"Do you hear, Kvitka?" said the Cossack. "You are to drive to the wood."

"Not I."

"Are you crazy?" screamed the Cossack.

"What does he say?" inquired the proprietor.

"That he won't drive."

"I have driven the master to Lemberg and back again," said Kvitka, humbly; "I've done my tenure service for the week."



"But if I order you?" cried the mistress, in a rage.

"It's against the Emperor's patent."

"He is right," interposed Herr Kanwizki; "let him go away." With this he went up the steps, followed by the priest.

The peasant was going off quietly, when Frau Celina cried, "Hold him there!"

The Cossack seized him by the sleeve and held him back, while Kvitka said, calmly, "What would you have? I have done my service."

"You are going to resist, are you?" shrieked the Cossack. "You are an outlaw too."

"You will go for the wood?" said the mistress, pale with anger, as she threw away the cigar.

"No."

"Give me the short whip." She held the peasant firmly with one of her delicate, trembling hands, and with the other gave him several smart strokes of the whip.

"Well, what have you got now?" asked the Cossack, while the mistress, drawing a long breath, went slowly toward the house.

"My horses in good plight," said the peasant, smiling, and patting his small lean horses on the neck.

"Take away the horses," cried Frau Celina, turning round, "and whip him out of the yard."

The peasant swung himself on the led-horse and rode off with the team.

"After him," commanded Frau Kanwizka, "and bring the horses back." Perceiving the priest, who remained standing on the steps, she said, smiling, "A pretty reception this for a guest. Come in!" And taking his arm, she led him into the dining-room.

There sat Herr Adam Kanwizki at breakfast, in his comfortable dressing-gown, and smoking his long chibouk.

They sat down to breakfast, and Frau Celina played the hostess in most amiable style. The priest, her guest, was scarcely twenty years old, slender, good-looking, with fine light hair, and somewhat boyish red-cheeked face, sharp gray eyes, and a thin yellow down on his prominent upper lip. He was elegantly dressed, and had an aristocratic air. He chatted away about Lemberg, literature, the last popular play, and described each actress with her toilet from chignon to slipper. The lordly proprietor began to look upon him with respect.

Just then the door opened, and the Cossack brought in Kvitka.

"Well, what's the matter with you?" inquired the master.

"Matter enough; they've taken away my horses."

Herr Adam looked toward his wife, but he said nothing.

"Will you go for the wood?" asked Frau Celina.

"How can I? My horses are out of wind, and they'll drop under me."

"You won't go, then? What if your horses are taken away?"

"I shall complain to the court."

"Good! You shall be whipped. Petreuko, give him at the block—"

"But, gracious lady," whimpered Kvitka, "that can't be so!"

"Do you mean to make a complaint to the court?"

"No."

"Will you go with the horses?"

"I can't."

"Hey! Then the devil take you," cried the proprietor. "Take his horses, for all I care, and drive him off."

Kvitka had no sooner gone than a fresh disturbance arose in the yard.

"May I be permitted to see what is the matter?" inquired the priest, who was named Father Antoni Motolski.

Frau Celina opened a window herself, and looked out into the yard. A servant was holding a gray-haired peasant by the collar. His teeth were clenched and his face worn and pale as he struggled to free himself.

"What's the matter here?" cried the mistress to those below.

"A thief!" exclaimed the servant, who held the man fast.

"Who is he?"

"Hrekora, from Labje. He's stolen ten sheaves of wheat."

"Lie in your teeth, you Turk!" screamed the man.

"What have you to say for yourself?" asked Frau Celina.

"Yesterday I was doing my service at harvesting," said the old man. "They loaded my wagon down till the beam broke, and when I was gone after some rope they stole the sheaves."

"You stole them yourself, you robber!" cried the master. "Take away those Hungarian oxen of his."

"God punish me if I've stolen! The master dare not take my oxen."

"Not dare!" laughed the nobleman. "I have known you for a long time; you are nothing but a rebel. Appeal to the court, if you want to; I've left a good character for you there. You will find it out one of these days." Saying this he made a threatening motion with his long pipe.

"You can do it if you please," said the peasant, becoming perfectly quiet. "I tell you Magass will look after you. You have half killed Iwan Bossak with your whips, and he has gone to complain to Magass."

"The gallows are all set up ready for him!" cried the proprietor, purple in the face.

"Hunt him out of the yard with the dogs," ordered the mistress.

The old man ran off at full speed, and the dogs after him.



"A perverse set you have here," observed Father Antoni, gallantly closing the window.

"You must not be misled by what you have witnessed," said Frau Kanwizka, eagerly; "the law justifies us in what we have done."

"It's all owing to the mountains," said the nobleman.

"Do you think they have any direct influence?" asked the priest.

Herr Kanwizki opened his eyes in astonishment. "Just as you please to take it," he replied. "Yes and no. What I meant was this—that the people in the mountains are a different set from those on the plain. The Huzul is proud of his name, and the fellows are insolent because they have never been serfs or rendered service."

"Incredible!" cried the priest, slapping the table with the palm of his hand.

"Fact!" continued Herr Adam, as he complacently smoked his long pipe. "A Huzul would rather starve to death in his mountains than work for us for money. They are wretchedly poor, but they dress better than our peasants. They till their miserable bits of ground, pasture their sheep, traffic among themselves for what they need, and will stand bravely one against ten. Beautiful people! And the women!" Herr Adam shut his eyes and blew the smoke through his nostrils.

"Tell me about them."

"The people here are like the native savages in the American prairies, such as you find in the romances," remarked Frau Celina.

"And they have sorceresses too," added the husband, very seriously.

"Don't talk so, I beseech you!" cried his wife.

"Well, I could relate many incidents," said Herr Adam, hiding himself in a cloud of smoke.

The Cossack entered and began to clear the table, while Frau Celina, looking over her shoulder at her husband with a contemptuous glance, said to Father Antoni,

"There are some among them who have a secret knowledge of natural powers which has been transmitted from parent to child."

Herr Antoni gave eager attention, and at last said, "Then these mountaineers, these Huzuls, are a free and brave people, something like the Scots in Walter Scott, or the Indians."

"Yes; they are not to be trifled with," replied Herr Adam. "If you send our peasants to the whipping-post, they kiss your hand. But a Huzul!—ha!—joke with him, and he'll split open your skull on the spot with his long-handled hatchet. And every one has his gun, and a handful of powder gives him more delight than a bagful of ducats. A barbarous people, but fondly attached to their mountains. A savage race!

Why, a youth often grows up to be a man without ever having seen the inside of a church."

"Ho! ho!" exclaimed the Cossack. "And robbers too!"

"It spoils our peasants," continued the proprietor, "to have such an example every day before their eyes."

"And many robbers too!" cried the old Cossack.

"Silence!" said the mistress.

"Robbers!" began Herr Antoni, in an excited tone. "This is extremely interesting. I have never seen any except on the stage. Are there really many robbers here?"

"Ho! ho! Millions!" asserted the Cossack.

"What nonsense to disquiet a guest in this way!" cried the lady.

"This is a real cordial to me, I assure you," gallantly observed the priest. "I am so happy to be here with you and Herr Adam, and these robbers. Go on and tell me about the robbers." He seemed to take special delight in the word. "Where do they come from?"

"Whence comes the grass?" asked Herr Adam, very sagely. "Whence comes the water? Whence the metals? They grow, do they not? So the robbers have always grown in the mountains. As the Polish peasants waged war in the mountains against the noblemen, so the Hajdamaks here in the Carpathians. And the stories of war and hatred to the Latin Church and to the nobility live in their songs and traditions. And the contest will last till the peasant is free."

"Then these robbers are a sort of rebels or outlaws? And why does not the government put them down?"

"A robber or outlaw has never touched any official of the emperor, but they take off our very skins."

"Strange! Who would have thought it?" cried Antoni, repeatedly. "Who is this Magass the old man spoke of? I should think such a common vagabond—"

"What should you think?" asked Herr Adam, energetically, as he threw himself back in his chair and opened wide his eyes. "Magass is a paladin of romance, plundering the rich and protecting the poor. He's here and nowhere and every where, but always a hero."

"And he can't be wounded," said the Cossack; "no ball can hit him. He has a band of several thousands—"

"What are you saying there?" asked the mistress, abruptly.

"Well, if there are a few hundreds less than that, what does it matter, since he lords it over the whole region, holds his tribunal over the nobility, and sends his letters into all court-yards?"

"Can a robber write?" asked the priest, in astonishment.



"Yes," Herr Adam asserted; "and he has with him a sort of a priest, expelled from the Greek Church, who does his writing for him."

"This amuses me mightily," said Herr Antoni.

The dogs now set up a barking, voices were heard in the yard, and a heavy tread on the steps.

"Who may this be now?" sighed Herr Kanwizki.

"It's Michal," said the Cossack, looking out.

"What does he want?"

Michal, a thickset, red-faced tenant, with silver rings in his ears, now entered the room in a state of great perturbation as he moved his head, which he had grasped with both hands.

"A great misfortune, gracious Herr!" he exclaimed. "The outlying farm was burned down last night."

"Ah! impossible!" Even the resolute little lady becoming pale, and Herr Adam sitting motionless.

"O God!" lamented the tenant, "I'm a lost man; and it's all out of revenge on your account, gracious Herr. Magass has done it."

"Magass!" screamed the nobleman. "We must go there."

"I shall accompany you," added Frau Kanwizka; "and you must go too, Herr Antoni."

"Oh, I—of course."

"Saddle the horses, Petreuko, at once."

The lady made a hasty toilet, and looked quite pretty in her loose brown curls and closely fitting riding-dress.

It was a melancholy sight. Smoke and sparks were still rising from the heap of ashes and charred timbers, and the tenant's wife, with her youngest child at her breast, was sitting under an apple-tree, while the other children were trying to collect the cows.

The noble proprietor gazed speechless at the desolation, while the tenant pointed in silence to a post on which was nailed a sheet of coarse paper. They went up to it and read these words, written in large letters: "Magass, the outlaw, has held here a tribunal according to the ancient law."

In the afternoon the nobleman and his wife, with the new tutor, sat in the ivy arbor behind the house. The monthly roses were wilted, and the low sun gave a dull reddish light.

"Idyllic! perfectly idyllic!" cried Father Antoni.

"A beautiful idyl!" grumbled Frau Celina. "I am reminded of a Spanish proverb, which says, 'Just behind the cross stands the devil;' so behind this Polish idyl there stands the rebellious peasant with his straight scythe, and the robber with his loaded gun."

Herr Adam sat considerably out of tune.

"It does no good to grieve for what can not be remedied. We must be reconciled to the inevitable," said the young priest.

"Invent some way, if you can, to root out this God-forsaken nest of robbers," sighed the nobleman.

"Nothing more easy," said the father; "their captain must be got hold of, in the first place."

"That has been tried before this," rejoined Herr Adam.

"How, if I may be allowed to ask?"

"With a large military force," replied the proprietor.

"Why not try cannon and ships?" inquired the priest.

Herr Adam stared and looked puzzled.

"With your leave," continued Herr Antoni, "it must be à la Fra Diavolo."

"How is that, may I ask?"

"With wiles, Herr Adam—with wiles. All great robber chiefs have been betrayed by the girl they love. Wasn't it so with the Old Testament Samson?"

Herr Adam contracted his eyebrows in philosophic meditation, and after a while muttered, "A good thought—a very good thought."

The noble couple shortly after retired, in order to consider this suggestion, the gracious Frau going into the house, and her husband to the barn. Father Antoni betook himself to the court-yard, where the old Cossack was cleaning up the rickety calash.

"Do you smoke, uncle?" asked the priest, taking his tobacco-box out of his pocket. The Cossack rumped his hair, sighed, and stared.

"Well, where's your pipe?"

The old man drew it forth with a perplexed smile, and the priest filled it with his own hand, and then gave him a match to light it. A match was a great rarity here in the mountains.

"Where does the maiden live that Magass loves?" asked the priest.

The wheel the old Cossack was cleaning creaked and groaned piteously.

"What do you want, reverend Sir?" said the old man at last. "Don't meddle in such dangerous matters."

"But I wish to know where this girl's home is."

"Not here," slowly replied the old man, as if he were trying to think; "yonder, away off in the mountains, with an old witch who makes thunder-storms, and rides off sometimes on a black cat."

"But how can she go on a cat?"

"It's a cat as big as a new-born calf. You may convince yourself of that."

"That's what I mean to do. Will you drive me there?"

The Cossack knit his brow, and then said



to himself, "It's nothing to me if he gets—I'll go."

On the same day, guided by the Cossack, the priest took the road leading to one of the dark, narrow passes of the mountains. Passing beyond the scattered herdmen's huts, he came to a real owl's nest, that could hardly be distinguished from the rock itself. He looked about in vain for some kind of entrance, and at last knocked rather faintly on the closed wooden shutter. The shutter was opened, and two big gray eyes confronted the priest.

"What do you want of me?" cried a deep hoarse voice.

"Some good advice."

"Good advice costs something."

"I will pay you well; let me in."

"Go round the rock; I'll meet you."

The old woman came out and helped him up the rock with her bony hand. He entered a large, square, low room with three windows opening to the south, and another door besides the one through which he had passed. Some steps led to a trap-door in the ceiling. Opposite the door was a stove, and in one corner a bed, near which there was an antique chest painted with large flowers of various colors, and a cupboard decorated in the same Byzantine style. On the walls were pasted pictures of saints of the Greek Church. In another corner was the seat of the old woman, a high carved stool with faded red cushions, looking something like the throne of the Byzantine emperors. A wooden block, which cut a sorry figure, served as a footstool, and at the head the bleached skull of a horse stood up in all its ghastly ugliness.

The old woman took up her spindle, seated herself on her throne, and motioned to the priest to sit down. Her eyes were full of intelligence and courage, and the white hair flowing from beneath her brown head-dress gave her an almost venerable aspect.

"What do you wish to consult me about, reverend Sir?" inquired the old woman.

"I have been sent as an invalid to ask your advice."

"You are not sick," replied she, in a quick and sharp tone. "This is not what you came for."

"No; I desire to have a conversation with the maiden who lives here with you."

Her look now became distrustful and hostile. "What has the girl to do with you?" she asked. "No," murmured she; "this won't do—in God's name, it won't."

"Call her;" and the priest threw two pieces of silver coin into her lap.

Without touching the money, the old woman replied: "How am I to call her? She will come without being called, and I can't hinder you from staying here." Then she took to spinning industriously, humming to herself. The setting sun blazed in through

the open door. The priest was silent, and the old woman became silent too. Suddenly the side door was opened, and on the threshold there stood a beautiful young girl, about whose form the red sunlight glowed like a saintly halo. Father Antoni involuntarily, almost reverentially, stood up. An imposing figure, almost six feet in height, but with a perfect harmony of proportion in every limb and feature, a genuine daughter of the Carpathians, confronted him in a half-terrified, half-threatening attitude. Her oval face and commanding features expressed strong character, and her complexion seemed to have borrowed from the sunny atmosphere, like the peasant women of Murillo, its tint of fresh ruddy brown. Dark, heavy eyebrows met over the glowing eyes, and the deep red of her full lips contrasted with the bright scarlet of the ribbons which restrained the luxuriance of her flowing hair. Little shells from the mountain stream Tyssa—the native ornament of the Carpathian women—were scattered through her hair, and looked as if floating in the dark gleaming waves of their native stream. A skirt of blue cloth fell down in folds from her waist over the bright red morocco boots, and a bodice of the same color, open at the bosom, showed a fine linen kerchief beneath; while the embroidered flowers on the sleeves, the broad red girdle, and the short sleeveless cloak of white cloth, worked with yellow worsted and bordered with fine black lamb-skin, gave her a picturesque and Oriental appearance. Gold coins answered the purpose of ear-rings, and hung in heavy chains around her arms, while a string of large rich pearls round her neck came down to her breast. She held in her hand a mountain staff tipped with lead, and on her shoulder was perched a large raven, which slowly moved its outspread, glistening wings.

"Why have you come to my house?" inquired she, in that wonderful violoncello tone of a deep alto voice. And as she uttered these words she raised her staff with a threatening air. The raven flew up with a screech, and made several circles in its flight around the head of the priest. "Well, answer," said the Huzulin, as she fastened her eye searchingly upon him, an eye before which the youthful and courageous priest quailed, and cast down his own to the floor. "Well, here I am. What is it you want?"

"I should like to have a conversation with you alone."

The noble-looking giantess smiled, as if with pity, and made a sign to the old woman, who slowly withdrew.

"Be seated," said the Huzulin, with the air of a princess.

Father Antoni approached her, extending his hand. She did not stir.

"Give me your hand."



She extended her hand in a cold and lofty manner, and the priest held it firmly as he said, in a low and thrilling tone,

"You are a beautiful woman—by Heaven, a beautiful woman!"

"I know that; for the best man in all the mountains loves me."

"And he would be a stupid blockhead, unworthy to have this beautiful sun to shine upon him, if he did not love you. But you might have for lovers lords, great lords, princes, if you wanted to. What is your name?"

"Wera Gregorewitsch. But why do you make such a proposition to me? I have no wish to listen to any such talk. Spare your pains, and be off before Magass comes."

"Is he coming?" The priest had seated himself close to the giantess. "You can dig up a treasure, a costly treasure, without using any magic art," he said.

"Why do you speak of magic arts?" asked she, in a tone of displeasure.

"Are you not all more or less witches in the mountains here?" said the priest; "and you—you most of all—have you not bewitched this wild robber?"

"No magic arts were needed for that," rejoined Wera, curling her lips with the consciousness of her own charms. "And what sort of a treasure can one dig up?"

"A real treasure of gold and silver and jewels, if you will sell Magass to us."

"What good would Magass do you? what would you do with him?" she naïvely inquired.

"Hang him, my darling!"

The Huzulin sprang up with all the passionate wildness of a child of nature, her eyes sparkling with rage.

"Leave me! You are no holy man; you are a seducer—a devil!" She made the sign of the cross on her forehead and her breast. "I will have none of your treasure. Thank God if I do not hand you over to Magass."

A shudder ran all over the priest.

"What do you intend? You would—"

"I believe you are afraid of me," said the Huzulin, with a complacent smile.

"Why should I be afraid of you, my dear one—my angel?" whispered Father Antoni.

"Why? Because I, though only a woman, am stronger than you; and if I pleased, I could by myself bind you fast, as if you were a child." And the beautiful giantess immediately seized his wrists, and held him fast with his arms crossed as if he was handcuffed.

"Verily, you could overpower and bind me."

"But it would not be worth the while," said she, quietly, as she let go of him. "Now be off from here."

"Will you not inform us, then, when Magass is coming?" began the priest once more.

"Is that all you want?" cried Wera, in astonishment. "Well, he is coming this evening. I tell you so that you may get out of his way, for you are all afraid of him, you Poles, as sinners are afraid of their God. Yes, he is coming this evening, and will go away in the morning. But I will not betray him. I am only a poor girl, without parents, without relatives, without friends, but I will sell no one. And then," she added, scornfully, as she let the gold coins slide through her fingers, "what could you give me that I can not have from him whenever I will? He is in the mountains what the Emperor is on the Danube, what the Czar is in Moscow."

She opened the chest, whose cover was pasted inside with pictures of saints which surrounded a broken mirror, knelt down and looked at herself in the glass, and then sat down on the threshold with arms over her knees. She leaned against the oaken doorpost, and as she gazed out into the glimmering landscape, sang the melancholy popular song,

"My heart is sad and dreary."

The priest returned to the manor-house, and late in the evening set off again, accompanied by Herr Adam and the Cossack on horseback, with a posse of farm servants and peasants on foot, to take the outlaw chief, Magass, whom Father Antoni had reported as to be found that night at Wera's hut. Frau Celina waved her handkerchief until they were lost in the darkness, and then sat down to read the latest French novel. Hour after hour passed, and the lady at last threw down the book with a yawn, and with arms crossed on her breast, walked impatiently up and down the sitting-room. Then she seated herself at the piano, ran her fingers hastily over the keys, got up again in her restlessness, oppressed by the anxiety of waiting and by the hushed stillness of the midnight. Suddenly the great watch-dog in the yard gave one deep, hollow bark, and then a second, after which all was still. Shortly afterward a soft tread was heard in the entry without. The lady opened the door, but immediately bounded back in terror.

Before her stood a man six feet tall, and with a swarthy countenance, who smiled and bowed. "Make no alarm," said he, as the noble lady shrieked in affright, "or something unfortunate may occur."

"But who are you, then?"

"I am Magass. You have sent them after me, and here I am."

"Jesus Maria!" groaned Frau Kanwizka, taking refuge behind the piano.

Magass had now stepped into the room and shut the door. The lady gazed at him in blank and speechless terror.

Magass possessed a splendid form, of heroic proportions. He was tall, erect, and powerfully built. A coarse dirty shirt, trow-



sers of blue cloth, and shoes tied with strings of rawhide, could not conceal the shape and motion of his handsome olive-colored limbs. His brown jacket was thrown carelessly over his shoulders, upon which his long black hair fell down, and his dark broad-brimmed felt hat was ornamented with shimmering peacock feathers, red ribbons, and various kinds of coins. A knife was sticking in his broad girdle, studded with brass knobs, and an embroidered pouch of colored checked cotton was suspended diagonally from the right to the left side; while over one shoulder he carried his gun—a prize from the Turkish war—whose barrel was damasked and ornamented with a sentence from the Koran, and in the other hand he carried his long-handled axe.

"Well, what do you want, then? Take my jewels; they are all at your service," said the lady.

Magass shook his head. "Don't regard me as inhuman, gracious lady," said he, in humble tone. "You have sent all the men from this farm off into the mountains. You are alone and exposed to danger, and so I have come to protect you in the absence of the men."

The nervous little woman came very near fainting. The outlaw perceived it, and withdrew, to stand guard like a sentinel at the outside door.

During this time Herr Adam was proceeding with his force through the village of Jauma and up the mountain pass. When they came to the wooden cross whence only a narrow foot-path led to the owl's nest of the old Widma, they held a council of war.

"We had better dismount," advised the priest.

"But who will hold the horses?" inquired Herr Adam.

"I will," cried the Cossack, with great alacrity.

"No, no; one of the peasants can do that."

"One of the peasants, then," sighed Petreuko.

"Forward, then," ordered Herr Adam. "Petreuko, you are to take the lead."

The old man grumbled a little, crossed himself, and then went forward with seeming indifference, and at a tolerably quick step. After him came the priest, then Herr Adam with the farm servants, the peasants bringing up the rear. They crossed gullies and clambered over rocks that lay in the path as it wound up the mountain, with a wall of rock on one side and a foaming torrent roaring at a great depth beneath on the other. A thick mist began to rise and veil the stars, and no object could be seen even a few paces in advance.

"Here's the spot where the five merchants were murdered," said the Cossack, pointing to a cross. "Here's where they were pitched down the precipice," pointing to the fear-

ful chasm. Suddenly he ducked his head, just as a raw soldier does when first under fire, and all the rest did the same. "What was that?" asked the priest in a whisper.

"A bat," growled the Cossack.

They came to the tree which bridged the roaring torrent, and at the moment Petreuko placed his foot upon it a shrill whistle was heard high up among the mountains, and then a wild mountain bugle sent forth its thrilling notes.

"It's the robbers," whispered Herr Adam. "Give me some liquor." Receiving no reply, he whispered more urgently, while his knees trembled, "Some liquor, brother," and reached back his hand, which grasped only the empty air. He turned round, and not one of his people was to be seen. There stood the three heroes alone in the mountain pass. Suddenly there came a fearful crash, and an awful plunge into the yawning chasm of some stones which had become loosened high above, and as they rolled down had carried with them large masses of earth and stone.

The three heroes remained on the spot not another moment. They uttered no sound, but ran in breathless haste until they reached the plain, hearing behind them and around them the contemptuous hooting of owls. It was nearly morning when they reached the inn at Jauma, exhausted and reeking with perspiration. There they found the rank and file of their demoralized force. Herr Adam surveyed them with a stern look as he said, "You are answerable for the failure of our expedition; but I will let you off, and say nothing more about it."

At daylight Herr Adam, accompanied by his entire troop, reached the gate of his manor-house, and found there a sort of placard stuck upon the post.

"Read it," he said to the Cossack, for the notice was written in the Russian ecclesiastical language, which the Pole found it difficult to decipher.

"Order to Herr Adam Kanwizki, lord of the soil at Jauma, to give back to Kvitka his horses, and to Hrekora his Hungarian oxen, forthwith, else a tribunal will be held over him according to the ancient law."  
"MAGASS, Wataschko."

"Does it say that?" murmured Herr Adam, as in terror he began to spell out the words, letter by letter, with the help of the priest.

"It is really that," said Father Antoni.

"Well," said Herr Adam, "let the horses go."

"And the oxen too?" inquired the Cossack.

"What do you ask that for?" asked the vexed Herr Adam, in a sharp tone. "The oxen too."

Frau Celina has hung up her whip, and Father Antoni confines his visits to the members of his own parish. Not even a shed has since then been burned, and no robber has stood guard at Frau Kanwizka's door.



## MISS ANGEL.

BY ANNE THACKERAY.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THOSE WHO GO AND THOSE WHO ARE LEFT.

KAUFFMAN felt that his grief at parting from his daughter was to be expressed by no vulgar leave-taking, but by a solemn farewell on the piazza, with all the company looking on. He was anxious to be able to bless Angelica, and to burst into tears under the very eyes of the Ambassador, and amidst all the bustle and audience which belonged to the state of the great English nobleman—gondolas arriving at the starting-point, couriers, porters staggering with heavy luggage, in which my lady's beautiful clothes were packed; my lord himself swearing, if the truth must be confessed, and stamping about in a pair of huge boots; Lady Diana standing a little apart, with a book in her hand, while her maid and her man-servant scolded and superintended the packing of her carriage. The children were come, and stood in a shy cluster by their governess, with traveling hoods tied under their chubby faces.

Every one and every thing was ready for the start except old Kauffman, who had not yet taken leave, and her ladyship, who was late. She had sent word that the first carriageful should start without her, but this my lord would not hear of.

Angelica's heart was heavy enough now that the moment of parting was come. She made the best of it, however, knowing her father's susceptibility. "We shall see Verona, father, and Genoa, and the south of France; and we shall stop at Paris," she said, wistfully looking at the loved haggard face. "We will go there together coming back; and tell Antonio he is to come too. Where is Antonio?"

"Here he is," said Zucchi, stepping forward from behind.

"Ah, my child, at your age you may well have hope," said John Joseph, shaking his head; "but at mine, who shall say what a day may bring forth?"

Angelica turned very pale. "Oh, father, why should you talk so sadly? Heaven has been so good to us always," she faltered. "Together or apart, dearest dear, it is the same Providence that will keep us that has given to me my kind father, and to you your little Angelica, who loves you so!" She clung to his arm as she spoke. At that moment the Embassadress at last arrived in her gondola, stately and collected, chiefly concerned for the comfort of a small dog she carried under her arm. Every body uncovered and made way for the great lady.

"Here is my faithful Muse," she gayly greeted Angelica, with a very unconcerned nod to old Kauffman, who immediately stepped up to her, with tearful eyes and clasped hands, and would have gladly made a long and moving speech if he had had opportunity. Lady W. seemed much too absorbed to listen: there was no time to lose. The Ambassador laid his hand on the old man's shoulder and said, very kindly, "My lady will have good care of your daughter, M. Kauffman. Don't be disturbed about her." And then, as the old fellow broke into hysterical grief, he added, somewhat perplexed, "You know, if you repent, it is not too late for you to keep her even now." But terrible as parting was, *not* to part would have been a still greater misfortune, and old Kauffman, much alarmed, was silent immediately, and tried to gulp his tears. Antonio felt very angry with him, but forgave him for Angelica's sake.

"Good-by, Angel," he said, cheerfully. "I like your Ambassador; he has a good heart. And don't fear for the old father."

"Will you give him some Marsala wine for his dinner?" said Angel, with quivering lips.

Then somebody signed to her to get into a carriage. It was Lady Diana's two more maids, and the younger little girl had already scrambled in. The outriders spurred their horses, the footmen sprang on to the steps, and the whole procession started off along the road to Verona. Angelica eagerly stretched from the window, and followed her father with her eyes, as Antonio led him away; then she fell back into her corner.

Lady Diana leaned out to get one last view of the wonderful city. As she did so she caught sight of a man's pale face looking after them, half concealed by an archway. It was Count de Horn. Lady Diana shot a suspicious glance at Angel, who was quietly rubbing away her tears with her handkerchief. For nearly a mile they neither of them spoke. Little Charlotte whispered to her nurse; the wheels rolled on; the tassels and handles jingled and jogged. They were driving along a flat plain bounded by delicate hills, but nobody looked at them, and for a long way Angelica went on crying; but as there are rainbows in the air, so there are rainbows often shining after tears, and Angelica looked up in a little while, and tried to talk to her companion.

Lady Diana was, however, absorbed in a book which had just come out, called *The Vicar of Wakefield*.



People may live together for years and years in all peace and misunderstanding, as far apart as if in a different country, and utterly separated by a thousand gradations of interest and realization. It is the border lands of feeling that usually encroach upon one another, come to open warfare; and unlike as they were in appearance and character, Lady Diana and Angelica had enough of sympathy to dislike one another cordially before their journey together was over. Lady Diana was not happy with her cousin's wife, and the mere fact of that lady's sudden infatuation for the young painter had set the elder woman against Angelica. Lady W. not unfrequently took these passing fancies. She had had one once for Diana herself, but that was when she first married, ten years before, when Diana was seventeen. Neither of them could bestow what the other wanted. Judith wanted admiration, not love; poor Diana wanted love—there was nothing in her to be admired, she sometimes thought, with a sigh, but there *was* something to be loved. So she felt in her own heart, although little by little even that something seemed drying up and turning to strange bitterness and pain. She had loved her cousin, Lord W., dearly; they had been brought up together, and were more brother and sister than cousins. She had given her heart to his children; she trusted in his friendship and protection; and now Judith in a hundred little ways seemed to be trying to alienate him and them from her. She might have lived on happily if Lady W. would have allowed her to do so; she was not an unreasonable woman, and very little would have made her happy. Perhaps her life had been missed. Her brusquerie frightened people; her standard was a high one; and you always felt somehow that she was carrying the scales.

Miss Angel looked at her as she sat engrossed in her marble-covered book. She saw a stout, pale-faced person, very much overdressed (Lady Diana left her clothes to her maid, who was fond of bright colors). She was plain, uninteresting, dull, looking older than she really was, and speaking less kindly than she really felt. One thing only seemed to draw Angelica to her—a curious, indescribable sense of truthfulness of nature and reliability that were like Antonio. Angelica felt thankful to remember that he was with her father.

Antonio was always as good as his word. he kept with old Kauffman all that day, and only left him, cheered and sitting in the starlight at his favorite wine-stall, with old Pintucci as a companion. Then Antonio went away; he had work to do, and some heaviness of heart to shake off, and he longed to get away and be alone.

The next day a little scrap of penciled paper came back by one of the returning

couriers. It was hastily scrawled over with more good-by's and messages for Antonio. He read them with a half-sarcastic smile. "She wants me to take care of her father; that is what she means," he thought; and yet, though he doubted, the little messages were a comfort to him—she was kinder absent, on paper, than present and in words.

But Antonio was morbid where Miss Angel was concerned. He used to contrast her fate and his. He was only some seven years older in years, but how many in feeling, in experience! A long illness and shattered nerves had stood him ten years' experience. His hair at thirty-two was as gray as old Kauffman's; his hand trembled at times like an old man's; and his temper was crabbed and uncontrolled; he had no part in life but that of a convenient friend, taken up, put down, made use of. It made him furious at times to think of it. Poor Antonio would have gladly been young, handsome, rich, splendid; but that was not possible.

It was, however, possible to love her. Possible! it was impossible not to do so, with all her faults, her childish inconsiderateness, and her absurd vanity, her curious hallucination about herself (which, after all, was not to be wondered at). Antonio felt he could not but love her. He was much the prouder of the two, much the more suspicious, and much the more self-conscious, if the truth was known. It does not follow because a person is not handsome, or particularly prosperous, or successful in his affairs, that he is to experience every self-denying virtue. Antonio's intellect was in many respects far in advance of his powers, and of Angelica, and of the people she lived among: he was constantly chafed by a position which certainly was not equivalent to his abilities. He did not care for money for himself, but he liked to be able to help others, and his want of means was a bitter thorn in the side of a generous and yet orderly man. Although in his heart he felt that no one else in all the world could love her as he would have done, yet there were times when he gladly would have forgotten her if he could. Why was he to waste his good affections upon this careless and light-hearted girl? What had she done to deserve a good man's heart—or an indifferent man's heart, for the matter of that? You need not be specially good to suffer. "People were what they happened to be," thought Antonio. He had no intention of succumbing to fate; he had plenty of courage, and meant to make the very best he could of his powers, such as they were; and if he rated himself highly, it was because he was a sensible man, and knew what was in him, and not because he was a vain one, whose head was turned by other people's flattery.



## CHAPTER IX.

## ARCADIA.

MEANWHILE the lady of Antonio's dreams has ascended into realms undreamed of by struggling mortals trying to earn their daily bread. It was a curious experience for the painter-maiden to find herself suddenly one of an important company, traveling with relays of horses, with servants in attendance, putting up in the best rooms of the inns along the road, talking and hearing talk of lords and palaces and mansions as if they were things of course. There were splendid wax-lights burning on her dressing-table, servants at her call, and orders to give almost for the first time in her simple life. She had lived with great people before. When she had been painting the Cardinal at Como, he had asked her to breakfast. The Bishop had invited her to see his pictures, but there had been no real intimacy as now. She might have felt shy but for the Embassadress's charm of manner, and Angel was too simple and credulous not to trust her companions, whoever they might be, and to believe in all they told her.

The Ambassador was invariably kind; the little girls were delightful. If only her father had been there, Angelica would have had nothing to wish for. They crossed a sun-gilt and bountiful country, where the lovely garlands were hanging from branch to branch. Pan sits in a field piping on his two reeds to the peasants; white oxen come up to listen. The vines are heavy with brown fruit; the shadowed chestnut-trees burst from the valley, those mild valleys, castle-crowned and billowing to golden forelands. Some indescribable balm and strength and ease of heart seem to belong to all these lovely modulations of form and color. The bridge spanning the stream leads to the town below, to red roofs and vine bowers, from whence the people are looking up. A far-away cottage door opens wide, a woman comes out and flings a handful of fruit to some children.

The great carriages roll on, shaking and jolting, with the faces at the windows. The distant shadows and hills inclose the golden plains, delicately piled wreath upon wreath, now flying, now inclosing once again. Something seems to sing a *Laus Dei*: "Accept! accept! open your hearts; open wide your hearts!" is the hymn echoing along the way.

Lady Diana, who had let her book fall, looked round. No one had spoken; it was only her own heart that had cried out.

It was quite dark when they reached Verona, and came to a great busy court-yard, full of hospitality and confusion. Angel stepped away unnoticed, and went for a little way along a black and narrow street.

The apertures of the houses were lighted, curtains swung before the doors; the citi-

zens were gossiping within after their day's work. The sky was black and starless; you could scarce distinguish it from the sloping roofs. Angel did not go far; she heard clocks striking in the darkness overhead, the river rushing by the bridge. She felt that life had begun in earnest, and that this strange black veil of darkness hid a future of which she could form no conception as yet. But she would work to please her father, and to fulfill the mission that she felt was hers, and to earn money for them both. She might laugh as others did, and talk and seem to forget, but in her heart she did not forget that it was her aim to strive for beautiful and noble things, to teach others to look up at a high ideal. Antonio should see this was no idle fancy.

A sudden tipsy shout from one of the little drinking-houses frightened the young prophetess, and she turned and ran back as quickly as she could.

"How flushed you look, child!" said Lady W., as Angelica came flying along the gallery where she was standing with her children.

Window after window was lighted in honor of the Ambassador and his suit. Most of them opened on to the gallery, and Lady W. was waiting while her attendants unpacked and made ready.

"You must remember that you belong to us now. You must not run off alone," said she, gravely.

"Not go alone!" said Angelica. "I have been used to go alone all my life."

"You are a person of consequence now, child," said Lady W., smiling. "You must pay your penalty."

Next morning poor Angelica ventured no farther than the busy court-yard of the inn, although she longed to start off and see the place of which she had heard so much. She watched the people coming and going along the galleries, the oleander-trees in flaming rows. The great cathedral bell was going. A storm was brewing, the white and gray clouds heaving from beyond the roofs. As she stood there she heard a tramping along the wooden gallery; the Ambassador came up with his boots, leading little Judith by the hand. Perhaps he read Angelica's wishes in her eyes, for he asked her if she would accompany them in their morning's walk, and the girl gladly accepted. They went a little way through the streets, between the quaint crowded houses, across a wide piazza, toward a great arched gateway leading from the busy world outside into a silent cathedral. My lord passed in, first taking off his cocked hat, and little Judith tripped beside him. Miss Angel had seen many cathedrals; this one seemed to her to be an afterthought—an echo of those where she had so often knelt by her father's side.

Looking about, they passed on across the



marble pavement into a little cloistered court that lay behind the nave. It led to the baptistery. In this little court were some tombs and slabs engraved with coats of arms and inscriptions. A priest was standing thoughtfully absorbed in deciphering one of the flat grave-stones. He looked at Angelica as she passed. It was a kind and troubled face, that attracted her strangely, and she looked down from his face to the inscription he had been gazing at.

"IN PATIENCE POSSESS YE YOUR SOULS," was rudely carved on the marble slab.

"Patience!" cried Angelica, answering her own thought; "there are so many things better than patience!"

The priest looked up, surprised. "Yes, but when other things have failed," he said, in a despairing sort of way, "then patience is still left to us."

"No, no!" cried little Miss Angel, impetuously; "hope for something must remain while there is life. Patience is only death, only despair."

Long after, she remembered the little scene—the sad-faced priest, the solemn text, at a time when her own soul seemed failing for fear. But even then Angel was true to her creed. She might despair and die, or live and strive to hope for better things; but simple blind submission was a thought unbearable to her, and false to her own heart.

When Angel came back she was surprised to find that Lady W. again did not seem to approve of her sight-seeing, although this time she had not gone alone. "If you had come to me I should have taken you myself," said her patroness.

The journey proceeded in beauty and tranquillity. The weather frowned upon them as they neared the Mediterranean, with its long rolling breakers, its bordering groves and hills. The olives climb the steep acclivities, and from their smoky pyre rise white villages, like flames bursting from the summits. They stopped to change horses at a little place called Bordighiera, on the coast of the Mediterranean.

The sun had come out and the clouds had disappeared; a sort of dimmed brightness was every where, on the sea, on the village. In a little smiling grove beyond a wall, where a small gate swung upon its hinges, Miss Angel went up an avenue of lemons and olives, and breathed the sweet morning pastoral silence. Close at hand was an old ivy well. The pretty pensive figure itself was not unsuggestive, looking thoughtfully down into the water. Her heart beat with hope, with a sort of romantic delight and sweet absurdity. Some peasants passed; a woman carrying a load of leaves and tendrils of vines, and driving a beautiful white cow with long arched horns.

Then came the shepherd, followed by

some goats trotting with tinkling bells, and lastly, two little children with goat-skin coats; one had her hands full of unripe olives.

The youngest was carrying something held carefully against its little breast. The child looked up with two wild eyes at the pretty lady leaning against the old iron crank of the well. Something in her look invited his confidence, and he held up a little dead bird as he passed.

"What are you going to do with it?" Angel said, kindly.

"We are going to dig a grave," said the child. "It is dead!" and the little thing walked on with careful steps.

When Mrs. Angelica Kauffman sent her picture to Maiden Lane, it was somewhat pompously entitled "Shepherd and Shepherdess in Arcadia, moralizing at the Side of a Sepulchre, while others are dancing in the Distance;" but it was some vague remembrance of that morning dream which first suggested it to her.

She is not the only dreamer to whom Arcadia has been revealed: mightier dreams than hers have reached that mystic country.

"Auch ich in Arkadien," writes Goethe as a motto to his Italian journey. "*Et in Arcadia ego*," Sir Joshua has painted on a tomb in the background of a smiling picture.

"What can this mean?" says Dr. Johnson, looking at it. "It seem very nonsensical. 'I am in Arcadia.'"

"The king could have told you," says the painter; "he saw it yesterday, and said at once, 'Ay, ay! Death is even in Arcadia!'"

After all, Arcadia would be a sorry, stagnant sort of place without its tombstone. There is so much in life which is death! The fullness of life itself is a sort of death, of change, of absorption. There is death to evil as well as to good, death to pain, to dullness, and to death itself, when, with a sudden uplifting of heart in the fullness of time, Faith and Hope seem at last to overflow the barriers that have imprisoned them.

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## CHAPTER X.

"THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE" FOR 1766.

To read of the times when Miss Angel came to take up her abode among us is like reading the description of a sort of stately ballet or court dance. Good manners had to be *performed* in those days with deliberate dignity. There is a great deal of saluting and snuff-taking, complimenting and exclaiming; people advanced and retreated, bowing to the ground and balancing themselves on their high heels.

With all the dignity, there is also a great deal of noise, shouting, and chattering.



There are runners with torches, splendid footmen in green and golden liveries surrounding my lady's chair.

The King of Denmark is entertained in splendid fashion. The Princess of Brunswick is the heroine of the court journal. Cornelly lights up Soho Square with wax-candles, while highwaymen hang in chains upon the gallows in distant dark country roads. Our young King George is a bridegroom, lately crowned, with this powdered and lively kingdom to rule, and Charlotte Regina to help him.

There are great big coaches encumbering the street. Mr. Reynolds himself drives with painted panels, but Cecilia can still send for a chair when she wishes to be carried to Baker Street. Vauxhall is in its glory, and lights up its bowers. Dr. Burney gives musical parties, at which Piozzi performs. The cards fly in circling packs; the powder puffs rise in clouds; bubbles burst. The vast company journeys on its way. Golden idols are raised; some fall down and worship, others burst out laughing. Some lie resting in their tents, others are weeping in the desert. Pre-eminent among the throngs one mighty shade passes on its way. Is it a pillar of cloud sent to guide the straggling feet of the weary? From the gloom flash rays of light, of human sympathy not unspoken. How many of us, still wandering impatient, might follow that noble hypochondriac, nor be ashamed of our leader! He walks along, uncertain in his gait, striking alternate lamp-posts, an uncouth figure in soiled clothes, splendid-hearted, with generous help for more than one wounded traveler lying helpless by the road. Do we not read how noble Johnson stoops and raises the prostrate form upon his shoulders, and staggers home to his own house? He has not even an ass to help him to bear the burden.

The first time that Angelica saw him she was in her dream of preoccupation and happiness and excitement: were the thieves about her even then? The second time she was alone and in sorrow, breaking her sad heart and despairing. Then came to her the shabby feet bringing good tidings, the deep and truthful voice speaking strange comfort, the kind hands raising her and giving the balm of hope renewed to her bruised soul. Sir Joshua might assist a friend in sorrow, but he could not give comfort, for he did not realize as Johnson did the depths to which a human heart may sink.

Meanwhile Angelica laughs and holds her own. Her thieves (if thieves they are) are well-mannered ones. They pay her compliments, bring her tickets and flowers, invite her to dance and to sing, and to all sorts of pleasant things, and ask to have their portraits taken along with their betters. How was she to know them from her real friends? How was she to believe those who warned

her? Her very power over others blinded her to their faults. She could make people charming and kind by her own gayety of heart and outgoing grace.

She had not seen very much of the worldly world as yet. Every thing was new and full of interest. She watched all the figures go by, but she had no clew by which to form some judgment, and with one accord Angelica's complimentary contemporaries united to dazzle and to blind her. If you had heard the babble of the stream as it passed by Angel's not unwilling ears, the compliments, the half truths, the exaggerations, you would have forgiven her for believing not all but too much of what she heard. Compliments were as much part of the manner of the time as the snuff and the powder puffs.

Miss Burney's diary gives one a specimen of the good-natured exaggeration.

"The sweetest book!" cries Mrs. Thrale; "the most interesting! the most engaging! oh, it beats every other book!" "The most elegant novel I ever read in my life! such a style!" says Lady Saye and Sele. Then Mr. Soame Jenyns breaks forth in a higher strain: "All creation is open to the author; no human being who ever began that book had power to put it down." Even Miss Burney, in her usual modest confusion, feels that this is almost beyond her deserts, and takes refuge with the old housekeeper, who is coming up to the door, and exclaims to her mistress, "Ah, madam, how happy are you to have Minerva in the house!"

Angel was not Minerva only, but all the heathen divinities combined with all the Christian graces—a sort of combination of Muses and Virtues, according to her admirers; of brilliant talent, of frivolity, and heartless flirtation, according to her enemies. And Angelica herself? She never thought about herself, but gratefully accepted kindness, hoped, loved, believed, was happy, was miserable, without much method, innocent and unresenting. Rossi describes Angelica at this time as not very tall in stature, but of slight, well-proportioned figure; she had a dark clear complexion, a gracious mouth, white and equal teeth, well-marked features. Above all, he says, her azure eyes, so placid and so bright, charmed you with an expression it is impossible to write; unless you had known her you could not understand how eloquent were her looks.

"Il Ranolds" painted her, continues old Rossi, and Bartolozzi engraved the picture, and she painted herself many times. Sometimes she painted herself happy and brilliant, sometimes old and sad. There is one picture in the dress of her country, when the dimness of life and its troubles had passed over her path: it is all marked upon her face in sad and noble lines that detract from her beauty.



The house in Charles Street stood in a little park or garden, which had been deserted for many months, while the house was closed, and the inhabitants were basking in brighter horizons than that of Berkeley Square. Lady W. had given Angelica two little rooms on the ground-floor. The larger and darker was to serve as a bedroom; the second, with its glass doors and delicate inlaid chimney, was to be her working place for the present. As soon as she had made her way in the London world, and had earned a little money to start with, she was to be established in a studio of her own; but here for the present Angelica was well content to put up her canvases, and to begin work the very first morning after her arrival. She was not particular, and she could contentedly settle down in one corner or another. If this one had been a little larger, it would have suited her perfectly. The garden itself was green and neatly kept. Lord W. had a turn for such arrangements. There was a sort of terrace walk that ran round the house, and led to the bench beneath the trees. They were shady enough, and flourishing, notwithstanding London smoke. Light mists and drifts from the square passed across the garden. Sometimes bright skies lit up overhead, with a different quiver, indeed, to that thrill of azure life Angel was used to; but they shone as English skies should shine, veiled only by rain-giving clouds and gentle practical mists.

"You must make yourself at home, child," said Lady W., kindly, as she took her into the room. "Call for what you want; Mrs. Betty will attend upon you. You can receive your sitters in this outer room. Your good fairy, you see, has planned it all. Do you think you shall be happy here?" she said, looking at her steadily.

"Yes, indeed!" said Angelica, taking her hand and kissing it gratefully.

"I think you *are* a good creature," said Lady W., with a sort of suppressed sigh. "I know not why I should think so. I have been disappointed over and over again."

So she went away, leaving her poor little *protégée* somewhat perplexed as to what mysterious fidelity was expected of her. I don't believe, to tell the truth, that Lady W. knew very well herself; but, as other people before her, she wished every body to be and to do what she desired for them, and when they, naturally enough, went their own way, she considered herself deceived and disappointed and ill treated by fate. She was not happy with all her possessions. Perhaps for great and small ladies too there is no lesson more difficult to learn than that of being contented and happy with the happiness and interests that happen to fall to each lot. We are willing to accept this event which does not belong to our history,

that friend who does not need our regard, the interest or occupation which is the share of somebody else; but our own talents, it must be confessed, we often gladly put away in their napkins. Lady W. was a mysterious woman. She was good-natured, self-absorbed, wanting she knew not what. She took to people with great fervor for a time; then perhaps her expectations grew unreasonable, and her best and kindest nature being wounded, her selfish and colder feelings came to add to the confusion. It is certainly trying to live with this race of self-made demi-gods and goddesses.

Angelica found that Lady W. meant to leave her very free to lead her own life. Her breakfast was brought to her in her room. Until dinner, which was at three, she had her time absolutely to herself, and the sacrificial rites to vanity were only expected of an evening.

It is certain that a studio has a charm of its own which it is scarcely possible to account for, no matter how shabby, how bare, it may be: there is the easel, the pure light shining upon it; there is the painter reproducing your dream or his.

Angelica's little oval studio was a fit setting for her inspirations. Nymphs seemed to her waiting upon the terraces; heroes were crossing the paved hall or mounting the arched staircase outside that led to Lady W.'s receiving-rooms; and besides these visionary interests, Angelica was not insensible to the pleasures of actual manipulation, to the friendly mesmerism of her brush traveling across the canvas, her colors lying on the palette—to the actual charm of her work, its tools, and practice. Perhaps authors may have the same feeling when they sit down to a convenient table and find the faithful pen that has so patiently attended their flights and falls lying ready for use.

The first morning, however, she could hardly paint for excitement. She tried to turn her mind to her "*Arcadia*," and began to sketch it upon the canvas, but it was in vain: she could not apply; all London seemed to come between her and her tranquillity. To her great relief and satisfaction, the door opened at last, and Lady W. came into the painting-room: "Now, my sweet Kauffman, leave your work," she cried. "Come, child, come! I have ordered the coach. I am dying to take you to call at Mr. Reynolds's." "Sweet Kauffman," without an instant's hesitation, laid down her palette and tripped into the next room to get ready. She found that Mrs. Betty was waiting there by her mistress's orders with a pretty and mysterious garment for Angelica to wear upon this great occasion. The waiting-woman tried it on. The young girl looked at herself in the dim mirror, pushing back her lace. The glass reflected the pretty figure, the black silk shoes.



## CHAPTER XI.

## PAINT.

LADY W. was pleased with Angelica's artless pleasure in her new French hood. But she hurried her impatiently. "He goes out early. Come! do not let us delay. Now it is *my* turn to take you to see pictures." They had not far to go. The great coach turned the corner, crossed Piccadilly, turned up by Leicester Fields, of which the north side was open in those days, and stopped at the door of a very large and stately house. A servant opened to them, then a secretary came up. Lady W. seemed to know him, and called him M. Marchi.

"Mr. Reynolds was not at home; Miss Reynolds was engaged," the servant said. And M. Marchi, in reply to a question, told them that Lord Henry Belmore was not painting there that day.

Lady W., much disappointed, cast a glance at Angelica. "Might we not go in?" said Angelica; and Lady W. immediately agreed, and swept into the hall, desiring the servant to lead them to the studio. The dining-room door was open on one side of the hall, on the other a long broad gallery, carpeted and hung with pictures, led to the studio. There were sofas, and comfortable fires burning: the gallery was evidently used as a sort of sitting-room. There was a spinet in a recess, and a child's doll sitting bolt-upright upon the keys. With shy, curious eyes Angelica looked about, noting every thing with suppressed interest. What dignified personages are these hanging to the walls? A picture was leaning against the back of a chair just outside the studio door, and it attracted Angelica. It was the portrait of a young man in a crimson military coat, with gold embroidery, powdered hair, and a very gentle and charming face.

One or two very noble pictures were suspended on the walls.

"That is Sally Lennox, and that is her cousin," said Lady W., pointing to a figure in a noble composition, in which Juno and the Graces had taken mortal shape, (surely the most graceful and beautiful of that day). Libations were flowing, and tranquil altars to beauty had been raised in shady groves by the courteous painter. As a contrast to this dream, a reality was hanging opposite—the portrait of a man with a squint and a long lean figure, and a saturnine-looking face.

"There is an ugly fellow," cried Angelica, gayly, standing on tiptoe to look. "He is much too ugly to be so well painted. I wonder he does not frighten those beautiful ladies away."

"That, madam, is Mr. Wilkes, the patriot," said the secretary, who had followed them, the man who was an Italian, half secretary, half assistant, to Mr. Reynolds. "This is

the well-known Colonel Barré," he continued, and he pointed out another long lean form, with a military coat and a sloping head.

On the opposite side of the gallery smiled two charming persons, who will hold their graceful place while Sir Joshua's *cera* and *lacca* and *olios*, as he notes them in his diary, still exist. When these particles are dispersed into space, the names of the beautiful actresses will still remain to us associated with the traditions of his art, as charming Mrs. Cline (Clarinda, she writes herself in his list), and Mrs. Abingdon, smiling and gracious, and soothed for the moment from the irritation caused by Garrick's wrongs. "That portrait is a young Mr. André," the attendant went on, pointing to the picture which Angelica had examined; "he has just gone into the army, and it was the coat he was anxious about, more than the face."

The gallery contained most of the pictures. The open door at the end led to the studio. It was a good-sized room, with a window high up in the wall, a high-raised chair for sitters. Angelica entered in some excitement, started eagerly forward. "This light is excellent," she exclaimed. "I never saw it so arranged before. And that is where he paints!" and she went and looked with reverence at the palettes with their wooden handles, at the great pencils with their long stocks, at the high chair where the age came to sit to its painter. Presently she herself jumped up, laughing, into the chair, and she was still perched there when the master of the house himself walked in, and, after one surprised glance, made his obeisance to Lady W.

Lady W. had thrown herself into a graceful attitude, and stood leaning against the side of the step. She bent her head, graciously composed, while Angelica, in some confusion, came down from her high place.

"I have brought you— Guess who this is that I have brought you," Lady W. said, continuing to look so charming herself that the painter could only make her a bow and say,

"You have brought me a vision of Paradise, madam. My poor place seems beautified by such gracious apparitions. I am sorry," he continued, "to have been out when you arrived. I had been sent for to a friend in difficulties, who adds to mine by taking up time that might have been better spent. Was not my sister here to attend on you?"

"Miss Reynolds was not dressed," said the outspoken Marchi. "She begged me to make her excuses. She was in no fit state to appear."

Mr. Reynolds turned away and began to point out the pictures. Angelica looked, listened, and thrilled with heartiest admiration and reverence. Once turning round, the painter caught the expressive flash of her ea-



ger eyes. How different was that language from languid fine-lady criticisms, to which he was now hardened! Something told him (he was quick to read faces) that this was no ordinary visitor. One instant's glance said more than half a dozen commonplaces interchanged. He stopped short as he was walking by Lady W. "You have not yet introduced me to your friend," he said. "Can this be, indeed—" He looked at Angelica curiously and kindly.

"This is my Kauffman, Mr. Reynolds. You have found her out at last. Did I say one word too much?" asked the great lady, smiling. He did not answer directly. Angelica shrugged her shoulders in some slight confusion. She was pleased by the respect with which he addressed her.

"Will you honor me by permitting a visit to your studio to-morrow morning, madam?" said the great painter to the quivering, smiling, charming little painter in her pretty quaint dress. The satin trimmings glistened in the sloping light of the high window. The light just caught her white throat and the pearls Mrs. Betty had looped in her hair. The painter's kind looks seemed also to shine, Angelica thought, and she blushed up with innocent pleasure. Mr. Reynolds accompanied them ceremoniously to the door of his house, and Angel, as she followed, detected a little figure wrapped in a sort of cloak appearing in a doorway. It was a little middle-aged lady, who advanced toward them with a tripping step; then, perhaps seeing Mr. Reynolds was with them, she suddenly vanished again with extraordinary celerity.

"Do not fail us, false man," said Lady W., holding up her mitten. Then she asked casually whether Lord Henry had shown Mr. Reynolds his last attempt. "Shocking daubs, are they not?" she said, with a sort of forced laugh; but the painter answered gravely that there was merit in them not to be passed over.

"There! is he not charming?" cried Lady W., as they drove off in the great coach. "I told you so! it is decreed in the book of Fate. You need not look so innocent, child." All the way back Lady W. was her brightest and most charming self.

All that afternoon and evening she loaded her protégée with kindness, with pretty speeches. Lady Di, who was a good woman at heart, but not more perfect than her neighbors, began to feel even more provoked and indignant than usual. Angelica, who had tried in vain to conciliate her, accepted all this homage in good part, and at every fresh compliment looked with childish glee to see how Diana frowned. Then came Lord Henry, joining in with Lady W. and echoing her words. He called himself a passionate admirer of art, and it was from him that Lady W. had learned to take so great an in-

terest in pictures, although it must be confessed that under his distinguished guidance her taste lay more in the direction of pastels and miniature-work and copies from great masters than in the works of great men themselves.

Mr. Reynolds walked across Berkeley Square, and found the two ladies of the house standing looking out by the gate of the park. "Miss Kauffman is at home in her painting-room; come this way," said Lady W. "Let us take her by surprise. You can enter by the glass door." The surprise was very short, for Angelica was listening to every footstep. Once she thought Mr. Reynolds had come, but it was only Lord Henry Belmore, who, rather to her annoyance, asked leave to wait in her studio for Lady W., with whom he was going out. She let him sit down where he would, and went on with her painting. Then came more steps on the terrace and voices, and Angelica looked up, blushed, and sprang to open the window.

This time she saw the person she was waiting for so impatiently. Mr. Reynolds came forward, dressed in his velvet coat, and with a bag wig. He was of middle size, and looked young for his age. He was a little deaf, but in those days in *tête-à-tête* he needed no trumpet. His clear eyes shone with placid benevolence under their falling lids. He had scarred lips, mobile and sensitive. His voice was singularly pleasant.

"Here is a friend," said Lady W., as they all came in. Then her voice changed. "Henry, you here? We were waiting for you outside."

"Surely you told me to come to the studio," said Lord Henry. Then he stepped up, and seemed trying to conciliate, and the two walked off into the garden.

"How long had he been here?" Lady Di asked.

"A long time," said Angelica. "Ten minutes—more, for I repainted the heel of my Cupid's little foot."

"And you evidently suffered from his vicinity," said Mr. Reynolds, smiling, "for your picture is charming, but you will have again to repaint your Cupid's foot."

Lady Diana gave a scornful sort of laugh.

Miss Angel blushed up indignantly.

"Do you really mean it? I assure you I was not thinking of any thing but my work. I hoped that the little foot was rightly turned."

"I wonder," said Mr. Reynolds, "if you will pardon me for speaking sincerely? I should think—I am convinced that you will not recommend any painter of real talent ever to attempt to work without a model. Some of the French school maintain that it is better to trust to one's own inspiration, but there I can not agree."



Angelica, who had expected compliments, was slightly disappointed at the turn conversation had taken, but for the sake of argument she attempted to contradict Mr. Reynolds, then suddenly she burst out laughing at her own childishness, and apologized with deprecating blue eyes, knowing that people always forgave her when she looked them in the face.

"I can only speak from my own experience," said Mr. Reynolds, smiling kindly. "Mr. Stothard, I believe, uses no models. I may be wrong;" and he began examining the other sketches in the room with expressions of warm admiration.

Lady Diana stood by all this time. It was now her turn to be vexed. She said to herself that Angelica was a vulgar flirt, and that Mr. Reynolds was a vain dupe; and then this odd woman, reproaching herself for secret feelings that she dared not express, said, suddenly, in her loudest and most disagreeable voice, "Because Miss Kauffman has well-shaped eyes it does not follow that you should deny what you know to be true, Mr. Reynolds; her pictures are out of drawing; it is all very pretty and sentimental, but quite false to nature."

Mr. Reynolds disliked anything approaching to a scene, and turned quietly away and began to examine her sketch of Arcadia. "I have been at work for double the time that your friend has lived," he said, "and I have not yet been able to attain the truth of line that we all aspire to. My admiration and respect for Miss Kauffman's work are too sincere for me to hesitate to declare what seems to me to be its excellence, or what in it might still further be improved." Then he stopped and went back to the first picture again. "Correctness of eye is only to be acquired by long habit. When any thing is properly made our own it becomes part of ourselves, and operates unperceived. We may thus exercise a kind of instinctive rectitude of mind which will supersede all rules." He spoke quietly, continuing on purpose to give Angelica time to recover from Lady Di's unprovoked attack. He was as much annoyed with her as was possible to a man of his gentle and controlled nature. The tears of vexation shining in Angel's eyes did not mend matters or soften him toward her adversary; but with some sudden brightness and effort Angelica brushed them away unaffectedly, and said,

"Thank you, Mr. Reynolds; you have now given me heart again; and in truth Lady Diana is not the first person who has warned me of my defects. But the others warned me from kindness—and so did you," said the girl, turning suddenly to Lady Di. She could not bear to say an unkind word.

"It was from no kindness," said Lady Di, turning pale. "You are quite right. People should forbear to speak unless they are

in sympathy with those they would criticize, not even though the picture is out of drawing;" and she walked out of the room.

Before Mr. Reynolds left he fixed a day for their next meeting, and asked leave to paint Miss Angel's portrait.

## CHAPTER XII.

### PENNELLO VOLANTE.

ANGELICA wrote long happy letters to her father in her uncle Michael's farm. When was he coming? was Antonio with him? was he not rejoiced at his child's good fortune?

Happy as she was, she missed him sadly at times, and longed for his paternal sympathy and advice and help.

She had visited many painters, she told him, M. Cipriani among the rest; but chief of all was Mr. Reynolds, the first painter in the town. "He has his own peculiar manner," writes Angelica; "his portraits are almost historical. He has a flying brush" (*un pennello volante*), "and a great knowledge of *chiar-oscuro*."

Then she told her father of all the kind things people said. Mr. Reynolds himself had asked her to paint his portrait. Those she had executed had already given satisfaction. Lady W. had promised her letters to the Duchess of Argyle. The great and talented Mrs. Damer had promised to sit. She had heard that the queen herself had asked with interest concerning her. "Mr. Reynolds was the kindest, the most untiring friend. I might, indeed, think too much of his kindness," wrote Angelica, "but that I have vowed to think only of my art, and have closed my heart to all other passions." There is a little paper still in existence which the girl wrote one night in a thoughtful mood: "Not easily shall I bind myself. Rome is ever in my thoughts: the Holy Spirit will direct me." It was a habit of hers to write upon little slips of paper little sentiments straight from her heart. Then she wrote again, detailing more and more success. The Princess of Brunswick was in London at this time, and had ordered a portrait of Angelica herself, and this picture had procured her the honor of a visit from the Princess of Wales, the mother of the king. Such an honor had never before been done to any painter, writes Angelica; and now she may think of a home for her dear to come to; now she may begin to see her way clearly established. Her letters at this time, says Rossi, are those of a person at the summit of tranquillity and joy. She tells her father of a proposition of marriage and of her refusal (it was soon after this that M. Fuseli left London and went abroad). But notwithstanding



these letters, John Joseph still delayed. Poor Antonio was in despair. In vain he urged and entreated him to start for England. He could not afford to wait any longer for the obstinate old man.

Angelica, who had felt somewhat forlorn at times, always brightened up after a talk with Mr. Reynolds. He spoke with all Antonio's directness and sympathy, and with authority as well. They had many long talks together. She enjoyed her sittings very much, and told him openly of all her concerns, in which he took unfailing interest.

She had been longing for some word of protective admonition; she had an instinctive desire for protection; it was as necessary to her as liberty. Mr. Reynolds seemed to give her more sense of ease by his few kind words than did all the compliments and adulations to which she was now so used. Sometimes unduly excited about her work, sometimes utterly depressed and hopeless, the bracing sense of the truth as it struck another person's mind came to her with an unspeakable relief, not the partial truth of adverse criticism, which is always hard to bear, but the considerate judgment of one so high in authority, of a person qualified to speak.

And for him was it not a new world of happiness to have such a sitter, bringing new life, light, and color into his hard-working life? "Miss Angel—Fiori." Is not this written in that book of fate, his diary for the year? The flowers were for her birthday. Lady W. had promised to sup in Leicester Fields that evening after the play. "Mr. Reynolds and the rest all join us here," said Lady W. "Make yourself beautiful, my Angel, and do not be late."

She was glad that he was expected, and she went to dress with a light heart, feeling that friends were true, life was worth living, and even dress worth dressing. Miss Angel spared no pains in her attire that evening, and had shown her art in a sacque and petticoat of white silk, resembling network—not unlike that one worn by Mrs. Nollekens at her wedding. It was shot with gray and embroidered with rose-buds. The deep and pointed stomacher was pinked and gimped. The sleeves of this dress closely fitted the arm to a little below the elbow, from which hung three point lace ruffles. Her neckerchief was of point, and confined by a bunch of rose-buds, and the three rows of pearls were tied with a narrow white satin ribbon behind. They were Roman pearls, but not the less becoming to her slender throat.

Her hair was piled over a cushion (cushions were rising in favor steadily year by year).

She wore a small cap of point lace to correspond with her ruffles. Her shoes were

of the same material as her dress, with Bristol spangles and heels three inches high. She came in smiling and laughing, in her wildest spirits, prepared to enjoy, and to admire, and to be admired, if the truth must be confessed.

As she entered the room she saw a figure standing against the light. "Is that you, Mr. Reynolds?" she said, for she was still thinking of him. "Have you been waiting long?" Mr. Reynolds was fond of speaking Italian, and often used that language, but this deep, angry voice was very unlike his gentle tones:

"I have been waiting for many weeks, and you are not yet ready for me, I see." Surely that was not Mr. Reynolds; and some one slipped out of the shadow, and Angelica uttered a little exclamation, for Antonio's dark eyes were flashing at her, angry, happy, suspicious, melting at the sight of her again, frowning at her greeting. For one minute she was herself enchanted to see her old companion; she clapped her hands and darted up to him with a glad exclamation: "Antonio! Antonio! who thought of seeing you! My father, where is he?"

Zucchi was silent for one instant, looking at her admiringly. He had never dreamed of her in such beauty and brilliance: but was it indeed Angelica? "I have broken my promise, Angelica; I have come without your father," he said at last. "But it was in vain I urged him. I should have lost my year's work had I waited longer. I left him ten days ago at Morbegno; he is well, and well cared for. He will come, he says, when you are in your own house."

"So much for your promises!" cried Angel, bitterly disappointed, and unjust to poor Antonio. "You have left him, poor dear! Who is one to trust if I can not trust you, who are always warning one against others; you, who—"

The door opened as she was speaking, still eager and excited, and a servant announced Mr. Reynolds, and, almost immediately after, Lord Henry Belmore and M. Fuseli. Lady W. affected an artistic society. She had met the young painter with the lion head not long before, and taken to him, perhaps, among other reasons, because she had been somewhat piqued by his indifference.

Mr. Reynolds was in full dress. He wore his red velvet court suit and his sword. He came up, carrying the flowers he had ordered in the morning, and presented them with a little compliment full of *bonhomie* and grace. The expression of his face was very kind as he bent before the young deity at whose shrine they all seemed to lay down their arms. As Mr. Reynolds stepped forward, Angelica's passing anger was distracted. She had forgotten it all; but Antonio's heart sank with gloomy apprehension. Her



anger had pained him less than her pleasure now did. Was ever any one so absurd, so proud, so sensitive, as this shabby little painter?

Not Mr. Reynolds in all his glory, not Angelica, radiant and supreme, could guess the depths of that curious nature. Angelica might have understood him if she had had time or wish to do so; but she was pre-occupied, impatient; her beautiful silk dress rustled at every step; her many lovers and friends were all arriving, saluting, talking, and calling her away. The door kept opening and admitting first one person and then another. Lady W. made her state entry, followed by my lord in his blue ribbon. Zucchi saw some of the people present glance at him with surprise; and when the lady of the house entered, her look of inquiry and amazement might have disconcerted a far more experienced man of the world than Zucchi.

"This is my old friend Antonio Zucchi," said Angelica, coming forward, with her quick, familiar voice; "he came to bring me news of my father, dearest lady." Then she turned to him more constrainedly, for Lady W.'s somewhat haughty stare was still upon Antonio. "You must come to-morrow morning when I am alone, Antonio, and then we will talk over our business;" and she held out her hand.

"Our business!" said Antonio, coldly. "I have no business. I came as a friend to see you. It is time I should retire and leave you to your acquaintance," and he bowed to Lady W., not without dignity, and then to Angel.

"Will not your friend honor me to-night with his company at supper?" said Mr. Reynolds, always courteous and considerate of others, and he came forward as he spoke.

Antonio stiffly declined, made him a haughty bow, and was gone. Once outside, he could control himself no longer. As he ran down stairs he impatiently struck his hand upon his head, muttering something like "False! false!" to himself. He did not even see Lady Diana, who passed him on her way to join the company, and heard his words. As she opened the door she was shocked and revolted by Angelica's gay burst of laughter. Her first feeling had certainly been that of present relief. Every body looked more at ease as Antonio left the room, and the voices rose. But although Antonio was gone, he still seemed present to Angelica in some mysterious way. Diana did not know that her good spirits were partly caused by his coming. A little later on and Angelica became a little *distracte*, and it was the Kauffman, and not Mr. Reynolds, who begged for a repetition of M. Fuseli's question. What were they all talking about? The new erection in the king's gardens at Kew, the Chinese

tower, designed by Chambers, and costing ever so many thousands.

"I can not say I admire it," said Mr. Reynolds. "We are dwellers in London, and not at Pekin."

"But we drink Bohea out of China cups; we wear brocades and crapes from China," said Angelica; and she held up one of the long loose sleeves.

"And we, madam, are certain to be charmed by any thing you choose to wear or to do," said Mr. Reynolds, bowing again; "but you did not erect the Chinese tower."

## CHAPTER XIII.

### HAMLET.

MR. GARRICK was acting Hamlet that evening in powder and court dress, facing the infinite in a periwig, and treading the great globe of life in paste shoe-buckles. There was something magnetic in the night, misty as it was with vapors inclosing the theatre, and creeping in from outer doorways, and veiling the brilliant charms of the ladies present, the rouge on their cheeks, the pretty crimsoned lips. Then the great play itself seemed to spread and spread and drive out all other impressions. It was not only on the stage that it was being acted.

Garrick was not generally liked in the part of Hamlet; but to-night the place seemed to grow and grow, to become the life of those human beings all assembled there. They were come together to see a play, to laugh at one another and make signs, and to admire and criticise, but they remained to listen to the secret of their lives unfolded.

Garrick's faithful adorer, Miss Hannah More, sat palpitating in a box by Mrs. Garrick's side.

Zucchi was in the pit. He knew none of the people there. He was looking for one face which had not yet appeared.

In a stage-box sat the shabby and noble figure of a man with a scarred and benevolent countenance, and by his side an intelligent little ferrety person, peeping forward to get a better view of the audience. "They come, Sir," he said; "the whole party; they have secured two excellent boxes. There is Mr. Reynolds and Fuseli, and there is the fair observed of all observers, Miss Angelica. Mr. Reynolds has not invited me to sup with him to-night. I hear he is giving a great festivity. You, of course, are privileged."

"There is no privilege, Sir, in being admitted to a house where friendship has established a right of way," said the big shabby man. "But to-night I shall refrain. Mr. Reynolds is not unbiased by the transient influences of those inferior to him in intellect. Miss is far more reliable. *She* would make my tea undisturbed by any circumstances."



Mr. Boswell was craning to get a good view of the "transient influences" now surrounding Mr. Reynolds. Lovely, smiling, splendid, Lady W. had never looked more stately and beautiful than she did that night. Her charm seemed diffused somehow; and she and Angelica sat opposite, like two mirrors reflecting one another. A summer and spring blooming in brightness. Their fans waved; the flowers seemed to fill the box. Even Lady Di looked her best.

Mr. Boswell then discovered Dr. Burney and his daughters in another part of the theatre. "Mrs. Thrale should not have been absent on such a night as this," he remarked. Dr. Johnson again rebuked him, and Mr. Boswell, as usual, listened with the greatest attention and deference, sometimes giving a start as if to add emphasis to his respect.

The play began, and even Dr. Johnson was silent.

In great acting there is some subtle measure impossible to describe, some time passing in certain harmony; and that night, when Hamlet stood upon the stage, a mysterious intelligence not to be explained seemed certainly and at once to flash between him and his audience. The plain commonplace-looking man became instantly and without effort the master of all those splendid people who were watching him. It was as if he were the pulse that flowed through their veins. This hour was his own, as this mood was his to which he gave the note, the time, the life almost. How nobly he stands listening while the poor ghost moans its awful plaint! Hamlet's beautiful voice seemed to strike home to every heart when he answered in clear, tranquil tones. Then rise passion and remorse, and woes thicken as the play goes on; the notes come full and dull with passion, and the words seem to break bounds and jar and clang.

Is the noble prince maddened as he turns in heart-scorn, rending, and railing at all those he has loved and trusted? Through this storm of shaken life comes poor Ophelia, wandering forlorn and helpless. Mrs. Addington was not acting that night, but a young actress whose utter simplicity and sweetness touched them all.

"I did love you once," said Hamlet.

"Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so!" says Ophelia.

"Get thee to a nunnery!" he cries, remorseless, carried far, far beyond the mood of love, but tender still even in this moment when a swerving finite nature is suddenly brought to face the infinite truth. It lies between them, awful, inevitable. The scene was so tender, so inexpressibly sad and despairing, it raised all the audience out of their petty chatter and racket of snuff-boxes. Miss Hannah More burst into tears.

Was some great power alive among them all, and speaking by the mouth of this little man? It was a relief to every one when every-day came in once more. The players distract the jarred soul, and bring it back for an hour into common words and daily life again.

"Mr. Garrick outdoes himself to-night," said Mr. Boswell.

"Sir," said his tutor, "you mean that Garrick outdoes your preconceived opinion of his powers. He has played his part with memory. He is a good repeater of other men's words." But when Mr. Reynolds came into the box presently and made some slight objection to some part of Hamlet's performance, the old man rose up in wrath.

"Let me tell you, Sir, that David is a genius; his fame is prodigious; his excellence as an actor is universally acknowledged; he is more likely to be correct than you are. He leaves nothing to chance; every gesture, every word, is studied in his closet."

Mr. Reynolds did not stay to argue the matter, although he has left a record of some such dialogue with his old friend. To-night he was in haste to return to his companions.

Angelica had scarcely recovered from her emotion when Mr. Reynolds returned to his place by her side. It was not only Miss Hannah More whose tears had flowed that evening. For little Angelica, the doom of inevitable seemed to strike her for almost the first time. The knell sounded in her ears. Poor Ophelia's story seemed so unutterably sad! "How could he leave her?" she said; "oh, how could he?" And she turned to Mr. Reynolds, and then laughed, and tried to wipe away her tears. "I am ashamed," she sobbed, all confused. "Might I retire to the back of the box?" She moved her chair as she spoke.

Both Mr. Reynolds and M. Fuseli came forward, and each on either side held out a hand to assist her.

Angelica half laughed, and looked from one to the other gayly through her passing tears. She put out her two little hands, and raised herself with the help of both the gentlemen.

Some one in the pit who had been looking on turned very pale and made an indignant movement.

"How angry that man looks!" said a casual spectator to his companion. "Is he not a countryman of yours, M. Cipriani?"

"My countrymen are apt to look angry when they are vexed," said M. Cipriani, who was a dark-eyed man, with a long nose, and brown face full of refinement and intelligence. "Your countrymen take life more calmly, Mr. Nollekens," he added, laughing.

"That man was frowning at the Kauffman up among her fine birds. My heart!



how she is carrying on with Mr. Reynolds!" said Mr. Nollekens.

"She is of a gay and innocent temper, and thinks not of evil tongues," said M. Cipriani, kindly. "She has real talent. She brought me some drawings yesterday."

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### IN THE FLITTING OF A MOMENT.

ALL the house in Leicester Fields was lighted up ready to receive them, and for once Mr. Reynolds had given them special orders that every thing was to be prepared for his guests' comfort. I think it was on this occasion that the new dinner-service was ordered in, and the cut glass which is mentioned in history.

He thought more of the eyes than the palate, and Miss Reynolds was of too timid and anxious a disposition to order the occasional chaos of the house upon her own responsibility.

Mr. Reynolds stood by the fire behind Angelica's chair while the supper was going on. Mr. and Mrs. Garrick were to have come, but Garrick was tired after his performance. He had spoken in epilogue, had taken them all by surprise. Not one of them had recognized him in the clownish countryman who came in with a spade under his arm.

Mrs. Garrick herself had been wondering who it could be, when her little dog suddenly began to wag his tail as he lay concealed on her lap, and then she knew that though they were deceived, Flash had discovered his master. It was M. Fuseli who told the little story, with which Lady Di was enchanted. Lord Henry seemed to think it would be a subject for Mr. Reynolds's pencil.

"Does your lordship mean the little dog's tail?" said Angel, laughing.

Lady W. frowned; she did not like Lord Henry's suggestion to be lightly taken.

Angelica was in a curious excited condition that night; she was unlike her usual self—placidly cheerful, easily pleased with the history of life as it reached her. Hamlet had stirred the very depths of her heart. Then came the reaction of outer things, the compliments, the admiration; the scent of the flowers seemed to rise into her brain, the lights dazzled, the talk carried her away.

M. Fuseli made no secret of his devotion. If Mr. Reynolds was more reserved in his manifestations of interest, it was not that he felt less. She felt that he was with her all along. He threw in a word from time to time, attended quietly to her wants. Lord Henry, who was also somewhat excited, filled up Lady W.'s glass, and said,

"Shall we drink a toast to the beauty and living Muses among us?"

"Let us rather drink to our rivals," said Mr. Reynolds, smiling and bowing to Angelica.

M. Fuseli cried out that he would not drink such a toast. "I shall drink my toast in silence," he said; and he also looked at Angelica.

"Drink what toasts you will," cried Miss Angelica, starting up from table with a gay laugh; "I shall go and enjoy a different feast."

She walked across the room and across the long passage into the studio, of which the great doors were open. Her heart was still beating. She was treading upon air. She was standing looking at a lovely picture on Mr. Reynolds's easel, when she heard a step on the polished floor, and looking round hastily, saw that her host had also left the supper-table and come in search of her. He had come yielding to the impulse of the moment, and for once in his tranquil life carried away by the influence of something that seemed stronger than himself and that habit of self-control by which he justly set such store.

Angelica had become a painter again, as people do who have two lives to lead. She was looking at the picture, and for a moment she had forgotten the painter in wondering at the breadth and depth and grace of that lovely combination of color, of feeling, of flowing ease.

It was no depth of "divine despair" that overmastered her now, as when she had gazed at the great triumphant Titian in the gallery at Venice. It was with some sort of hope that she could look and admire and try to realize the simple mystery of this new master's art.

The picture happened to be the full-length portrait of the beautiful Lady Elizabeth Kepple, represented as a bride-maid sacrificing to Hymen. The sad fate of this lady excited much feeling at the time.

She married Lord Tavistock, who was killed by a fall from his horse not long afterward. His young wife died of a broken heart, and was mourned in all the odes and elegies of the day.

Is there any sign of this sad coming shadow in the lovely, radiant picture before which Angelica stands in the old attitude, bird-like, pensive?

It is the old attitude, but I am not sure that Antonio was not right, and that the shabby green gown was not more becoming than the delicate silk and rose-bud embroideries. But dress was certainly one of her special gifts, and what she wore became a part of herself. It is just as characteristic of some other women to be beautiful notwithstanding their clothes.

"I am trying to find out what charms you use, Mr. Reynolds, in this beautiful, wonderful picture. I think you breathe upon the



canvas, and will the life into your creations. I can not account for the result you attain to in any other way."

He did not answer immediately. Then he smiled. "The only incantations I have used here are a little color and oil mixed with magilp," he said, "and a coat of varnish, dear lady. Perhaps, while you are in the room," he repeated, "my poor works may seem to breathe for a few minutes; but that is your doing, not mine. You must know," he added, with some change of voice, "what a difference *your* coming makes to this house and to its master, who also comes to life in your presence, I think. Can you not understand me?" he said. "Can you not guess what, if I dared, if I were so presumptuous as to form a hope, that hope would be?"

Angelica was beginning to understand this earnest gaze, this grave, emphatic manner. Lady W. had prophesied and prophesied, and Mr. Reynolds had given hints before now, and her own heart had sometimes spoken; his beautiful pictures had spoken a hundred times; and suddenly Miss Angel turned round in not unrelenting consternation and excitement. With a sort of flashing thought she pictured all future possibilities to herself. Was this quiet, tranquil gentleman her future husband? Was this great lighted house her home?

Then she thought of her father. She seemed to see him comfortably installed in this sumptuous and comfortable haven.

She had wandered off into this day-dream, and almost forgotten Mr. Reynolds, who was standing patiently watching the bright expression of that smiling face. Alas! as she smiled his heart failed. He could read faces: that was his trade. Good-will he read upon those smiling lips, enthusiasm in those blue eyes, but not one melting gleam of personal tenderness and feeling, not one relenting emotion of heart-felt response, not one answer to his own strange, unexpected throb of heart. "I am presumptuous," he said; "and yet I must persist in my presumption. Dear lady, tell me do you understand me? Can similarity of taste and feeling, and my deep and heart-felt homage, which will never be less sincere than now, whatever your answer may be, stand you in the place of those many gifts in which I know I am deficient?"

Angelica blushed up crimson, and suddenly began to tremble. Mr. Reynolds felt his own agitation growing almost beyond his control. He turned away to recover and to regain his calm. As he turned away Angelica looked after him with grateful eyes. Antonio would say she had sold herself for money. No, no; if she accepted him, it would not be for any sordid reason. He must not think such reasons influenced her.

"But, Mr. Reynolds, you have your art.

Is she not your mistress?" said Angelica, coquettishly.

"You know my infirmity: I did not catch your meaning," said Mr. Reynolds, immediately coming back; and when Angelica repeated her sentence, which certainly was scarcely worth the trouble of repeating, he replied, in answer:

"Art may be a mistress that we painters must be content to worship with a hopeless passion. She can not be a wife, an equal, a living friend and helper, answering to the need of our human hearts."

His tone was so simple that it touched Angel very much.

"But why did you, then, think of me, Mr. Reynolds?" said she, with a slight quiver.

If Angelica answered flippantly, it was not because she did not feel his words, but because some instinctive honesty prevented her from letting him imagine that she had any deeper feeling than that which she really experienced. Compared to *his*, her own feeling seemed so slight, so worthless, that she was ashamed. She stood looking at him gratefully, with one of her azure looks.

"If I marry, as I suppose I must," she said, "I fear my husband will have to be content with a second place—with a third," she went on, looking down and clasping the little velvet at her wrist; "for I have my father's happiness to think of as well as my own. Believe me, Mr. Reynolds," she said, smiling gayly, "it will be vastly more sensible to leave things as they are."

Miss Angel had been honest, but I think, woman-like, she intended him not to be content with such an indefinite answer.

He did not quiver or show much change of manner when Angelica gave him her bright, saucy denial, and yet to him it seemed far more definite than she had any idea of. Reynolds went on quietly talking—so quietly that Angelica asked herself in amazement whether she had dreamed that he had proposed. He showed her one or two pictures, explained what pigments he had used for them, and when Lady W. came in from the supper-room with expressive looks and eyes directed curiously upon the two, he waited till she joined them, asked her opinion of his picture, quietly included her in the conversation, and then walked away with her.

Angelica stood by the picture, looking after them in a strange and undecided state of mind. She watched Lady W.'s silk dress shining, and Mr. Reynolds's sword swinging as he walked; then they joined some of the company, and a burst of laughter reached Angel, standing alone by the great easel. All the pictures seemed looking at her reproachfully. "What have you done? why have you vexed our good master?" they said. "How kind he was! how considerate! how



manly were his words! what a true gentleman he is in all his ways! What have you done? why did you do it?"

Little Miss Reynolds came flitting through the rooms, looking for a handkerchief she had dropped. She found Angel still alone in the studio, and exclaimed, in surprise, "Alone! Bless me, my dear! how is this? What has happened? Has Joshua made the offer? With all his faults, child, he will make a good and faithful husband."

"Did he tell you?" said Angel, bewildered, and longing for sympathy.

"Tell me! Not he, child. He is as mum as the church steeple to me. Sisters play a small part in men's lives. So he has done it, hey? You need not fear telling me. I understand it all. Don't cry, my dear; don't cry. I have no doubt you spoke very prettily, and I'm sure I don't know where he could find a sweeter wife," said the little old maid, looking at her with kind eyes.

### A DREAM.

THE early moonlight, faint and meek,  
Fell in white lines across her bed,  
And turned to gems on lash and cheek  
The tears that had but now been shed.  
Sleep, coming with the shadows, brought  
A slow relief from grievous thought.

It dulled the present sharp distress,  
The sense of loss too hard to bear,  
The haunting thought of loneliness,  
The imminence of untried care.  
She lost remembrance of the pain  
That dawn would surely bring again.

She lost the world; so, tardily,  
Another consciousness was born.  
And then she dreamed that she was free,  
Wandering beyond her life, forlorn;  
And soul and body still were wed,  
Although it seemed that she was dead.

Some mighty power, unseen and strong,  
Had cast her in an angry sea.  
She strove to breast its billows long;  
And, as she struggled wearily,  
She saw a low black line of shore,  
With lights upon it, just before.

And, striving still more urgently,  
She almost reached the wished-for land;  
Then a great wave rose in the sea,  
And bore her over rocks and strand;  
Rolled back, and left her there, alone  
And helpless in a land unknown.

But while she lay there, torn and bruised,  
And dripping with the chilly brine,  
She seemed to see, with sense confused,  
The darkness round about her shine,  
To feel a touch that charmed all pain  
From broken frame and weary brain.

And One bent near with pitying face,  
So grave, so gentle, and so sweet,  
So full of promise and of grace,  
She smiled while lying at His feet—  
As homesick children, home once more,  
Forget the grief that came before.

He led her to the inner land—  
The night was hard beset by day—  
She was content to hold His hand.

(It seemed there were no words to say,  
Because she understood so well  
Whatever there could be to tell.)

She saw the place was glad and bright,  
With welcome strangeness heaven-fraught;  
She had not known it by the sight,  
And yet it was not new to thought:  
All happy living things were there,  
Refined, to suit a finer air.

A little bird flew from above  
And softly lit upon her head;  
She knew it for a petted dove  
She loved in childhood—long since dead;  
The Christ smiled, as she spoke its name,  
And said, "We kept it till you came."

And there were flowers and trees and sky—  
All wraiths of olden memory:  
Each tiny detail, far and nigh,  
With some past beauty did agree.  
The Christ said, "See! they are the same;  
We kept them for you till you came."

Then suddenly she heard a voice  
Like some dear well-remembered song;  
It made her very heart rejoice  
At comfort it had wanted long.  
She knew, ere sight could satisfy,  
He she had mourned for stood close by.

Again her radiant Leader smiled—  
The smile told more than words could say;  
"You needed not to mourn, my child,  
For God keeps all He takes away."  
Again He said, "They are the same;  
He kept them for you till you came."

Then lived a joy that naught can tell;  
Delight that filled infinity;  
Love, with no former parallel,  
And utter peace that heaven made free.  
But, breaking through this glimpse of grace,  
A murmur seemed to fill the place.

The vision faded, passed away,  
And left the darkness blank and old;  
She saw the light of dawning day  
Far in the east. The air was cold;  
The cock's shrill warning of the sun  
Told of another day begun.



## Editor's Easy Chair.

THE recent reception of a liberal English statesman at a fine club-house in New York was the occasion of a note, in a neat Italian hand, which the Easy Chair received, asking if it could clearly explain why the English gentleman and brother finds it so difficult in this country to conform to the conventions of dress. Of all people, says the writer of the note, the English are the most formally conventional in regard to dress, and yet when they are here they constantly shock us with their negligence, or ignorance, or contemptuousness. "On the occasion to which I refer, the guest of the evening explained that he had totally misunderstood the character of the assembly. He had supposed it to be a meeting of gentlemen at a political club, and he had come as he would have gone to a London club." In this case, then, it was a mere misunderstanding, and a natural one; and how easy such misunderstandings of social forms and conventions are upon all sides, and even in this happy land, may be seen in the fact that on one occasion when a club in New York proposed to honor a member of Parliament by a reception, its cards invited the guests to meet the Honorable John Smith, which would have been the usual form in speaking of a member of Congress, but was wholly an error when applied to a member of Parliament. The Easy Chair therefore submits to its enlightened correspondent that if it was strange in the one case that the British statesman should mistake the proper costume, it was equally strange in the other that a club of American gentlemen should mistake the proper title of their guest.

But while the erudite Herr Teufelsdröckh has mystically expounded the philosophy of dress, a little careful observation or inquiry will save every man and woman who is interested in the matter all chagrin. It is true, as the correspondent says, that the British convention in dress, as in so many other things of greater moment, is absolute and inflexible. Herr Teufelsdröckh cites from Bulwer's *Pelham*, a sacred book, as he says, of the dandiacal sect, the solemn truth that it is permitted to mankind, under certain restrictions, to wear white waistcoats. But he could now truly say of the same sect, including in the term all British "good society," that it is incumbent upon mankind to wear white cravats at dinner. This necessity, indeed, sometimes occasions ludicrous incidents, for British good society requires that its butlers and waiters wear white cravats also. At a large and solemn "party" an inexperienced American, who was looking for a waiter, in despair at all the grave and respectable persons in black clothes and white cravats that surrounded him, turned suddenly upon his neighbor and asked, "I beg your pardon, Sir, but are you the waiter?" And the grave neighbor gravely responded, "No, Sir, I am not; are you?"

The same fate that imposes the dress suit and the white cravat at dinner and in the evening, requires that the sober man of business shall go down town in the morning in a black frock-coat. The eccentricities of shooting-jackets and cut-aways and all the fancy coats are for the country exclusively. Upon his paternal acres or under his ancestral oaks, in the Highlands or upon his travels,

the Englishman of the dandiacal sect may wear colored coats and knickerbockers, if he will, and every excess in cravats is permissible. This is a rule in that sect so exact that if a member is seen in the street in London in a fancy coat, it is at once assumed that he is on his way to or from the train, just going to the country or arriving from it. These habits are to "good society," or the sect in question, like the laws of nature. The members conform without thought, as they do to the law of gravity. Consequently, when the conditions are changed, as in a foreign country—let us say, for instance, that land known to Englishmen as "the States"—they are bewildered, and, without intention and without knowledge, they seem to be the most eccentric of mortals, and they are fortunate if they are not considered to be affronting the genius of our institutions, as Mrs. Trollope mentions that the spectator in the dress circle at the theatre who sat between the acts upon the front of the box with his back to the pit was roundly hissed as insulting the majesty of the people.

It is not many years since a young Englishman of the bluest blood, who had come out to hunt the buffalo, seemed to expect to find them in every dining-room into which he was asked. He appeared at dinners of ceremony in checked trowsers and extraordinary cravats and indescribable coats and heavy shoes, while the native beaux and belles, irreproachably attired, looked at the guest of honor in amazement, uncertain whether to laugh or to swell with indignation. Had he been asked to a similar dinner in London, he would have gone in full dandiacal costume, and without a thought. It was foolish to suppose he meant to insult his host and the company here, and the favorite explanation of his conduct was that he was a young British pachyderm, and did probably confound people with buffalo. So also when Lady Clara Vere de Vere came over to see us, her disregard of the *convenances* of dress was extremely distressing to the American cousin. Staying at a hospitable and refined house, she asked if they were to dress for dinner, and being told that full dress was not indispensable, she appeared in a kind of morning wrapper. Herr Teufelsdröckh would say that the British lion is not naturally a dressing animal, or tactful, or flexible of mind, and that when once he lost the ruts of routine he was utterly lost and floundered hopelessly.

Yet, again, how much excuse there is for him when once abroad in the American wilds! In a country where dinner is always an evening ceremony, as with the sect that we are considering, we may paraphrase the touching line of the poem which assures us that "her heart and morning broke together," and say that "the sun and frock-coat set together." When the sun sets, no Englishman of the sect feels safe until he is in a white cravat and all that belongs to it. "There is safety," says Teufelsdröckh, "in a swallow-tailed coat." But what shall he do when the laws of nature are disregarded or reversed? The best of men may land from the ship and go to dine with an American family in a country where dinner is a shifting feast. They will, of course, array themselves in the garments which



nature seems to prescribe: such is the force of custom. But if, as is very possible, they do not find the host so arrayed, and if after dinner other friends drop in, who have dined, indeed, but whose coats and cravats offer no evidence of the fact, what are the best of men to do? If they are invited to take tea in another house, they will properly reason that "dress" is not expected. But if, upon presenting themselves in brogans and Tweed coats, they encounter a select circle of swallow-tails and white cravats, they can have no recourse but to invoke the shade of the lamented Mrs. Beeton, and pray for light in a dark world.

A noted Englishman relates with what agonizing doubt and trepidation he went to dine with an American friend in the country in the afternoon. It was only just out of town, and he was to return after dinner. It was sacrilege to put on a dress-coat and white cravat by daylight and to make a short trip in the cars, and intolerable to think that, after the awful ordeal, it might all be unnecessary and unexpected. To take a valise was equal torture, for it might be construed as an expectation of elaborate dressing which was not designed. The victim, therefore, at his wits' ends, compromised upon a frock-coat and black trousers—a combination inexpressibly odious to an Englishman of the strait sect; and he arrived to find his host in a white duck coat and blue cravat.

"But why," said a friend, "did you not ask?"

"It did not occur to me," replied the Briton.

This solution of the difficulty by interrogation naturally occurs to the Yankee, but it does not occur to his British cousin. Yet it is plain that there is no reason for surprise that the Englishman is unable to discover a custom which does not exist. When he finds that there is apparently no fixed celestial law of dress for certain social ceremonies and occasions, but that every man seems to follow his own sweet will, he too naturally does what seems right in his own eyes. It is perhaps our fault that, knowing the situation, we do not help our foreign friends. The younger saints of the dandiacal sect know into what perplexity even they may fall upon these points of convention and of dress. The wise Teufelsdröckh, as we saw, says that it is permitted to mankind, under certain conditions, to wear white waistcoats. But what are those conditions? There are men now living who remember when a white waistcoat was *de rigueur* at a state dinner, and also when a white waistcoat was *mauvais ton* upon the same great occasion.

Nay, there are points of similar importance which are even yet unsettled, and which exercise immortal minds. Whether, for instance, the host, mistrusting that some incautious or unknowing guest may arrive unclothed in white as to his neck, or with square skirts instead of a swallow-tail, shall himself wear a black cincture about his throat, and suffer his coat to present the scow rather than the swallow, is a problem which still vexes the dandiacal mind. Is it trivial and unworthy the thought of man? But consider what sanction consecrates the importance and significance of clothes. What is a king but clothes? Your majesty's self is but a ceremony. Strip from the head of the *grand monarque*, as Thackeray liked to do, the flowing peruke, and from his body the velvet and lace and gold-flow-

ered robes, and what a manikin is left! Or who that heard it has forgotten that racy and biting analysis of George the Fourth which Thackeray gave us from Dr. Chapin's former pulpit, with his fingers in his waistcoat pocket, and his kind eyes twinkling over his spectacles: "But this George, what was he? I look through his life, and recognize but a bow and a grin. I try and take him to pieces, and find silk stockings, padding, stays, a coat with frogs and a fur collar, a star and blue ribbon, a pocket handkerchief prodigiously scented, one of Truefitt's best nutty-brown wigs reeking with oil, a set of teeth, and a huge black stock, under-waistcoats, more under-waistcoats, and then nothing."

How many a pious pilgrim hastening to Rome to hear the exquisite *Miserere* of Allegri, and pushing in the suffocating throng to the door of the Sistine Chapel, has been turned back by the imperturbable Swiss Guard, who are nothing but fantastic clothes-horses, because of the want of the dress-coat of the dandiacal sect of civilized society! If it is comical that immortal beings should insist upon swallow-tails at dinner, what is it that those tails should be required as the condition of hearing the lamentations of the prophets and the expiring sighs of Calvary? Yet nowhere is the "clothes question" so vital as in the church. It is called symbolism there, and a violet robe and a gray robe and a red cape and a white stole are significant of feelings, of hopes, of every range of human emotion. It is but another form of the swallow-tail and white cravat, and you may as wisely sneer at the College of Cardinals lamenting in violet as at Pelham dining in a dress suit, or Lady Bareacres in arms to match.

Civilization and progress and modern ideas have an effect upon the clothes question which the æsthetic circles deeply regret. Steam and the doctrine of the equality of man are destroying the distinctive costumes of classes of society which has been thought to be so chief an element of the picturesque in foreign travel. The peasant of Berne or of any Swiss canton, the Roman woman "beyond the Tiber," the pifferaro from the Abruzzi, and the shepherd of the Campagna have all their costume, which marks their position, and which saves them, says the romantic conservative, from the temptation of expense or the discontent of social ambition. But now there is no remote settlement upon the frontiers of civilization, no miners' village at the copper mines of Lake Superior, where your *Bazar* does not penetrate, carrying the fashions of Paris and the Fifth Avenue, and sowing in innocent hearts and minds the seeds of sartorial unrest. You have no assurance, he says, that if you take the wings of the morning and fly to Alaska or the shores of Hudson Bay, you will not find the woman cutting out a *fichu* and the man contemplating a swallow-tail. And if that be so, we have but another proof of the significance of clothes. They serve as the signs and the measure of advancing civilization. The progress of the doctrine of the brotherhood of man may be tested by the increase of the number of white cravats at dinner. Much of the picturesqueness of travel, the romantic conservative may not have observed, springs from the unhappiness of the world. "He pities the plumage," says Thomas Paine, in the exquisite metaphor which in itself



disposes of the magnificent wail of Burke's Reflections upon the French Revolution—"he pities the plumage, but he forgets the dying bird."

To recur to the question of our correspondent, and to answer it: it is for the very reason that our British brother has certain immutable laws of dress in the dandiacal circle, and because we have not, that he is so confused and lost when he falls upon our lawlessness. The British statesman in question thought that he was going to a political club, which was true, and as in all such clubs that he knew full dress is unknown, it did not occur to him that full dress could be expected. And as if to confound the confusion that exists among us upon this momentous subject, how many men, full of generous hospitality, at whose table you are as sure of the feast of reason as of the flow of Yquem and the presence of that *fromage de Brie* upon which the Congress of Vienna, which agreed upon nothing else, was agreed as the best cheese in Europe—how many such men, when they ask you to dinner, and you say, "Dress-coat?" answer, and whirl you into space, "As you choose!" In such a country how can the English cousin know either when it is permitted or when it is a duty to wear the swallow-tail?

MR. TIBBINS wishes that his experience in making New-Year's calls may be made useful as an illustration of the deceitfulness of appearances. He is one of the gentlemen who do not keep dogs, although he lives in the country, and who declines social visits to persons who do. Mr. Tibbins is, however, just and impartial. "My friends," he says, "shall not complain of any obscurity in my conduct. I simply offer them the alternative, me or your dog: not both. If your tastes and preferences are such that you will have large or small animals lying within your gates, yelping and growling at every person who enters, smelling at ankles, and producing lively apprehensions which are not in the least allayed by calling the beast a 'poor fellow' and remarking that he was never known to bite—if," says Mr. Tibbins to his friends, "these are your preferences, we will not quarrel. I respect your idiosyncrasies, and I beg you to respect mine, while I embrace this occasion to mention that among the most prominent of mine is an indisposition to have my ankles smelled at by dogs of any breed or of any size, whether they are poor fellows or not, and an insuperable disgust with the barking of beasts when I go to make a social call. That it is very selfish in you or in any person to subject his friends to such ordeals I do not say. That I leave entirely to your own judgment, only remarking that although black snakes and green snakes are not venomous reptiles, and are probably 'poor fellows,' I do not think that those who delight in having them coiling and gliding about their parlors ought to be vexed with their neighbors for not calling. The line must be drawn somewhere," says Mr. Tibbins. "You may not draw it until you come to snakes; I draw it at dogs."

When, therefore, you stroll about the delightful country in his neighborhood, and mark the abodes of the rich and the great, and say to him, "That is a charming place," Mr. Tibbins answers, "Yes: he has dogs: I never go there." Mr. Tibbins was naturally very much exhilarated by

the hydrophobia excitement last summer, and hoped at one time that the public feeling might be carefully kindled to a general crusade against dogs. "I lately read in Mr. Warner's letters from the Nile," he said, "of an African king who had never seen a horse until Colonel Long came riding into his capital. Think, O my friend, of some happy island-valley of Avilion, where never dog barked loudly nor was ever seen!" Of course so severe a taste as Tibbins's in a world so largely canine produces inconvenience, as a dislike of butter in a society which holds to a natural and necessary relation between bread and butter will often expose the dissenter to difficulty. Such a man, in a crowded and elegant assembly, who at supper has incautiously bitten a heavily buttered sandwich, in the midst of a bout of badinage with youth and beauty, understands the emotion of those who, with Mr. Tibbins, dislike to have their ankles smelled at by dogs, yet who suddenly, within a neighbor's grounds and far from help, perceive that a dog is actually engaged in that office.

But Mr. Tibbins went out merrily upon New-Year's morning, resolved at least to pay one visit, long neglected, to a neighbor who had become his neighbor the summer before, who had given no signs of dogs, and who, as Tibbins assured himself, was much too sensible a man to suffer them about his house or grounds. Our friend began the day prosperously, finding every body cordial and gay, and doing, as he thought, his full share toward the enlivenment of each call. At last he came to the new neighbor's, and went humming gayly up the neat plank walk from the gate, then turning briskly around the house, putting it, as it were, between himself and retreat, he was advancing rapidly toward the front-door, when he suddenly stopped, with a sickening sense of betrayal, as it were, in the house of a friend; for directly before him, within easy spring, so to speak, lay a large dog upon the door-mat and directly under the bell. He was asleep, and upon perceiving him Mr. Tibbins, as if upon tiptoe for silence, reconnoitred the situation. To advance and ring the bell was simple madness, for the dog would of course awake the moment a foot struck the step, and in the confusion of sudden awakening and of close quarters with an intruder he would probably be very reckless and sanguinary, and not in the least amenable to the "poor fellow" blandishment. Mr. Tibbins, therefore, without moving, looked at the windows, hoping to see somebody looking out whom he might with beaming pantomime summon to the door, and so save himself the contact which seemed to be inevitable. But there was no one looking out, and the closed windows seemed to him to stare with blank indifference, so that he says he had had before no idea how cruel windows can be. It then occurred to him that if he could open communications with the kitchen, and entice some maid or man to the door without ringing, the difficulty would disappear, because the maid or man would pacify the dog. But to reach the kitchen required a lateral movement which would leave the enemy directly across his line of retreat. Moreover, any movement whatever exposed Mr. Tibbins to the risk of making a noise, which would arouse the foe and precipitate the engagement. He therefore maintained his position, looking hopefully toward the kitch-



en, but, seeing no one, he reluctantly held a further council with himself.

The obvious heroic course was to step upon the piazza and ring the bell. But he saw, again, that it was impossible to touch the bell without bringing himself close to the dog, who would then, of course, awake and snap immediately at the nearest object, which would be Tibbins his leg. And what was the possible use of heroism under such circumstances? He might as well advance and kick the dog. But was the dog asleep? was he not dead? was he not—why shouldn't he be—a stuffed dog, an old family favorite, perhaps, now placed upon his familiar resting spot as his own monument? This thought cleared the prospect for a moment, but instant gloom shut in again, as Mr. Tibbins saw a slight breathing motion, and perceived that the beast still lived. One of the advantages or misfortunes of a New-Year's Day in the country, according to the point of view, is the infrequency of visitors. To our friend this infrequency seemed to be, upon this occasion, a misfortune. Had there only been a merry group turning the corner at the moment, he would have joyously joined it, and so long as he could see other legs between himself and the enemy his soul would have been at rest.

But his position was peculiarly solitary; nor did any other visitor appear, and Mr. Tibbins remained for some time motionless, regarding the situation. There was no sign of relief. As no visitor came to go in, so none came out. No friendly face shone at the windows—no helping hand opened the door. At any moment the dog might open his eyes, and, in that case, he would certainly not be content with a survey of the situation. Mr. Tibbins, who is no mean classic, remembered Xenophon and various other great and renowned commanders who retired in good order and not in the least demoralized, and reflecting that the sage truly defined prudence as the crown of wisdom, he gently turned, and careful by no rude noise to disturb the peaceful slumbers of an innocent animal which, some poets have suggested, might properly share our heaven, he tiptoed quietly around the house, and rapidly descending the plank walk, firmly closed the gate behind him, and felt his heart swelling with gratitude for a great mercy.

A few days afterward he met his neighbor, and said to him that he had designed to call upon him on New-Year's Day, but that he had discovered a dog in the path, and as he never called where dogs were kept, he had been compelled to lose the pleasure of a visit. He then told the story of his attempt, in the midst of which the neighbor broke into the most prolonged and immoderate laughter, and when Mr. Tibbins had ended, said to him, "My dear Sir, that dog is immemorably old and superannuated, and he is blind and deaf and toothless."

"Indeed!" replied Mr. Tibbins. "But he might not have been."

"—And yet I will confess," he said to the Easy Chair, later, "that the incident is a very pretty sermon upon the deceitfulness of appearances, which I respectfully offer to your acceptance."

It was natural that an intercollegiate contest of brawn should suggest one of brains. The glories of the regatta have shone so far, and

kindled so much interest and emulation, and the Isthmian and Olympian games are so familiar to the studies and imagination of scholarly youth, that when once there was a precedent of any kind of friendly combat, other kinds were sure to follow. Recently, too, the spirit of the age and of America has renewed the life of the college in this country, and superseded many of the old practices and reverend traditions.

Mediævalism has held its own nowhere more successfully than in the college precincts, until a very late day. The student barracks, usually bare, forbidding, and inconvenient, reproduced the conventual buildings in which the monks led their secluded and theoretically studious lives. But those conventual buildings and that monkish life furnished the examples and precedents of every form of modern student life in the barracks. Nor is there any luxury or roistering, any wassail or gayety, in college halls to-day which can not trace itself back to the old monasteries and their denizens.

Men of threescore and more in this country recall their college as an academy for the teaching of Latin, Greek, and algebra, with a worthy clergyman at the head, and others of the cloth as professors: an academy at which the boy of thirteen and fourteen was entered, and from which he graduated two or three years before he was of legal age, and while he was still a boy. But as communication with Europe became more constant and convenient, and the standard of scholarship and of university life there more familiar—as the favored young American who had graduated at home went over the sea and returned after having heard the lectures of the College of France, and having known the thought and mental activity of Germany and England—a change gradually stole over the character of the American college and its curriculum; the idea of a more thorough and generous scholarship, of an adaptation of the college system to the life and spirit of to-day, entered the academic mind, and slowly modified the college. A great change has now been wrought. It is observable chiefly in the system of elective studies; in the change of the president from an old clergyman whose function is teaching, to the young man of accomplishment and energy, who supervises all the interests of the university; in the wider range of study, embracing all branches of science as not inferior in dignity and value to the classical course; and in the higher range of scholarship. The consequence of these changes is that young men rather than school-boys enter college, and the college itself is becoming a university.

Of course so long as the college depends much upon the fees of students for its support it can never expand into a proper university, nor can its standard of scholarship ever be lofty. This was one of the points which was clearly seen by the shrewd mind of Ezra Cornell, and when the Wells Seminary for Girls was opened in the pretty building upon the bowery shores of the Lake of Cayuga, he gave a practical point to his speech of sympathy and welcome by saying that he would be one of ten to subscribe a thousand dollars as the nucleus of a fund. Many of the older colleges, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and some of the new, such as the Cornell, have now almost all the university conditions so far as they can be arbitrarily supplied, although none has



quite reached the ground upon which Agassiz insisted that such an institution ought to be planted, and that is, control by the teaching body. They know, he said, better than any one else the real wants of the institution; and if they are fit for their places, they can manage it infinitely better than a board of comparative strangers whose relation to it is external and perfunctory.

As the college has thus ceased to be a school or an academy, the interests and ambitions of the under-graduates have extended, and the intercollegiate contact of emulation naturally began in the form of manly sport. Modern thought requires that the student shall not be a mere book-worm or pedant, but that he shall have a body not unworthy the mind, and that a puny valetudinarian shall no longer be the type of the college boy. Athletic sports have therefore disputed attention with intellectual studies. Excess was easy, and the tendency has been often foolishly cultivated. To pull the best oar and to make the best demonstration or translation were not often practicable to the same person, and a choice was therefore made, so that students were divided into studying men and sporting men, and at the age of twenty the prestige of muscle seems manlier than that of mind. As the annual regatta grew in importance and renown, and came, as in the last two years, to have a universal national interest, it almost seemed as if the hand might carry it against the head—and "the stroke" of the university crew distance in the young imagination the "senior wrangler" of the college. Certainly no achievement in the legitimate collegiate course, no attainment in the intellectual training for which young men go to college, ever excited such vast and echoing recognition as the triumph of last summer, for instance, at the Saratoga regatta, and it is hardly doubtful that the great majority of the students would have preferred the glory of that day to the proper honor of Commencement.

The contest of essay writing and oratory, which will doubtless enlarge itself to include scholastic examinations, is significant, therefore, as a most healthful reaction and assertion of the dignity of intellectual pursuits. To win a boat-race in the contest of many colleges is good; but to win a race in the same contest in a philosophical or literary exposition, in accuracy of knowledge of the ancient and modern tongues, in scientific research, or force, grace, and clearness of oratorical appeal, is not less good, and gives a dignity to the whole which must otherwise be lacking. The beginning made this year was creditable and auspicious. It was twofold, consisting of essays and orations, and the public performance and awards were made in the Academy of Music, in New York. The great throng which filled the building on one of the stormiest evenings of the winter showed at least the interest of a large circle. There was probably no question in any mind that the orations were better than the average Commencement speech, and that some of the speakers showed the true oratorical instinct. Mr. Bryant, amidst great applause, announced the judgment of the Committee upon Oratory, after Colonel Higginson had read that of the judges of the essays. What this committee said is indicative of the promise and possible value of these contests hereafter:

"We would say in closing that the average quality of these essays is, in our judgment, decidedly above

that of the usual college compositions; that they are generally marked by simplicity, directness, and modesty, combined with a fair amount of originality, and with great freedom from verbiage and bad taste. The successful essays on Utilitarianism are free from all mere conventionalism or sectarian bias, and the successful Shakespearian essays show no undue dependence on the French or German school of critics. We are, on the whole, heartily pleased with the success of this first Intercollegiate Literary Competition in essay writing."

THE Governor of New York says that the State of which he is Chief Magistrate has about four millions and a half of inhabitants. He is therefore the chief of a truly Empire State. Yet if he should set out upon his travels through the country, he would hardly be received by shouting crowds, nor would he be regarded with singular curiosity. We have just been considering the importance of clothes. See, now, the value of names. For the governor of a mild-eyed race of diminishing people, numbering scarcely sixty thousand persons, has been traveling through the country, and has been regarded with great interest, followed by crowds, and studied by curiosity, because he was called a king. The Easy Chair chanced to encounter his Majesty at New Haven, whence he was about to proceed in his royal progress to New Bedford. He sat in a drawing-room car placidly smoking, while the eager citizens of the State of Sherman and of Trumbull thronged the platform and stared through the window and cheered his Majesty lustily as the train rolled away. It was a bitterly cold winter afternoon, but at every lonely little station in the open country along the Sound, and between the Connecticut and the Thames, there was gathered a crowd, although it was hard to see whence it could have come, and men and women pressed and pushed and stared, and still his Majesty smoked calmly on and was cheered upon his way. At one station he came out upon the platform and waved a salute to some very pretty girls, and the welkin rang with the delighted shouts of the spectators. Then the royal traveler resumed his cigar and his journey; and when he reached Providence, red and blue lights were burning in his honor, and committees were waiting, and an immense crowd stood hurrahing and rushing and saluting the majesty of Hawaii.

The name of King is very soothing to the republican soul, for there was certainly nothing but the name that commended this guest so strongly to public curiosity: not that he is not a worthy man, for that is not questioned, but simply that he really has nothing but the title, certainly none of the power and circumstance of a monarch. There is a constitution for the government of the Sandwich Islands which prescribes that the King may appoint his successor, but the successor must be approved by the nobles, and as the King may name as many nobles as he chooses, he virtually appoints his own successor. The revenue of the government is about half a million of dollars. The King is paid \$22,500, the debt is about three hundred thousand dollars, and the expenses of the government for two years do not reach a million. Mr. Nordhoff, from whose interesting book upon the country—praised by the King as accurate and candid—we gather these facts, says that the government is "mild, just, and liked by the people." Per-



haps it was for that reason that we gazed with such curiosity at this royal guest.

And yet as the regal party passed along, and committees and high officers of state and the great good-natured multitude showed the King every mark of honor and respectful interest, as the ceremonious dinner at the White House and the reception by both Houses of Congress were described, and as the Easy Chair even read of

the courteous attentions of the New York municipality, and reflected upon the wisdom that we had heard about the inferiority and proper place of certain people in this world, and of the "instinctive" feeling of true Americans in certain directions, it inwardly echoed the remark of one of the most philosophical observers of the homage, who said, in amazement, "Great Heavens! have they seen the color of his face?"

## Editor's Literary Record.

WE notice with unalloyed satisfaction that among the novels that lie on our table as we write there is not one of the type so common for the last few years, depending for its interest on ill-assorted marriage, matrimonial infelicities and infidelity, seduction, separation, and perhaps a tragic death. They are, with probably one exception, pure and wholesome in character, and introduce us to scenes and personages harmless if not absolutely inspiring. The one exception, if it be one, is THOMAS HARDY'S *Far from the Madding Crowd* (Henry Holt and Co.), the title of which is interpreted, we suppose, by Gray's line, "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife." It is a story of English rural life, the pictures of which are drawn with considerable artistic power. But the artist is rather a skillful copyist than an original student of nature. He has studied the works of George Eliot to good purpose, but the indefinable something in the master is wanting in the disciple. There is a minute attention to detail, too, which is possibly commendable, but which accompanies a singular ignorance of or indifference to the relative importance of the objects in the scenes, which are painted, so to speak, without perspective.—*Lorna Doone*, by R. D. BLACKMORE (Harper and Brothers), possesses a double interest—that which belongs to a series of carefully painted pictures of life absolutely new to most American readers, and that of a story whose plot is well constructed, and which is not wanting in fresh and vivacious incident. The scene is laid in the borders of Devon and Somerset, England, in the wilds of Exmoor and Bagworthy forests; the time is the latter part of the seventeenth century. To the accuracy of the author's scene and character painting we can not testify; but his work bears internal evidence of careful and conscientious study, and the result is certainly graphic and apparently truthful. The conflicts with the Doones, and the recovery of the stolen maiden by the hero of the novel, afford an opportunity for romantic incident. The story is autobiographical in form, and Mr. Blackmore has succeeded in the very difficult task of effectually concealing his own personality, and preserving throughout his narrative that of the story-teller, John Ridd.—*Old Myddelton's Money* (Harper and Brothers) would make a capital comedia, and we shall not be surprised to see it successfully dramatized. The plot is, indeed, artificial. In life no Lady Laurence ever plays such a trick as that which is in the novel so successfully played upon the deluded expectants of the fortune at her disposal. But the trick is none the less entertaining, and is so well contrived that

most readers will be as surprised at the *dénouement* as were the actors themselves in the scene. Apart from the ingenuity of the plot, the story exhibits marked power in characterization. Royden Keith is one of the strongest and best characters we have lately met in fiction, and his devotion to the rescue of Gabriel from his undeserved opprobrium and real hazard is a fine illustration of modern chivalry.—*The Sign of the Silver Flagon* (Harper and Brothers) is another of B. L. FARJEON'S stories, who is either the most prolific of novelists, or else he is obeying the Scriptural injunction, and is bringing out of his treasures things both new and old. It is two love stories twisted into one, with several suggestions of others in the minor characters. There is, indeed, enough of raw material wasted in the book to make three or four ordinary novels. Mr. Farjeon is prodigal of his wealth, and spends it as though he had confident faith that it was, as the wealth of genius always is, illimitable. Only a man of quaint genius could have conceived the strange fancy of the ghostly dinner at the Silver Flagon, and only a man of true genius could have executed the fancy without passing the invisible line which separates the sublime from the ridiculous. Nothing that Mr. Farjeon has written affords a severer test of his power than this hazardous but successful fancy.—In *A Foregone Conclusion* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) Mr. W. D. HOWELLS writes, delightfully of course, of Venetian life; writes as one who knows with perfect familiarity the life which he portrays; writes as one who has seen and studied the very minutiae of that life. Of course, too, his work has the literary finish which belongs characteristically to him; the polish, not of much and long artificial culture, but of natural, easy grace. But grace is not power; and even when we read the love scene between the poor priest and Florida, the little touch of the expiring fountain is somehow more central than what should be central—the expiring heart of the unloved priest. Grace and strength are surely not inconsistent, yet the strongest passion requires in the telling a certain ruggedness of expression, and the bitter conflict of the priest's soul is something which requires for its fullest utterance an indifference to beauty, and a concentration of every thought and sentiment in the passion alone. *A Foregone Conclusion* is more notable for its descriptions of the external life of Venice than for its expression of the internal life of a priest in conflict between human love and a mistaken sense of religious duty.—*The Love that Lived* (Harper and Brothers) is an old story in a new form; a story of woman's patient, heroic, unselfish, suffering



love; the story that is as old in its essential elements as womanhood, and as various in its forms as the experiences of human life. If love were not truly deathless, the bitter experiences which make up the tragic story of Robert Rivington's first wife would have tortured her love to death. Indirectly the story teaches a lesson well worth the learning—that heroic silence is a sacred duty when suffering in silence is the only way in which irremediable evils can be prevented from extending their baleful influence into other and innocent lives. The novel is, however, in no sense a didactic one. It is emphatically dramatic. There is great artistic power in some of the scenes; the husband's recognition of the first wife, for example, and her touching devotion to him in his last hours in her own little cottage.—*Aileen Ferrers* (Harper and Brothers) is an original novel in that the authoress takes boldly, but with shrewd veiling of her purpose, the unpopular side on the social question, nowhere so much discussed as in and through fiction, of the intermarriage of different classes in society. Aileen Ferrers finds, after five years of education in cultured and refined society, that Ralph, the bailiff's son, has not the life that is congenial with her own, and that, not because of conventional barriers, but because of real and ineradicable variations, the engagement must be broken—for his sake no less than for her own. That social distinctions are real, not wholly imaginary and factitious, is the moral of this simple, quiet story. It is one of pleasant scenes and characters, not marked by any notable degree of power, but by much more of strong common-sense in dealings with the problems of love and life than is to be found in most fiction, or even in most of life.—*After Dark, and Other Stories* (Harper and Brothers) completes the Illustrated Library Edition of WILKIE COLLINS'S novels. The entire set, fourteen volumes, is dedicated in the author's autograph to "The American People." Mr. Collins's rare constructive ability appears perhaps as characteristically in his short as in his longer stories, but not to so good a purpose. His peculiar genius requires for the evolution of a plot, always ingenious, and generally perfect in the adaptation of its various parts, a larger space than twenty or thirty pages. The short stories which make up *After Dark* would be quite as acceptable without the artificial thread which connects them. Few readers will stop to peruse the prologues. This volume completes the only American edition of the works of the novelist who ranks with the first of living story-tellers, and in the construction of plot, if not also in the portraiture of character, is without a superior in either English or French literature.

Four volumes of essays discuss from different points of view certain phases of the various problems which concern women's health, usefulness, and happiness. However little the wisdom of some of these discussions may commend them to our judgment, the discussion itself is commendable. It is characteristic of a civilization which in nothing more shows itself to be Christian than in its interest in and consideration for the weak, and its manifold endeavors, on the one hand, to elevate woman above the position of a mere upper servant of the household, and, on the other, to protect her womanhood from the assaults of would-be friends but real foes, and the perpetui-

ty of the home which is her castle, albeit sometimes converted into her prison.—*Dress Reform* (Roberts Brothers) indicates its character by its title. It consists of five lectures, by five lady lecturers. It is the weakness of reformers always to exaggerate, both in their own thoughts and in their writings and addresses, the abuses which they propose to reform. The wise man will not go to the abolitionist for an impartial picture of slavery, nor to the temperance orator for an impartial representation of the average effect of wine and wine-drinking. He will not be surprised to see the evils of modern dress exaggerated by those who propose to remedy them. The use of flannel under-clothing is general among women, despite the assertion (page 11) that "the lower extremities are covered more frequently than otherwise with but one thickness, and that of cotton." Cloth gaiter boots are so entirely out of fashion that the case reported on page 13 must be regarded as quite exceptional. The proposed reforms also will not all of them commend themselves to the common-sense, still less to the taste, of women; but the three essential principles advocated—no weight on the hips, no extra weight of false hair on the head, and thorough protection of the extremities from cold—are certain to come, in time, into universal adoption, whether or no the particular methods of execution here recommended secure general approbation.—*The Ugly Girl Papers* (Harper and Brothers) are addressed to ugly girls. Their object is to give them some instruction for the improvement of personal appearance. Of course those who propose to abolish the mirror, and who regard all endeavors after personal beauty as a product of a reprehensible vanity, will taboo this little volume. Those who, with us, think it right not only to esteem but to cultivate beauty, will heartily welcome it. The book discusses, of course, complexion, and suggests cosmetics; but a large proportion of its pages is devoted to a discussion of more serious defects, such as stooping and ungainly postures, and to counseling remedies which improve beauty by improving either the health or the heart, as bathing for skin disorders, and a cheerful disposition for a wrinkled and a fretted face.—In *For Better or Worse* (Lee and Shepard) "Jennie June" argues for the permanence of the marriage relation, and sets forth those principles which, adopted, will make it both permanent and happy. There is not much new to be said on this subject. But new pupils are coming into life to learn old lessons; and the old lessons of truth, love, duty, purity, fidelity, Jennie June presents freshly and earnestly. Her book is a timely protest against certain disorganizing forces of modern thought.—Finally, the *Bazar Book of the Household* (Harper and Brothers) discusses household life mainly in its physical aspects. Some features of its opening chapters, on the "pairing of men and women," in which laws of marriage are deduced from those which govern the sexual relations of the lower animals, belong rather to the scientist or the social philosopher than to the young girls into whose hands the book is likely to fall. Yet here the counsel is that of common-sense, though we wish the purely physical aspect had been made less prominent. The rest of the volume discusses the household and its life. It is concise and practical, covers too much ground to af-



ford much detail, and contents itself chiefly with inculcating certain general principles, sanitary and moral, which it leaves the readers to apply for themselves. While these volumes discuss cognate themes, and sometimes the same theme, we may say in general terms that the first discusses dress with respect to its effect on health; the second, both dress and habit, with reference to their effect on beauty; the third, home life in its moral aspects, not without regard to its physical; and the fourth, home life in its physical aspects, not without regard to its moral aspects.

A simultaneous and seemingly successful attempt is being made in this country and in England to rescue the name of Edgar A. Poe from the odium in which it has been involved, in part at least, by reason of his unfortunate choice of a literary executor. His compiled *Works*, published in Edinburgh, and edited by JOHN B. INGRAM, and his *Poems*, published in this country by W. J. Widdleton, and edited by R. H. STODDARD, are each preceded by a biographical sketch. Mr. Ingram has done his work much more thoroughly and elaborately, and he charges Mr. Griswold not only with carelessness and inaccuracy, but with positive falsification. These charges are so far authenticated that if they are not responded to, the odium which has hitherto been attached to the unfortunate poet will be transferred to his biographer. Mr. Stoddard writes more cautiously, but he apparently makes equally good his assertion that Mr. Griswold's biography is untrustworthy. "He knew Poe, but disliked him bitterly. Poe made him his executor, but he had no conception of the duties which that delicate task imposed upon him. He misused Poe's papers by using them to his disadvantage solely. He neglected to inform himself thoroughly in regard to Poe's life. He misstated the year and place of his birth; and, writing on them after his death, made no effort to fill up the melancholy outline of his last days." Certainly it would not be easy to find one less naturally competent to write a true portraiture of the life and character of Poe than such an author as Rufus W. Griswold. The successful, the assiduous, but unimaginative and unimpassioned compiler was utterly incapable of appreciating a character so moody, so sensitive, so curiously imaginative, so unhappily passionate, and so misused by his unfortunate education as Poe. Mr. Stoddard is by no means blind to the poet's defects, and is neither a eulogist nor apologist, but in telling us the story of his birth and early life he discloses the secrets of the poet's later misfortunes. We are sure he could not have been loved so faithfully and so well if he had not been lovable; and we lay down the pathetic story, with its tragic ending, impressed that when the last account shall be made up, Edgar A. Poe will be ranked among those more sinned against than sinning.

Two useful works afford, on a somewhat different plan, a basis for the study of general history. Miss THALHEIMER follows her *Manual of Ancient History* with a *Manual of Mediæval and Modern History* (Wilson, Hinkle, and Co.). The latter work was more difficult than the former, and possesses equally admirable characteristics—more difficult because it leads the writer into eras about which there not only have been, but still are, acrimonious disputes. The history of

the Reformation, of the American Revolution, of the French Revolution, of our own civil war, all come within the period of which she treats. Of course it is impossible to give in a compact form the history of these epochs without in effect taking part in the controversies to which they have given rise. Her work, however, has been done with notable impartiality, and gives evidence of a singularly calm and unbiased judgment. The maps of both manuals, which are admirable specimens of drawing and engraving, are also separately published in a handy volume, entitled *The Eclectic Historical Atlas*. They are nineteen in number. The two volumes make a concise and complete general history of the world from the earliest period to the present day. We know of nothing of its kind equal to it. It prepares the scholar for the study of history in detail by presenting first a bird's-eye view of its entire course. He who masters it will master, as most students do not, the relations of different epochs and eras to each other.—*Epochs of History*, edited by EDWARD A. MORRIS, M.A. (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.), prepares for a general study of history by the opposite method. It assumes that the student should proceed from particulars to generals, that he can not understand a general history of the world until he has mastered the life of some single individual or some single era, and that when he has done this in respect to a number, he is prepared to take the bird's-eye view, in which these special subjects of his study will take their approximate place. The four volumes before us, prepared by different authors, treat respectively of the Thirty Years' War, the Houses of Lancaster and York, the Crusades, and the Era of the Protestant Revolution. They appear to be well executed, and their arrangement makes them convenient for reference. We particularly commend the latter of the four volumes for the breadth of its conception and portraiture of a movement which it appropriately terms the "Protestant Revolution," and particularly for its exposition of the revival of learning which accompanied the religious reformation, and of the influence of the Oxford reformers. Whichever theory of study be adopted, these volumes will prove useful, on the one theory the *Manual*, on the other *Epochs of History*, serving as an introduction to its fellow.

A *Dictionary of Religious Knowledge for Popular and Professional Use; comprising full Information on Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Subjects*. Edited by the Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT, assisted by the Rev. T. J. CONANT, D.D. (Harper and Brothers). This valuable work answers well to its title, and admirably fulfills the design of its editors, which was "to furnish information on all Biblical and religious topics in a clear, compact, and popular form." We have kept it experimentally on our table for some weeks, during which we have made it a point to consult it on every subject within its range on which we needed definite and particular knowledge. The result has been that we have been furnished by it, in a few paragraphs, with facts and opinions for which we should otherwise have had to refer to many different volumes. Thus having occasion to consult the article "Colossians," we found here the gist of all that Alford has given in his prolegomena to the epistle addressed to the Colossians, together with the sal-



ent points of the articles in Smith and Kitto on the same subject, and all within the compass of a page and a half. The editors have winnowed well the labors of their predecessors in the different fields of their inquiry, and the gain to the reader in these days, when so much has to be done in so little time, is immense. The book combines the characteristics of Smith's, Fairbairn's, and Kitto's dictionaries, and adds of its own an ecclesiastical department, which renders it virtually a dictionary of religious denominations, as well as a hand-book to the Bible. Where so much has been accomplished, the accuracy of the editors is remarkable, though we have detected here and there, as, for example, in the summary of the history of Scotch Presbyterianism, a slight error both in date and in substance. The first secession was in 1732, not in 1712, and was the result not of a voluntary withdrawal, but rather of the suspension, if not expulsion, of the seceders. These, however, are small matters, and do not appreciably affect the value of the work as a whole. For those who wish to get in a brief compass the results of modern scholarship and criticism on all Biblical and theological questions we do not know a better book. It will be invaluable to Sabbath-school teachers and students generally.

A very entertaining volume of travels is a *Ramble Round the World*, by Monsieur le Baron de Hübner, translated by Lady HERBERT (Macmillan and Co.). He left Queenstown on the 14th May, 1871, to cross the American continent and study the reforms progressing in Japan and resisted in China, and reached Marseilles on the 10th January, 1872. We doubt whether the most enterprising Yankee could succeed in "doing" an equal amount of the world in a shorter space of time. "On my road," he says, "I mean to amuse myself, that is, to see all that is curious and, to me, new, and every evening I shall note down in my journal what has been told me during the day." The reader will not expect from such a purpose any thing but a superficial book of travels. Superficial it certainly is, but lively, entertaining, in a manner instructive.

#### BRIEFER NOTICES.

NOT the least valuable feature in *Parnassus*, edited by RALPH WALDO EMERSON (J. R. Osgood and Co.), is the preface. In this Mr. Emerson gives in a wonderfully compact form a remarkably suggestive critique on poetry and the great poets. Chaucer, Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Herrick, Milton, Wordsworth, Byron, Tennyson, are characterized, each in a paragraph which presents the features of the poet all the more strongly because in words so few. The volume itself is no ordinary compilation. It is a growth of years. It took its origin, the author tells us, from an "old habit of copying any poem or lines that interested me into a blank-book." Thus this compilation has not only the advantage of long scrutiny and careful sifting—that sifting which time only can give—but also that of being a selection by a critic of such rare discernment as Mr. Emerson. The arrangement of matter is topical, not alphabetical, which is a serious disadvantage. There is, however, a complete table of contents, an index of authors, and an index of first lines.—Here are three volumes of poems for the children—*Little Songs*, by Mrs. E. L.

FOLLEN (Lee and Shepard); *Rhymes and Jingles*, by MARY MAPES DODGE (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.); and *Childhood Songs*, by LUCY LARCOM (J. R. Osgood and Co.). Mrs. Follen's *Little Songs* are childhood classics. "Kitty in the Basket" and "The Three Little Kittens" are almost as well known among the children as any of the more ancient melodies of Mother Goose herself. These may be taken as a type of the volume, which is one of simple rhymes, charming to the little ones from their very simplicity. The illustrations add to the attractiveness of the volume. *Rhymes and Jingles*, a larger volume, covers a larger range. Still it is almost wholly a book for young children. It is full of queer, quaint fancies, abounding with humor, but without much sentiment or pathos. *Childhood Songs*, with but few exceptions, address themselves to older readers. The mothers will read them with quite as much interest as will their children. They are true poems, embodying less of fancy but more of sentiment than *Rhymes and Jingles*, and containing much that is tender and truly beautiful. The first two books will amuse, the third will develop; the first two will be the more attractive in the reading, the third will be sweeter in the memory.—We do not wonder after reading *The Circassian Boy* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) that the author, MICHAÏL LERMENTOFF, should have been unpopular with the Russian court. A more fervent and impassioned outcry for liberty it would not be easy to find in literature. Mr. CONANT, to whose translation the American public is indebted for this version of one of the most famous works of one of Russia's most famous poets, tells us, in the introduction, that Lermontoff has been compared with Byron. The comparison, if this simple story be any test of the Russian's genius, is by no means fair to him; for impassioned though it be, there is nothing morbid in it, nothing that will not find its answer in the heart of every reader who truly loves liberty for himself or others, and who is able to appreciate the bitterness of soul with which the caged bird beats against the gilded wires of its comfortable cage. Of course we can not answer for the accuracy of the translation, which is from a German version of the original, but in a remarkable degree it combines the rugged language of impassioned earnestness and the rhythmical smoothness of polished verse.—It is impossible not to admire the versification and deprecate the morals of BRET HARTE's poetry. The *Echoes of the Foot-Hills* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) are distinguished by both the beauty in form and the falsehood in substance which characterize his previous poems. No genius can make true poetry of such a story of crime as "For the King," or ennoble the drunken negligence of the peon engineer by depicting his late endeavor at atonement. The charity that covers such sins with a robe of poetic beauty is not Christian charity.

The real forcefulness in Rev. T. DE WITT TALMAGE's *Sports that Kill* (Harper and Brothers)—and no one who reads the book or who recalls the sensation produced by the original preaching of the sermons will question that they are forceful—consists in the fact that they are the vigorous expression of a gathered but long-pent-up moral sense. That Mr. Talmage will abolish the theatre he certainly does not expect, and perhaps does not even desire. That



the discussion which he has been the occasion, not the cause, of provoking will do something toward driving from the boards the prurient dramas of late so successful is a consummation devoutly to be wished for. As a means to this end this little volume will be welcomed even by those who dissent from its extreme conclusions, and whose literary taste is outraged by its sometimes too vigorous rhetoric.—Whether *Modern Christianity a Civilized Heathenism*, by the author of *A Fight at Dame Europa's School* (William F. Gill and Co.), is intended as a satire on Christianity, or on its corruptions and the worldliness and selfishness which assume the profession of Christianity as a cover, is not clear. As a satire on the shams and hypocrisies of society it is trenchant, and at least some justification is made out for the assumption of the title of the book, that modern Christianity is a civilized heathenism. But in depicting the life which he satirizes the author exhibits much greater power than in comprehending the life which Christ came to inspire, or in setting forth the principles which should govern the professed disciples of Christ in maintaining it. That the Hindoo heathen should utterly pervert the teachings of Jesus Christ is not strange; that he should accept for his theory of life the crude philosophy and cruder rhetoric of some of the less intelligent of Christ's

followers is quite according to the natural order of things. But the author does so in his preface; and this, on the part of a man who assumes to set the world right in its misapprehensions of Christianity, is inexcusable.—*Christianity and Science* (Robert Carter and Brothers) is an unfortunate misnomer of the book which it entitles, which is a series of lectures delivered in New York by Dr. A. P. PEABODY on the Ely foundation of the Union Theological Seminary, the object of the lectures being to set forth the authenticity and credibility of the Scripture miracles and prophecy. The relations of Christianity to modern science are not discussed. While not presenting any thing especially new, these lectures put the arguments for historical Christianity in a clear and compact form, relieved from the burden of a minute scholasticism which they are too often compelled to carry.

*John Paul's Book* (Columbian Book Company) is avowedly made up of his previous contributions to the newspaper press, put together with little or no pretense of arrangement. They are labeled on the title-page, "moral and instructive," but this must be because they are not immoral nor debasing. The volume is really 600 pages of fun, most of it belonging to the order of burlesque, and a good deal of it to the order of grotesque, but all of it good-natured and hearty.

## Editor's Scientific Record.

### SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

IN *Astronomy* we have to note during December the gratifying success of most of the parties dispatched to observe the transit of Venus. Many of these have not been heard from, but, thanks to the great extension of telegraphic communication, enough is known to warrant astronomers in expecting most satisfactory results when the observations shall have been finally discussed. The exact amount of work done at each station is not yet known, but only that of the eight American stations. All those heard from have had weather good enough to obtain at least fair observations. Professor Hall, U.S.N., at Wladivostok, Siberia, observed all of the contacts, and obtained a small number of photographs; Mr. Davidson, United States Coast Survey, at Nagasaki, Japan, observed three of the contacts (both the internal contacts), and obtained photographs; Professor Watson, of Michigan University, at Pekin, China, has not been heard from, but no fears are entertained for the success of his party on account of clouds, as Pekin has an unusually clear winter atmosphere. If one of the dust-storms which occasionally occur at this point has not interfered with the work, we may count on good results from Pekin. Professor C. A. Young, of Dartmouth College, is attached to this party, and is the only American who will attempt the observation of the spectroscopic contacts. It may be noted that Professor Watson in his leisure moments resumed his accustomed habit of discovering asteroids, and on October 10 found one of the eleventh magnitude, observations of which he has transmitted to America. This undoubtedly is the first asteroid discovered in China, and will receive the

number 138. The English parties in Egypt and India seem to have had good success, and we may infer from the meagre telegrams which have reached us that only five out of the twenty-seven Russian parties have been wholly unsuccessful. Of the French and German expeditions little is known. The observations in the southern hemisphere seem to have been generally more full than was expected, Professor Harkness, U.S.N., having taken at Hobart-Town, Tasmania, 113 photographs, while Professor Peters secured 247. It is not known whether he obtained observations of the contacts or not. From the American, English, and German parties on Kerguelen Island nothing will be heard until their arrival at some port homeward bound.

M. Violle has recently published the results of some further researches on the effective temperature of the sun and upon the true mean temperature of the solar surface. His results are of much interest, in view of the widely varying conclusions at which various astronomers and physicists have arrived. He defines the true temperature of the sun to be "the temperature which must be possessed by a body of the same apparent diameter as the sun, in order that, endowed with an emissive power equal to the mean emissive power of the solar surface, it may emit in the same time the same quantity of heat as the sun." Allowing the assumption that the mean emissive power of the sun is sensibly equal to that of steel in fusion, M. Violle concludes that the true temperature of the sun is 2000°.

The last bright comet (Coggia's) has likewise been attentively observed, and Mr. A. Cowper Ranyard, F.R.A.S., from his observations has been led to the inference that this comet is cer-



tainly not entirely composed of incandescent gas. If it were merely a fine dust dispersing the sun's rays, we should expect its light to be strongly polarized. From the absence of polarization Mr. Ranyard concludes that either the fine dust is incandescent, or that the individual particles, be they solid or liquid, which go to make up the continuous spectrum of portions of the tail, are large compared with the wave length of the light.

Mr. Christie, first assistant in the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, has also published his spectroscopic observations on Coggia's comet. He has compared its spectrum with that of dioxide of carbon, in the manner first adopted by Huggins. The spark was obtained from an induction coil, without the use of a Leyden-jar, and under these conditions the spectra of the carbon and of the comet were very similar. In the spectrum of the comet two bright bands were found on every occasion to be sensibly coincident with the two brighter bands of the dioxide of carbon. On the 7th of July the coma gave in addition to these bands a faint continuous spectrum. The spectrum of the nucleus was continuous, but it appeared to contain numerous bright bands, and three or four *dark* lines were seen on several occasions. Of these one appeared to lie between D and E, another on the blue side of *b*, and a third near F.

As a contribution to physical astronomy, Mr. Knobel gives a series of twenty-four drawings of Jupiter, made between February 17 and June 1, 1874. It is understood that Dr. Lohse, assistant at the observatory at Bothkamp, is making a similar series, and that he intends to submit all published drawings to a thorough discussion, with a view to determining the laws of the winds which must produce the rapid changes observed on the surface of Jupiter.

In *Nature* for December 3, 1874, we find an account of the Proceedings of the Royal Society of Victoria for 1870, 1871, and 1872, from which it appears that Australia is taking an active part in astronomical research. Mr. Ellery, the director of the Melbourne Observatory, gives an account of the great reflector (four feet speculum) mounted there, and says that although his hopes were not fully realized in regard to it, it equals, if it does not excel, any other of its size.

The nebula in Argus, which has been supposed to be variable, has been examined by both Ellery and his predecessor, Le Sueur, and although a comparison of the drawings of these gentlemen indicates a vast change in it, yet there are reasons for supposing the change to have been not so enormous. Mr. Ellery's original report will be looked for with eagerness, as the whole question of the change in this or any other nebula appears to be, as yet, unsettled.

Mr. Macgeorge has given in this volume of Proceedings a diagram of the small stars near Sirius. He finds eight small companions within eighty-two seconds of arc (estimated from a copy of his drawings) of the large star.

We shall look to the large telescopes of this country to confirm or controvert this discovery. We have at least four which should show some of these faint companions.

One of the most famous of the binary stars of short period is 70 *Ophiuchi*, and its orbit has been frequently calculated, not without showing annoying discrepancies between theory and

observation. Sir John Herschel, Encke, Bessel, Powell, Jacob, and others have published elements of this orbit, differing largely in the most interesting element, viz., the time of revolution, which varies from 73 years (Encke) to 112 years (Jacob).

M. Flammarion has recently published his researches on this orbit, which were undertaken at a fortunate time, as the star has completed a whole revolution since its discovery by Sir William Herschel in 1779, and he finds its period to be 92.77 years. Admitting the parallax of this star to have been exactly determined ( $0.168''$ ), its distance from the earth is 1,400,000 times that of the sun; the distance between the two components of the binary star is a little less than the distance of Neptune from the sun; the velocity of the star in its orbit is about 30,000 feet per second (nearly six miles), which is about one and one-half times greater than Neptune's orbit velocity; and the mass of the two stars is about three times that of our sun. These results are probably good approximations to the truth, and they show that our double-star observers may well give some of their attention to making a few good measures each year of this binary.

Dr. Carl Behrmann has recently had published his atlas of the stars visible to the naked eye between the south pole and twenty degrees of south declination, including 2344 stars. It contains 7 stars of the first magnitude, 21 of the second, 56 of the third, 123 of the fourth, 463 of the fifth, 1654 of the sixth, with 20 nebulae, cumuli, and variable stars. The whole work was completed, so far as observation was concerned, in less than ten months, and it is largely compiled from the older star catalogues. One evidence of the short time spent on its preparation is that the author notes but four variable stars. It is, however, valuable as the best southern atlas extant.

The Smithsonian Institution has just published a most important research in theoretical astronomy, by Professor Newcomb, U.S.N., "on the general integrals of planetary motion," which is an elaboration of novel methods first proposed by him in two papers previously published. It is a general and fundamental statement of the position of theoretical astronomy in regard to its most important problems, and leads to several general theorems of the greatest value.

We may mention in this connection that Professor Newcomb is now in Europe for the purpose of making experiments on various kinds of optical glass, with the view of selecting the most fit to be used in the construction of the great telescope to be erected on some elevated point in the Sierra Nevada of California. The great liberality of Mr. Lick, of San Francisco, appears to be supplemented with scientific caution on the part of his advisers, and the astronomical world can reasonably hope that science may receive great benefits from his magnificent gift.

The attention of all interested in *Geology* has been directed within the last two months to the explorations of Professor Marsh in the Mauvaises Terres, south of the Black Hills. The account of the professor's intercourse with the Indians, and the exposures endured by his party in their search for "bones," has already been given by the daily papers, and forms really a most interesting and, in some features, amusing story. Of



the scientific results of the expedition we have as yet only the general account (*American Journal of Science*) of the immense lake basins of tertiary age extending far to the south and east of the Black Hills. A description of the extinct fauna of this region, including most conspicuously the huge Brontotheridæ, can be given only when the large amount of material accumulated, and now in New Haven, has been thoroughly studied.

The geological occurrence of the diamonds of South Africa has been often described, but some new points of interest are brought out in a recent paper read before the Geological Society of London by Professor Maskelyne and Dr. Flight. They have found the rock at Du Toit's Pan and other similar diggings to have a soft, decomposed character, consisting of a soapy steatite-like magma, with a hydrated bronzite, crystals of new vermiculite mineral, called Vaalite, opaline silica, and other non-essential constituents. This rock has been extensively metamorphosed and fractured, and in many places broken through by dikes of an igneous diorite. It is asserted that "*the diamonds occur more plentifully, if not exclusively,*" in the neighborhood of these dikes, or near them in the strata of the hydrous rock through which the igneous material has been ejected. In confirmation of this view the writers urge the distinctive character of the diamonds in different localities, and their sharp, unabraded character. *How* the diamonds have been formed can hardly be explained, though it is a point of considerable interest, if it may be accepted, that the metamorphosed bronzite rock, possibly at places of its contact with carbonaceous shales, was the original home of the diamond.

Geologists as well as metallurgists are much interested in the announcement of the discovery of a rich deposit of copper ore in New Mexico, principally in the vicinity of the White Mountain Indian Reservation, the mass being apparently almost inexhaustible, while the ease of smelting and reducing is very great.

The geological surveys of States continue to be prosecuted, although field work in most of them is suspended for the winter. A valuable document has lately been published by Mr. G. C. Brodhead, State Geologist of Missouri, containing a great deal of information in reference to the industrial resources of that State, which, as is well known, is very rich in many valuable minerals.

*Geography.*—Nothing of special importance in this department has come to light since our last record, although public interest continues to be excited by the vigorous preparations under way on the part of the British government in fitting out an expedition for polar research. The arrangements, well advanced under the direction of Admiral Osborne, render it likely that at as early a period as practicable in the coming summer two vessels will set out on their mission. One of these is to be a steam whaler originally built for arctic navigation, and will be strengthened and improved in every practicable way. The British government has made application to the United States for permission to use the stores which were deposited by the *Polaris* party, and it is probable that the request will be granted.

As already announced, Captain Nares, of the *Challenger*, is to be in command of the polar

expedition, his claim to the position consisting not only in the experience he has had during the *Challenger* exploration, but also in the fact that he was a member of the British arctic party on board the *Resolute*, under command of Captain M'Clintock, when he did excellent service. Of the preparations for the new Austrian polar exploration but little has been announced.

In connection with matters related to the arctic regions, we may refer to a new view presented by Professor Karsten in reference to the cause of the mildness of the climate of Norway during the winter season. This, in his opinion, is not the result of the superficial action of the Gulf Stream, according to Dr. Petermann, or even of the general movement of the ocean to the north-east, as maintained by Dr. Carpenter, but is produced by a current of warm water which leaves the Baltic at the approach of winter.

The United States steamer *Tuscarora* has again reached Honolulu, having completed the line of soundings recently undertaken between San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands, and finding that line to be even better adapted to the purpose of a telegraphic cable than the route from San Diego to the same point. At a considerable distance to the east of the Sandwich Islands a submarine conical mountain was met with, which, with a base of scarcely more than five miles in diameter, rose abruptly from several thousand fathoms to within 320 fathoms of the surface.

The various parties which have been occupied during the past summer in the exploration of the Western Territories, principally under the charge of Professor Hayden, Lieutenant Wheeler, and Major Powell, have all returned to Washington, and are busily engaged in making up their reports. It is understood that many interesting facts have been developed in regard to the physical and natural history of the regions visited.

A recent number of *Petermann's Journal* contains a notice by Dr. Loew of the explorations of Lieutenant Wheeler in 1873, with a map of the same.

Some interesting items of news in regard to explorations in Africa have recently been announced, the most important being those from the Cameron expedition, under date of May 16. Lieutenant Cameron states that he has definitely ascertained that Lake Tanganyika really empties into the Lualaba of Livingstone, and that it is certainly identical with the Congo.

Colonel Gordon has pushed forward his work in connection with the exploration of the Albert Nyanza very efficiently, having at the date of September 5 reached Gondokoro, his sectional steamer having been carried to the foot of the falls below the lake.

The details of the "Forrest" exploration in Australia are also announced, this gentleman having succeeded in making a journey of 2000 miles across a portion of that continent, near the parallel of 26°. He finds the greater part of the country to be an unmitigated desert, involving very great labor and hardships in passing over it. Other portions, however, were well adapted to European immigration.

*Ethnology.*—Mr. William H. Dall sends to the National Museum a finer collection than ever of prehistoric and historic material gathered during his last trip to Alaska. Among them



are snuff-boxes, scrapers, and tubes, fire-sticks, throwing-sticks, fish and bird spears, implements of all branches of Esquimaux handicraft, ivory gaming implements and trinkets, hats, boots, wood and ivory household vessels, sledge harness and equipments, musical instruments, and charms. The prehistoric series contains bone, wood, and slate objects, the uses of which we are able in some measure to determine by comparison with articles of known function.

All lovers of American ethnology will hear with profound pleasure of Mr. Shea's continuation of his "Library of American Linguistics." The new series will commence with *A Grammar and Dictionary of the Language of the Hidatsa (Gros Ventres)*, by Washington Matthews, Assistant Surgeon, U.S.A.

So many criticisms have appeared upon Mr. H. H. Bancroft's *Native Races of the Pacific States* that we have only space to say, without necessarily indorsing all of the author's conclusions, that it is a model of patient research, which reminds us of Rawlinson's *Five Great Monarchies*.

Professor Hartt contributes an illustrated article to a recent number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, which is only the precursor of a more extended treatise, wherein he most ingeniously traces the growth of the idea of *ornament*, and accounts for the recurrence of similar forms in places most remote, and among peoples far differently civilized, upon principles founded in the structure of the eye. He refers most especially to pottery which he has discovered during his last tour in South America, drawing attention to the striking resemblance between the designs thereon and those on Greek and Etruscan vases.

The *Academy* gives an account of "a new pile dwelling lately discovered at the Swiss hamlet of Vingelz, not far from Biel, where, at a depth of only about three or four feet below the surface, a platform has been found resting upon piles, and composed of beams nearly a foot thick."

At the meeting of the Anthropological Institute of London, November 24, a communication on "Ruins in the Neighborhood of Palmyra," by Mr. C. Cotesworth, was read, describing among other things the discovery of ruined towers, some of which contained skulls and other human remains. Professor Busk recognized their likeness to some bones brought from Palmyra by Captain Burton.

Mr. J. Walhouse read a paper before the Anthropological Institute of London "On the Existence of a Leaf-wearing Tribe on the West Coast of India." They are the Koragars, a tribe numbering only a few hundreds. The custom is confined to the women, who wear aprons of woven twigs and green leaves over the usual garment, in order to bring them good luck. They were originally of the slave caste, and adhere to this practice as a relic of that servitude of which it was formerly a badge.

Some interesting contributions have lately been made to our knowledge of the manner of sepulture among the original people of the United States. One of these has reference to a peculiar custom in North Carolina, where the body was covered with clay and a fire built upon this, which not only consumed the body itself, but converted the clay into a hard sarcophagus case.

Another mode of incineration, which appears

to have been practiced in Indiana, consisted in placing the body in an oven-shaped receptacle of clay, with the necessary amount of fuel, and burning it up in that manner, leaving the ashes and the remains of the body inside the oven.

In *Zoology*, Professor Huxley has just published in *Nature* a very condensed classification of the animal kingdom, based principally on embryological data. With Haeckel he divides animals into two divisions: *Protozoa*, or one-celled animals, and *Metazoa*, or many-celled animals. The *Metazoa*, comprising all the animals higher than the *Protozoa* (the latter embracing the rhizopods, infusoria, etc.), are divided into those which develop an alimentary canal, accompanied by a differentiation of the body wall into two layers (*Gastrea*), and those in which an alimentary canal is never formed, as in the cestoid worms and their allies, the *Acanthocephala*. All other animals are embraced in the first category. Next above the *Protozoa* come the sponges, then the coelenterates (polyps and hydroids), and the *Scolecimorpha* or low worms, embracing the *Turbellaria*, *Nemotoidea*, *Nematoda*, leeches, the *Oligochaeta*, and probably the *Rotifera* and *Gephyrea*. Then come the *Echinodermata*, and above them a group (*Schizocæla*) embracing the mollusks, which he regards as little more than a modification of annelids without division into segments, and the annelids and arthropods, crustacea, and insects. He leaves it doubtful whether the *Brachiopoda* or *Polyzoa* belong to this division, or with *Echinodermata*, etc. (*Enterocæla*). In a third division (*Epicæla*) are placed the tunicates and vertebrates.

It will be seen that this is a complete overturning of the Cuvierian system of classification, so much in vogue in this country, but well-nigh abandoned in Germany and England.

An interesting memoir on that curious polyp, the *Umbellula*, has been received from Mr. Lindahl, of Stockholm. It is a sea-pen, with a remarkably long stalk, some two feet in length. The species are of great rarity, occurring at great depths off Spitzbergen, in Baffin Bay, in North Greenland, off Cape Finisterre, and in Banka Sea.

An illustrated account of the colossal cuttle-fishes of the North Atlantic appears in the *American Naturalist*, from the pen of Professor Verrill. A figure of the famous monk-fish, as it is called on the coast of Denmark, is given, mostly from photographs, and it is the first time that one of these gigantic creatures has been figured. The body was seven feet long, exclusive of the arms.

The butterflies of Costa Rica are enumerated by Messrs. Butler and Druce, and six new species described in the Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London.

In the same journal some interesting notes on the respiration of some species of Indian freshwater fishes found near Calcutta are offered by Mr. Dobson. The notes refer to those fishes which breathe atmospheric air as well as the air mixed with water. These fishes in some species ascend to the surface of the pool or stream for air every minute or two, the *Anabas* going often, and becoming sooner asphyxiated when retained under water, than any other. The faculty of living out of water, says Mr. Dobson, when the gills are kept in a moistened condition only,



in some cases for days, is not alone a wonderful provision of nature, enabling these animals to resist the prolonged droughts of the countries in which they live, but the natives are thereby able to transport them alive for a long distance, and thus maintain a supply of fresh fish in a country where fish taken in the morning are often unfit for use by breakfast-time.

A paper has been published on the respiration of the loach, or *Cobitis fossilis* of Europe. This animal has long been known to have the habit of rising to the surface of the water and taking in bubbles of air. It has been ascertained that the alimentary canal serves the purpose of a respiratory organ, and that the air-bladder proper is possibly nothing more than a resonant chamber.

In the same journal (Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London) is a monograph of the genus *Saxicola*, or Chats, by Messrs. Blandford and Dresser. Mr. Harting describes a new species of *Tringa* from Alaska, in which, however, he proves to have been anticipated by Dr. Coues. Mr. Garrod discusses some points in the anatomy of the pigeons, and Mr. H. Saunders remarks on the gray-capped gulls.

A valuable contribution toward knowledge of American mammals has lately been made by Dr. Coues in the form of a monograph on the muridæ of the United States, in which the doubtful species are carefully criticised, and some new ones added. This monograph is a precursor to part of a new and very extended work on the mammals of North America, by Dr. Gill, of the Smithsonian Institution, and Dr. Coues, and which is to consist not only of a full account of the osteology and external characters of the families, genera, and species, but also to include copious biographical notes, and intended to be for the mammals of the country what the recent work by Messrs. Baird, Brewer, and Ridgway is for the birds.

As another contribution to the systematic accounts of entire groups of animals in the United States, we may refer to Professor Cope's labors upon American reptiles. He has recently prepared a complete list of all the species, which will be followed by a very exhaustive treatise.

Dr. Hunt, of Philadelphia, communicates some notes in regard to the food of a mastodon found in New York, from which we learn that it evidently browsed upon the grasses and weeds bordering the courses of streams.

Several species of serpents have lately been added to the fauna of Florida, one of them new, under the name of *Helicops alleni*; another, *Elaps distans*, previously known only to Arizona. This last instance adds another to show the very intimate zoological relation between Florida and Arizona—a fact which is somewhat difficult of explanation according to any of the received views of the present or past physical geography of North America.

Professor R. Owen finds evidence of a sirenian mammal, which he calls *Eotherium ægyptiacum*, in the eocene nummulitic rocks near Cairo. This sirenian was probably allied to the recent form known as *Halitherium*.

The report of Dr. Hayden on the surveys of the Territories contains a large amount of matter relating to the zoology of Colorado, Utah, etc., while collections of considerable extent were brought in by the naturalists attached to Wheel-

er's Geographical Survey of the Territories, conducted by the War Department.

In *Botany* we have to notice a work by Dr. Robert Hartig, entitled *Wichtige Krankheiten der Waldbäume*, in which the author gives a complete list of all fungi which attack the forest trees of Germany, and descriptions of those coming under his own observation. Many of the same diseases are found in our own forests. Among the injurious fungi mentioned by Hartig, but never seen by him, is *Æcidium conarum*, found by Du Bary in the Thuringian Forest. It has been found on the cones of *Abies excelsa*, the Norway spruce, near Boston, during the last summer. A useful book to botanical students is the *Botanischer Jahresbericht*, by L. Just, published in Berlin. The object of this compilation, which is under the direction of such experts as Askanasy, Pfizer, and Schroeter, is to furnish an abstract of all works on botany which have appeared during the year, including even those in the Russian and Polish languages, and to give a summary of all new species.

The results of the dredgings of the United States Fish Commission at Peak's Island, Maine, and Noank, Connecticut, have succeeded in overthrowing the theory of Harvey and others that Cape Cod is the dividing line between a strongly marked Northern and an equally characteristic Southern flora. That view was apparently confirmed by the dredgings at Wood's Hole, where almost no Northern forms occur. At Noank, however, and in Long Island Sound several plants, particularly *Euthora cristata*, showed that some species peculiar to the North are found in Southern localities where the water is cold. The fact that *Laminaria dermatodea* is abundant in Portland Harbor would suggest that the Newfoundland flora comes farther southward than was supposed. An interesting addition has been made to the Florida marine flora in the shape of two species heretofore known from the Red Sea, *Sargassum dentifolium* and *Cystoseira myrica*.

A recent examination of the rose plant from which the greater part of the attar of roses is manufactured has shown that it belongs to the variety called the *Rosa damascena*, or Damascus rose.

Among the events of *Agricultural* interest during the early winter have been the annual meetings of several State societies and boards of agriculture. While the Transactions of these meetings contain considerable material of little practical and still less scientific value, many of the papers read are useful contributions to our scientific knowledge, and the number and worth of these increase from year to year. Some of these organizations have already come to be with us, what similar ones have long been in Europe, among the most potent agencies in furthering agricultural science.

At the meeting of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, December 1-3, were delivered, among others, addresses by Professor Arnold on Milk, President Chadbourne on Mental Faculties of Domestic Animals, Secretary Flint on the South Carolina Phosphate Beds, Professor Stockbridge on Agricultural Experiments, and President Clark on some Phenomena of Plant Growth. President Clark's experiments with the "Amherst squash in harness," and on the flow of sap in plants, have been successful in exciting popu-



lar interest, if not in gaining the entire commendation of students of science as new and accurate investigation. This meeting was one of unusual interest and usefulness.

The same may be said of the annual convention of the Connecticut Board of Agriculture, December 16-18. The chief theme of discussion was the production and management of milk. Addresses were made by Secretary Gold and Mr. Hart on the Production and Treatment of Milk, Hon. X. A. Willard on Dairy Management, T. D. Douglass on Butter-making, Dr. Sturtevant on the Milk Product as affected by Feeds, Professor Atwater on Results of European Experiments upon the Effect of Fodder on Milk Production, Hon. Francis Gillette on the Immortality of Animals, and by Mr. P. M. Augur on Fruit-culture.

The establishment of an experiment station in Connecticut, a movement toward which had been initiated in the previous annual meeting, was discussed with considerable enthusiasm. The committee appointed a year previously for furthering the project reported that meetings had been held in various parts of the State to bring the subject before the people, who had responded with hearty approbation. Petitions with some seven or eight hundred signers had been presented to the State Legislature asking for favorable action. A bill providing for an annual appropriation of \$8000 for the establishment and maintenance of an experiment station had been brought before the Legislature, and after a debate had been laid over for further consideration until the next session, which convenes in May, 1875.

Pending this action of the Legislature, the members of the convention showed their earnestness in the matter by subscribing nearly \$400, which sum it was proposed to increase to \$1000, to be devoted to investigations in agricultural chemistry, and particularly to the analyses of fertilizers, in the interests of the farmers of the State of Connecticut. Mr. Orange Judd, as one of the trustees of the Wesleyan University, assured for this work the free use of the chemical laboratory of that institution, which offer was seconded by one on the part of Professor Atwater to devote gratuitously his own services, aided by those of Professor Johnson, to the superintendence and execution of the work.

Apropos of the subject of fertilizer analysis, an interesting bit of experience is reported from the Massachusetts Agricultural College. A potash fertilizer purchased of a dealer in Boston was certified to contain thirty-two per cent. of potash. An analysis by Professor Goessmann showed an actual content of only eight per cent.

The article by Professor Storer, "On the Importance as Plant Food of the Nitrogen of Vegetable Mould," published in the third part of the Bulletin of the Bussey Institution, to which brief reference has been already made in these columns, is one of great scientific value. The object of this paper is to enforce and, in part, to explain the fact that the nitrogen of vegetable mould, as in loam and peat, which in the process of decomposition of the latter has not yet reached the form of ammonia or nitric acid—in other words, the organic nitrogen of the soil—is, under certain conditions, in a measure, at least, available as plant food. This fact is supported by a large number

of experiments on the growth of plants in pots containing various kinds and mixtures of soils, carried out during the past three years by Professor Storer, as well as by numerous others, which he cites from various authorities. Professor Storer discusses the circumstances under which the soil nitrogen becomes available to the plant, and throws out suggestions which have a very important bearing upon the much-vexed question of nitrification, and go far to explain and harmonize the conflicting views and results of experiments upon the weighty subject of the sources of supply of nitrogen to plants. These labors of Professor Storer are among the most valuable contributions to agricultural science ever made on this side of the Atlantic.

An important advance has lately been made in regard to the history of the potato disease by Professor Du Bary, which, it is thought, may be of importance in suggesting measures for preventing the propagation of this pest. The matter of the potato fungus has been well worked out for some years past, with the exception of its resting-place during the winter, and the possible manner by which it can make its appearance in the spring or summer. It is now believed that its nidus during the season in question is to be found in clover or certain other fodder plants which enter into the composition of manures, and that by a proper microscopic criticism of such manures the danger of introducing the germs of the disease in any particular region may be greatly obviated.

Mr. Grote, of Buffalo, makes an important suggestion in regard to the natural history of the cotton-worm which does so much damage to the cotton crop in the South. He is of the opinion that it does not originate in the United States, but comes from South and Central America in great flights. These settle upon the growing plants, and lay eggs, which develop into the caterpillar so destructive to the cotton interest. He believes that the eggs laid by the progeny of this brood all perish in the winter with the plants themselves, and that the renewal can only occur by a new flight from the South. The occurrence of this pest in connection with the cotton plant in the United States, in his opinion, dates back only to a short period before the late war.

The continued spread of the phylloxera in France excites the gravest apprehensions on account of the momentous consequences involved to the grape culture of the country. Every number of the *Comptes Rendus* is occupied very largely by propositions looking toward a claim for the \$20,000 offered by the government for an efficient method of preventing its ravages. A recent writer gives it as his opinion that the trouble is caused largely by the practical extermination of small birds in France on the part of the so-called sportsmen of that country. It is not, perhaps, that the phylloxera itself is devoured by the birds, but that other insects, which are more accessible to them, and which, in consequence of their diminution, can prosecute their ravages undisturbed, and thus weaken and exhaust the vine plant, and render it a more easy prey to the parasite.

Under the head of *Pisciculture* and the *Fisheries* we have to record the great success experienced by the United States authorities in securing spawn of the salmon in California and Maine, in



hatching out that obtained from the former, of which a large percentage of the young fish has already been deposited in the waters of the United States. A successful transfer of the living young has been made to the waters of the Colorado River in Texas and to those of Lake Pontchartrain, Louisiana, in addition to many points in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Utah, and all the Northern and Middle States, as well as in Maryland, West Virginia, Virginia, and North Carolina.

A curious fact in connection with the artificial culture of salmon has lately come to light, as related by Mr. Dousman, of Wisconsin. This gentleman received some years ago some salmon eggs from the United States establishment in Maine to be hatched by him and distributed in the waters of Wisconsin. In transferring them a few of the fry were left behind, and in the past autumn, while securing the eggs from his spawning trout, Mr. Dousman found three salmon, one female and two males. From the female, which was only five inches in length, he obtained 200 apparently fertile eggs, which were impregnated by the milt of the male (seven inches long), and placed in a hatching box. The result of the experiment will be looked for with great interest for the purpose of ascertaining whether a new and diminutive race of salmon may not thereby be obtained.

In this connection we may refer to the experiments by Fitzinger upon the eggs of hybrid salmon as obtained in Europe by crossing the salmon and the trout. These have been subjected by him to a critical investigation, and it was found that they develop quite satisfactorily up to the stage when the eye-specks show, but do not go beyond this point, and consequently no fertile hybrid race can be expected. The successive generations may, however, be kept up advantageously, as the hybrids do not leave the rivers, and grow with much greater rapidity on the same amount of food than the parent species.

A movement has lately been initiated for the transfer of trout and salmon to the Cape of Good Hope, as also to renew experiments in transporting salmon eggs to Australia and New Zealand. The trout thus transferred have succeeded admirably in the last-mentioned countries, while the result of the salmon experiments is not at all satisfactory. It is somewhat questionable whether the temperature of the water at the Cape of Good Hope is such as to permit a successful result, but its initiators sagaciously maintain that if this be secured, the benefits will warrant any reasonable amount of expense, while the loss will be trifling if the effort fail.

Something may be learned of the importance of the measures now being taken on the part of the United States and the States themselves looking toward stocking the rivers of this country with salmon, shad, and other useful food fishes, from the report of the Food Inspector of the city of Washington for the year ending October 1, 1874. This gentleman, Mr. C. Ludington, informs us that the total inspections of fish offered for sale in the markets of Washington alone amounted in that year to no less than 11,000,000 pounds, of which a large proportion consisted of herring and shad. Of the latter there were 628,000, and 6,500,000 of the former, besides

large numbers of striped bass and other river fishes.

After several years of unsuccessful effort in France to restore the oyster fisheries, we are informed that the results of the last season have been quite satisfactory. The oyster, as is well known, produces a great number of young during its spawning season. The great difficulty, however, is to retain these on the oyster beds where they are produced. A concurrence of favorable circumstances appears to be necessary, particularly with reference to the oceanic currents, and an abundance of objects to which they may adhere, a perfect cleanness of the surface for adherence, and other more or less uncertain conditions. It is now stated that this problem has been solved by introducing to the beds at about the time of spawning a number of sticks or other objects coated with an adhesive substance, to which the spat may attach itself. Much less trouble is experienced in the United States in this connection, the object being accomplished by throwing upon the beds clean oyster-shells at the critical time.

The practical failure of the fur-seal fisheries in the North Atlantic during 1874 has induced action on the part of European governments looking toward some international arrangement for the protection of this interest, and it is probable that the period of capture will be changed to the time between the beginning or middle of April and the middle of May or the beginning of June, and that a fine of many thousands of dollars will be imposed by each government upon such of its citizens as shall violate the order on this subject.

In the field of *Engineering* we may record for the month several noteworthy items. The 16th of December witnessed the completion of the Brooklyn tower of the East River Bridge. Its total height is placed at 268 feet.

The tunnel through the Musconetcong Mountain, which has been in progress for over two years, is reported as upon the eve of completion. The final blast in the headings was made on the 16th of December, effecting the connection between the two parts of the tunnel. The work is located in Northern New Jersey, on the line of the Easton and Perth Amboy Railroad—a continuation of the Lehigh Valley Railroad—the line, when completed, constituting a connecting link between the Lehigh Valley and its northern prolongation, on the one hand, and tide-water, on the other. The tunnel proper is about a mile in length, not including the long open cuts at either end.

The company engaged in the construction of the St. Gothard Tunnel has laid before the Swiss Federal Council its estimates for the third year's work, which commenced on the 1st of October, 1874. This estimate, which has been approved, fixes the progress to be made during this period at 1922 meters, which, added to the 2453 meters driven the first two years, will make a total of 4375 meters by the 30th of September, 1875.

The Cheap Transportation Convention, which met during the present month at Richmond, afforded the opportunity of bringing out a vast amount of information concerning rail and water lines, the best routes from North to South, and West to East. The feature of the meeting was the able and interesting report of Mr. Southall, of Virginia, on the James River and Kanawha



Canal, connecting the waters of the Mississippi Valley with those of the Atlantic, a scheme which has already been descanted upon in these columns. In an address on existing railroads the president of the convention pointed out a number of abuses incident to the general management of lines in this country, and urged that the most effectual remedy for the existing evils is competition, and this would be found in the construction of an exclusive freight road from the grain-growing sections of the West to the seaboard, which, inasmuch as it would demonstrate how cheaply freight could be carried by rail, would compel existing roads to abolish the abuses which are absorbing the revenues of the present system.

Upon the most reliable information we may record to date the completion of 1808 miles of new railroads in the United States during the year 1874, against 3925 miles completed in 1873, and 7340 miles in 1872. Complete returns up to the close of the year will doubtless slightly swell the figures for 1874. The increase is estimated to be about 2.6 per cent., the number of miles of our railroad at the beginning of the year being 70,650.

Experiments have been in progress at Sandy Hook, with the purpose of determining the practicability of altering a number of smooth-bore guns into rifled pieces of smaller bore, by the insertion of a wrought-iron core. If successful, it is understood that some 4000 smooth-bore guns now in government hands will be so altered, and thus greatly improved in efficiency.

The annual statement of the Keeper of the Mining Records of the United Kingdom for 1873 has just appeared, from which we present the accompanying figures, showing the mineral produce of the United Kingdom during the period named.

	Tons.	Value.
Coal .....	127,016,747	£47,631,280
Iron ore.....	15,577,499	7,573,676
Copper ore.....	80,188.5	342,708
Tin ore.....	14,884.8	1,056,835
Lead ore.....	73,500.5	1,131,907
Zinc ore.....	15,969	61,166
Iron pyrites.....	58,924	35,485
Arsenic.....	5,448.8	22,854
Clay (fine and fire) and shale	1,758,000	656,300
Salt.....	1,758,000	892,500

The total value of the minerals produced in the United Kingdom in 1873 equals £59,479,486. From the above there were manufactured, pig-iron, 6,566,451 tons; tin, 9972 tons; copper, 5240 tons; lead, 54,235 tons; zinc, 4471 tons; other metals to the value of £136,077—making the total value of metals produced from British ores in 1873 £21,409,878, showing a decrease of £660,000 on the figures of 1872.

In *Technology* we may note that much interest is at present aroused by the system of Ponsard for making steel direct from the ore. The process is effected by the employment of a gas furnace of peculiar construction, which is susceptible of a great variety of uses. The foreign journals likewise contain very favorable comments on the efficiency of the process of freeing cast iron from phosphorus, first suggested, we believe, by Professor Scheerer, of Freiberg, by the application of a fused mixture of chloride of calcium and common salt to the molten iron in the puddling furnace. The process is represented to yield a superior bar-iron from phosphureted cast iron at practically no increase of cost.

In connection with the future of the Bessemer steel industry of this country we note with much interest from a leading iron paper that the existence in Virginia of large deposits of iron ores of great purity and richness, fully equaling if not surpassing those of Lake Superior, has been fully established. These deposits, moreover, are said to be readily and cheaply accessible to the iron-works east of the Alleghanies. The great difficulty with which the Bessemer industry of this country has had to contend is that of securing ores of sufficient purity at reasonable price, and thus far it has been dependent partly upon foreign sources, though chiefly upon the ores of Lake Superior and Missouri.

A new industry that, besides utilizing one of the waste products of the mills, gives employment to quite a number of men has lately sprung up in Pittsburg. The article is called "breeze coke," and is obtained from the ashes of the furnace ash-pits. The coarse particles are first separated from the fine ashes with a rake, and the lumps thrown into a tank of water, when the coke that is fit for use floats on its surface, the heavy ash and cinder sinking to the bottom. It is eagerly sought after by the forge-men, who use it largely.

*Bronces incrustes* is the name given to a new style of bronze or copper work ornamented with gold and silver, and manufactured by the celebrated house of Christoffle and Co., in Paris.

Dingler publishes the fact that an artificial animal charcoal possessing very fair decolorizing power can be prepared by saturating lumps of pumice-stone with fresh ox blood, and then heating the mass in a closed vessel until the evolution of combustible gases ceases. Before using this substitute, however, it is recommended that it be washed in water to remove certain soluble salts that are contained therein.

Some recent improvements in photography are of great interest. A process of reproducing negatives has been devised, by which a plate is coated in the dark with dextrin 4 parts, glucose 4, bichromate of potassa 2, and water 100, and, when dry, exposed to light under the negative to be copied. After a few seconds' exposure, it is removed again to the dark room and dusted with finely powdered graphite, which brings out the picture. If the plate after exposure is sprinkled with emery of different grades, beginning with the coarsest, the more viscous portions are covered by the larger particles, while the parts most acted on by the light retain only the finest. The plate is then hardened by exposure to light, and an impression taken from it in soft metal, which yields an electrotype possessing the proper grain for copper-plate printing.

In a similar connection we must notice that MM. Delachanal and Mermet have designed a continuous light for photographic purposes by the combustion of nitric oxide and bisulphide of carbon, the eminent actinic value of which has long been familiar to physicists.

A very remarkable fact, if verified, is the observation of M. Choquart, lately communicated to the French Academy, that the magnet exercises a decided influence upon the spectra of various substances. The spectra of sulphur and selenium under the magnetic influence are said to become quite pale, and finally to disappear, while the opposite effect is produced in the case of



chlorine and bromine. The effect, the author says, is so rapid as to seem magical.

Under the head of *Materia Medica*, *Therapeutics*, and *Hygiene* we may refer to the statement of Dr. Schmidt in reference to the well-known and much-dreaded disease known as *diabetes mellitus*, and the result of a disorganization of the brain—a condition to which students are particularly liable. It is maintained by Dr. Schmidt that in no case coming within the scope of his extended experience and study has this disease been developed excepting as hereditary, and that in every instance a predisposition existed, as the inheritance from some ancestor who had been affected by it within one or two generations.

Laségue, in a paper on therapeutics and hot baths, informs us that the beneficial results of such applications may be secured, without any of the evils sometimes arising, by the precaution of having the bath warmer at the end of the operation than at the beginning, the temperature in no case to exceed 115° to 118°, and the time of exposure limited to a few minutes.

Napier mentions what he considers to be a new process in dental surgery. Taking the ground that the extirpation of the nerve is very objec-

tionable in preparing the stumps for the insertion of artificial teeth, he files down the teeth, with an occasional application of nitric acid to the surface, for the purpose of deadening the nerve. He has found as the result of several experiments that teeth cauterized in this way retain the vitality of the nerve, greatly to the improvement of their general health and condition.

*Necrology.*—Among the deaths since our last Summary we have to record, for the United States, those of Dr. J. V. Z. Blaney, of Chicago, and Dr. Gideon Lincecum, of Texas; Mr. F. Von Kittlitz and Dr. Friedrich Rochleder, for Germany; Sir William Jardine, Lady Hooker, Dr. Edwin Smith, and Dr. Archibald Campbell, for England; and Ferdinand Bayan and L. P. Rousseau, for France.

We desire to correct an error which through oversight crept into the Editor's Scientific Record published in our December issue. It was there stated that the length of railways throughout the world exceeds 2,000,000 miles. The correct statement would read, "The number of miles of railway throughout the world exceeds 200,000."

## Editor's Historical Record.

### POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 22d of January. —Congress, after the holiday recess, met January 5. On the 19th of January Senator Sherman submitted a report from the committee of conference to amend the existing customs and revenue laws. The report, which was agreed to by the Senate, was substantially the same as that presented last session, except that the duty on hops had been raised to eight cents per pound, and that the sections relating to tobacco and the sales of bonds had been stricken out. The report was agreed to by the House January 21.

The House, January 7, passed, by a vote of 136 to 99, the Senate bill for the resumption of specie payments, the provisions of which were given in our last Record. The bill has received the President's signature. On the 12th a bill was passed by the House removing the limitation restricting the capital of gold banks to \$1,000,000.

The Naval Appropriation Bill from the House was passed by the Senate January 18. It appropriates a little over \$16,000,000.

The House Committee on Elections, January 19, reported a resolution recommending the expulsion of George Q. Cannon, Delegate from the Territory of Utah.

A resolution was adopted by the House, December 18, permitting the select committee on the condition of the South to proceed either as a committee or sub-committee to Louisiana to make investigations. In accordance with this resolution, the select committee appointed a sub-committee, consisting of Charles Foster, William Walter Phelps, and Clarkson N. Potter. The committee left Washington on the 26th of December, and were in New Orleans January 4, when the Louisiana Legislature attempted to organize itself. The State-house was guarded directly by the police, and more remotely by United States

troops, under the command of General De Trobriand. The Returning Board had returned fifty-three Republicans and fifty Democrats, leaving five contested seats, the proper occupants of which were to be decided by the Legislature. After the roll-call of members there was an irregular organization attempted by the Conservatives, who, by an informal vote, placed L. A. Wiltz in the chair. The five Conservative members whose seats were contested were in like manner admitted to seats. L. A. Wiltz was then elected permanent Speaker. Some confusion ensuing, the Speaker called upon General De Trobriand to clear the lobby, which the general did. Shortly afterward General De Trobriand received orders from Governor Kellogg to eject the five Conservatives whose names had not been returned by the Returning Board. He ejected these members. The Democrats then retired from the hall in a body. At 9 p.m. General Sheridan assumed command of the Department of the Gulf.

The Congressional investigating committee returned to Washington shortly after the events just narrated, and on the 15th their report was submitted to the House. During their eight days' stay in New Orleans they examined over ninety-five witnesses. The committee report that the acting members of the Returning Board were all Republicans. The returns of the last election made by the Commissioners of Elections gave the Conservatives a majority of twenty-nine members in the Legislature. In three instances there were protests accompanying the returns. The Returning Board, after a session of several weeks, returned fifty-three Republicans and fifty Democrats. In one parish (Rapides) three Conservatives were elected, and the returns were accompanied by an affidavit of the United States Supervisors that the election was in all re-



spects full, fair, and free. The Returning Board gave the seats of that parish to Republican members. In regard to the charge of intimidation of Republican voters, the committee concludes that it is not borne out by the facts before it. The depressed condition of commerce is alluded to, and the blame laid upon the Kellogg government, which is only upheld by the Federal military. The White League of New Orleans, according to this report, is an organization comprised of different clubs, numbering between 2500 and 2800, the members of which provide their own arms. The *émeute* of September 14 was caused by the seizure, without process of law, of arms purchased by the members. The report concludes with an account, substantially the same as we have given, of the events of January 4.

This report was indorsed by the full committee, but it was determined to have a more thorough investigation.

Prior to the submission of this report the President had, January 13, sent a message to Congress in reply to a request for information in regard to the Federal interference with the organization of the Louisiana Legislature. The President dwells upon the long career of lawlessness in New Orleans, explains his recognition of the Kellogg government as a necessity in the absence of any definite Congressional policy upon the subject, shows how and why the Federal forces were present in New Orleans January 4, acting presumably under orders already given on the basis of the Governor's application in September, and constituting the only force upon which both parties could rely for the preservation of peace.

"Nobody was disturbed by the military who had a legal right at that time to occupy a seat in the Legislature. That the Democratic minority of the House undertook to seize its organization by fraud and violence; that in this attempt they trampled under foot law; that they undertook to make persons not returned as elected, members, so as to create a majority; that they acted under a preconcerted plan, and under false pretenses introduced into the hall a body of men to support their pretensions by force if necessary; and that conflict, disorder, and riotous proceedings followed, are facts that seem to be well established. And I am credibly informed that these violent proceedings were a part of a premeditated plan to have the House organized in this way, recognize what has been called the M'Enery Senate, then to depose Governor Kellogg, and so revolutionize the State government. Whether it was wrong for the Governor, at the request of a majority of the members returned as elected to the House, to use such means as were in his power to defeat those lawless and revolutionary proceedings, is perhaps a debatable question, but it is quite certain that there would have been no trouble if they who now complain of illegal interference had allowed the House to be organized in a lawful and regular manner. When those who inaugurated disorder and anarchy disavow harsh proceedings, it will be time enough to condemn those who by such means as they have prevented the success of their lawless and desperate schemes."

On the 4th of March the terms of twenty-five Senators expire. Seventeen of these retiring Senators are Republicans, three Independents, and five Democrats. The following new Senators have been elected: Newton Booth, from California; William W. Eaton, from Connecticut; W. P. Whyte and Robert E. Withers, from Virginia; B. K. Bruce, from Mississippi; A. G. Thurman (re-elected), from Ohio; S. B. Maxcy, from Texas; George F. Edmunds (re-elected), from Vermont; William A. Wallace, from Pennsylvania; Francis Kernan, from New York; ex-Governor Theodore Randolph, from New Jersey;

H. L. Dawes, from Massachusetts; Thomas F. Bayard, from Delaware; J. E. M'Donald, from Indiana; General F. M. Cockrell, from Missouri, to succeed Carl Schurz; Hannibal Hamlin (re-elected), from Maine; William Sharon, from Nevada; A. S. Paddock, from Nebraska.

The New Hampshire Democratic State Convention, at Concord, January 5, nominated Hiram R. Roberts for Governor.

The Connecticut State Republican Convention, at New Haven, January 20, nominated James L. Greene for Governor.

The number of immigrants arriving at the port of New York in 1874 was 149,762.

With the new year came a new dynasty for Spain. Alfonso XII., son of the ex-Queen Isabella, was proclaimed king, and was supported by the army and navy. A regency was formed under the Presidency of Canovas Delcastillo. The new king's ministry was announced as follows: Minister of Foreign Affairs, Castro; of Justice, Cardenas; of War, Jovellar; of Finance, Salaverria; of Marine, Molins; of the Interior, Robledo; of Commerce, Orovio; of the Colonies, Ayala.

President M'Mahon sent a message to the French Assembly, January 6, urgently requesting the passage of a bill creating a Second Chamber, provision for the maintenance of the *statu quo* until 1880 in the event of M'Mahon's death before the expiration of his term of office, and, after the organization of the Second Chamber, a decision from both Chambers as to the government which shall succeed the Septennate.

#### DISASTERS.

*December 24.*—Colliery explosion in North Staffordshire, England. Twenty miners killed. —Railway accident at Woodstock, Oxfordshire, England. Express train thrown down an embankment. Thirty persons killed and eighty wounded.

*December 28.*—Tidings received in London of the destruction by fire, November 17, of the emigrant ship *Cospatrick*, bound from London to Auckland. Of five hundred souls on board only three are known to have survived.

#### OBITUARY.

*December 23.*—In Cambridge, Massachusetts, James Walker, D. D., formerly President of Harvard College, aged eighty years.

*December 26.*—In Fitchburg, Massachusetts, the Hon. Alvah Crocker, member of Congress from Massachusetts, aged seventy-three years.

*December 28.*—In New York, the Hon. Gerrit Smith, aged seventy-eight years.

*December 29.*—In New York, General Morgan L. Smith, aged fifty-six years.

*January 12.*—In Louisville, Kentucky, Thomas E. Bramlette, ex-Governor of that State.

*January 18.*—In New York, William H. Aspinwall, merchant, in his sixty-seventh year.

*December 8.*—In Paris, Baron E. C. G. Wappers, the distinguished Belgian artist, aged seventy-one years.

*December 29.*—Death announced of the Spanish statesman, Joaquin Baldomero Espartero.

*December 31.*—In France, Ledru Rollin, aged sixty-six years.

*January 1.*—In London, England, Mrs. J. Lothrop Motley, wife of the American historian.



## Editor's Drawer.

MARCH, month of "many weathers," wildly comes  
In hail, and snow, and rain, and threatening  
hums,  
And floods; while often at his cottage door  
The shepherd stands, to hear the distant roar  
Loosed from the rushing mills and river locks,  
With thundering sound and overpowering shocks.  
From bank to bank, along the meadow lea,  
The river spreads, and shines a little sea;  
While in the pale sunlight a watery brood  
Of swooping white birds flock about the flood.

THE following amusing incident in the early history of Braintree, Massachusetts, was related by the Hon. Charles Francis Adams in an address delivered at the dedication of the Town-hall of that town in 1858:

When the British chieftain, General Gage, seeking to overawe the people of Massachusetts, sent out through the courts warrants to obtain juries to use in restoring the impeached Chief Justice Oliver, the people of Braintree took instant measures to obtain possession of all these obnoxious papers within the limits of the town. Accordingly about two hundred gathered one Sunday evening for the purpose of securing those papers, then in the hands of the deputy-sheriff. Having made the necessary arrangements, they secured that officer and compelled him to deliver up the warrants. They then made a great fire, around which they stood in a circle while the obnoxious documents were committed to the flames; but after all was done, when a vote was called whether they should huzzah, it passed in the negative, because it was *Sunday*, and they went home in silence.

It may not be generally known that the town of Braintree originally embraced the present towns of Randolph and Quincy, and that John Adams and John Quincy Adams were both raised before the separation.

In the present town of Braintree resides M——, a manufacturer of heavy carriages and heavy mechanical work of all sorts, which has been shipped to all parts of the world. His extensive business relations have given him a keen insight into human nature. A few years ago, while traveling on the cars in New York, he fell in with a very affable but high-flown gentleman, who was ostensibly acquainted with every thing worth knowing. After conversing a while relative to mechanical work, the gentleman asked M—— where he was from.

"Braintree, Massachusetts," was the reply.

"Braintree? Braintree?" was the rejoinder. "It must be an unimportant place. I think I never heard of it before."

"Ah? astonishing," quietly remarked M——.

"It is the only town in the United States that ever produced two Presidents."

THE name of John Brown may be suggestive of a soul that is marching on, but this time his earthly mission is not ended, and he lives in an inland town in Maine. He is habitually poor, but he always takes a complacent view of life. Some are of the opinion that his heart is not very keenly susceptible to the ties of nature. We recall him now in his most significant character, going along the street at a pacing gait, with his

wood-saw on his shoulder, and always humming, to the old "Forty-niner's" tune of *Susannah*, the following syllabical euphony: "Rum-tum-dum-de-dar-de-o, rum-tum-tier-di-do," etc.

During the last war John had three sons in the army, named Fernando, James, and Henry. Fernando was taken prisoner and conveyed to Libby Prison, James was killed outright, and Henry lost an eye in one of the battles. John was returning home from the village, where he had received letters informing him of the above facts, when he was met by a waggish neighbor, and the following conversation ensued between them:

"Well, John, you been to the village?"

"Yes."

"What's the news?"

"Oh, not much of any thing, only I've heard from the boys, and Jim's got laid out."

"What! you don't mean he's killed?"

"Yes, Sir; and Hen's got one of his eyes knocked out, and Fernan's down there in prison. I don't expect to ever see *him* again. Rum-tum-dum-de-dar-de-o," etc.

Mr. B—— was a noted penny-a-liner who had written much in the way of novelettes, and earned quite an extensive reputation in this field in his younger days. A few years ago he was one day reviewing the incidents of his literary career with an old friend, when he remarked, "I have during my literary life received a great many puffs and flattering notices from the press."

"And that, of course," said the friend, "was very gratifying."

"You will say remarkably so," was the reply, "when I tell you that, with one exception, I wrote them all myself!"

OLD Deacon Roberts was worked up to a high state of enthusiasm in a revival. He was exhorting the unconverted to flee from the wrath to come before it was too late; for, said he, "the Lord is here now, and He may not be here again for twenty years."

THIS from a correspondent at Rivière du Loup, Canada:

When the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada was completed, in 1860, many of the farmers had never heard of, much less seen, a railway, but it soon got reported around that passengers could travel by it, and even cattle. A backwoodsman who was indebted to a country merchant was *pushed* by the latter for payment of the amount due, and the only means of liquidating the debt was by taking a fat ox to the Quebec market. For this purpose he tied his ox to the back of his cart, and drove to the railway station, a distance of nine miles. On surveying the train and seeing an iron railing around the platform of the hind car, he concluded that *that* was the place to tie his ox, which he accordingly did, taking a place in a second-class car himself forward. Presently the train began to move off slowly. The speed increased; quicker and quicker it went. The poor man got very fidgety, the speed still increasing, until large drops of sweat became visible on his brow. By



this time the conductor had reached his car to collect the tickets. Nearly out of breath, the man ran to him, exclaiming,

"My *dear* conductor, my ox will never be able to keep up to this pace; it is not possible."

"Your ox! Keep up to this pace! What do you mean? I don't understand you. Have you oxen on board?"

"Not on board, of course. I tied him to the railing of the hind car."

"You tied your ox to the railing of the hind car? Who told you to do so?"

"No one; but that is the way we always do in the country."

Of course the conductor could not stop his train before reaching the next station, when, needless to say, on looking for the ox, they found attached to the rope a pair of horns, with a small portion of the neck.

Mr. Bergh could scarcely call this cruelty to animals, as it was not intended.

The humane conductor made a collection among the passengers on the spot, realizing a larger amount than the ox would have brought at market, which he presented to the crest-fallen farmer, who immediately returned home, vowing he would never have oxen taken to market by railway again. He has kept his word, and to this day he leads his ox to market behind his own cart.

KEENNESS at repartee often comes from out-of-the-way corners of the world. It was the custom of the loafers of a certain village to meet every day in an old chamber to play euchre. Prominent among them were Gardner and Robinson. One day, while an interesting game was going forward, Gardner remarked that he could always tell what cards Robinson held by his appearance.

"Oh," said Robinson, "you've been studying human nature, haven't you?"

"Oh no," was the reply; "I've been studying the brute creation."

For the remainder of that day Gardner occupied the place of old John Willets: no one dared to "tackle" him.

A STORY of Edward Walpole: who, being told one day that the confectioners had a way of discharging the ink from old parchment by a chemical process, and then making the parchment into isinglass for their jellies, said, "Then I find a man may now eat his deeds as well as his words." This has been very unfairly, like a great many other *bonmots*, attributed to James Smith.

DEAR DRAWER,—Why does not Mr. Bergh take New Jersey in hand? Think of this. One chilly day, not long ago, while passing through the corridor of the Cooper Institute, we noticed a solemn-looking individual carrying a peculiar-looking basket, from which proceeded curious sounds. Being "from the country" ourselves, we recognized the sounds as resembling the *peep* of young chickens, but of chickens in difficulty—chickens to whom life could have but few attractions. We stopped, and looked into the basket, where there were indeed a dozen or so young chickens; but such discouraged-looking specimens we never in our whole barn-yard experience beheld. They had about two feathers

among them, their bills were long and brown, and they looked altogether as if life was a burden, and they regretted not having been eaten in omelet shape.

"Where in the world did these chickens come from in the winter?" we asked.

The solemn individual looked at the little scraps of misery in the basket, and gave his hat a shove back on his head. Then he said, with an air of mild superiority,

"I comes from Chersey, und I makes dem mit steam!"

Now, dear Drawer, isn't this an outrage? Darwin, Huxley, and the rest aren't a circumstance to it. This Jerseyman didn't even mention his having a steam incubator, but claimed the whole process—the origin of species—himself. Here is his portrait.



"I COMES FROM CHERSEY, UND I MAKES DEM MIT STEAM."

A FEW more Ulster stories, after the manner of Dean Ramsay:

A prosperous trader in the north of Ireland, who was of humble origin, but who had made a large fortune in business, retained in the days of his opulence much of the homely manner and style of speech of his earlier years. On one occasion he gave a grand dinner party in honor of a young friend who had come home from abroad. Every thing was in first-class style. The table was loaded with plenty, the sideboard was glittering with plate. The servants had removed the silver dish-covers and exposed to view a most tempting repast, when the hospitable host spoiled the effect of the whole by calling out from one end of the table to his young guest, who was seated at the other end,

"Master W—, dear, do you see any thing there that you'd like to ate?"

Fancy the effect on his very stylish daughters!

At a fisherman's feast in an Ulster sea-port a gentleman was seated next to an "old salt,"



who, before he would begin his dinner, insisted upon having some of every kind of meat that was on the table put all together upon his plate, which was thus loaded with an incongruous mess of fish, flesh, fowl, and vegetables, all in the one heap. The gentleman asked his neighbor why he did this, and suggested that it would be better for him to eat the different sorts of food separately. But the son of Neptune saw no necessity for any such distinction. He said:

"Do you think I keep separate shelves for them down below? Let them all go into the hold together."

TOWARD the close of the last century a young Presbyterian minister who had just commenced housekeeping was one day entertaining a few clerical friends. After dinner whisky punch was, as usual, introduced, but the young host was anxious to avoid even the possibility of excess, and therefore before the carouse had proceeded beyond the second tumbler he ordered in a quantity of buttermilk whey, or "caudle," by way of a conclusion to the entertainment. The innovation was not acceptable to the old stagers, one of whom, after partaking of the new beverage, expressed his feelings in the following impromptu:

I've not had of grog  
What would warm my noddle;  
I'm swelled up like a frog:  
Brother, curse your caudle!

AT these post-prandial potations great allowance was made for what was said and done by the reverend participators. A minister was once charged in Synod with having made a certain statement. He asked when he had done so. He was told that he had made it "after dinner." "Oh, then," said he, coolly, in reply, "I must have been in jest." The validity of the excuse was not called in question.

PRUDENCE of a different kind from the foregoing was manifested by another Presbyterian minister, who, when asked at his ordination if he intended to become a subscriber to the Widows' Fund of his Church, answered that "he would wait until he got the widow first." The young man was unmarried, and he evidently meant that he would defer his subscription until he had got a wife, that being the germ out of which his future widow must grow.

THE *Tribune* has a very clever, bright correspondent at Paris, Arsène Houssaye, poet, author, and art critic, who, although sixty years old, is as crisp and cheery as a youth of twenty. He is one of the literary celebrities of France. In a recent letter he gives the following very Frenchy anecdote:

"You have heard that all Paris is to be seen at first representations, but this is incorrect. There is little more than the Paris of art and literature. This is by no means the 'upper ten thousand.' When I was young, Ma'amselle Rachel, who ruled the house of Molière, had me made director of the French Theatre. I gave there a hundred new plays. I therefore had an opportunity of studying the fanatical *habitués* of first representations. I soon saw that with the exception of a score of celebrities and a dozen ladies of society, the house belonged by

the nature of things to criticism and its ladies. There were plenty of marriages of the Twenty-first District, from which you must not infer that the women were especially pretty. On the contrary, one could not help asking how those men whose trade it is to be clever, and who must have passed through the Temple of Taste of Montesquieu, should have chosen companions so ugly. One thinks of the speech of the husband who surprised a languishing lover at the knees of his wife, who was monstrously ugly: "Ah, monsieur! and to think that you were not obliged to do it."

OUR genial Methodist brother, Dr. Hurst, in his new book, *Life in the Fatherland*, is brimful of good things. One of the most entertaining chapters is devoted to illustrations of the quaint and grotesque features of German life, under the title of "Oddities of the Newspaper, Home, and Grave-yard." Here are a few samples of the best:

A father announces the death of his child in the *Riesengebirge Boten* newspaper in this fashion:

After an illness extending over many years it has pleased God to take up my dearly beloved youngest daughter, Anna, into His heavenly kingdom, where we shall inter her soulless corpse on Thursday next, at 9 o'clock.  
Master Carpenter J. SCH—.

A Leipsic paper contained this singular obituary:

To-day death tore away from us for the third time our only child.  
L. A. V. and Frau.

Turning from death to matrimony, we find the following solicitation in the *Vienna Presse*:

A soldier, forty years old, sound and strong, is tired of living alone, and would like to marry. He wishes a wife twenty-five years old, affectionate, talented, and finely educated. Since he possesses nothing but his position, a fortune is perfectly necessary. But since he is thoroughly opposed to making love for money, he takes this way of making his wants known.

Such a topic, however, can not be expected to submit always to the dull method of prose, as these lines from a Dantzic paper show:

Four men, in the best of years (not aged),  
With gold and land, and never yet engaged,  
Who've never fished for any maiden fair,  
And whose acquaintance here has been too rare,  
Who long to put themselves 'neath love's soft sway,  
And seek in this—a very well known way—  
Here perfect strangers in this little city,  
Four modest, brave, and good young girls, and pretty,  
As little wives to carry home from here;  
Therefore we beg our readers not to fear,  
But send addresses, as is oft the case,  
With portrait, to this paper's printing-place:  
Fortune with them we do not seek possession,  
And hereby vow to act with strict discretion.

But such overtures are not confined to one sex, if we may judge from this advertisement in the *Berlin Intelligenz Blatt*:

A young lady of good exterior and pleasant appearance wishes to marry a gentleman of just the same way of thinking.

The *Rheinische Zeitung*, in 1869, furnished this testimony to the qualifications of an executioner of the eighteenth century:

I hereby certify that the executioner of Tecklenburg, Joest Heinrich Stolheust, brother of the executioner Jügermann, some time ago beheaded with skill and to my especial pleasure Heinrich Schnerkamp, who was imprisoned in the Hellenborg; and immediately after, during the time my brother was Syndicus, skillfully hanged a person named Rötter, above the masses; also that in similar duties people will be well served by him. Signed the 9th day of June, 1709.



In the same line is the following scale of fees given to mediæval executioners of Darmstadt and Bessungen, as published in a number of German papers of the olden times :

	Fl. Kr.
To boil a malefactor in oil.....	24 00
To quarter a living person.....	15 00
To execute a person with the sword.....	15 30
To lay the body on the wheel.....	5 60
To stick the head of the same on a pole.....	5 00
To rend a man into four parts.....	18 00
To hang a man or any delinquent.....	10 00
To bury the body.....	1 00
To burn a man alive.....	14 00
To wait upon a torture, if so called.....	2 00
To place in a Spanish boot.....	2 00
To place a delinquent in the rack.....	5 00
To put a person in the iron collar.....	1 00
To scourge one with rods.....	3 30
To brand the gallows upon the back, or upon the forehead or cheeks.....	5 00
To cut off a person's nose or ears.....	5 00
To lead a person out of the country.....	1 30

In addition to these charges the executioner was gratuitously boarded, and usually received some *douceurs* besides.

Here are some quaint little mottoes taken from above the doorways of the houses in the Black Forest, Harz Mountains, and Tyrolese Alps :

The Lord this dwelling be about,  
And bless all who go in and out.

Another :

The old folks to me they say  
The times grow worse from day to day.  
But I say no!  
I put it so:  
The times are just the times we've always had:  
It is the people who have grown so bad!

This is less hopeful :

To please all men's a vain endeavor,  
And so it must remain forever.  
The reason true I'll tell to you:  
The heads are far too many,  
The brains are far too few.

Here is a strange mixture of piety and pelf :

I love the Lord, and trust his promise true:  
I make new hats and dye the old ones too.

Over the door of an inn is the following :

Come within and sit thee down:  
Hast no cash? be off full soon!  
Come within, *dear* guest, I pray,  
If thou hast wherewithal to pay.

Another landlord gives us this :

The kind of guest that I love best  
Will have a friendly talk;  
Will eat and drink and pay his score,  
And then away will walk.

This one from Lower Saxony :

If your purse is filled with gold,  
Blessed be your entrance here;  
Blessed be your going out,  
If you pay your wine and beer.

The quaint and simple methods of recording on the graves the manner in which the departed met their death are familiar objects to travelers in the Tyrol. For instance, near Meran this epitaph is inscribed on a tablet which bears the picture of a man's head peeping out from under an avalanche, and a little Tyrolese scampering off to the left :

Here died Martin Kausch:  
The avalanche came and rolled  
Upon his body, and made him cold.  
Also Jörg under it was bound,  
But to-day is lively and sound!

The following is found in the heart of the mountains. A picture painted in glowing colors on the smooth face of a rock represents a furious ox running his horns into a man, with this result :

By the thrust of ox's horn  
Came I into heaven's bourne;  
All so quickly did I die,  
Wife and children leave must I;  
But in eternity rest I now,  
All through thee, thou wild beast, thou!

Among the newer inscriptions in Austria is the following, over the grave of the common goods carrier between St. Gilgen and Salzburg. He went by the name of "St. Gilgen Bote," and died in 1869 :

Here rests in God  
The dead St. Gilgen Bote;  
To him be gracious, Lord,  
As he would be  
If he wert Thou,  
And Thou St. Gilgen Bote!

During the reign of the reforming Emperor Joseph II. of Austria the following was found on a wall :

A friend of arms,  
A foe to priests,  
A hypocrite  
Our Kaiser is!

The emperor, to catch the author, caused it to be torn down, and this to be put in its place :

The first is true,  
The second plain;  
Of need the third,  
And to the author fifty ducats are due.

But the trap failed, as is shown by this answer, which appeared on the following day :

Four are we—  
Pen, ink, paper, and I;  
Each other we shall not betray,  
So the Kaiser his ducats may keep.

THE following authentic anecdote of the late Thaddeus Stevens (contributed by a prominent ex-member of Congress) contains a grain of pure Attic salt, which some of those who are in the habit of searching *The Drawer* for that condiment may relish :

*Time*—the close of the "long session" of the Fortieth Congress, July 27, 1868. *Place*—office of the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives, Washington. *Dramatis Personæ*—a group of impecunious M.C.'s, waiting to draw their arrears of pay.

Seated on a lounge in the background were John F. Driggs, then representing the Lake Superior mining district of Michigan, and Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania. The "Old Com-moner" was then on the very verge of the grave, "nigh to death's door," as he himself expressed it (he died two weeks afterward); but although his shrunken frame gave painful evidence of "natural force abated," his eye—that lustrous orb that glittered from out the cavernous depths beneath the beetling brow of a massive forehead like the "black diamond" in the mine—"was not dim."

Driggs was particularly jubilant over the passage of a bill imposing a higher rate of duty on copper, in which his constituents were deeply interested, and Mr. Stevens, in his habitual vein of sarcastic humor, was "chaffing" him about it,



alleging, among other things, that he had got his bill through by bribery. (This was in allusion to some nuggets of virgin copper, rudely moulded into the form of paper-weights, which Driggs had distributed among members with whom he was personally intimate as souvenirs of the mineral wealth of his district.)

Upon that hint of "bribery" spake Mr. Stevens's colleague from the Berks County district: "By-the-way, Mr. Stevens, Driggs gave me one of those paper-weights, and I voted for his bill. Tell me—your experience is so much greater than mine—can I take it home with me and keep it without being accused of accepting a bribe?"

"Well, yes," was the reply, uttered with all the gravity of a judge pronouncing an "opinion," "you can keep it *as it is*, but, as you value your good name, *don't have it coined into pennies!*"

NOT twenty miles from Boston resides Mr. Q——, a refined gentleman of the old school, with an illustrious ancestry and a name closely associated with the culture and reform of our country during the last half century. Mr. Q—— once had in his employ, as foreman of his farm, a very good and faithful man, named

Packard. He also had a neighbor, named Lewis, who was a very disagreeable man, with an uncomfortable temper, and between this neighbor and Packard existed a chronic state of unpleasantness. One day words between the two waxed so hot that Packard "went for" the neighbor and gave him what he termed "a sound thrashing."

Of course Mr. Q—— heard of this, and he sent for Packard to come into his study in the evening, and at the appointed hour the latter made his appearance.

"Mr. Packard," said his employer, "I understand you have had some trouble with Mr. Lewis."

"Yes, he made me so mad that I couldn't help licking him."

"Well, Mr. Packard, I don't like to have any thing of this sort occur. It gives a bad sound, and hereafter you must try and control yourself, and not let your passions run away with you."

Packard received this reproof with becoming deference, bowed, and was passing through the door, when he was stopped by Mr. Q——.

"Wait a moment, Mr. Packard. If at any time you get so you *can't* get along, and feel as if you *must* lick somebody, I had rather you would lick Mr. Lewis than any one else. That is all."



THE WAY TO KEEP APPLES.



TO PREVENT CAKE FROM GETTING MOULDY.



HOW TO CLEAN SWEETMEAT JARS.

RECIPES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.



# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCXCIX.—APRIL, 1875.—Vol. L.

## THE FRENCH BROAD.



SUMMER SLEIGHING IN WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

“WHAT is it?” asked Uncle Jack.

“A river,” replied Ermine.

“Very well,” said the old gentleman. Then, after a moment, “Where is it?”

“In Western North Carolina.”

“Very well,” said the old gentleman again, taking up his newspaper. “Pray don’t forget my slippers.”

Later in the day, however, he took me aside.

“Do you know any thing about this Western North Carolina, Miss Martha?” he asked.

“Only how it looks on the map, Sir.”

“And how does it look?”

“Black in the face with mountains.”

“Apoplectic?”

“Decidedly. Bald Mountain, you remember, had a stroke not long since.”

“Are we going *there*?” asked Uncle Jack, resignedly.

“I don’t think any one knows, Sir, exactly where we are going except Ermine,” I replied.

We found it at Ashville. I use the word found because it was a regular game of hide-and-seek, in which the knolls, the river, and ourselves took part. It begins life down on the South Carolina border, and runs almost due north, placidly taking in small streams, and concealing its ultimate purposes with a

delicate art worthy of Undine’s watery relations. Near Ashville is the trysting-place where it meets the Swannano on its way down from the Blue Ridge, but so cunningly is it all managed that no road, no path, will take you there, and unless you have the spirit and the boots of a pioneer you will miss the wedding. Having neither, we yet went, driven by the fiat of Ermine.

“I said I would witness this meeting of the waters,” she began. Then, putting out a slender foot incased in a stern little double-soled boot, “Thus do I leave my mark upon the strand!”

“Upon the mud,” said Uncle Jack.

“Witness, my friends,” continued Ermine, “this is the majority of our river. Its life, so far, has been but awkward growing. It has had no definite character; no one could tell what it might come to—a swampy, a stony, or a bucolic and grassy end. Having received the Swannano, however, it now for the first time feels its strength. My friends, let us return. Later in the day we will view it from the summit of that fern-covered hill behind the town.”

“Beaucatcher Knob,” said Uncle Jack.

“I never hear that country-farmer name,” replied Ermine. “I make it a point to not hear such titles in my rambles through Ar-





HAWK'S BILL MOUNTAIN.

cadia. When the dialect descends too far, I simply ignore it, and thus save myself much vexation of spirit."

Later in the day, however, although we scaled the Knob, and saw a wondrous vision of grandeur and beauty, we saw no river in all the green valley of knolls below us, no gleam of water at the foot of the far mountains, no flash of white through the sunset gap.

"She is hiding," said Ermine; "let us go down and find her."

The view from the Knob is one of the few that linger in memory distinct as a painted picture. As yet it is unknown to the world at large, but it will be famous some day, when the eager artists and tourists discover this hidden region locked up behind mountain walls whose peaks seem to thrust back scornfully the railroads that would penetrate within. So far they have stood at bay, these magnificent cloud-capped ranges, defying the world. Behind the Knob rise the rounded summits of the Blue Ridge, singularly blue always both in sunshine and in storm. Sitting on the grass-grown earthworks of the old Confederate fort that crowned the summit, one faces the west, glorious in sunset tints. In the north rise near and dark peaks leading toward the Black Mountain and its lonely grave. No man had ever a grander sepulchre than Elisha Mitchell, who lost his life while exploring this lofty range. The mountaineers buried him on the peak, whose height, as measured by his own hand, is cut in the rough stone at the head of the grave—6711 feet, the highest summit east of the Mississippi. The government signal station that once stood near has been abandoned and burned.



Looking from the Knob toward the west, we saw a crowd of peaks, apparently endless, fading away into the horizon on the far Tennessee border. But the southwest holds the *genius loci*, the god who guards the valley—Mount Pisgah, solemn, grand old peak, dominant in its gaunt majesty, although one hundred and eighty brother summits are in sight, and the Cold Mountain beyond is counted higher.

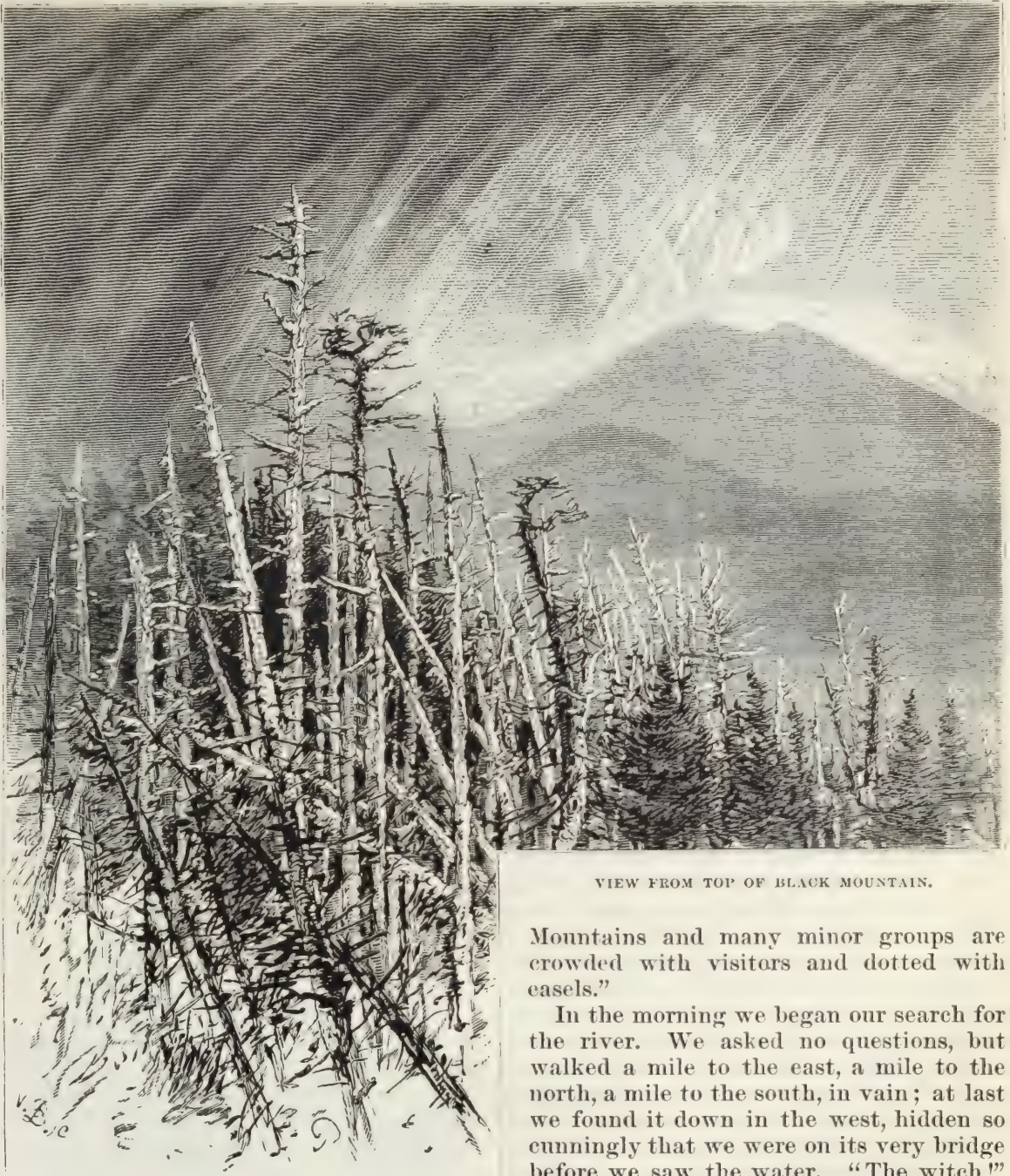
"Physically, perhaps, but not spiritually," said Ermine. "Pisgah is the king, the native-born god of the valley."

As the sun sank behind the mountains down into Tennessee the one gap in the massive western wall, the gap guarded by Pisgah, began to grow purple and soft, like a beautiful pass into some better country. Looking through, far beyond we saw a distant mountain all tinged with gold.

"And the building of the wall of it was of jasper, and the city was pure gold," said Uncle Jack.

"Ashville is a very pretty village, scattered over a valley of knolls," said Ermine, summing up her observations that evening. "Every man has an alp for his private resi-





VIEW FROM TOP OF BLACK MOUNTAIN.

dence, and giants walk the streets. One fine-looking young man I saw yesterday came up to the second-story windows."

"He is exactly six feet seven inches: I inquired," said practical Uncle Jack.

"The stages coming and going are picturesque," continued Ermine, unheeding the interruption; "the Eagle Hotel chicken is tender and unlimited; the cobble-stones are original; the Ashville dog is a mountain animal, a sort of 'merry Swiss boy;' and the teams are a regular menagerie, an ox and a mule behind, a small malicious steer and a particularly large and melancholy horse in front."

"And over and around all," I added, "is spread the most magnificent scenery to be found in the old States—scenery which has remained undiscovered, while the White

Mountains and many minor groups are crowded with visitors and dotted with easels."

In the morning we began our search for the river. We asked no questions, but walked a mile to the east, a mile to the north, a mile to the south, in vain; at last we found it down in the west, hidden so cunningly that we were on its very bridge before we saw the water. "The witch!" said Ermine. "One might live months in Ashville without once seeing the gleam of her silver draperies as she flits through the valley, so hidden is her path."

"Wait till she gets around the corner and you will see a change," said a voice behind us. We turned. "Major Ray!" exclaimed Uncle Jack, extending his hand cordially.

"Myself in person," replied the officer. "Cause, furlough; purpose, fishing; scene, French Broad. And you?"

"Ditto, without the fishing," replied Ermine, taking the blue-coated arm with her graceful nonchalance. (Ermine had a way of taking a person's arm.)

"I like fishing," announced Uncle Jack, in a general way.

"A tent, you know, and hammocks," pursued the officer, as we strolled back to the village; "trouting and books and pipes,



and a ducky cook, one of those old fellows who can put two sticks together and give you a dinner fit for a prince."

"I'll go, Sir; say not another word—I'll go," said Uncle Jack, breezily.

"Without an invitation, uncle?"

"A truce to conventionalities, Miss Stuart. Was not my description seductively arranged to entrap not only your uncle Jack, but all of you?" said the officer, gallantly. (It was indeed, but not the only thing arranged, I thought. People do not turn up on bridges over the French Broad by chance.)

"Thank you," replied Ermine, sweetly; "nothing could be more charming. Uncle will enjoy the fishing so much, and you and I, Miss Martha, can swing in the hammocks and read the books, while the perfection of a cook serves coffee eight times a day in Sèvres cups. Then at night, telling stories around the camp fire in the tent—how romantic! Just what I have always dreamed."

"But the fire won't be in the tent, you know, niece."

"On this occasion it will be," pursued Ermine, calmly. "It was always so in my dreams."

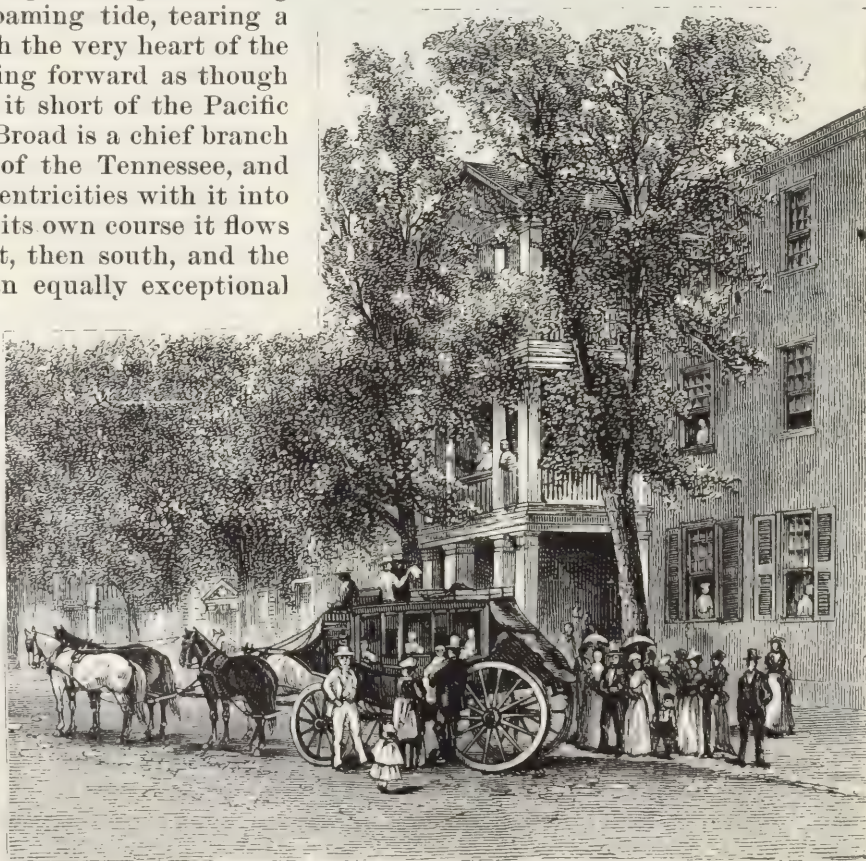
"Then they must have been choked with smoke in your dreams, my dear."

The Major started the next morning, and we followed two days later, finding, as he had said, a great change in our river around the corner. It rushed along with tremendous speed, roaring over rocks, boiling in little pools below, swirling back again in long eddies, a rampant, foaming tide, tearing a way for itself through the very heart of the mountains, and dashing forward as though nothing should stop it short of the Pacific Ocean. The French Broad is a chief branch of the head waters of the Tennessee, and seems to take its eccentricities with it into the latter river. On its own course it flows first north, then west, then south, and the Tennessee pursues an equally exceptional path by going south across the whole of its own State and well down into Alabama, as though intent on seeking the Gulf of Mexico at Pensacola, then, suddenly seized with hesitation, it meanders off vaguely toward the west, makes a little detour into Mississippi, considers a while, and finding itself once more on the Tennessee border, away it goes

straight to the north, crossing the whole State a second time, and even voyaging up seventy miles into Kentucky before it decides where it really wants to go, and, passing by the Great River with characteristic willfulness, enters the Ohio at last. We traveled slowly, loitering along the bank, stopping to gather flowers, to make very bad sketches, to drink from the ice-cold springs, to follow the brooks up their wild gorges and find the hidden falls whose voices came down to the road below, and ever and always to gaze and gaze upon the mountain walls, the rugged rocks, the islands, and the rushing, foaming river. Our road was narrow, cut out from the rock itself at the water's edge, and often the cliffs above seemed toppling over on us, so far did they lean forward, massive and bare. In places the river flowed through what might well be called a cañon. Sheerly rose the perpendicular granite walls from the water's edge, inclosing us and our pigmy road as in a gigantic well, only a little slice of blue sky far above remaining as a link between us and the outside world. It seemed as though we should never see corn fields and the broad heavens again, unless the rocks that aided Sindbad the Sailor would come to our rescue.

Uncle Jack remained placid, but we saw "fishing" in his eyes.

"He will be off with the Major to-morrow, Ermine, and we shall be left alone," I said.



EAGLE HOTEL, ASHVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.





"A REGULAR MENAGERIE."

"If he is off, some one else will be on, Miss Martha."

"Surely you do not expect to meet any body in this remote place?"

"No," replied Ermine, idly swinging to and fro in the loop of a giant wild grapevine; "I never expect any body—it is too much trouble—but they always come, nevertheless."

They did. That night we stopped at Alexander's, and found the Major awaiting us. He had pitched his tents a mile below, and came to meet us with a string of trout. With that singular mania for citizens' clothes which seems to afflict all our army officers, he had attired himself in a commonplace suit, with colored shirt and an old straw hat. Not a bright button remained, not an inch of blue. Uncle Jack examined the fish with enthusiasm.

"At dawn to-morrow," he said.

"What did I tell you, Ermine?" I said, in an under-tone, being left in a carriage drawn by two wild horses, with no other guardian than a constantly smiling and irresponsible darky named Zip, the road meanwhile but one inch wider than our wheels, and ponderous mountain wagons, drawn by oxen, thinking nothing of coming crashing and creaking around every corner. This was too much for me. After supper we strolled down toward the encampment, meeting the three-horse Tennessee stage on its way to Ashville. Two passengers were on top with the driver.

"Yes, Herr Frool," the elder man was saying, in a loud metallic voice that reminded one of tin scrapings, "the valleys of the White Mountain group are scarcely one thousand feet above the sea-level, while here, the very basin of the French Broad, along which we are now journeying, has an average elevation of more than two thousand feet."

"E-es it poss-ible!" ejaculated the companion.

"Professor Macquoid!" I exclaimed.

It was indeed that learned man himself, and with him a young German: "Herr Frool, a recent acquisition to the ranks of the foreign artists who have made this New World their home," explained the Professor.

They dismounted, returning with us to Alexander's, where they were to pass the night.

"What did I tell you?" said Ermine, when, late in the evening, we went to our room.

"But they are going on early in the morning."

"Are they?" said Miss Stuart. She was sitting before the little glass, brush in hand, her golden hair rippling over her shoulders. Her back was toward me, but I noticed that the reflection smiled. I gave it up immediately.

"Professor Macquoid is no doubt a learned man," I began, "and it is true that I did meet him in Florida last winter; still, the acquaintance was but slight, and—"



"Uncle Jack has long known him," said Ermine, brushing calmly on.

"And as to this Herr Frole—"

"Freulig is the name, Miss Martha."

"Well, Froilick, then. I don't know any thing about him."

"Do you want to know?" said Ermine, setting the stern little boots outside the door.

The next morning it was decided at the breakfast-table that we should stay a day or two at Alexander's in order that Uncle Jack might go a-fishing. The Professor had observed a remarkable dip in the strata near by, and the necessary measurements would detain him some time in the neighborhood. Miss Stuart, he observed, was interested in geology, and "Herr Frool, to whom I am showing some of the wonders of our country, Miss Martha, will be, no doubt, charmed to assist you in your search for ferns."

"Furrens?" repeated the artist.

"Yes, ferns," I replied, warming at the mention of my favorite subject; "little leaves, you know—leaves, not flowers, but *leaves*, growing on the rocks—*leaves*."

"Ah, yes, de leafs—I paint him," said the young German, vaguely. "You like leafs?"

"Indeed she does like them, Herr Fryle," said Uncle Jack, who, in high spirits, was preparing fishing tackle. "She is never happy unless she has a polly-stick-'em, or a polly-poddy, or something of the kind."

"E-es it poss-sible!" said the painter, evidently in a maze as to the meaning of these remarkable new words. Afterward I heard

him saying softly over to himself, "bolly," "bolly," "bolly-boddy," as if trying them. Soon the Major appeared with fishing-rod, basket, and a barefooted aboriginal boy. "He knows the bank whereon the wild thyme grows, and will pilot us thither. Ladies, pray honor the river-side tent with your presence at dinner, and inspect our spoil," said our disguised soldier.

"Will the perfection of a cook serve coffee?" asked Ermine.

"He will, fair lady. Ah, Professor, I will bid you good-by now; the stage will soon be round."

"A remarkable dip in the strata near by may compel me to remain some days in this vicinity, Sir. I shall therefore have the pleasure of seeing you again," said the learned man.

"Indeed! I am rejoiced to hear it. May I not, then, hope that you too will honor my tent with your presence to-day, you and your friend Mr.—Mr. Frawl?"

"Freulig," ejaculated the painter.

The Professor accepted with alacrity, and the fishermen started down the road, the barefooted boy who "knew the bank" going on before.

"Strange, isn't it," remarked Ermine, in her silvery voice, as we leaned over the piazza, "how suddenly an officer grows commonplace in citizen's clothes?" (When we reached the fishing ground I noticed that the Major had exchanged the old straw for his artillery cap.)



THREE MEMBERS OF THE JURY THAT WE SAW.



Left to ourselves, we strolled along the road down stream gathering flowers and idly talking. "I am going to climb up to the top of that rock," announced Ermine, suddenly; "I see a rosy cloud of flowers peeping over."

"The *Rhododendron maximum*," said the Professor—"a plant rarely found north of Pennsylvania, although growing here in thickets sometimes miles in extent. Miss Stuart, the rocks look slippery: allow me to assist you. The corolla is bell-shaped—(Have the goodness to pick up my glasses, Herr Frool)—bell-shaped, and about an inch broad—(In a moment, Miss Stuart, I shall be able to assist you if you will wait)—the color varying from rose to purple, greenish in the throat—"

"Greenish in the throat—horrible!" said Ermine from above, disappearing over the top of the rocks as she spoke.

The Professor meanwhile had stopped with his face to the cliff, clinging in a somewhat spread-out condition to four different projections; a branch had knocked his tall hat down over one eye and nearly blinded him. "Herr Frool!" he called down, "Herr Frool! will you have the goodness to step up and adjust my hat?"

The Herr, being long and lithe, stepped up, and having adjusted the hat, stepped on; we saw him no more.

"Which way did Miss Stuart go?" inquired the Professor, calling down again. Flattened against the rock, he could not look up without endangering his balance.

"More to the right," I answered, putting on my glasses. "You have selected the steepest part of the cliff, Sir."

"Such has ever been my custom, madam; the path of science is the path of difficulty," replied the Professor from his perch.

"Don't you think you had better come down?" I said, watching his movements nervously. "Surely it would be better to come down rather than to fall down."

"Are you aware, madam, that I have ascended the Alps?"

"But this is more than the Alps, for you are climbing straight up toward a ledge which ends in a smooth perpendicular wall, Sir; I can see it quite plainly from here."



RHODODENDRONS.

But the Professor, having cut loose from two of his pinnacles, made no reply, and I watched him execute a flank movement with some trepidation. Perceiving, however, that his hold was tenacious, his very feet seeming to cling like claws, I gave up the watch, and wandered on along the rocky shore, looking for ferns and finding many, including the delicate little purple-stemmed *Pellaea*, or cliff-brake. Meeting an advance-guard of beech-ferns coming down a gorge, I, too, in my enthusiasm was moved to climb. Before I began, however, I looked back; the Professor was still squirming up.

Is there any thing in the vegetable kingdom more beautiful than the plummy green grace of ferns? Like moonlight to the noon-day sunshine, like Schubert's serenade on the violoncello to Rubinstein's Russian Hymn played by a full orchestra, like Undine to one of the French stage heroines of the day, so are the forest ferns to the ranks of the garden flowers. Robed ever in green, wild, shy, and beautiful, they nestle behind the rocks, wave by the brook-sides, and hide in the still dark glens, and the lovers of ferns are bound together the world over by that very tie that they do love them, needing no other introduction—reason sufficient for friendship between strangers, between the working gardener and the millionaire. Although a beginner, with unskilled eyes, I collected along the French Broad twelve different kinds—the polypody, the maiden-hair, the bracken, the *Cheilanthes*, the cliff-brake, the dainty little ebony *Asplenium*, the



lady-fern, the Filix-mas, the beech-fern, the Cystopteris, the martial *Polystichum acrostichoides*, and the Mystery, so called because it positively refused to show me any seeds, so that I could not analyze it. Climbing on, half-way up the gorge I found a plateau of ferns so luxuriant, so beautiful, that I wished I might turn into tiny Tommelise, of the old fairy tale, and live down in the miniature tropic forest. Coming out at last on the top of the cliff, and wandering along at random, I saw again the blaze of the rhododendrons. There in the heart of the rose-colored thicket sat Ermine, her hat thrown off, and her hands buried in blossoms.

"Herr Freulig is giving me some lessons," she said; but I saw no pencils, and I thought it looked the other way.

"Don't let me interrupt," I said, using the phrase which always signifies the deliberate intention of interrupting as much as possible. I sat down on a rock near by and began arranging my ferns. The young German sighed—(a German's sigh seems to come from the heels of his boots)—and I had the satisfaction of perceiving that the "lessons," whatever they had been, were at an end. Ermine, however, sat dreamily enjoying the rosy radiance unmindful of any change; plucking the blossoms idly, she let them fall around her until she was covered with bloom.

"What destruction, Ermine!"

"Are they not happy so?" she answered.

"Ah!" sighed the young German.

It was nearly noon before we left the rho-

dodendrons. Going back along the cliff, we descended through the gorge of ferns, and reaching the road, strolled on down stream toward the camp.

"I wonder what has become of the Professor," I said, remembering where I had last seen him.

"Probably measuring the dip somewhere," replied Ermine.

"I left him measuring it after a fashion of his own," I said, laughing. "I only hope he got safely down again."

"E-es there danger?" inquired the artist. "I veel ho-law."

He ho-lawed, and presently we heard a sound in reply. I call it a "sound" because it was not the ordinary shout or halloo; it was more like a dignified and long-drawn "ahem." We followed the sound, and going back around the curve, discovered the Professor seated on the very ledge I had noticed, an uncomfortable little shelf with a bare granite wall rising perpendicularly behind it.

"Ah, Professor," said Ermine, calling up in her silvery voice, "how it delights me to see a real enthusiasm in the cause of science! Two hours on that ledge might have seemed tedious to any ordinary mortal; but to you—what secrets has not the eternal rock whispered in your ear?"

"I breengs heem," said the young German, swinging himself up by an easier way; and presently we saw him walking out on the narrow ledge to his friend's assistance.



THE FRENCH BROAD, BELOW ASHVILLE.



But the Professor could not walk; vertigo, he explained, had seized him—the result of an overworked brain.

“R-ropes we haf not; and to carry e-es not poss-sible. You moste cr-rawl,” said the Herr.

So back went the procession down the narrow ledge, the Professor crawling on his hands and knees, and his friend on the outside, tiptoeing along where there was scarcely room for a foot-hold, in order to guard against “the vertigo.” For my part, I went down behind the rocks to laugh; but Ermine was equal to the occasion. Claspings her lovely hands, she went forward to meet the rescued man. “Oh, Professor!” she entreated; “we know your love for Science, yet we can not yield you entirely to her; do not, I beg, stay so long away from us again!”

The Professor thought he would not.

On a shady point we found our tent, and on the rocks in the river our fishermen, their number increased by an additional man and boy. “How they look, out on those rocks!” remarked Ermine, with the little drawl she affects at times. (Now I knew Ermine’s conversational pitfalls of old: she did not say “how well,” or “how ill,” simply “how.” The Professor, however, fell in at once.)

“Very undignified, truly,” he said, supposing he was assenting.

“Yes, ver’ undig,” repeated the artist.

“Fishing, as an amusement, I have always condemned,” continued the learned man. “It is a wanton destruction of animal life, accompanied by undue exposure to the elements; the boats, or as in this case the rocks, are apt to be singularly moist, and the effort of keeping the mind concentrated upon a stick called a rod is a waste of the nervous power.”

“Do you think so?” said Ermine, languidly.

Seeing us on the bank, the fishermen came ashore, and the perfection began his savory work.

Dinner was served on the rocks at the door of the tent, and the Professor, having partaken heartily, waxed eloquent. “These mountains, my friends”—(why do we always hate a man who begins with ‘my friends?’)—“form the eastern margin of our continent,” he began, “extending from Vermont to Alabama; the coast follows their direction, curving in at Hatteras as they trend off to the westward. The rocks in this neighborhood belong to the most ancient of the azoic series. In the language of an eloquent spokesman among our band of geologists, ‘As North America is the eldest born of the continents, so the Black Mountain is the eldest born of its giant brotherhood, and was the first to emerge from the face of the water when the command went forth, Let the dry land appear!’ In the group of the

White Mountains, Mount Washington is the only one that rises above six thousand feet, while here there are peaks in all directions that rise above that height—yes, Sir, above that height,” he continued, looking around the circle and sternly fixing the fact upon the artist, whose attention had wandered off toward Ermine.

“E-es it poss-sible!” said the Herr, hastily returning to earth again. He had no idea where the White Mountains were—(the mountains seemed to be all white or black in America); but never mind.

“Is the Bald Mountain in sight?” inquired Uncle Jack, beginning on a fresh trout.

“There are in this region many Bald Mountains so called—”

“But I mean *the* Bald, the volcano, you know, Professor.”

“I beg your pardon, Sir, but I do *not* know,” replied the learned man, with dignity; “and science is also silent.”

“Probably because she don’t know either,” replied Uncle Jack.

“Nobody knows,” said the Major; “the people in the neighborhood of the mountain less than the outside public, who at least gained some idea, however incorrect, from the New York reporters who sat on the fences all around within sight of the peak, and dated their letters fancifully ‘in the shadow of the Bald.’”

“I am tired of hearing about that mountain,” said Ermine. “Who cares for a doubtful volcano? If it wants to be fiery, why does it not stop this long-drawn preparation, and go to work in earnest? It might accomplish something then besides rumbling. A wearing set they are from whom people are always ‘expecting’ great things; they generally remain, as Bulwer says, ‘mere promising young men,’ or volcanoes, to the last. And now for those hammocks.”

They were brought out from the tent, and soon swung from low-down branches near the water.

“Come, Miss Martha,” said Ermine.

Personally, I am not very fond of a hammock; it is almost impossible to get in; and once in, it is entirely impossible to get out, at least with dignity; this “bounding in” one reads about is difficult to accomplish at my age! I did not bound, I climbed, assisted by the united strength of Uncle Jack, the Major, the Professor, and the artist. When we had finished our labors, all five of us, and I found myself safely in, Ermine issued her orders:

“Please go into the tent and take your nap, Uncle Jack. Professor, you will read aloud to us, I know. Herr Freulig, may I ask you to set my hammock swinging?”

She might indeed. Deftly attaching a rope to the tasseled net-work, the artist sat down under a pine and solemnly swung the tree-cradle to and fro, his large owl-like blue



eyes fixed upon the lovely picture before him.

"And I?" said the Major.

"Go and smoke—a good way off, please. They never smoked in Arcadia, you know," replied the lady.

The Major went; but several wild flowers lost their heads *en route*, switched off remorselessly by a little branch he happened to carry.

"Oh, not that book, please," said Ermine, as the Professor brought out his pocket Guyot; "the little volume on the rock, where the page is turned down. And pray sit over there behind us; poetry sounds so much sweeter from a distance."

"When buttercups are blossoming,  
The poets sang, 'tis best to wed,"

began the Professor, in his tin-scraping voice. The river rushed by almost at our feet, and the sounds of the forest grew clearer. The old cook had finished his labors and fallen asleep in the sun. Ermine swung on in her hammock, her eyes fixed dreamily upon the opposite shore.

"Whereat our footsteps turned aside  
From lord and lady of degree,  
And bore us to that brave countree,  
Where merrily we now abide,  
That proud and humble, poor and grand,  
Enchanted, golden, gypsy-land—  
The Valley of Bohemia,"

read the Professor, and then I too fell asleep. Time passed (at least I supposed it passed, although I knew nothing about it). I came

slowly back from the purple oblivion mountains, hearing while yet afar off the same rhythmic chant that echoed after me when departing.

"Yet still the same old dance and song  
We found, the kindly blithesome throng,  
And joyance of Bohemia,"

said a silvery voice, which surely was not the Professor's. I opened my eyes, and lo! a change. The Professor had disappeared, the artist was not, the rope trailed idly on the ground; it was Ermine who read. To herself? I raised my head softly. On the other side, half concealed by the hammock, I saw part of an artillery cap, and the fragrance of a cigar rose in the air. I went to sleep again immediately. It seems they did smoke in Arcadia after all.

"In the name of common-sense where have you been, Ermine?" I exclaimed, the next morning, when upon first opening my eyes I discovered my companion taking off her gypsy hat.

"Across the river, Miss Martha."

"But it is not daylight yet."

"The sun rose over the cliffs half an hour ago."

"Whom did you go with?"

"A boy; the one who knew the bank."

"What did you go for?"

"An object."

"What did you go in?"

"A cooner."

"A what?"

"A cooner. Put on your wrapper and step to the piazza door; I will show you both the cooner and the object."

Somewhat sleepily I obeyed, seeing the opposite cliffs tipped in sunshine, the dark river below, and floating on its surface a long, narrow, singularly shaped boat, its forward end raking the air; in the stern sat a man using a pole to sweep his craft along as an Indian uses his paddle.

"That boat is a cooner," said Ermine, "and that man is the object."

"Who is he?" I demanded.

"Haven't the slightest idea," replied Ermine, beginning to rebraid her hair.

The young artist came to the breakfast-table portfolio in hand.



A MOUNTAIN WAGON.



"Here it e-es, Mees Herrminia," he said, eagerly, placing a drawing in Ermine's hand. "You haf tell me to do it; I take de yesterday of afternoon, and feenish dis morn."

I looked over Ermine's shoulder. It was a sketch taken a mile back on the road toward Ashville, a point we had noticed on our way out; one of the singular, huge, boat-shaped mountain wagons was drawn up on the curve. "Excellent!" I exclaimed; "the identical keel up behind! What the mountaineers gain by having their wagons tilted forward at such an angle I can not imagine; but perhaps they model them after the sun-bonnets of their wives."

Enter the Professor, carrying a large waiter covered with fragments of rock. "I obtained them all, Miss Stuart—with difficulty, I admit. Still, I obtained them, and in such a cause I am proud to exhaust myself. I will enumerate and describe the specimens to you whenever you please."

"I am so much obliged to you," replied Ermine. "Professor Macquoid was kind enough to devote yesterday afternoon to collecting specimens of all the native rocks for my benefit," she continued, turning to me.

"Very kind indeed," I replied. "Did they study geology, do you think, in Bohemia, Ermine?"

After breakfast, as we were all sitting on the piazza, the Major came up the road, rod in hand. (He was in undress uniform now from head to foot, the gallant array of the red-legged branch of the service.)

Uncle Jack was ready, eager for another day's sport.

"Wait, uncle, please," said Ermine, placidly; "I am going too."

"You are going too!" repeated the chorus, in astonishment.

"Yes. You all looked so delightfully insecure out on those rocks yesterday that I have longed to go ever since. I feel sure" (turning to the Major) "that you will take good care of me."

The Professor sat with his tray of specimens before him; he did not quite understand. Had he not given a decisive opinion against fishing only the day before? But the young artist sighed, and folded up his sketch. Now I did not care much about the disappointment of the Professor—(what is the reason that, femininely speaking, we never do care much about "the Professor?" does that honored title rob a man of all his natural aspirations toward romance?)—but the simple-hearted, solemn young Herr should not be, I resolved, so summarily dismissed. It was only too evident that Ermine was planning for a whole day with the army; this I would defeat!

"Let us all go," I suggested, affably. "Come, Professor, and you too, Herr Freu-

lig. I will order dinner sent down to the tent."

"Well," said Uncle Jack, dubiously, "Frool might do it, and possibly Ermine, if she took a fancy; but how you and the Professor are going to climb out on those rocks, Miss Martha—"

But the Professor threw on his tall hat with *abandon*. "I will be a child for today," he cried, with enthusiasm. "Why should we labor always? For once let us be butterflies, happy butterflies!"

"Yes, de booter-fly," repeated the artist, thinking he was getting on admirably with his English.

Rods and lines were procured, and our party started down the road, Ermine in front with the Major.

"I should so much like to fish out of a cooner. Do you know any one about here who has a cooner?" she said, when we had reached the place, and were preparing to climb out to the rocks.

"Why, there was one back at Alexander's," said Uncle Jack. "Why didn't you speak before, Ermine? It has been lying there in front of the house ever since we arrived."

"Has it?" said Ermine, as innocently as though she had never seen it, much less crossed the river in it at sunrise.

"Shall I go back and get it?" asked the Major.

"Oh no; I could not think of putting you to so much trouble. See! there is a cooner now; I wonder who is in it?"

We all looked.

"My friend of yesterday, I declare," said good-natured Uncle Jack. "Hallo, there! come this way, will you?"

"Oh, uncle!"

"Why, I thought that was what you wanted, puss. But hush! here he comes."

The cooner—a mountain pronunciation of the word canoe—came slowly toward us; it was thirty feet long, barely wide enough for one person, flat-bottomed, and unpainted, a species of dug-out, although carefully shaped and planed. The man within managed the long pole skillfully, and soon floated alongside of our rock. The Major, a little vexed at the turn affairs had taken, stepped forward.

"If you will be kind enough to lend me your boat, Sir—" he began. Then stopping suddenly, "Why, Phil!" he exclaimed, "is that you?" and sprang into the cooner with extended hands.

The stranger was a man of about thirty-five years, thin and prematurely old, with close-cut brown hair and brown eyes. He was dressed in the common blue jean of the country, and instead of a coat he wore a jacket belted in at the waist like a blouse. An old military cape of Confederate gray lay in the bottom of the cooner. He smiled and



returned the Major's greeting, if not with equal excitement, at least with equal cordiality.

"To think now that you should have been over on that rock all yesterday morning—for it was you, wasn't it?—without any recognition on my part, Phil!"

"You were too far off to see my face, George."

"You did not recognize me, of course?"

"No; I heard them call you Major, and once I thought I caught the sound of a familiar name. But I was not sure, and—and, I am not what I was, George," he added, just indicating the crutch by his side with a sad little gesture.

"Come right ashore, old fellow," cried the Major, with a sudden moisture in his dark eyes; "we'll kill the fatted calf and talk over the old days. Ladies, let me introduce to you my friend Philip Romer. We were classmates at West Point in '59."

The man took off his coarse straw hat. "I beg your pardon, ladies," he said. "I did not observe you in the shadow: my eyesight is clouded."

By this time, of course, I had discovered that Ermine's plans had not been for "a day with the army," after all; and as for consolation, evidently the Major was as much in need of it as the Herr. Here I was, however, and a long, uncomfortable day on the rocks opened before me. My only comfort lay in the thought that Ermine's sunrise-on-the-river tableau had been wasted. The man in the cooner with his dimmed eyes had probably not even seen her.

Uncle Jack, quite excited by this meeting, had climbed down to the water's edge. "But you steered the boat straight up to us when I shouted," he said, looking with sympathizing curiosity at the fine brown eyes which showed no trace of blindness.

"I guided myself by the sound of your voice, Sir; and I know every inch of the river about here. It gives me my only amusement. I won't go ashore now, George, but I will try to come and see you before you leave the neighborhood. You are at Alexander's, I suppose?"

"No, I am right here at this tent, where you will take dinner with us this noon, I hope."

"You wanted my boat—"

"It was I, Captain," said Ermine, coming forward into the sunshine. "I felt a sudden fancy to try a cooner; but now, of course—"

"You will immediately get in," interposed the Major, offering her his hand. She did not refuse, but stepping lightly in, sat down on the bottom.

"You should have this end seat," said Philip Romer, trying to rise with the aid of his crutch.

"Pray do not," said Ermine, earnestly,

leaning forward and laying her hand upon his arm; "I am well placed as I am. Push off, please."

The stranger obeyed, and the long, narrow cooner floated out toward deep water.

"Don't go far away," called out Uncle Jack, uneasily.

"Needen be oneasy, Sah; de Cap'n he knows de ribber, Sah, and manage de cooner like a fiddle-string, Sah," said the old cook, who had watched the scene from his camp fire near by.

"You know him, then?" said Uncle Jack.

"Spects I do, Sah; libs across thar in a log-cabin, Sah. My ole cousin Pomp he libs with him, Sah. Ben thar more'n eight years, Sah."

"Poor Phil!" said the Major, as we slowly returned to our preparations for fishing. "He left us and joined the Southern army, being a South Carolina boy. I have heard nothing of him all these years."

"He haf no leg, and he haf not see well mit his eyes," said the artist; "I feels fur heem moche peety."

"Superfluous, Herr Frool, superfluous," said the Professor, sternly. "Are you aware, Sir, that we have at the North fifteen thousand men with one leg only?"

"Feefteen t'ousand von-leg mans? E-es it poss-sible!" ejaculated the artist.

My fishing consisted principally in sitting on a safe rock near the shore reading some newspaper items about the mountain country. (I always try to read up while on the ground, having discovered that a line on the spot is worth two volumes away.) I learned, in the first place, that Buncombe County, where we then were, was named from Colonel Buncombe, a gallant officer of the Revolution; over the door of the family mansion once stood this legend,

"To Buncombe Hall  
Welcome all."

It was a Congressional representative of this mountain neighborhood who made himself and his district immortal by "only talking for Buncombe." Close upon this information came the fact that in 1871 Buncombe took the first premium for tobacco at the Virginia State Fair, surpassing even the celebrated yield of the Danville region. Buncombe apples were giants of their kind, weighing from twenty-five to thirty ounces, and measuring fourteen and sixteen inches in circumference. (I was not surprised at this, having seen the men who eat them.) The Catawba grape originated in Buncombe, on Cane Creek, a branch of the French Broad. In the surrounding region there were sixty mountain peaks more than six thousand feet high, and thirty-nine over five thousand feet. I had read as far as this, and was beginning on the climate, when the Professor fell in. Herr Freulig, who was sit-



ting on the shore making a sketch, dropped his pencils. "E-es it—" he began; and then seeing the tall hat disappearing under the water, he made a dash across the rocks to save his friend. But the Major had already scooped him out and landed him on a slippery knob, where he sat dripping from every angle. The tall hat, however, was hopelessly gone, voyaging down toward the Tennessee line.

"You had better go back to the house immediately, Professor," shouted Uncle Jack from his rock; "you will have a chill unless you do. And you'd better run all the way—on the double-quick, you know."

But the Professor did not know.

"I veel go mit," said the young German, with his ready good nature. But seeing his eyes wandering regretfully toward his sketch, I interfered, and finally we sent off our learned friend under the care of the negro cook. The pace was a gentle amble.

"What did he try to fish for?" said Uncle Jack, in a disgusted tone. "Do you suppose trout are going to bite when a man sits there like a scarecrow in black clothes, tall hat, and prunella gaiters?"

Ermine came back after a time, and the Major took her place in the cooner. She did not care to fish, however, but went off to swing in the hammock. "No, keep your place, Herr Freulig," she said, as the young artist rose to accompany her. "By-the-way, can you sketch heads?" she added, carelessly. "Why not throw in the cooner and Captain Romer from this point? There is a very fine view here."

The artist set to work upon a new design.

I went on with the climate, and discovered that while in New England two hundred and fifty out of every thousand deaths are from consumption, in Minnesota and California one hundred and fifty, and in Florida fifty, here, even with an almost total lack of luxuries, the proportion was only thirty in the thousand. I was musing upon this, and wondering whether an abundance of luxuries might not do away with any necessity of dying at all, when Herr Freulig brought out his sketch for my criticism—a Hercules fiercely glaring from an Olympian cooner. "But the Captain is slighter, younger, than this," I said.

Half an hour later out he came to my rock again with another sketch, this time an Antinous, fair and radiant.

"But the Captain is older and darker," I said.

"I haf not well see heem," apologized the young German, "but Mees Herrminia she say he haf a fery fine few."

"A what?"

"A fery fine few—*few*, you know. What you call heem?—*dis*," and he drew a profile on the side of the paper.

"Oh!" I said, "you mean a profile. Miss Stuart said the *view* from here was very fine, but she meant the scenery."

"Did she?" said the Herr, doubtfully. "I thought she mean *heem*." (So did I.)

"He will be with us at dinner," I continued, aloud, "and then you can look at him."

He did look indeed. His large light blue eyes, solemn as an owl's, fixed themselves upon the stranger's face with the persistent artist stare.

"Come, come, Mr. Frowl," said Uncle Jack at last, in an under-tone, "pray eat your dinner. Why do you look at the man so?"

"Mees Herrminia she say he haf a fery fine few," replied the artist; but fortunately no one understood him.

We were all very gay at dinner. There was something so pathetic in the man sitting there with his crutch and his uncertain vision, something so mournful in this unexpected meeting with an old comrade full of health and strength, prosperous and honored, while he had lost all, that of necessity we were very gay—perhaps to keep ourselves from the other extreme. Mr. Romer (for he had said, quietly, "I have no title now") listened to our stories, smiled when we laughed, and bore his part pleasantly as the talk went round the table, or rather the rock on which our cloth was spread. But after the meal was over, and Uncle Jack had gone into the tent to take his nap, and the artist, having gazed his fill, had withdrawn with pencils and paper for another attempt, "Come, George," he said, "I want to hear all about the boys. Are any of them dead?"

"All but four, Phil."

"Where did they die?"

"Fair Oaks, Gettysburg, Chancellorsville, and Drury's Bluff."

"I lost my leg at Gettysburg. Were you there?"

"Yes."

"Strange, isn't it? that we two, who were— But never mind. You escaped unhurt, George?"

"Yes, thank God!"

"Thank Him indeed," said the stranger, baring his head. As he sat there in the afternoon sunshine, I remembered what Ermine had said. Yes, he had a noble head and fine outline, but he stooped slightly, and all his movements were slow and weary. The two talked on, asking questions, hearing and telling little histories of old comrades, too often chronicled as "dead."

"And you, Phil?" asked the Major at last.

"You see me: there is nothing more to add," replied the other.

I glanced at my companion, suggesting with my eyes that we should leave the friends alone together.

"No," said Ermine, replying aloud, "why should we go? Not unless Captain Romer wishes it." For she persisted in using the



title, and very beautiful did she look as, with an unwonted flush on her cheeks and a softened light in her steel-blue eyes, she sat leaning against an old pine-tree. I almost wished he might see her, see her as I did, with every tinge and outline. Perhaps he did; perhaps at times the mist over his eyes dissolved.

At any rate, he said, gently, "Do not go; it is so long since I have heard ladies' voices!"

"Where is your sister, Phil?" asked the Major. (He too had seen the flush on Ermine's cheeks, and bravely made way for the victor, the poor, maimed, unconscious victor.)

"She is dead, George. Nay, do not apologize; we are most of us dead down here," said Romer, with a shadowy smile. "She married a Georgian. He was shot at Gaines's Mill, and she did not long survive him. Mother died too that winter. It was a hard winter with us. Since then I have been alone."

There was a silence. "Why do you not go to Charleston or Richmond? You are buried alive here, old fellow."

"What can I do there? After I left the hospital I tried for a whole year to get some employment, and failed. Nobody wants a cripple. I did fill a small clerkship for a few months, but when my eyes began to fail—the trouble is connected in some way with an old wound near the spine—I lost even that. I am but a useless hulk, George. I can not dig, to beg I am ashamed. And so I came up to these mountains."

"And you live here?"

"Yes, in a cabin across the river. I have a little field where my man Pomp raises corn and potatoes; and then we can fish, you know. Wood costs us nothing, and—don't laugh, George!—but I have learned to knit."

"Knit?"

"Yes, stockings and other things. We trade them off for supplies. I can knit quite well now, and—and the people about here are very kind," concluded the Confederate soldier, simply. We did not laugh; we could not for tears.

The next day we drove on down the river to Warm Springs. In the carriage by my side, on the comfortable back seat, rode Philip Romer, while Uncle Jack and Ermine sat opposite. We had all so insisted that he had found no room for excuse. The Major accompanied us on horseback, and the Professor was some miles behind, in the stage. Herr Freulig had with difficulty obtained a mule, and now rode wherever that animal preferred, sometimes far ahead, sometimes off on side tracks up gorges, but generally close behind, the mule's head in uncomfortable proximity to my backbone. We met several country-women on horseback, going

to town, with the usual white sack hung over the saddle behind.

"Now those sun-bonnets and calico dresses, if ugly, are at least comfortable," said Ermine; "but the riding dresses of the class next above are something unique both in ugliness and total want of fitness as to place and circumstance. The grim-faced wife of a well-to-do farmer, riding into town on horseback, clad in a green delaine flounced dress, a broad cotton lace collar low down on her collar-bones, and a small bonnet perched on the back of her head, with a brown veil dangling down behind, is—"

"Worth coming to see," said Uncle Jack.

"Perhaps you are right, uncle. But a bonnet on horseback! Then the brown veil! Will any one explain to me why it is that in the country a veil always seems to be considered a trimming for the bonnet? In all my rambles through Arcadia I don't know that I have ever seen a veil down fair and square over the face, city fashion, where it belongs."

"Country women are sensible, and like the sunshine, niece."

"Then why wear a veil at all?"

"There are noble hearts under those gaunt, ungraceful exteriors that excite your mirth, Miss Stuart," said Philip Romer. "Those very women will come over the mountains from miles away, when you are ill, and nurse you tenderly for pure charity's sake. When the winter is hard they will share with you and bake you a cake from their last meal. They will spin their wool and dye and weave, and make you clothes from the cloth. This jacket I wear was such a gift. You must excuse its homeliness, for it is all I have."

The river grew more wildly beautiful with every western mile; the cliffs on each side were higher, towering above us almost perpendicularly hundreds of feet, with high mountains directly behind them. The swift current sped forward, now foaming over scattered rocks, now sweeping in one unbroken sheet over a smooth ledge with the green tints of Niagara, then suddenly becoming as still as a mill-pond, as if determined to surprise us. Passing Laurel Creek, with the Walnut Mountain behind, we came in sight of Mountain Island, a single mountain, around whose rocky base the river flows in two streams with a tremendous rush and bustle, as though proud of its conquest from the haughty shore. The island is one rock-mass, rising boldly from the water, and as our carriage wound along the little road on shore we were obliged to throw back our heads and look up, in order to see its top, with the trees against the sky.

"There is no island in the Rhine at all equal to this," said Uncle Jack, with enthusiasm.

"But it wants a castle, uncle."



"It would not be difficult to build one," said Philip Romer. "You could take the granite right out of the island itself, and labor is cheap here. Your vassals could defend you from attack by land or by water, Miss Stuart."

"And how much must I pay for my island?"

"About twenty-five cents an acre, or less. You would have no competitors," replied the soldier, smiling.

"And the title?"

"Excellent; it comes straight down from Adam."

"Behold, I will build me a castle on this unknown mountain island," said Ermine, gazing up at the rocky heights. "Hither shall come my few congenial souls who never make calls, or go to dinner parties, or read Macdonald's novels. We would have some of Boughton's pictures, and some of Winslow Homer's, and just one of those inscrutably smiling heads from the Cesnola collection to remind us that there is plenty more of life after this one is over. We would have Rhine wine, and George Eliot, and Mendelssohn, and heliotrope, and little cakes with raisins in them. No one should play games, or tell any body else what he or she 'ought to do,' and every body should be perfectly happy."

"Sejed, Prince of Ethiopia," I began, "resolved to have three days of uninterrupted happiness—"

"Begone with your ancient fables!" said Ermine. "This is the New World, and this shall be my Bohemia."

"Beyond, the magic valley lay,  
With glimpse of shimmering stream and fall,  
And here, between twin turrets, ran,  
Built o'er with arch and barbican,  
The entrance to Bohemia."

"The question is," said Uncle Jack, "when they got in finally, did they have a good time?"

"How was it with you, uncle?"



"WILDLY BEAUTIFUL."

"Do you mean to insinuate, Miss Puss—"

"Only a youthful excursion, uncle. The atmosphere of Bohemia is so kindly; it lingers around you yet."

"Peter's Rock," said the Major, reining in his horse alongside. "It is early. Shall we not rest here a while?" (He was but human, and he had ridden a long time alone.)

So we descended and inspected Peter's Rock with great gravity, Philip Romer remaining in the carriage.

"And who was Peter?" inquired Ermine.

She had taken the Major's arm immediately, with one of her sweetest smiles. The Major would have answered gladly had he known, or had an appropriate fiction occurred to him in time; but he could think of nothing save Mother Goose's celebrated pumpkin eater.

"Yes, who was Peter?" said Uncle Jack.

"Who vas he, dis Pete?" echoed the Herr, who had at last alighted safely from his mule.

A countryman was coming up the road with an ox team.





NORTH CAROLINA INDIANS.

"I shall ask him," said Ermine, stepping forward. "Is this Peter's Rock, Sir?"

"Ya-as," replied the man, staring solemnly at our party.

"And who was Peter?"

"Wa'al," said the man, reflecting, "I reckon he was an Injun."

"But Peter is not an Indian name?"

"Oh, the whites gave 'em all sorts of names, marm. This Peter he come out on that thar rock with his bows an' arrers, an' he shot some whites a-comin' along the bank goin' west."

"Why?"

"Didn't want 'em thar, I reckon; said 'twas Injun country. What mout be yer name, folks, an' whar be yer from?"

"Our family name is Dolce-far-niente, and we are from Bohemia," replied Ermine.

"Never heerd of it. Is it fur away?"

"Friend, the glimmering glories of our land are far, yet ever close at hand. Will you go with us?"

"Wa'al, no; I reckon I can't jes now. Yer see, I'm goin' to Ashville. But yourn must be a mighty nice country, I reckon," replied the mountaineer, stimulated to unwonted praises by the lovely vision of Ermine; then, seized with sudden embarrassment, he urged on his team and disappeared.

"No doubt he will often tell of the singular people he met on the river, who said they came from Bohemia," remarked Ermine, laughing. "But we have our legend. What a picture it would make! Herr Freulig, look at that rock, and imagine the noble form of the Indian chieftain on the summit outlined against the sky, his arrow aimed at the destroyers of his race!"

"Of hees rase, yes," replied the artist, eagerly. "I makes heem, Miss Herrminia. Here e-es de r-roke, so;" and seating himself on a log, he began sketching rapidly.

While we were loitering in the shade we heard the rumble of the stage behind us, and presently it came into view jolting over the rocky road. The yellow face of the Professor looked from one of the windows. "I will alight," he said, seeing us. "Driver, do you hear? I will alight. There being no one in the coach save myself," he explained, as he climbed slowly down, "I have been most unpleasantly jolted. I assure you, ladies, that I have bounded up and down like a rubber ball. It is but a short distance to the Springs; I will walk."

Ermine was sitting in a little leafy nook with the Major. The Professor, always serenely confident, directed his steps thither.

"Who was Peter?" demanded Ermine, barring the entrance with a long wand of mountain ivy.

"Who was Peter?" repeated the Professor, in a bewildered tone.

"Yes; this is his rock, you know. I can allow no one to enter until he has solved my riddle."

The learned man invested himself with all his gallantry as with a garment. "Fair Sphinx," he replied, affecting with some trouble a playful smile, "your orders shall be obeyed. Know, then, that it was a—a geologist named Peter, an ardent votary of science, who, penetrating into these unknown mountains, measured that rock, and—and—"

"Fell over," suggested the Major.

"And was killed," concluded Uncle Jack. "They always are, you know. That is one comfort about geologists."

"But the mountaineers, who in this case must have been Indians, in their enthusiastic admiration for science, made him a solitary grave on the top of the rock, where he now lies alone with—with the sky," I added.

"Precisely what I was about to say," observed the Professor, bowing airily to us all.

"How beautiful!" said Ermine, enthusiastically; "and above all, how new! Science hath gilded the rock. Imagine the lonely figure of the geologist suspended by a rope, engaged in the noble work of measuring. Sublime!" And taking the Major's arm again, she walked off down the road, leaving the learned man to the exclusive enjoyment of the little leafy nook.

But Herr Freulig sat dejectedly on his



log; his pencil had stopped. "I moste alter," I heard him murmur; "it e-es not indeens at all." And the rubber came into play.

After another half hour spent on the shore we drove on toward the Springs, leaving the Professor walking youthfully along, with an impromptu alpenstock. He had replaced his lost hat with an old straw, purchased from a rich wagoner who had two, and this head-gear he had adorned with a large bunch of rhododendrons, as much as to say, "I too can be pastoral;" he wore it tilted over on one side, and hummed to himself as he walked. The tune was *Old Hundred*; but never mind.

"Why should this foaming, rapid river be burdened with such a name?" said Ermine, as we drove on, each curve showing us new vistas of grandeur and beauty. "French Broad!—you have to take two breaths to finish it! The river is neither broad nor French that I can see."

"It was named by a party of hunters," said Philip Romer. "They were exploring the mountains, and the first river they met they called the Broad, the next they called Second Broad, and the third Main Broad; finding still a fourth, they called it French's

Broad, after their captain, whose name was French."

"What a poverty-stricken set of minds!" said Ermine. "Why could they not take the Indian names? Or if they must baptize things for themselves, they should at least have chosen a characteristic ugliness. They managed these things better along the Great Lakes. What grand names are Thunder Bay and Porphyry Point! What unwritten stories of the past belong to Misery River and Death's Door! Then, descending to the



CASCADE NEAR WARM SPRINGS, NORTH CAROLINA.



WARM SPRINGS HOTEL—ARRIVAL OF STAGE.



rude, every-day life of the hunter, what could be better than Knife River, Kettle Point, and Pie Island? For my part, I have always cherished a liking for the man who sent that Lake Huron town down to posterity labeled 'Bad Axe.' No doubt it commemorated the day when, alone on the edge of the boundless forest, the struggling settler found that his axe, the most precious treasure of the pioneer, was a bad one."

"The Indian name of the French Broad is Tockeste, the Racing River," said the soldier.

"There," said Ermine, "that is what I mean. How entirely appropriate! The Indians were poets."

"Did you know that some of the Cherokees still reside in the State?" continued Philip. "Their settlement is not very far from here—more to the south. I suppose they are by far the wildest Indians left within the borders of the old States. These mountains still give them many a free hunting ground. Singularly enough, too, they are not without their public spirit. Before the war, when the mountain people were trying to

build a railroad through their country, these redskins brought out their shovels and picks, and actually graded and prepared voluntarily two miles of the road near their village. It still remains there in fair order, although the road is but a ghost."

"I have noticed a phantom pursuing us all the way from the other side of the Blue Ridge," said Uncle Jack. "Ruined culverts, half-excavated tunnels, shadowy grading, and lines of levels. I have even fancied that I heard a spirit whistle."

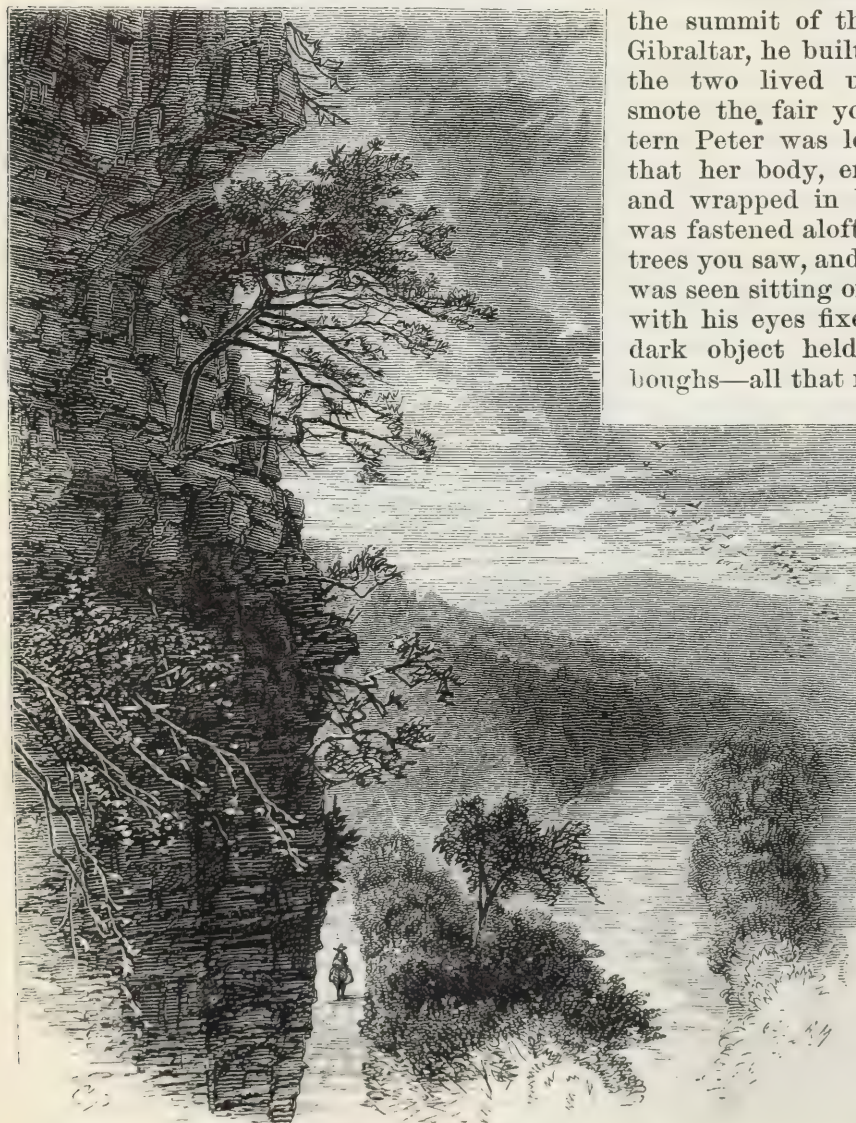
"The ghost of the poor mountain railroad, Sir. Swindlers made off with all the money, and the robbed mountaineers gloomily make fences of the ties—all that is left to them."

"By-the-way, Captain Romer, can you tell us who Peter was?" said Ermine, as we drove on. "We were discussing the subject at the rock. So far, he has been an Indian chief and a geologist."

"He was neither, Miss Stuart," replied Philip, with ready invention. "He was a British officer under Cornwallis, who, falling madly in love with a beautiful maiden on the march along the Carolina coast, deserted and fled to these mountains. On the summit of that rock, a miniature Gibraltar, he built his cabin, and there the two lived until death suddenly smote the fair young wife, and subaltern Peter was left alone. It is said that her body, embalmed with spices and wrapped in bark, Indian fashion, was fastened aloft in one of those pine-trees you saw, and often at sunset Peter was seen sitting on the edge of the cliff, with his eyes fixed mournfully on the dark object held aloft by the green boughs—all that remained of his love."

"That," said Ermine, "is by far the best, and is adopted from this time forth. Herr Freulig" (for the mule was close at my backbone again), "did you hear that? He must be sitting on the edge of the cliff—in his uniform, of course—with his eyes fixed upon the dark object swaying in the green far above. The very thing for a sketch! I don't know that I ever met a finer subject straying around loose in Arcadia."

"E—es it—" began the artist, trying to take out his



VIEW FROM THE TOP OF PAINT ROCK.



portfolio on the spot. Then, slowly shaking his head, he stopped, and dismounting from his mule, tied that playful animal to a tree. The last I saw of him he was sharpening his numerous pencils.

The approach to Warm Springs is very lovely. Crossing the river on a long bridge, we drove up to the large hotel which stands here alone, maintained in the heart of the wilderness by the maimed and the halt and the blind who come here to bathe in the magical waters. The springs bubble up from the ground in a large pool near the river's edge; the temperature of the water varies from ninety-eight to one hundred and two degrees Fahrenheit. Although, unlike the Virginia resorts, the Warm Springs of North Carolina are scarcely known at

the North, they are well patronized by the people of Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi, and of the surrounding country. As we drove up to the entrance the long piazza was gay with ladies attired in the bright colors the Southerners love so well. The universal black, so fashionable at the North, is hardly seen at the South except in mourning, and when accepted in a modified form is always lighted up with some sash or knot of gay ribbons.

"Tropical," said Ermine, alighting.

The Major had ridden by himself during the latter part of the afternoon. Once or twice we saw him, but he seemed lost in thought. As we sat on the piazza in the evening, however, he disburdened himself of his load. "I have finally unearthed the story of Peter's Rock, Miss Stuart," he began, with a careless air. "It seems Peter was a negro, and when Stoneman rode through from Tennessee, he gave them warning with a flaming torch, standing on the top of the rock—"

"Ah!" interrupted Herr Freulig, excitedly; "it e-es too moche. I haf make heem



LAST GLIMPSE OF THE FRENCH BROAD.

von Indeen, I haf make heem von geologer, I haf make heem a Breetish officer, and now you wants me to make heem a neeg! I can no more."

I burst into an irrepressible fit of laughter as the unhappy Herr concluded the story of his wrongs. The sketch of the "Breetish officer" was accepted and ratified on the spot, and Ermine resolved herself into a consoler-general. The Major's story remains unfinished to this day.

Our river pilgrimage was drawing to a close; four miles to the west ran the Tennessee line, and beyond were the low countries and railroads. Professor Macquoid concluded to try the effect of his rhododendron hat and alpenstock in the neighborhood of Warm Springs for a few days, Ermine remaining singularly blind to their shepherd-like charm. He mentioned that he had discovered a remarkable dip in the neighborhood, which he thought it his duty to measure. (The Professor, it was understood, was engaged upon the composition of a Great Work.) Herr Freulig was of course obliged to remain with his traveling com-



panion; but I overheard Ermine saying something about "next winter," and I thought I caught a glimpse of a sketch in her hand which looked very much like that "fery fine few."

The Major was going as far as Chattanooga, and Philip Romer said he would accompany us to the State line, and then return homeward on his friend's horse.

"But can you?" I asked, remembering the narrow road and the fords.

"The horse knows the way, and all the people about here know me, Miss Martha," said the soldier, smiling. "I am not entirely blind yet; I can see a little."

Then, as we were all silent through our great compassion for him, he turned the tide of talk into another channel. "Do you see that road across the river?" he asked. "It goes to Greenville, twenty-five miles distant. In that little village, on the 4th of September, 1864, died John Morgan the raider, shot through the heart in a garden, his place of refuge having been discovered and pointed out by a woman."

"He was a bold rider," said Ermine, gently.

"I beg your pardon, niece," began Uncle Jack in some heat; "John Morgan was a rebel, and deserved his—" Then remembering Philip Romer, he paused suddenly.

"The fortunes of war, Sir. He took his fate into his own hands; we all did that, and must now bear the consequences," said the Confederate soldier, quietly.

Some distance below Warm Springs we found Paint Rock—a singular cliff marked

with streaks of a dark red color, supposed by the imaginative to be Indian picture-writing.

"Are we in the Great Smoky Mountains?" asked Ermine.

"In their very heart, Miss Stuart; all the peaks you see belong to that chain. You are going through with the French Broad, which has cut a pathway for itself to the low countries."

We lingered on the border, but the farewells came at last. "Good-by," we said, and found ourselves strangely saddened by the breaking of this tie of a day. The Major had many a plan for future meetings with his old comrade, and he detailed them all with his hearty cordiality. Philip Romer listened, but I noticed that he did not echo the confident hope.

The Major helped him to mount, and turned the horse's head in the right direction. "Good-by," we said again, and our carriage started westward. At a curve in the road we all looked back. The solitary figure was riding slowly up into the dark cañon of the French Broad; another moment and it was lost in the pine-trees.

Beyond the mountains the river loses its wildness; tranquilly it flows along on its way to the Tennessee, and our last view of it was fair and peaceful. We heard the whistle of the locomotive, and the cars bore us rapidly away; but we watched as long as we could see them the peaks of the Great Smoky, and thought silently of that solitary figure riding back along the bank of the wild French Broad.

### THE FOLLOWER.

WE have a youngster in the house,  
A little man of ten,  
Who dearest to his mother is  
Of all God's little men.  
In-doors and out he clings to her;  
He follows up and down;  
He steals his slender hand in hers;  
He plucks her by the gown.  
"Why do you cling to me so, child?  
You track me every where;  
You never let me be alone."  
And he with serious air  
Answered, as closer still he drew,  
"My feet were made to follow you."  
Two years before the boy was born  
Another child, of seven,  
Whom Heaven had lent to us a while,  
Went back again to Heaven.  
He came to fill his brother's place,  
And bless our failing years;  
The good God sent him down in love  
To dry our useless tears.  
I think so, mother, for I hear  
In what the child has said  
A meaning that he knows not of,  
A message from the dead.  
He answered wiser than he knew,  
"My feet were made to follow you."

Come here, my child, and sit with me,  
Your head upon my breast;  
You are the last of all my sons,  
And you must be the best.  
How much I love you, you may guess,  
When, grown a man like me,  
You sit as I am sitting now,  
Your child upon your knee.  
Think of me then, and what I said  
(And practiced when I could),  
"Tis something to be wise and great,  
Tis better to be good.  
Oh, say to all things good and true,  
'My feet were made to follow you!'"  
Come here, my wife, and sit by me,  
And place your hand in mine  
(And yours, my child): while I have you  
Tis wicked to repine.  
We've had our share of sorrows, love;  
We've had our graves to fill;  
But, thank the good God overhead,  
We have each other still!  
We've nothing in the world besides,  
For we are only three:  
Mother and child, my wife and child,  
How dear you are to me!  
I know—indeed, I always knew,  
My feet were made to follow you!



## CARICATURES OF THE REFORMATION.



LUTHER INSPIRED BY SATAN.

**B**EHOLD in this strange, rude picture\* a device of contemporary caricature to cast ridicule upon the movement of which Martin Luther was the conspicuous figure. It is reduced from a large wood-cut which appeared in Germany at the crisis of the lion-hearted reformer's career, the year of his appearance at the Diet of Worms, when he said to dissuading friends, "If I knew there were as many devils at Worms as there are tiles upon the houses, I would go." The intention of the artist is obvious; but in addition to the leading purpose, he desired, as Mr. Chatto conjectures, to remind his public of the nasal drawl of the preaching friars of the time, for which they were as proverbial as were the Puritans of London in Cromwell's day. Such is the poverty of human invention that the idea of this caricature has been employed several times since Luther's time—even as recently as 1873, when a London draughtsman made it serve his turn in the contentions of party politics.

The best humorous talent of Christendom, whether it wrought with pencil or with pen, whether it avowed or veiled its sympathy with reform, was on Luther's side. It prepared the way for his coming, co-operated with him during his lifetime, carried on his work after he was gone, and continues it to the present hour.

Recent investigators tell us, indeed, that

the Reformation began in laughter, which the Church itself nourished and sanctioned. M. Viollet-le-Duc, author of the *Dictionnaire d'Architecture*, discourses upon the gradual change which church decorators of the Middle Ages effected in the figure of the devil. Upon edifices erected before the year 1000 there are few traces of the devil, and upon those of much earlier date none at all; but from the eleventh century he "begins to play an important rôle," artists striving which should give him the most hideous form. No one was then audacious enough to take liberties with a being so potent, so awful, so real, the competitor and antagonist of the Almighty Lord of Heaven and Earth. But mortals must laugh, and familiarity produces its well-known effect. In the eyes of men of the world the devil became gradually less terrible and more grotesque, became occasionally ridiculous, often contemptible, sometimes foolish. His tricks are met by tricks more cunning than his own; he is duped, and retires discomfited. Before Luther appeared on the scene the painters and sculptors, not to mention the authors and poets, had made progress in reducing the devil from the grade of an antagonist of deity and arch enemy of men to that of a cunning and amusing deceiver of simpletons. "The great devil," as the author just mentioned remarks, "sculptured over the door of the Autun Cathedral in the twelfth century is a frightful being, well designed to strike terror to unformed souls; but the young devils carved in bass-reliefs of the fifteenth century are more comic than terrible, and it is evident that the artists who executed them cared very little for the wicked tricks of the Evil Spirit." We may be sure that the artist who could sketch the devil fiddling upon a pair of bellows with a kitchen dipper had outgrown the horror which that personage had once excited in all minds. Such a sketch is here reproduced from a Flemish MS. in the library of Cambrai.

But this could not be said of the great mass of Christian people for centuries after. Luther, as the reader is aware, speaks of the devil with as absolute an assurance of his existence, activity, and nearness as if he were a member of his own household. God, he once said, mocks and scorns the devil by putting under his nose such a weak creature as man; and at other times he dwelt upon the hardness of the conflict which the devil



\* From *A Treatise on Wood-Engraving*. By JACKSON and CHATTO. London: 1866. Page 268.





OLDEST DRAWING IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

has to maintain. "It were not good for us to know how earnestly the holy angels strive for us against the devil, or how hard a combat it is. If we could see for how many angels one devil makes work, we should be in despair." Many devils, he remarks with curious certainty, are in forests, in waters, in wildernesses, in dark pooly places, ready to hurt and prejudice people; and there are some in the thick black clouds, which cause hail, lightnings, and thunderings, and poison the air, the pastures, and grounds. He derides the philosophers and physicians who say that these things have merely natural causes; and as to the witches who torment honest people, and spoil their eggs, milk, and butter, "I should have no compassion upon them—I would burn them all." The Table Talk of the great reformer is full of such robust credulity.

Luther represented, as much as he reformed, his age and country. In these utterances of his we discern the spirit against which the humor and gayety of art had to contend, and over which it has gained a tardy victory, not yet complete. Let us keep in mind also that in those twilight ages, as in all ages, there were the two contending influences which we now call "the world" and "the church." In other words, there were people who took the devil lightly, as they did all invisible and spiritual things, and there were people who dreaded the devil in every "dark pooly place," and to whom nothing could be a jest which appertained to him. Humorous art has in it healing and admonition for both these classes.

It was in those centuries, also, that men of the world learned to laugh at the clergy, and, again, not without clerical encouragement. In the brilliantly illuminated religious manuscripts of the two centuries preceding Luther, along with other ludicrous and absurd images, of which specimens have been given, we find many pictures in which

the vices of the religious orders are exhibited. The oldest drawing in the British Museum, one of the only two that bear the date 1320, shows us two devils tossing a monk headlong from a bridge into a rough and rapid river, an act which they perform in a manner not calculated to excite serious thoughts in modern minds.

In the old Strasburg Cathedral there was a brass door, made in 1545, upon which was engraved a convent with a procession of monks issuing from it bearing the cross and banners.

The foremost figure of this procession was a monk carrying a girl upon his shoulders. This was not the coarse fling of an enemy. It was not the scoff of an Erasmus, who said once, "These paunchy monks are called *fathers*, and they take good care to deserve the name." It was engraven on the eternal brass of a religious edifice for the warning and edification of the faithful.

Nothing more surprises the modern reader than the frequency and severity with which the clergy of those centuries were denounced and satirized, as well by themselves as by others. A Church which showed itself sensitive to the least taint of what it deemed heresy appears to have beheld with indifference the exhibition of its moral delinquencies—nay, taken the lead in exposing them. It was a clergyman who said, in the Council of Siena, fifty years before Luther was born: "We see to-day priests who are usurers, wine-shop keepers, merchants, governors of castles, notaries, stewards, and debauch brokers. The only trade which they have not yet commenced is that of executioner. The bishops surpass Epicurus himself in sensuality, and it is between the courses of a banquet that they discuss the authority of the Pope and that of the Council." The same speaker related that St. Bridget, being in St. Peter's at Rome, looked up in a religious ecstasy, and saw the nave filled with mitred hogs. She asked the Lord to explain this fantastic vision. "These," replied the Lord, "are the bishops and abbés of to-day." M. Champfleury, the first living authority on subjects of this nature, declares that the manuscript Bibles of the century preceding Luther are so filled with pictures exhibiting monks and nuns in equivocal circumstances that he was only puzzled to decide which specimens were most suitable to give his readers an adequate idea of them.

From mere gayety of heart, from the exuberant jollity of a well-beneficed scholar,



whose future was secure and whose time was all his own, some of the higher clergy appear to have jested upon themselves and their office. Two finely engraved seals have been found in France, one dating as far back as 1300, which represent monkeys arrayed in the vestments of a Church dignitary. Upon one of them the monkey wears the hood and holds the staff of an abbot, and upon the other the animal appears in the character of a bishop.

One of these seals is known to have been executed at the express order of an abbot. The other, a copy of which is given here,



BISHOP'S SEAL.

was found in the ruins of an ancient château of Picardy, and bears the inscription, "LE: SCEL: DE: LEUECQUE: DE: LA: CYTE: DE: PINON"—"The seal of the bishop of the city of Pinon." This interesting relic was at first thought to be the work of some scoffing Huguenot, but there can now be no doubt of its having been the merry conceit of the personage whose title it bears. The discovery of the record relating to the monkey seal of the abbot, showing it to have been ordered and paid for by the actual head of a great monastery, throws light upon all the grotesque ornamentation of those centuries. It suggests to us also the idea that the clergy joined in the general ridicule of their order as much from a sense of the ludicrous as from conviction of its justice. In the British Museum there is a religious manuscript of the thirteenth century, splendidly illuminated, one of the initial letters of which represents a young friar drawing wine from a cask in a cellar, that contains several humorous points. With his left hand he holds the great wine-jug, into which the liquid is running from the barrel; with his right he lifts to his lips a bowlful of the wine, and from the same hand dangle the large keys of the cellar. If this was intended as a hint to the younger brethren how they ought not to behave when sent to the cellar for wine,

the artist evidently felt also the comic absurdity of the situation.

The vast cellars still to be seen under ancient monasteries and priories, as well as the kitchens, not less spacious, and supported by archways of the most massive masonry, tell a tale of the habits of the religious orders which is abundantly confirmed in the records and literature of the time. "Capuchins," says the old French doggerel, "drink poorly, Benedictines deeply, Dominicans pint after pint, but Franciscans drink the cellar dry." The great number of old taverns in Europe named the Mitre, the Church, the Chapel-Bell, St. Dominic, and other ecclesiastical names point to the conclusion that the class which professed to dispense good cheer for the soul were not averse to good cheer for the body.\*

If the clergy led the merriment caused by their own excesses, we can not wonder they should have had many followers. In the popular tales of the time, which have been gathered and made accessible in recent years, we find the priest, the monk, the nun, the abbot, often figuring in absurd situations, rarely in creditable ones. The priest seems to have been regarded as the satirist's fair game, the common butt of the jester. In one of these stories a butcher, returning home from a fair, asks a night's lodging at the house of a priest, who churlishly refuses it. The butcher, returning, offers in recompense to kill one of his fine fat sheep for supper, and to leave behind him all the meat not eaten. On this condition he is received, and the family enjoy an excellent supper in his society. After supper he wins the favor first of the priest's concubine and afterward of the maid-servant by secretly promising to each of them the skin of the sheep. In the morning, after he has gone, a prodigious uproar arises, the priest and the two women each vehemently claiming the skin, in the midst of which it is discovered that the butcher had stolen the sheep from the priest's own flock.

From a merry tale of these ages a jest was taken which to-day forms one of the stock dialogues of our negro minstrel bands. The story was apparently designed to show the sorry stuff of which priests were sometimes made. A farmer sends a lout of a son to college, intending to make a priest of him, and the lad was examined as to the extent of his knowledge. "Isaac had two sons, Esau and Jacob," said the examiner: "who was Jacob's father?" The candidate, being unable to answer this question, is sent home to his tutor with a letter relating his discomfiture. "Thou foole and ass-head!" exclaims the tutor. "Dost thou not know Tom Miller of Oseney?" "Yes,"

\* *History of Sign-Boards.* By LARWOOD and HOTTEN. London. Page 319.



answered the hopeful scholar. "Then thou knowest he had two sons, Tom and Jacke: who is Jacke's father?" "Tom Miller." Back goes the youth to college with a letter to the examiner, who, for the tutor's sake, gives him another chance, and asks once more who was Jacob's father. "Marry!" cries the candidate, "I can tell you now: that was Tom Miller of Oseney."

We must be cautious in drawing inferences from the popular literature of a period, since there is in the unformed mind a propensity to circulate amusing scandal, and the satirist is apt to aim his shaft at characters and actions which are exceptional, not representative. In some of the less frequented nooks of Europe, where the tone of mind among the people has not materially changed since the fifteenth century, we still find priests the constant theme of scandal. The Tyrolese, for example, as some readers may have observed, are profuse in their votive offerings, and indefatigable in their pilgrimages, processions, and observances—the most superstitious people in Europe; but a recent writer tells us that they "have a large collection of anecdotes, humorous and scandalous, about their priests, and they take infinite delight in telling them." They are not pious, as the writer remarks, "but magpious." The Tyrolese may judge their priests correctly, but credulity is credulity. A person who believes in magpious humbug may be expected to lend greedy ears to comic scandal, and what the Tyrolese do to-day, their ancestors may have done when Luther was a school-boy.

But of late years the exact, methodical records of the past, the laws, law-books, and trials, which are now recognized to be among the most trustworthy guides to a correct interpretation of antiquity, have been diligently scrutinized, and we learn from them that it was among the commonest of criminal events for clergymen, in the time of Edward III. of England, to take part in acts of brigandage. A band of fifty men, for example, broke into the park and warren of a lady, the Countess of Lincoln, killed her game, cut down two thousand pounds' worth of timber, and carried it off. In the list of the accused are the names of two abbots and a prior. Several chaplains were in a band of knights and squires who entered an inclosure belonging to the Archbishop of Canterbury, drove off his cattle, cut down his trees, harvested his wheat, and marched away with their booty. In a band of seventy who committed a similar outrage at Carlton there were five parsons. Two parsons were accused of assisting to break into the Earl of Northampton's park and driving off his cattle. The prior of Bolton was charged with a robbery of horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs. Five clergy-

men were in the band that damaged the Bishop of Durham's park to the extent of a thousand pounds. These examples and others were drawn from a single roll of parchment of the year 1348; and that roll, itself one of three, is only one of many sources of information. The author of the *History of Crime* explains that the rolls of that year consist of more than one hundred and twenty skins of parchment, among which there are few that do not contain a reference to some lawless act committed by knights or priests, or by a band consisting of both.\*

This is record, not gossip, not literature; and it may serve to indicate the basis of truth there was for the countless allusions to the dissoluteness of the clergy in the popular writings and pictures of the century that formed Luther and the Lutherans.

It is scarcely possible in the compass of an article to convey an idea of the burst of laughter that broke the long spell of superstitious terror, and opened the minds of men to receive the better light. Such works as the *Decameron* of Boccaccio, which to modern readers is only interesting as showing what indecency could be read and uttered by fine ladies and gentlemen on a picnic in 1350, had one character that harmonized with the new influence. Their tone was utterly at variance with the voice of the priest. The clergy, self-indulgent, preached self-denial; practicing vice, they exaggerated human guilt. But the ladies and gentlemen of the *Decameron*, while practicing virtue, made light of vice, and brought off the graceful profligate victorious. Later was circulated in every land and tongue the merry tale of *Reynard the Fox*, which children still cherish among the choicest of their literary treasures. Reynard, who appears in the sculptures of so many convents and in the illuminations of so many pious manuscripts, whom monks loved better than their missal, exhibits the same moral: witty wickedness triumphant over brute strength. The fox cheats the wolf, deludes the bear, lies to King Lion, turns monk, gallops headlong up and down the commandments, only to be at last taken into the highest favor by the king and made Prime Minister. It is not necessary to discover allegory in this tale. What made it potent against the spell of priestly influence was the innocent and boisterous merriment which it excited, amidst which the gloom evoked by priestly arts began to break away. Innocent mirth, next to immortal truth, is the thing most hostile to whatever is mingled with religion which is hostile to the interests of human nature.

And *Reynard*, we must remember, was

\* *History of Crime in England.* By L. O. PIKE. London: 1873. Page 248.





PASTOR AND FLOCK.

(From the window of a French church, 16th century.)

only the best and gayest of a large class of similar fables that circulated during the childhood of Columbus and of Luther. In one of the Latin stories given by Mr. Wright in his *Selection*, we have an account of the death and burial of the wolf, the hero of the tale, which makes a most profane use of sacred objects and rites, though it was written by a priest. The holy-water was carried by the hare, hedgehogs bore the candles, goats rang the bell, moles dug the grave, foxes carried the bier, the bear celebrated mass, the ox read the gospel, and the ass the epistle. When the burial was complete the animals sat down to a splendid banquet, and wished for another grand funeral. Mark the moral drawn by the priestly author: "So it frequently happens that when some rich man, an extortionist or a usurer, dies, the abbot or prior of a convent of beasts [*i. e.*, of men living like beasts] causes them to assemble. For it commonly happens that in a great convent of black or white monks [Benedictines or Augustinians] there are none but beasts—lions by their pride, foxes by their craftiness, bears by their voracity, stinking goats by their incontinence, asses by their sluggishness, hedgehogs by their asperity, hares by their timidity (because they were cowardly when there was no fear), and oxen by their laborious cultivation of their land." Unquestionably this author belonged to another order than those named in his tirade.

A book with original life in it becomes usually the progenitor of a line of books. Brandt's *Ship of Fools*, which was published when Luther was eleven years old, gave rise to a literature. As soon as it appeared it kindled the zeal of a noted preacher of Strasburg, Jacob Geiler by name, who turned Brandt's gentle satire into fierce invective, which he directed chiefly against the monks. The black friars, he said, were the

devil, the white friars his dame, and the others were their chickens. The qualities of a good monk, he declared, were an almighty belly, an ass's back, and a raven's mouth. From the pulpit, on another occasion, he foretold a coming reformation in the Church, adding that he did not expect to live to see it, though some that heard him might. The monks taunted him with looking into the *Ship of Fools* for his texts instead of the Scripture; but the people heard him eagerly, and one of his pupils gave the public a series of his homely, biting sermons, illustrated by wood-cuts, which ran through edition after edition. Badius, a noted scholar of the time, was another who imitated the *Ship of Fools*, in a series of satirical pieces entitled *The Boats of Foolish Women*, in which the follies of the ladies of the period were ridiculed.

Among the great number of works which the *Ship of Fools* suggested, there was one which directly and powerfully prepared the way for Luther. Erasmus, while residing in England, from 1497 to 1506, Luther being still a student, read Brandt's work, and was stirred by it to write his *Praise of Folly*, which, under the most transparent disguise, is chiefly a satire upon the ecclesiastics of the day. We may at least say that it is only in the passages aimed at them that the author is at his best. Before Luther had begun to think of the abuses of the Church, Erasmus, in this little work, derided the credulous Christians who thought to escape mishaps all day by paying devotion to St. Christopher in the morning, and laughed at the soldiers who expected to come out of battle with a whole skin if they had but taken the precaution to "mumble over a set prayer before the picture of St. Barbara." He jested upon the English who had constructed a gigantic figure of their patron saint (St. George) as large as the images of the pagan Hercules; only the saint was mounted upon a horse in splendid trappings, "very gloriously accoutred," which the people scarcely refrained from worshiping. But observe this passage in the very spirit of Luther, thought written fifteen years before the great reformer publicly denounced indulgences:

"What shall I say of such as cry up and maintain the cheat of pardons and indulgences? who by these compute the time of each soul's residence in purgatory, and assign them a longer or shorter continuance, according as they purchase more or fewer of these paltry pardons and salable exemptions?.....By this easy way of purchasing pardon any notorious highwayman, any plundering soldier, or any bribe-taking judge shall disburse some part of their unjust gains, and so think all their grossest impieties sufficiently atoned for.....And what can be more ridiculous than for some





SALE OF INDULGENCES.

HOLBEIN, 1520.

CONFESSING TO GOD.

practiced not merely by the vulgar, but by "such proficient in religion as one might well expect should have more wit." He ridicules the notion of each country and place being under the special protection of a patron saint, as well as the kindred absurdity of calling upon one saint to cure a toothache, upon another to restore lost goods, upon another to protect seamen, and upon another to guard cows and sheep. Nor does he refrain from reflecting upon the homage paid to the Virgin Mary, "whose blind devotees think it manners now to place the mother before the Son." He utterly scorns and reviles the folly of hanging up offerings at the shrines of saints for their imaginary aid in getting the donors out of trouble or danger. The responsibility of all this folly and delusion he boldly assigns to the priests, who gain money by them. "They blacken the darkness and promote the delusion, wisely foreseeing that the people (like cows which never give down their milk so well as when they are gently stroked) would part with less if they knew more." If any serious and wise man, he adds, should tell the people that a pious life is the only way of securing a peaceful death, that repentance and amendment alone can procure pardon, and that the best devotion to a saint is to imitate his example, there would be a very different estimate put upon masses, fastings, and other austerities. Erasmus saw this prophecy fulfilled before many years had rolled over his head.

It is, however, in his chapters upon the amazingly ridiculous subtleties of the monastic theology of his time that Erasmus gives us his most exquisite fooling. Here he becomes, indeed, the merry Erasmus who was so welcome at English Cambridge, at Paris, at Rome, in Germany, in Holland, wherever there were good scholars and good fellows. He pretends to approach this part of his subject with fear; for divines, he says, are generally very hot and passionate, and when provoked they set upon a man in full cry, and hurl at him the thunders of excommunication, that being their spiritual weapon to wound such as lift up a hand against them. But he plucks up courage, and proceeds to discourse upon the puerilities which absorbed their minds. Among the theological questions which they delighted to discuss were such as these: the precise manner in which original sin was derived from our first parents; whether time was an element in the supernatural generation of our Lord; whether it would be a thing possible for the first person in the Trinity to hate the second; whether God, who took our nature upon Him in the form of a man, could as well have become a woman, a beast, an herb, or a stone; and if He could, how could He have then preached the gospel, or been nailed to the cross? whether if St. Peter had

others to be confident of going to heaven by repeating daily those seven verses out of the Psalms?"

These "fooleries," which Erasmus characterizes as most gross and absurd, he says are



celebrated the eucharist at the time when our Saviour was upon the cross, the consecrated bread would have been transubstantiated into the same body that remained on the tree; whether, in Christ's corporal presence in the sacramental wafer, His humanity was not abstracted from His Godhead; whether, after the resurrection, we shall carnally eat and drink as we do in this life; how it is possible, in the transubstantiation, for one body to be in several places at the same time; which is the greater sin, to kill a hundred men, or for a cobbler to set one stitch in a shoe on Sunday? Such subtleties as these alternated with curious and minute delineations of purgatory, heaven, and hell, their divisions, subdivisions, degrees, and qualities.

He heaps ridicule also upon the public preaching of those profound theologians. It was mere stage-playing; and their delivery was the very acme of the droll and the absurd. "Good Lord! how mimical are their gestures! What heights and falls in their voice! What toning, what bawling, what singing, what squeaking, what grimaces, what making of mouths, what apes' faces and distorting of their countenances!" And their matter was even more ridiculous than their manner. One of these absurd divines, discoursing upon the name of Jesus, subtly pretended to discover a revelation of the Trinity in the very letters of which the name was composed. It was declined only in *three* cases. That was one mysterious coincidence. Then the nominative ended in S, the accusative in M, and the ablative in U, which obviously indicated Summus, the beginning, Medius, the middle, and Ultimus, the end of all things. Other examples he gives of the same profound nature. Nor did the different orders of monks escape his lash. He dwelt upon the preposterous importance they attached to trifling details of dress and ceremonial. "They must be very critical in the precise number of their knots, in the tying on of their sandals, of what precise colors their respective habits should be made, and of what stuff, how broad and long their girdles, how big and in what fashion their hoods, whether their bald crowns be of the right cut to a hair's-breadth, how many hours they must sleep, and at what minute rise to prayers."

In this manner he proceeds for many a sprightly page, rising from monks to bishops and cardinals, and from them to popes, "who pretend themselves Christ's vicars," while resembling the Lord in nothing. Luther never went farther, never was bolder or more biting, than Erasmus in this essay. But all went for nothing with the great leader of reform, because Erasmus ever refused to abandon the Church and cast in his lot openly with the reformers. Luther calls him "a mere Momus," who laughed at Catholic and Prot-

CHRIST, THE TRUE LIGHT.—HOLBEIN, ABOUT 1520.



estant alike, and looked upon the Christian religion itself very much as Lucian did upon the Greek. "Whenever I pray," said Luther, once, "I pray for a curse upon Erasmus." It was certainly a significant fact that in the heat of that contest Erasmus



should have given the world a translation of Lucian. But he was a great, wise, genial soul, whose fame will brighten as that age becomes more justly and familiarly known to us.

The first place in the annals of such a warfare belongs of right to the soldiers who took their lives in their hands and went forth to meet the foe in the open field, braving torture, infamy, and death for the cause. Such were Luther and his followers. But there is a place in human memory for the philosopher and the humorist who first made the contest possible, and then rendered it shorter and easier.

When Luther began the immortal part of his public career in 1517 by nailing to the church door his ninety-five theses against the sale of indulgences, wood-engraving was an art which had been practiced nearly a century. He found also, as we have seen, a public accustomed to satirical writings illustrated by wood-cuts. The great Holbein illustrated Erasmus's *Praise of Folly*. Brandt's *Ship of Fools*, as well as the litter of works which it called forth, was even profusely illustrated. Caricatures as distinct works, though usually accompanied with abundant verbal commentary, were familiar objects. Among the curiosities which Luther himself brought from Rome in 1510, some years before he began his special work, was a caricature suggested by the *Ship of Fools*, showing how the Pope had "fooled the whole world with his superstitions and idolatries." He showed it to the Prince Elector of Saxony at the time. The picture exhibited a little ship filled with monks, friars, and priests casting lines to people swimming in the sea, while in the stern sat comfortably the Pope with his cardinals and bishops, overshadowed and covered by the Holy Ghost, who was looking up to heaven, and through whose help alone the drowning wretches were saved.

In talking about the picture many years after, Luther said, "These and the like fooleries we then believed as articles of faith." He had not reached the point when he could talk at his own table of the cardinals as "peevish milksops, effeminate, unlearned blockheads, whom the Pope places in all kingdoms, where they lie lolling in kings' courts among the ladies and women."

Finding this weapon of caricature ready made to his hands, he used it freely, as did also his friends and his foes. He was himself a caricaturist. When Pope Clement VII. seemed disposed to meet the reformers half-way, and proposed a council to that end, Luther wrote a pamphlet ridiculing the scheme, and to give more force to his satire he "caused a picture to be drawn" and placed in the title-page. It was not a work describable to the fastidious ears of our century, unless we leave part of the description



PAPA, DOCTOR THEOLOGIE ET MAGISTER FIDEL.

"A long-eared ass can with the Bagpipes cope  
As well as with Theology the Pope."

GERMANY, 1545.

in Latin. The Pope was seated on a lofty throne surrounded by cardinals having foxes' tails, and seeming "*sursum et deorsum repurgare*." In the *Table-Talk* we read also of a picture being brought to Luther in which the Pope and Judas were represented hanging to the purse and keys. "Twill vex the Pope horribly," said Luther, "that he whom emperors and kings have worshiped should now be figured hanging upon his own picklocks." The picture above, in which the Pope is exhibited with an ass's head performing on the bagpipes, was entirely in the taste of Luther. "The Pope's decretals," he once said, "are naught; he that drew them up was an ass." No word was too contemptuous for the papacy. "Pope, cardinals, and bishops," said he, "are a pack of guzzling, stuffing wretches; rich, wallowing in wealth and laziness, resting secure in their power, and never thinking of accomplishing God's will."

The famous pamphlet of caricatures published in 1521 by Luther's friend and follower, Lucas Cranach, contains pictures that we could easily believe Luther himself suggested. The object was to exhibit to the eyes of the people of Germany the contrast between the religion inculcated by the lowly Jesus and the pompous worldliness of the papacy. There was a picture on each page which nearly filled it, and at the bottom there were a few lines in German of explanation, the engraving on the page to the left representing an incident in the life of Christ, and the page to the right a feature of the papal system at variance with it. Thus on the first page was shown Jesus, in humble attitude and simple raiment, refusing honors and dignities, and on the page





THE POPE CAST INTO HELL.  
(Lucas Cranach, 1521.)

opposite the Pope, cardinals, and bishops, with warriors, cannon, and forts, assuming lordship over kings. On another page Christ was seen crowned with thorns by the scoffing soldiers, and on the opposite page the Pope wearing his triple crown, and seated on his throne, an object of adoration to his court. On another was shown Christ washing the feet of His disciples, in contrast to the Pope presenting his toe to an emperor to be kissed. At length we have Christ ascending to heaven with a glorious escort of angels, and on the other page the Pope hurled headlong to hell, accompanied by devils, with some of his own monks already in the flames waiting to receive him. This concluding picture may serve as a specimen of a series that must have told powerfully on the side of reform.\*

These pictorial pamphlets were an important part of the stock in trade of the colporteurs who pervaded the villages and byways of Germany during Luther's lifetime, selling the sermons of the reformers, homely satiric verses, and broadside caricatures. The simplicity and directness of the caricatures of that age reflected perfectly both the character and the methods of Luther. One picture of Hans Sachs's has been preserved, which was designed as an illustration of the words of Christ: "I am the door. He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." The honest Sachs shows us a lofty, well-built barn, with a very steep roof, on the very top of which

sits the Pope crowned with his tiara. To him cardinals and bishops are directing people, and urging them to climb up the steep and slippery height. Two monks have done so, and are getting in at a high window. At the open door of the edifice stands the Lord, with a halo round His head, inviting a humble inquirer to enter freely. Nothing was farther from the popular caricaturists of that age than to allegorize a doctrine or a moral lesson; on the contrary, it was their habit to interpret allegory in the most absurdly literal manner. Observe, for example, the treatment of the subject contained in the words, "How wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye, and, behold, a *beam* is in thine own eye?"

The marriage of Luther in 1525 was followed by a burst of caricature. The idea of a priest marrying excited then, as it does now in a Catholic mind, a sense of ludicrous incongruity. It is as though the words married priest were a contradiction in terms, and the relation implied by them was a sort of manifest incompatibility, half comic, half disgusting. The spectacle occasionally presented in a Protestant church of a clergyman ordained and married in the same hour is so opposed to the Catholic conception of the priesthood that some Catholics can only express their sense of it by laughter. Equally amazing and equally ludicrous to them is the more frequent case of missionaries coming home to be married, or young missionaries married in the evening and setting out for their station the next morning. We observe that some of Luther's nearest friends—nay, Luther himself—saw something both



"THE BEAM THAT IS IN THINE OWN EYE."—A.D. 1540.

\* From *A History of Caricature*. By THOMAS WRIGHT. London: 1864. Page 254.





LUTHER TRIUMPHANT.—PARIS, 1535.

ridiculous and contemptible in his marriage, particularly in the haste with which it was concluded, and the disparity in the ages of the pair, Luther being forty-two and his wife twenty-six. "My marriage," wrote Luther, "has made me so despicable that I hope my humiliation will rejoice the angels and vex the devils." And Melancthon, while doing his best to restore his leader's self-respect, expressed the hope that the "accident" might be of use in humbling Luther a little in the midst of a success perilous to his good sense. Luther was not long abased. We find him soon justifying the act, which was among the boldest and wisest of his life, as a tribute of obedience to his aged father, who "required it in hopes of issue," and as a practical confirmation of what he had himself taught. He speaks gayly of "my rib, Kate," and declared once that he would not exchange his wife for the kingdom of France or the wealth of Venice.

But the caricaturists were not soon weary of the theme. Readers at all familiar with the manners of that age do not need to be told that few of the efforts of their free pencils will bear reproduction now. Besides exhibiting the pair carousing, dancing, romping, caressing, and in various situations supposed to be ridiculous, the satirists harped a good deal upon the old prophecy that Antichrist would be the offspring of a monk and a nun. "If that is the case," said Erasmus, "how many thousands of Antichrists there are in the world already!" Luther was evidently of the same opinion, for he gave full credit to the story of six thousand infants' skulls having been found at the bottom of a pond near a convent, as well as to that of "twelve great pots, in each of which was the carcass of an infant," discovered under

the cellars of another convent. But then Luther was among the most credulous of men.

The marriage of the monk and the nun gave only a brief advantage to the enemies of reform. The great German artists of that generation were friends of Luther. No name is more distinguished in the early annals of German art than Albert Dürer, painter, engraver, sculptor, and author. He did not employ his pencil in furtherance of Luther's cause, nor did he forsake the communion of the ancient Church, but he expressed the warmest sympathy with the objects of the reformer. A report of Luther's death in 1521 struck horror to his soul. "Whether Luther be yet living," he wrote, "or whether his enemies have put him to death, I know not, yet certainly what he has suffered has been for the sake of truth, and because he has reprehended the abuses of unchristian papacy, which strives to fetter Christian liberty with the incumbrance of human ordinances, that we may be robbed of the price of our blood and sweat, and shamefully plundered by idlers, while the sick and needy perish through hunger." These words go to the heart of the controversy.

Holbein, nearly thirty years younger than Dürer, only just coming of age when Luther nailed his theses to the castle church, did more, as the reader has already seen, than express in words his sympathy with reform. The fineness and graphic force of the two specimens of his youthful talent given on previous pages\* every reader must have remarked. Only three copies of these pictures

\* From *Holbein and his Time*. By ALFRED WOLTMANN. Translated by F. E. BUNNETT. London: 1872. Pages 241-243.



are known to exist. They appeared at the time when Luther had kindled a general opposition to the sale of indulgences, as well as some ill feeling toward the classic authors so highly esteemed by Erasmus. They are in a peculiar sense Lutheran pictures, and they give expression to the reformer's prejudices and convictions. A third wood-cut of Holbein's is mentioned by Woltmann, dated 1524, in which the Pope is shown riding in a litter surrounded by an armed escort, and on the other side Christ is seen on an ass, accompanied by his disciples. These three works were Holbein's contribution to the earlier stage of the movement.

This artist was soon drawn away to the splendid court of Henry VIII. of England, where, among other works, he executed his renowned paintings, "The Triumph of Riches" and "The Triumph of Poverty," in both of which there is satire enough to bring them within our subject. Of these stupendous works, each containing seventeen or more life-size figures, every trace has perished except the artist's original sketch of "The Triumph of Riches." But they made a vivid impression upon the two generations which saw them, and we have so many engravings, copies, and descriptions of them that it is almost as if

THE TRIUMPH OF RICHES.—HOLBEIN, ABOUT 1533.





will convey to the reader some idea of the harmonious grandeur of the painting, and some notion of the ingenious and friendly nature of its satire upon human life.

In accordance with the custom of the age, the painting bore an explanatory motto in Latin: "Gold is the father of lust and the son of sorrow. He who lacks it laments; he who has it fears." Plutus, the god of wealth, is an old, old man, long past enjoyment, but his foot rests upon sacks of superfluous coin, and an open vessel before him, heaped with money, affords the only pleasures left to him—the sight and conscious possession of the wealth he can never use. Below him Fortuna, a young and lovely woman, scatters money among the people who throng about her, among whom are the portly Sichæus, Dido's husband, the richest of his people, Themistocles, who stooped to accept wealth from the Persian king, and many others noted in classic story for the part gold played in their lives. Cræsus, Midas, and Tantalus follow on horseback, and, last of all, the unveiled Cleopatra. The careful driver of Plutus's chariot is Ratio—reason. "Faster!" cries one of the crowd, but the charioteer still holds a tight rein. The unruly horses next the chariot, named Interest and Contract, are led by the noble maidens Equity and Justice, and the wild pair in front, Avarice and Deceit, are held in by Generosity and Good Faith. In the rear, hovering over the triumphal band, Nemesis threatens.

The companion picture, "The Triumph of Poverty," had also a Latin motto, to the effect that, while the rich man is ever anxious, "the poor man fears nothing, joyous hope is his portion, and he learns to serve God by the practice of virtue." In the picture a lean and hungry-looking old woman, Poverty, was seen riding in the lowliest of vehicles, a cart, drawn by two donkeys, Stupidity and Clumsiness, and by two oxen, Negligence and Indolence. Beside her in the cart sits Misfortune. A meagre and forlorn crowd surround and follow them. But the slow-moving team is guided by the four blooming girls, Moderation, Diligence, Alertness, and Toil, of whom the last is the one most abounding in vigor and health. The reins are held by Hope, her eyes toward heaven. Industry, Memory, and Experience sit behind, giving out to the hungry crowd the means of honorable plenty in the form of flails, axes, squares, and hammers.

These human and cheerful works stand in the waste of that age of wrathful controversy and irrational devotion like green islands in the desert, a rest to the eye and a solace to the mind.

When Luther was face to face with the hierarchy at the Diet of Worms, Calvin, a French boy of twelve, was already a sharer in the worldly advantage which the hie-

rarchy could bestow upon its favorites. He held a benefice in the cathedral of Noyon, his native town, and at seventeen he drew additional revenue from a curacy in a neighboring parish. The tonsured boy owed this ridiculous preferment to the circumstance that his father, being secretary to the bishop of the diocese, was sure to be at hand when the bishop happened to have a good thing to give away. In all probability Jean Calvin would have died an archbishop or a cardinal if he had remained in the Church of his ancestors, for he possessed the two requisites for advancement—fervent zeal for the Church and access to the bestowers of its prizes. At Paris, however, whither he was sent by his father to pursue his studies, a shy, intense, devout lad, already thin and



CALVIN BRANDED.—PARIS.

sallow with fasting and study, the light of the Reformation broke upon him. Like Luther, he long resisted it, and still longer hoped to see a reformation in the Church, not outside of its pale. The Church never had a more devoted son. Not Luther himself loved it more. "I was so obstinately given to the superstitions of popery," he said long after, "that it seemed impossible I should ever be pulled out of the deep mire."

He struggled out at length. Observe one of the results of his conversion in the picture on this page, in which a slander of the day is preserved for our inspection.\*

Gross and filthy calumny was one of the familiar weapons in the theological con-

\* From *Musée de la Caricature en France*. Paris: 1834.





CALVIN AT THE BURNING OF SERVETUS.

tests of that century. Both sides employed it—Luther and Calvin not less than others—for it belonged to that age to hate and hence to misinterpret opponents. "Search the records of the city of Noyon, in Picardie," wrote Stapleton, an eminent controversialist on the Catholic side, and professor in a Catholic college in Calvin's own day, "and read again that Jean Calvin, convicted of a crime" (infamous and unmentionable), "by the very element sentence of the bishop and magistrate was branded with an iron lily on the shoulders." The records have been searched; nothing of the kind is to be found in them; but the picture was drawn and scattered over France. Precisely the same charge was made against Luther. That both the reformers died of infamous diseases was another of the scandals of the time. In reading these controversies it is convenient to keep in mind the remark of the collector of the Calvin pictures: "When two theologians accuse one another, both of them lie." One of these calumnies drew from Calvin a celebrated retort. "They accuse me," said he, "of having no children. In every land there are Christians who are my children."

Another caricature, which is given above, representing Calvin at the burning of Servetus, had only too much foundation in truth.

The reformer was not indeed present at the burning, but he caused the arrest of the victim, drew up the charges, furnished part of the testimony that convicted him, consented to and approved his execution.

Servetus was a Spanish physician, of blameless life and warm convictions, who rejected the doctrine of the Trinity. Catholic and Protestant equally abhorred him, and Protestant Geneva seized the opportunity to show the world its attachment to the true faith by burning a man whom Rome was also burning to burn. It was a hideous scene—a virtuous and devoted Unitarian expiring in the flames after enduring the extreme anguish for thirty minutes, and crying, from the depths of his torment, "Jesus, thou Son of the eternal God, have mercy on me!" But it was not Calvin who burned him. It was the century. It was imper-

fectly developed human nature. Man had not reached the civilization which admits, allows, welcomes, and honors disinterested conviction. It were as unjust to blame Calvin for burning Servetus as it is to hold the Roman Catholic Church of the present day responsible for the Inquisition of three centuries ago. It was Man that was guilty of all those stupid and abominable cruelties. Luther, the man of his period, honestly declared that if he were the Lord God, and saw kings, princes, bishops, and judges so little mindful of his Son, he would "*knock the world to pieces*." If Calvin had not burned Servetus, Servetus might have burned Calvin, and the Pope would have been happy to burn both.

One of the best caricatures—perhaps the very best—which the Reformation called forth was suggested by the dissensions that arose between the followers of Luther and Calvin when both of them were in the grave. It might have amused the very persons caricatured. We can fancy Lutherans, Calvinists, and Catholics all laughing together at the spectacle of the two reformers holding the Pope by the ear, and with their other hands fighting one another, Luther clawing at Calvin's beard, and Calvin hurling a Bible at Luther's head.

On the same sheet in the original drawing a second picture was given, in which a shepherd was seen on his knees, surrounded by his flock, addressing the Lord, who is visible in the sky. Underneath is written, "The Lord is my Shepherd; He will never forsake me." The work has an additional interest





CALVIN, LUTHER, AND THE POPE.—PARIS, 1600.

as showing how early the French began to excel in caricature. In the German and English caricatures of that period there are no existing specimens which equal this one in effective simplicity.

Perhaps the all-pervading influence of Rabelais in that age may have made French satire more good-humored. After all attempts to discover in the works of Rabelais hidden allusions to the great personages and events of his time, we must remain of the opinion that he was a fun-maker pure and simple, a court-fool to his century. The anecdote related of his convent life seems to give us the key both to his character and his writings. The incident has often been used in comedy since Rabelais employed it. On the festival of St. Francis, to whom his convent was dedicated, when the country people came in, laden with votive offerings, to pray before the image of the saint, young Rabelais removed the image from its dimly lighted recess and mounted himself upon the pedestal, attired in suitable costume. Group after group of awkward rustics approached and paid their homage. Rabelais at length, overcome by the ridiculous demeanor of the

worshipers, was obliged to laugh, whereupon the gaping throng cried out, "A miracle! a miracle! Our good lord St. Francis moves!" But a cunning old friar, who knew when miracles might and might not be rationally expected in that convent, ran into the chapel and drew out the merry saint, and the brothers laid their knotted cords so vigorously across his naked shoulders that he had a lively sense of not being made of wood. That was Rabelais! He was a natural laugh-compeller. He laughed at every thing, and set his countrymen laughing at every thing. But there were no men who oftener provoked his derision than the monks. "How is it?" asks one of his merry men, "that people exclude monks from all good companies, calling them feast-troublers, marrers of mirth, and disturbers of all civil conversation, as bees drive away the drones from their hives?" The hero answers this question in three pages of most Rabelaisian abuse, of which only a very few lines are quotable. "Your monk," he says, "is like a monkey in a house. He does not watch like a dog, nor plow like the

ox, nor give wool like the sheep, nor carry like the horse; he only spoils and defiles all things. Monks disquiet all their neighborhood with a tingle-tangle jangling of bells, and mumble out great store of psalms, legends, and paternosters without thinking upon or apprehending the meaning of what they say, which truly is a mocking of God." There is no single theme to which Rabelais, the favorite of bishops, oftener returns than this, and his boisterous satire had its effect upon the course of events in Europe, as well as upon French art and literature.

The English caricatures that have come down to us from the era of the Reformation betray far more earnestness than humor or ingenuity. There is one in the British Museum which figures in so many books, and continued to do duty for so many years, that the inroads of the worms in the wood-cut can be traced in the prints of different dates. It represents King Henry VIII. receiving a Bible from Archbishop Cranmer and Lord Cromwell. The burly monarch, seated upon his throne, takes the book from their hands, while he tramples upon Pope Clement lying prostrate at his



feet, the tiara broken and fallen off, the triple cross lying on the ground. Cardinal Pole, with the aid of another dignitary, is trying to get the Pope on his feet again. A monk is holding the Pope's horse, and other monks stand dismayed at the spectacle. This picture was executed in 1537, but, as we learn from the catalogue, the deterioration of the block and "the working of worms in the wood" prove that the impression in the Museum was taken in 1631.\*

The martyrdom of the reformers in 1555, under Queen Mary of bloody memory, furnished subjects for the satiric pen and pencil as soon as the accession of Elizabeth made it safe to treat them. But there is no spirit of fun in the pictures. They are as serious and grim as the events that suggested them. In one we see a lamb suspended before an altar, which the Bishop of Winchester (Gardiner), with his wolf's head, is beginning to devour; and on the ground lie six slain lambs, named *Houperus*, *Cranmerus*, *Bradfordus*, *Rydlerus*, *Rogerus*, and *Latimerus*. Three reformers put a rope round Gardiner's neck, saying, "*We will not this feloue to raigne over us;*" and on the other side of him two bishops with wolves' heads mitred, and having sheep-skins on their shoulders, are drinking from chalices. Behind Gardiner are several men attached by rings through their noses to a rope round his waist. The devil appears above, holding a scroll, on which is written, "*Youe are my verry chyl dren in that youe have slayne the prophetes. For even I from the begynning was a murtherer.*" On the altar lie two books, one open and the other shut. On the open book we read, "*Christ alone is not sufficient without our sacrifice.*" The only window in the edifice, a small round one, is closed and barred. Many of the figures in this elaborate piece utter severe animadversion upon opponents; but none of them is scurrilous and indecent, except the mitred wolf, who is so remarkably plain-spoken that the compiler of the catalogue was obliged to suppress several of his words.

The English caricaturists of that age seem to have felt it their duty to exhibit the entire case between Catholic and Protestant in each broadside, with all the litigants on both sides, terrestrial and celestial, all the points in both arguments, and sometimes the whole history of the controversy from the beginning. The great expanse of the picture was obscured with the number of remarks streaming from the mouths of the persons depicted, and there was often at the bottom of the engraving prose and verse enough to fill two or three of these pages. Such extensive works call to mind the sermons of the following century, when preach-

ers endeavored on each occasion to declare, as they said, "the *whole* counsel of God;" so that if one individual present had never heard the Gospel before, and should never hear it again, he would hear enough for salvation in that one discourse.

Another of these martyrdom prints may claim brief notice. Two companies of martyrs are seen, one composed of the bishops, and the other of less distinguished persons, between whom there is a heap of burning fagots. Nearly all the figures say something, and the space under the picture is filled with verses. Cranmer, with the Bible in his left hand, holds his right in the fire, exclaiming, "*Burne, unworthie right hand!*" Latimer cries, "*Lord, Lord, receive my spirit!*" Philpot, pointing to a book which he holds, says, "*I will pay my vowes in thee, O Smithfield!*" The other characters utter their dying words. The verses are rough, but full of the resolute enthusiasm of the age:

"First, Christian Cranmer, who (at first tho foild),  
And so subscribing to a recantation,  
Gods grace recouering him, hee, quick recoil'd,  
And made his hand ith flames make expiation.  
Saing, burne faint-hand, burne first, 'tis thy due merit.  
And dying, cryde, Lord Jesus take my spirit.

"Next, lovely Latimer, godly and grave,  
Himselfe, Christs old tride souldier, plaine displaid,  
Who stoutly at the stake did him behave,  
And to blest Ridley (gone before) hee saide,  
Goe on blest brother, for I followe, neere,  
This day wee'le light a light, shall aye burne cleare.

"Whom when religious, reverend Ridley spide,  
Deere heart (sayes hee) bee cheerful in y<sup>r</sup> Lord;  
Who never (yet) his helpe to his denyed,  
And, hee will us support & strength afford,  
Or suage y<sup>e</sup> flame, thus, to the stake fast tide,  
They, constantly Christs blessed Martyres dyde.

"Blest Bradford also comming to the stake,  
Cheerfully tooke a faggott in his hand:  
Kist it, &, thus, unto a young-man spake,  
W<sup>ch</sup> with him, chained, to y<sup>e</sup> stake did stand,  
Take courage (brother) wee shal haue this night,  
A blessed supper w<sup>th</sup> the Lord of Light.

"Admir'd was Doctor Tailers faith & grace,  
Who under-went greate hardship spight and spleene;  
One, basely, threw a Faggot in his face,  
W<sup>ch</sup> made y<sup>e</sup> blood ore all his face bee seene;  
Another, barbarously beate out his braines,  
Whilst, at y<sup>e</sup> stake his corps was bound w<sup>th</sup> chaines."

In many of the English pictures of that period the intention of the draughtsman is only made apparent by the explanatory words at the bottom. In one of these a friar is seen holding a chalice to a man who stretches out his hands to receive it. From the chalice a winged cockatrice is rising. There is also a man who stabs another while embracing him. The quaint words below explain the device: "The man which standeth lyke a Prophet signifieth godliness; the Fryer, treason; the cup with the Serpent,

\* Catalogue of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum. Division 1, Vol. I. London: 1870. Page 2.



Poyson; the other which striketh with the sworde, Murder; and he that is wounded is Peace." In another of these pictures we see an ass dressed in a judge's robes seated on the bench. Before him is the prisoner, led away by a priest and another man. At one side a friar is seen in conversation with a layman. No one could make any thing of this if the artist had not obligingly appended these words: "The Asse signifieth Wrathfull Justice; the man that is drawn away, Truth; those that draweth Truth by the armes, Flatterers; the Frier, Lies; and the associate with the Frier, Perjury." In another drawing the artist shows us the Pope seated in a chair, with his foot on the face of a prostrate man, and in his hand a drawn sword, directing an executioner who is in the act of beheading a prisoner. In the distance are three men kneeling in prayer. The explanation is this: "The Pope is Oppression; the man which killeth is Crueltie; those which are a-killing, Constant Religion; the three kneeling, Love, Furtherance, and Truth to the Gospel." In one of these crude productions a parson is exhibited preaching in a pulpit, from which two ecclesiastics are dragging him by the beard to the stake outside. Explanation in this instance is not so necessary, but we have it, nevertheless: "He which preacheth in the pulpit signifieth godly zeale and a furtherer of the gospel; and the two which are plucking him out of his place are the enemies of God's Word, threatening by fire to consume the professors of the same; and that company which (sit) still are *Nullifidians*, such as are of no religion, not regarding any doctrine, so they may bee quiet to live after their owne willes and mindes." Another picture shows us a figure seated on a rainbow, the world at his feet, up the sides of which a pope and a cardinal are climbing. In the middle is the devil tumbling off head-

long. The world is upheld by Death, who sits by the mouth of hell. This is the explanation: "He which sitteth on the raynebowe signifieth Christ, and the sworde in his hand signifieth his wrath against the wycked; the round compasse, the worlde; and those two clining, the one a pope, the other a cardinall, striving who shall be highest; and the Divell which falleth headlong downe is Lucifer, whiche through pride fel; he whiche holdeth the world is Death, standing in the entrance of hell to receyve all superbiuous liverers."

In another print is represented a Roman soldier riding on a boar, and bearing a banner, on which is painted the Pope with his insignia. A man stabs himself and tears his hair, and behind him is a raving woman. This picture has a blunt signification: "The bore signifieth Wrath, and the man on his back Mischief; the Pope in the flag Destruction, and the flag Uncertaine Religion, turning and chaunging with every blaste of winde; the man killing himselfe, Desperation; the woman, Madness."

There are fourteen specimens in this quaint manner in the collection of the British Museum, all executed and published in the early part of the reign of Elizabeth. As art, they are naught. As part of the record of a great age, they have their value.

Germany, England, and France fought the battle of the Reformation—two victors and one vanquished. From Italy in that age we have one specimen of caricature, but it was executed by Titian. He drew a burlesque of the Laocoon to ridicule a school of artists in Rome, who, as he thought, extolled too highly the ancient sculptures, and because they could not succeed in coloring, insisted that correctness of form was the chief thing in art. Since Titian's day parodies of the Laocoon have been among the stock devices of the caricaturists of all nations.



TITIAN'S CARICATURE OF THE LAOCOON.



## SUNRISE ON LATMOS.



"TORCH-LIKE SHE CAME TO HIM, A KINDLED SOUL."

ENDYMION slumbered on a lonely hill  
Touched by the moon more silverly than others—  
Slept deep and dreamless in the starlight fair:  
But quitting the white heaven, a goddess came  
Upon the sylvan ambush of his rest;  
Torch-like she came to him, a kindled soul:  
Her flushing limbs made warm the pale moon-  
beam,  
And sudden flowers brake and bloomed around,  
Unfolding to that effluence divine,  
While yet he waked not to the thrilling joy;  
She kissed, she clasped the hunter's breathing form,  
More lovely than the forms on bright Olympus,  
Transcendent fair: alas, yet mortal too!

But now a cool light rose above the hills  
In solemn beauty on the Samian shore.  
Loud caroling, a blithe upspringing bird  
Arrowed into the dawning, his clear voice  
Ebbing and failing as he won the sky,  
And waning, vanished in the luminous pearl  
Transfused with airy amethystine flame  
That filled the heaven below the morning-star.  
Diana rose; and like the soaring bird,  
She held her way where morning's magic spread  
Ethereal floating films of fretted gold  
Beneath the splendor of soft Lucifer,  
A fleck of pure light pulsing in the dawn  
Beyond the solemn and unfooted sea.



## ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.



*Angelica Kauffman*

IN the old fairy tales of the trials of the beautiful princesses we are always told that at their birth some fairy was inadvertently omitted when the guests were bidden to the christening, and that, arriving after all the others had bestowed their gifts of beauty, wit, wealth, etc., she would nullify all hopes of a happy, successful life either by withholding a desired quality or by predicting some dire misfortune, generally to be a fatal mistake in the choosing of a lover; and then all the beneficent fairies exerted their skill to avert the evil consequences, not always with entire success. There is perhaps some hidden meaning and warning in these old tales, a shrewd insight into the mistakes lovers make in the most eventful period of their lives; for even the queen of the fairies fell in love with an ass's head,

and endowed it with beauty and wit; and to this day Puck or Cupid certainly contrives to throw a glamour over the loved one, and causes a blindness of perception, if not of sight, in the one who loves. At such times—and Dr. Johnson, observing this, suggested that marriages should be arranged by uninterested third parties—reason is dethroned, judgment takes wing, and the poor princesses rush blindly and madly on their fate, and our gifted Angelica was one of the most unfortunate of princesses in this respect.

Jean Joseph Kauffman was originally from Vorarlberg, in Tyrol, and belonged to that class of wandering artists who, traveling from place to place, are ready to do any thing in the way of painting by which to gain a living. His talents were of the most mediocre order, and there is no work of any





"MOTHER AND CHILD."—[FROM A PAINTING BY ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.]

merit of his extant, or at least any thing that can be authentically attributed to his brush. In the course of his wanderings he came to Coire, the chief town in the Grisons, there met Cléophe Lutz, fell in love with her, and they married; and at Coire, in 1741, was born to him a daughter, whom the happy parents named Maria Anna Angelica. After a residence of some years in Coire, Kauffman again resumed his vagabondage, now, however, accompanied by his wife and daughter. Though a poor artist in both senses, he cherished the profoundest veneration for art, and taught Angelica to regard

artists as the peers of kings, and excited her love and admiration for painters by wonderful tales of the lives of the great masters; he early instructed her, so far as he was able, in drawing and pastel painting, and the pupil soon excelling the master, she, when only a child of nine, used to aid him in the decorations of the Swiss churches, as he rested for a time in his journeys in the different villages.

The Bishop of Como, hearing of Kauffman in his capacity of church decorator, required his services for a church in his diocese, and thither the family went in 1752. Angelica



was now eleven, and for the last year had essayed her skill in taking pastel portraits. The bishop, hearing of the talent of the young artist, himself sat to her. Her success was so marked, and his praises of her genius so unstinted, that she did not lack for sitters among the many strangers visiting Como. While here Angelica pursued her studies, and, besides her painting, began music, for by nature she was endowed with an exquisite voice and correct ear, and her parents always tried to give her the very best instruction their means permitted; and that she was a good student and profited by her opportunities is evident from the praises of her acquirements in later years by competent critics, and her education was of a higher order than was ordinarily in those days deemed essential for a woman.

Work failing Kauffman after two years living in Como, the family again started on their travels, generally performed on foot, and this time they turned toward Italy, and settled at Milan, where he found sufficient work as an assistant to other more successful artists. It was a good move for Angelica, for here for the first time she was in an artistic atmosphere, and surrounded by works of art worthy of study and imitation, not living among those who regarded her own childish efforts as works of wondrous skill. Then, too, she was able to study under competent masters, and paid so much attention to music, made such progress, and developed so much talent that it was often mooted among her friends whether she had not better prosecute her studies with reference to making "the stage" her profession. In Milan the family remained for years, and Angelica, under the most favorable circumstances, grew to womanhood. An advantageous offer was tendered to her to make her *début* in opera at Milan, and she was tempted to accept it, and not without great hesitation finally wisely decided that she was not fitted for such a life, and determined to devote her energies to perfecting herself as an artist. She copied some pictures belonging to Robert of Modena, then Governor of Milan, with such spirit and delicacy that he was charmed, declared himself her patron, and she soon became a favorite artist with the court; but the death of his wife making her father desirous of leaving Milan, he accepted an offer from the Bishop of Constance to undertake the decoration of a church at Schwarzenberg, and Angelica for that church painted in fresco the Twelve Apostles, the first original work she had attempted.

In 1761 the father and daughter began a journey through Italy, living successively at Florence, Parma, Rome, Bologna, Naples, Venice. While in Florence Angelica began to try her skill at etching, her earliest work

in that line bearing date 1762; in 1763 she etched two pictures, evidently of the Neapolitan school—one the portrait of an artist, pencil in hand, the other a student reading a book. In 1764 the two went to Rome, and there remained over a year, Angelica diligently studying perspective. Here she formed the friendship of Winckelmann and Raphael Mengs. She painted Winckelmann's portrait, and was indebted to him for much good counsel. In a letter written to his friend Franck in 1764, he says:

"I have just been painted by a stranger, a young person of rare merit. She is very eminent in portraits in oil. Mine is a half-length, and she has also made an etching of it as a present to me. She speaks Italian as well as German, and expresses herself with the same facility in French and English, on which account she paints all the English who visit Rome. She sings with a taste which ranks her among our greatest virtuose. Her name is Angelica Kauffman."

Near the close of the year 1765 Angelica removed from Rome to Bologna, and while there executed what is acknowledged to be her finest etching—the picture of a young girl arranging her hair, with her face averted from the spectator. She spent one or two months in Naples painting portraits, which were her specialty, and early in 1766 journeyed to Venice, where she was fêted both as artist and woman, and was highly esteemed by the English visitors on account of her skill in flattering portraits and yet preserving the likeness, the English, as a rule, caring more for portrait-painting than other artistic works. Lady Wentworth, who had for many years lived in Venice, and was about to return home, persuaded the father and daughter to go with her, promising Angelica great success as a portrait-painter in England. The trio arrived in London in June, 1766, and a brilliant and successful career seemed opening before Angelica. She was then in her prime, and without positive regular beauty of feature, was yet extremely attractive. Her graceful figure, expressive face, charming manners, exquisitely trained voice, added to her skill as an artist both in painting and music—for her fame had preceded her—all contributed to her success. She soon became "the rage" in the London fashionable world, and every where one heard of "the beautiful, accomplished Miss Kauffman;" the aristocracy extended to her their patronage, and her musical talents gained her the entrée into many a drawing-room from which, had she been famous only as an artist, she would have been rigorously excluded. She soon became intimate with Sir Joshua Reynolds, then the authority in England on art matters, and there is no doubt that he aided her with instruction and criticism, for there was a marked difference in her manner of handling the brush in the pictures painted by her during her stay in England and those of previous years.



The year after her arrival she was chosen by the Duchess of Brunswick, sister of George III., to paint her portrait, and so pleased was the duchess with the picture that she presented the artist at court, and recommended her to the king in such flattering terms that he requested Angelica to paint for him the queen and his son. Now that she had received the approbation of royalty, Angelica was overrun with commissions at her own prices, and her hopes of fame and fortune were in a fair way to be realized. Nor were lovers wanting: Fuseli was one of her suitors, and if popular report can be relied on, Sir Joshua himself not only once, but several times, sought to gain her hand and heart, and for love of her never married. There are frequent notes of visits to "Miss Angelica" in his diary, "appointments with Miss Angelica;" once he speaks of her as "Miss Angel," and adds the cabalistic word "Fiori:" as one biographer suggests, must not this have been intended to remind him that he had proffered or was to proffer some gallant attention? He twice painted her likeness, and he sat to her twice himself. Of her portrait of him at Saltram, the poet of the *Advertiser* fulsomely wrote:

"When the likeness she hath done of thee,  
O Reynolds, with astonishment we see,  
Forced to submit, with all our pride, we own  
Such strength, such harmony, excelled by none,  
And thou outrivalest by thyself alone."

Nollekens declares her to be a sad coquette. Another writer asserts that she was very sentimental. "At one time she professed to be enamored of Nathaniel Dance, then to her next sitter would disclose that she was dying of love for Sir Joshua." Of her superabundance of sentiment one of her letters is an exemplification, for, once writing to a friend, she says:

"You ask me why Como is ever in my thoughts. It was at Como that, in my happy youth, I tasted the first real enjoyment of life. I thought myself in the midst of the luxuries of fairy-land. I saw the urchin, too, young Love, in the act of letting fly an arrow pointed at my breast; but I, a maiden fancy-free, avoided the shaft; it fell harmless."

And much more in the same strain. If it be remembered that at the time she speaks of she was a mere child, leaving Como before she was quite thirteen, it will be seen that her fancy rather than memory drew this picture. The gift the unbidden christening guest denied Angelica was undoubtedly judgment, and that inestimable dower, common-sense; for now when every body and every circumstance conspired to render her career one of unalloyed prosperity, by her own lack of judgment she marred her entire life.

About this time—in the latter part of the year 1767—there suddenly appeared in London society a young man calling himself Count de Horn, claiming alliance with the



"THE TOILET."—[AN ETCHING BY ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.]

noble families of Sweden; and his birth and rank being passports, he was soon made welcome everywhere among the fashionable set then ruling society. He especially selected Angelica as the recipient of his attentions, and being young, handsome, and fluent of speech, she, though no longer a young girl to be dazzled by honeyed compliments, lent a too willing ear to his flatteries and protestations. He confided to her that he was the victim of some vaguely hinted at persecution at home, that his love for her, though ardent, must not be openly spoken of, and implored her to consent to a secret marriage. The romance of the affair appealed strongly to Angelica's sentimental nature, and in an evil hour she yielded, and secretly, without witnesses, was married to her beloved count. Within a few days a rumor, starting no one could trace from whom, arose that Count de Horn was an impostor—a courier who had assumed the title of a nobleman. The tale spread with rapidity, and, alas for Angelica! was found to be true. In despair she avowed her folly, the pseudo-count fled, and through the power and influence of friends at court the marriage was declared annulled, February 10, 1768.

Such is the tale as usually told; but there are different versions. A woman so conspicuous as Angelica Kauffman, both by reason of her talents and exceptional success in her profession, could not have so romantic an adventure without its exciting wide-spread interest, and finding many listeners to any and every rumor which professed to explain the mystery of the unfortunate marriage.



Then there seemed no sufficient reason why an intriguer should have singled her out as his victim. She was not beautiful enough, though undeniably attractive and charming, to make him by her charms lose his head; not young, for she was twenty-seven; not rich enough to make her modest competence a prize worth risking exposure for, as Count de Horn certainly did. There was some hidden motive for his pursuit of her. Besides, he was in no way punished for his fraud upon her, and disappeared as suddenly and mysteriously as he had appeared upon the scene—vanished into the obscurity from which he had emerged. Then, was the mere fact of his marrying under an assumed name sufficient ground for annulling the contract? If so, why then have recourse to courtly interference? Was there not some special reason why such powerful influence was brought to bear in her favor to free her from a tie she had voluntarily entered into? All these and many other questions of a like nature were earnestly discussed; hints, suspicions, guesses, were rife; and at last it was generally agreed that she had been the victim of some deceit that was never intended to have been carried so far, and that there were reasons not to be made public why she had been so favored in having with so little publicity the marriage dissolved.

The question still remained, Who was her persecutor? Evidently some angry lover, and except in the *dénoûment*, the *Lady of Lyons* would seem to have been founded on Angelica's love experience, though Count de Horn was no Claude. A writer in the *Westminster Review* undertakes to make the author of Angelica's misfortune a certain mysterious Lord E——, who, years before, meeting Angelica when a young girl on one of her many journeys with her father, tried, after the manner of those licentious times, to gain her love, but was repulsed. Years afterward, when he again met her in London, a woman fascinating and courted, he renewed his offers, and was a second time rejected, this time with undisguised scorn. Smarting under this second repulse, he arranged the plot with the false count, with what result we have seen. This seems like an effort to quiet conjecture, for no trace of the mysterious Lord E—— among her acquaintances can be found; though, giving a different name—Lord Shelton—Wailly has taken the same idea in his novel, *Angelica Kauffman*. Such a tale could not escape the keen eye of the romance writer; but Wailly's account must not be deemed any more historically correct or accurate in facts than were the historical novels of the prolific L. Mühlbach. There is a judicious blending of truth and fiction in Wailly's novel, making it hard to distinguish the kernel from the chaff; but Angelica is scarcely drawn with as flattering a pen as one could wish.

The French, who in their biographical notices aim at exactness, and always try to write with and from authority, give substantially the general account, but with a different hero. They state it was an English painter of eminent position who thus meanly sought to revenge himself on Angelica for a rejected love; the name they generally omit; but one writer, bolder than the rest, explicitly asserts the painter to be none other than Sir Joshua Reynolds.

If this is the fact, it would account for the extreme interest and influence he exerted to free her from a marriage (which was not intended to be the result of the trick, had not her precipitancy and romantic nature outrun expectation) so repugnant; and yet, on the other hand, if she knew Sir Joshua to be the author of her trouble, would she still have desired and relied on his friendship, as she certainly did during the rest of her stay in England? Unable to solve the enigma, it being one where the actors having prudently refrained from explaining it, the only data for the public being such crumbs of evidence as will inevitably fall and be gathered up by the curiosity-monger, but having presented both versions of the tale, the reader is left to choose the one most pleasing to his fancy. All writers of Angelica's life agree in there being some secret about the sudden appearance, marriage, and disappearance of the so-called count, which was never cleared up, and never, evidently, intended to be, as those to whom it was known died and made no sign; so, as in the Byron scandal, there is ample room for conjecture. If Reynolds were indeed her secret enemy, he afterward did all in his power to further her claims to recognition and power, and perhaps it would be more charitable to let the unknown Lord E—— suffer from such a slur on his manhood than the great painter.

Angelica's friends showed no lack of sympathy for her, and she turned with feverish eagerness to her art, and worked unceasingly. At the close of the same year, 1768, the Royal Academy was started, and she was chosen one of the original thirty-six members—a great honor at that time—and her paintings occupied prominent positions at the exhibition. At this time she painted her best picture, the portrait of the Duchess of Richmond, and the famous one of the celebrated Duchess of Devonshire and the Duchess of Duncannon seated in a park, side by side, holding caressingly each other by the hand. Her portraits were always flattered; it was asserted she never could paint an ugly person, and her poses of her sitters were apt to be affected. She attached great importance to the flow of the drapery—so much so that Sir Joshua once said to her, "Your sitters could walk without disarranging their draperies"—a compliment of which she was very proud.





"BLINDMAN'S-BUFF."—[FROM A PAINTING BY ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.]

She now became ambitious to excel as a historical painter, but she never produced any really meritorious work. In 1770 she exhibited "Vortigern and Rowena," "Hector upbraiding Paris," "Cleopatra at Marc Antony's Tomb;" but in all she undertook her mannerisms were evident. Her touch was delicate, her coloring dainty, resembling pastel. There is no vigor either in the conception or execution of her paintings. As an eminent French critic says of her, "Elle affadit tout ce qu'elle touche." By the English she was differently estimated, at least then, for when the plan was broached of decorating the bare walls of St. Paul's, among the painters selected, viz., Sir Joshua, West, Bray, and Cipriani, Angelica was also chosen. The scheme took shape, the subjects were discussed, and not only did the dean consent, but gave his hearty approbation, when the Bishop of London, who had been applied to for his assent, answered the dean in the following curt note:

"MY GOOD LORD,—I have already been informed that such an affair is in contemplation, but while I live and have the power, I will never suffer the doors of the metropolitan church to be opened to the introduction of popery."

Sir Joshua Reynolds, as the head of the

Academy, to become a member of which was deemed a privilege, incurred the enmity of artists, whose pictures had been rejected; and Hone, in 1775, smarting under some fancied wrong, exhibited a picture called "The Pictorial Conjuror displaying the whole Art of Optical Deception." Sir Joshua, as an old man, is, with a child beside him, and armed with a conjurer's wand, performing incantations, and has conjured up a number of spirits who are floating about him. These spirits were likenesses of Sir Joshua's admirers, and one was a faithful portrait of Angelica. Comment was made on this fact; and Hone, finding public opinion against him, denied the likeness, and wrote to Angelica declaring that nothing could be farther from his intention than to ridicule her.

In the course of years Angelica realized a handsome fortune. Her paintings and etchings always found eager buyers; and her unfortunate marriage being apparently forgotten, though in reality it was still the theme of gossip, and by her the mortification was always keenly felt, she lived in England, fêted and courted, until the year 1781; then, her father's health failing, they decided to return to Italy. But before she left England she consented to marry An-



tonio Zucchi, a Venetian by birth, an old friend of her father's, who had long lived in London. The prospect of losing her father and being alone in the world was one she could not face, and the quiet affection of Zucchi, which had surrounded her for many years, had become necessary to her, and, unostentatiously and with but few guests bidden, they were married near the end of the year, and started for Italy. They stopped at Schwarzenfeld, where her father had relatives, and there he died the following season, and the married pair then went to Venice, where Angelica painted her large work, "Leonardo dying in the Arms of Francis." After a short stay in Venice, the Zucchis proceeded to Rome, and here, though she no longer found Winckelmann and Mengs, her old friends, their absence was supplied by the hosts of new admirers who flocked around her.

Raphael Mengs—who wrote of her, "As an artist she is the pride of the female sex in all times and all nations; nothing is wanting, composition, coloring, fancy, all are here"—had died some two years before, and she sorely missed his appreciation and regard. Among the new friends were Goethe, Herder, Klopstock, Gessner, who were frequent visitors at her studio, and all of whom write of her in flattering terms. Her charming manners and graceful coquetties still exerted their old accustomed glamour over all who came in contact with her. Goethe, in one of his letters, writes, "The good Angelica has a remarkable and, for a woman, really unheard of talent." In his book on Winckelmann he says of her: "The light and pleasing in form and color, in design and execution, distinguish the numerous works of our artist. No living painter excels her in dignity or in the delicate taste with which she handles the pencil." Other art critics have judged her less favorably, the most notable one being Fuseli, though perhaps some allowance should be made for his being a rejected lover as well as a captious critic. In his notes to Pilkington, under the title of Zucchi, the only instance where she is not spoken of in biographical sketches by her maiden name, he writes:

"The writer of this article, who was honored by the friendship of Angelica, and cherishes her memory, has no wish to contradict those who make success the standard of genius, and as their heroine equaled the greatest names in the first, suppose she was on a level with them in powers. Angelica pleased, and deserved to please, the age in which she lived and the race for which she wrought. The Germans, with as much patriotism at least as judgment, have styled her 'the paintress of minds;' nor can this be wondered at from a nation who in Mengs flatter themselves to possess an artist equal to Raffaello.... Her heroes are all the man to whom she thought she could have submitted, though him perhaps she never found, and to his fancied manner of acting and feeling she, of course, submitted the passions of the subject. Her heroines are herself, and, while suavity of counte-

nance and alluring graces shall be able to divert the general eye from the sterner demands of character and expression, can never fail to please."

Later critics side with Fuseli that the charm of Angelica's works was due to the personal feeling excited by the artist rather than to any real merit in her productions. Yet while she lived her name was a passport to success, and as late as 1794 the English publishers sought permission to add weight to the merits of their annuals by calling them by her name, and having illustrations from her fertile pencil. One, bound by Roger Payne, entitled *Angelica's Ladies' Library*, illustrated by her and Bunbury, and dedicated to her Majesty, printed for "Mrs. Harlow, bookseller to her Majesty," is in the writer's possession. Angelica's illustrations are, the frontispiece, "Marmontel's Shepherdess of the Alps," "Gualtherius and Griselda." The pictures are better than the reading matter; certainly the women of that day fared badly in the mental food prepared exclusively for them. Among the articles are "Moore's Fables for the Female Sex," and various letters of advice to wives and daughters. Among the latter is one from Lady Pennington to her daughter, where the following books are the ones she is desired to read: "Tillotson's, Hadley's, Sherlock's, Clarke's, Seed's sermons; Locke; *Mason on Self-Knowledge*; Young's *Night Thoughts*; Seneca's *Morals*; Cicero's works; Collier's *Antoninus*, Epictetus, Leonidas; Pope's *Essay on Man*; Rapin's *History*; Hook's *Roman History*; Potter's *Antiquities*; *The Spectator*; *The Guardian*; Thompson's *Seasons*; Pope's *Translations*," etc.; and then follows: "Novels and romances never give yourself the trouble to read. Many of them contain some few good morals; they are not worth picking out of the rubbish intermixed. It is like searching for a few small diamonds among mountains of dirt and trash, which when found are too inconsiderable to answer the pains of coming at them; therefore I advise you never to meddle with this tribe of scribblers." What girl of sixteen nowadays would care for such a list and such advice, and would either read the one or follow the other?

After fourteen years of quiet happiness Antonio Zucchi died, and soon after Angelica lost the greater part of her fortune; but she wrote to a friend who offered assistance, "Poverty does not daunt me, but this solitude kills me." She resolutely set to work again, but her health and spirits suffered from her isolation; sympathy and approbation were necessary to her; and though she had friends, she suffered keenly from loneliness. There was no one to whom she was *first* in affection, and she had all her life been the object of devoted affection, first to her father, then to her husband. She sought change of scene, and visited





"THE SKETCHER."—[FROM A PAINTING BY ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.]

Florence, Venice, etc., but with no good effect upon her health, and again returned to her beloved Rome, where she lived in retirement. When, at the end of the century, the French entered Rome, General Lespinasse sent her word she should be exempted from the necessity of furnishing lodging and rations for the soldiery. She thanked him, and asked to be allowed, in token of her appreciation of his kindness, to paint his portrait. This was one of the last of her finished works. She was soon after seized with a lingering disease; and a prey to weakness, pain, and loneliness, she, after a few years of languishing, died, November, 1807. She shared the inevitable lot: "Some days must be dark and dreary;" and with her trouble and sorrow came in age, when there is less strength to stand up against adversity.

The members of the "Academy of St. Luke's" took charge of the funeral ceremonies. The artists and connoisseurs in Rome followed her coffin, and she was buried in S. Andrea delle Fratte; and in order to render her fitting homage, behind her coffin were borne, as was the custom of honoring the great masters, her last two works.

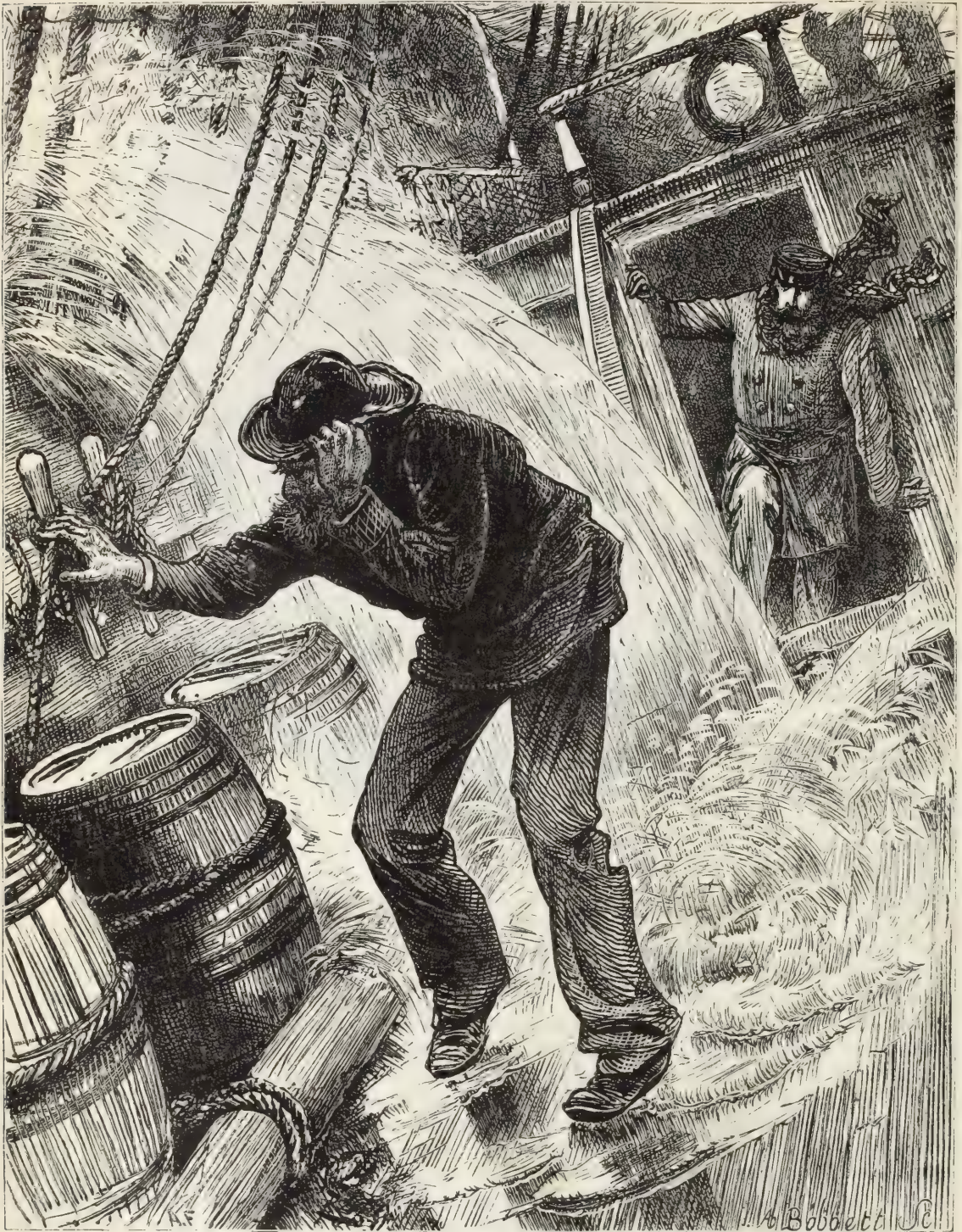
Many skillful engravers, among them Bartolozzi, Daw, Bettelini, have engraved her compositions, which are to be found all over Europe, from Ireland to Russia, where, in the "Hermitage" collection, are some of the best specimens. In the Louvre is a painting of "A Mother and Child," only recently engraved. At Florence, in the same gallery with the portraits of Madame Le Brun and Maria Tintoretto, is Angelica's likeness painted by herself, an engraving from which heads this article. She makes herself less regularly beautiful than do Reynolds and Gresse in their portraits, and she is probably truer to nature, for she was German by descent, and in consequence her features lacked the sharp, clear outline of the English type of beauty.

Among her jottings in note-books, of which she was fond, was found the following wise resolve, which is worthy of being remembered:

"One day when I found difficulty in portraying the head of Jehovah, as I felt it should be to be correct, I said to myself, 'I will never again try to express supernatural things by the aid of human inspiration only; I will wait for them until I find myself in heaven, if indeed I am able to continue there my painting.'"



## RAPE OF THE GAMP.



THE THIRD MATE OF THE "ADRIATIC."

## CHAPTER XXI.

## SOMETHING WRONG.

FIVE years have passed since the confession which Mr. Lane made to his friend on the first day of January, 185—. Shortly after that interesting incident, Mr. Lane, under the auspices of Dr. Phelps, entered himself at the college in Oxford of which his friend was an ornament. There he resided for the space of about four years, strove the academical strife, and at length

graduated there, although no such name as that of Lane had been registered on the college boards. In short, Mr. Lane had ceased to exist, and Bedford Lyte (*in propria personâ*) had resumed the battle of life.

Of the sixth year one month is gone after those sixty months, and another moon is on the wane. The English clipper ship *Adriatic*, of 3000 tons burden, is homeward-bound, with a strong northerly wind on her larboard quarter, with yards well braced, and every available square foot of canvas draw-



ing its utmost. A magnified ideal racer, she rushes forward, showing speed and strength at every stride, as she reaches superbly from wave to wave, and tosses aside their watery crests, which glitter about her bows in never-ending rainbows.

One little circumstance is noticed by the solitary passenger who paces her clean poop deck. To this we shall presently have occasion to refer. He is not a seaman by profession, but having an artist's eye for the hull and rigging of a ship, and that mysterious sympathy for power which always exists in a strong man, he has wandered up and down the numerous wharves of New York and strayed among her forests of masts without experiencing a more hearty glow of admiration for any vessel than for the one whose deck he now patrols.

The intention of this passenger was to cross in the *Aspasia*, a large mail steamboat which sailed a day or two before the *Adriatic*. But it so happened that a maladroit little bird, an old and familiar companion, had escaped from the window of his hotel, and no consideration would induce him to abandon it. No sooner had the *Aspasia* sailed than the truant (after apparently innumerable futile attempts) discovered its master's open window, and calmly returned to its allegiance. When we record the bird's name as "Thomas," it will not be necessary to state that the single passenger on board the *Adriatic* was Bedford Lyte.

"We may be a week longer," he murmured to himself, pacing the narrow deck, "but I doubt if we shall. I should like to sail on a clean ship which beat a dirty steamer. No Cunard or Collins could pass us at this rate. Thirteen knots the mate gave by the last reckoning; but we have been making far more than that for the last thirty-six hours, according to our longitude. Let me see: thirteen knots are just fifteen statute miles. They could hardly beat that. I know the mail steamboat I went to Vera Cruz in could not."

The passenger, though no sailor, was a fair mathematician and navigator, and Captain McLeod, of the *Adriatic*, was any thing but averse to comparing his longitude with that of his passenger after their noontide observations.

Again the passenger struggled with some troublesome compunctions which suggested that steamers cross the Atlantic in shorter time than sailing vessels. "She has waited five years for me, and won't throw me over for five days now," he muttered, not quite with a tone of conviction, for a letter which seemed to burn in the breast pocket of his pilot coat implied that, whatever the perils of the deep might be, at least equal dangers beset his absence from the coasts of Albion. "It is trying her too severely," he continued, tramping up and down the windward

side of the deck with such creaking, angry sea-boots that the second mate, vainly trying to sleep below, mentally consigned him to the tender mercies of David Jones—"trying her too severely. I always was a brute. I have always hit my hardest where another man would touch most softly. I ought to have abandoned Tommy and taken the *Aspasia*. It was madness to risk losing her for a tomtit."

Finding no outlet for his angry impatience in any possible action, the strong man became rigidly statuesque, and perambulated the small space with fierce though silent energy, a moving petrification.

The wind freshened, still blowing from the north. It was the first mate's watch, and at six bells (3 P.M.) he came on the poop and gave orders for shortening sail.

"How do you like the blasts of Boreas, Mr. Lux?" he facetiously observed, and furled the top-gallant sails, the mainsail, and the jib, reefed the top-sails, and so made the ship "snug," as he called it, under reefed top-sails, a foresail, and a foretop-mast staysail.

"But she'll have to be *snuggerer* yet afore long, or I'm a Dutchman," cynically observed the third mate, who was steering the ship, being the only man on board who could do it singly.

Poor Bedford was so bewildered by the mate's dark classical allusions, and the relative merits of "snug" and "snuggerer," that his attention was partially distracted from his proper woe and fixed upon the dangers of the deep.

The helmsman, who evidently had no sinecure, though he handled the huge wheel with a masterly touch, and was provided with a possible ally in the person of a sailor who shambled about to leeward, regarded the passenger with less contempt than the sons of Neptune generally bestow on "land-lubbers." He was Lyte's equal in size and strength, though decidedly not his superior in grace. Older than the captain, and probably a better seaman than any on board, he ranked little higher than a mere "able seaman" in the ocean hierarchy. Perhaps as he stood there, not by any means neglecting his duty, but unavoidably looking at the man who passed and repassed him so often in his stern and restless patrol, he saw in his face and mien some indication of the struggle within him, and remembered in his own rude career some hour when his mind had been torn with a conflict of fear, doubt, or self-reproach, to which the perils of his vocation were as mere daily chances. Whether from previous observation or some such present reflection, he now looked at the passenger with a keen interest. The latter returned the look, and gradually entertained a hearty respect for a man of such evident power and gallant bearing.

"How is it you are alone at the wheel in





"FAR-OFF COUSINS IN THE COFFEE-ROOM OF THE CASTLE HOTEL."—[SEE PAGE 669.]

such a heavy sea?" he asked, observing the manifest labor of his position.

Solemnly expectorating behind the wheel, as if he had intended to deliver an oration, Mr. Crays jerked his head toward the amphibious person to leeward, and then, with something between a wink and a blink, devoted his powers exclusively to the compass and the helm. At this moment another sailor brought the binnacle lamp, already lighted, and placed it in its position; but Lyte noticed that Crays scarcely saw him, steering on solemnly, and considering the access of a lamp to the compass no more than we

notice the rising or glimmering of a star at night.

Perhaps a little piqued at the man's reticence, Lyte stood and looked at the compass for a minute by the new light of the binnacle lamp, then at Mr. Crays, observing the effort which his control of the wheel cost him, and then said, "Why is she so heavy in hand?"

The helmsman cocked his eye, shifted the plug of tobacco in his mouth, and looked knowing, but tacitly declined to converse.

Rather pleased now and amused at his persistence, Lyte was withdrawing by the



companion ladder, when the amphibious one shuffled up to him, and with a scrape remarked, "Muster Crays ee wunt spee-uk at t' wheel." Then he shuffled away again, and the passenger retired, wondering whether the apologist came from Somerset, Dorset, or Devonshire. Thus even the current of events at sea will serve to distract a lover's reverie.

At eight bells, that is, at 4 o'clock P.M., as the sun was sinking toward the horizon behind the good ship *Adriatic* in a great blaze of crimson cloud, Mr. Lyte requested the steward's boy (a colored man about fifty years of age) to ask Mr. Crays to step into his cabin, which that mariner shortly did.

"You see, I am anxious, Mr. Crays," said the passenger to his guest. The reader will understand that the third mate had no quarters among the gods in this part of the ship. Mr. Lyte continued: "I asked you why she was so heavy in hand. I am no seaman, but— Will you oblige me by taking a nip with me?" Whereupon Mr. Crays took his noggin of rum like a man, and Mr. Lyte took another, each blinking at the other in true nautical style. "But, as I was saying, you were too busy to answer me. Now why does not the ship answer the helm more easily? I am terribly anxious to be at home."

"You see, Sir," the third mate replied, "she be a sight too deep in the *water*."

So speaking, and wiping his mouth with the back of his brawny hand, the mariner bowed and withdrew.

"Another west-country man," said Mr. Lyte to himself, having obtained little further information except a confirmation of his own opinion. But pursuing Mr. Crays to the main-deck, and finding him hesitating about a favorable moment for making the rush forward, he urged the question. "Is there any thing wrong with her?" he asked.

"Best ship out of London dock," was the curt answer.

"Any thing wrong with her cargo?" the passenger persisted.

"Good enough, for that matter," replied Mr. Crays, "but rayther too much of it. Wheat in bulk, you know." Then, as the water rushed out at the lee scuppers, he made his advance gallantly, and was soused from head to foot with the crest of an ill-disposed wave which took that opportunity of dashing over the bulwarks.

"Poor old devil!" the passenger calmly observed, rather enjoying the immersion of his taciturn friend.

Mr. Lyte was the only passenger on board the *Adriatic*. After completing his university course at Oxford he had accepted an engagement to Mexico as correspondent of a London review, and was returning to England by way of New York. The delicacy which prevents a passenger in every instance from asking impertinent questions

about the ship to which he has intrusted his life and his personalty was in this case doubled by the fact that his passage was a gratuitous act of courtesy extended to him by a mercantile firm (agents of the London owners) whose acquaintance he had made during his brief stay in the Island City.

The circumstance which had attracted his notice before Mr. Crays's reluctant admission was the extraordinary depth of the ship in the water. Even in the smooth sea through which they had sped their way for the first few days the water had continually gurgled in at the scuppers on one side and out at the scuppers on the other side, washing across the main-deck in a manner more conducive to cleanliness than security. Latterly they had enjoyed a strong leading wind, with only a moderately heavy sea, and though the ship leaned over to leeward much less than Lyte's previous experience had led him to anticipate, yet now and again the summit of a wave curled over her bulwarks and flooded the decks from poop to fore-castle. The poop and fore-castle decks were so lofty that they remained comparatively dry. But even a landsman could see at a glance that a vessel encountering only moderate weather ought not to be half under water. And certain angry murmurs of the crew, to which it was impossible to remain deaf, had aggravated Lyte's suspicions of *something wrong*.

Already he had ventured on a faint and delicate hint to Captain M'Leod, who had received and hitherto uniformly treated him in the friendly spirit suggested by the very terms of his passage. The captain's testy answer to that hint had absolutely convinced him of impending danger. It was clear to an unprejudiced observer that the captain, being a fifth-part owner of ship and cargo, was reluctant to admit the over-lading of his vessel, and yet was perceptibly annoyed at the avaricious policy which had overridden his judgment and sent him to sea in charge of an enterprise involving so much property and so many lives beyond his own.

With regard to the particular advantages or disadvantages of "wheat in bulk" as a cargo Mr. Lyte had hitherto obtained no experience, and the etiquette of his position rendered the asking of any questions a delicate matter. Mr. Crays's reticence, added to the captain's manifest testiness, made it clear that his duty to himself and all concerned now imposed silence upon him. Why "wheat in bulk," that is, in one undivided mass, in the hold of a sound strong ship should be more dangerous than wheat in sacks, he was at a loss to apprehend. Above the hold, or "between decks," there was, as it seemed to him, a whole cargo of quite another character. This consisted entirely of American clocks, packed two dozen in a case, and also some heavier cases containing



sewing-machines. This upper cargo occupied the region inhabited by passengers in an emigrant ship, and had been stowed while Mr. Lyte was putting his effects on board and making his little arrangements for the voyage. The freight both on wheat and machinery was so high and space so valuable that no ship's stores, and no water except in the iron tank forward, had been placed below. The main-deck under the bulwarks was lined with double rows of casks of fresh-water and barrels of provisions firmly lashed together, and, as it seemed to the passenger, impregnable to the assaults of wind or wave. The poop deck, however, and the fore-castle, though separated by the entire length of quarter and main decks, like two islands with an angry sea between, were free both of waves and artificial incumbrances. In a word, the good ship *Adriatic*, from mast-head to keel, was one to cause the breast of a landsman to glow with admiration; and despite her rigidity and unseemly depth in the water, Mr. Lyte would have constantly and sincerely thanked the Messrs. Dearborn for giving him this passage had it not been for a tiresome letter which kindled agony in his breast.

After clear and bright weather, with a fair or leading wind from Sandy Hook, they had encountered fogs off the Newfoundland Banks, and were as yet hardly clear of these dubious shallows. At eight o'clock in the morning, however cold it might be, the passenger used to emerge from the cuddy door, and have a dozen buckets of sea-water pitched over him from the poop deck above. This, far from being irksome labor, was a bit of fun for the sailors while washing decks. With the help of an occasional chat with Captain M'Leod and the mate, and his observation and calculations at noon, and his perusal of some novels purchased of Messrs. Harper before leaving New York, he managed to pass the short wintry days, and at night would lean over the taffrail, smoking his old wooden pipe, and fondling that quaint tomtit, which had become so familiar with his irregular hours as to roost indifferently by night or day. To his astonishment one evening as he leaned over the lee rail a hand heavy as his own was laid on his shoulder. He knew that M'Leod was pacing the deck to windward; but they had not been overfriendly since his inconsiderate question.

"Mr. Lyte," said the captain, generously, "you thought me a bit crabbed with you, day before yesterday, when you asked me a question. So I was. A man don't like to be catechised in that way."

"I most sincerely apologize, captain. The truth is, I am such a landlubber that I don't know how to behave as a gentleman on board ship."

"Stow that, Mr. Lyte," the captain replied. "It strikes me you won't act otherwise than gentleman-like at sea or on land. I may not be exactly a gentleman myself, but I know one when I come across him, and—"

"Pray stow that, captain," Lyte broke in; "you surely can not take me for a sham swell. I work for my living almost as hard as you do, and never hope to travel with a better gentleman than you are."

"I know something about you from Messrs. Dearborn," M'Leod rejoined; "and my own wife's brother is a fellow of one of those colleges, though not half the man you are. I ought not to have cut up rough with you the other day. I can remember many a time asking my brother-in-law questions about his colleges and colleagues, and thinking him a very little-minded man for seeming a bit impatient with me because I pushed him with questions on what was A B C to him, but Greek to me. The truth is, I'm a kinder put out with this overlading of the ship. It was done against my judgment, and ain't doing justice to me nor the ship."

"I take what you say as a generous expression of good-will and confidence," said Lyte; "and if you have an opportunity of putting it to proof, I hope you'll find me worthy of it."

"Well, Mr. Lyte, there's no saying what may happen," the captain replied, somewhat moodily; and then repeated, "there's no saying what may happen. Things don't look so ship-shape as I could wish. But I have a rare good ship's company. The three mates, boatswain, carpenter, two boys, and four able seamen have stuck by me for these ten or twelve voyages." Then turning sharply on the passenger, and betraying a remarkable mixture of resolution and hesitation in his keen black eyes, M'Leod suddenly asked, "Do you hear them growling at all?"

For a few moments Lyte hesitated, with downcast eyes, and probably those few moments were sufficient to convey an unspoken affirmative to the skipper's ready apprehension. But still he waited as if for an answer, to prove his man; and Lyte said, meeting his eyes calmly and firmly, "I don't walk about your deck eavesdropping, Mr. M'Leod; but I don't mind saying that since I have seen how deep the ship is in the water, and how stubborn to her helm, I have regretted being your guest, for I have an object in reaching home."

"So have I, Lyte," said the honest seaman, again laying the heavy hand on his shoulder. "I have a wife and a little girl on the coast of Sussex, and I should be loath to leave them for good and all. Come down to my cabin and have a quiet glass with me."

And down the two veterans, the sturdy



sailor and no less sturdy landsman, went. Before they parted that night the latter understood something about "wheat in bulk" and its disadvantages, or rather the disadvantages of those who carried it beneath their feet as cargo. Unlike wheat in sacks, which retained its position however the ship might lurch, "wheat in bulk" was apt to shift to starboard or to larboard in some sudden lurch, when its own mass and weight would force it to maintain that new level, so hostile to the well-being of the vessel in which it lay, like an imperfectly digested repast in the abdomen of a suffering giant. But if the vessel should admit an insidious rivulet of water through one of its thousand seams, this horrible mass would swell and swell, still refusing to move, but distending its awful bulk until the sides of the doomed ship (forced open from within) gaped wider and wider to receive the all-devouring ocean. Mr. Lyte had also learned why American clocks should be placed between decks instead of in the hold, and how it was that an officer who was part owner of the ship he commanded was unable to control the tonnage of her cargo. But beyond and even below these mysteries he reluctantly discovered that his honest captain was a secret devotee of Bacchus.

At midnight, when the watches changed, M'Leod went on deck for a few minutes to leave his orders with the officer of the watch, and Mr. Lyte ran the gantlet of the scudding spray which swept the main-deck, making his way forward to smoke his last pipe on the fore-castle with the man "on the look-out." A certain delicacy of feeling prevented him from even allowing further conversation on the subject of their common danger; and when the genuine British growler manifested itself in his companion, Mr. Lyte cut him short, saying, "You ought to have protested before she sailed if you saw any thing wrong. The best thing to be done now is for us all to pull together, and if any thing *does* go wrong, to pull it right again." "Old Blowhard," as this look-out man was denominated, stared at his companion in the dim moonlight with a puzzled wonder, until, as they approached the after limit of the fore-castle in their short promenade, a heavy sea struck the ship on her weather quarter, shaking her from stem to stern, and a considerable portion of the crest lashed both their faces with its briny scourge, blinding them to every thing except the necessity of self-preservation, which they immediately recognized by clutching hold of the nearest rope and crouching till the shock had subsided.

"And I should like to know what *you call that!*" retorted Mr. Blowhard, as if Lyte had previously been naming all the animals in Noah's ark.

"You have more experience of foul weath-

er than I have. What do *you* call it?" asked the landsman.

"Foul weather and *foul play!* Them's what I call it. And d——d bad steerin' too, gettin' her into the trough of the sea like that."

"I could have told that Mr. Crays was not at the wheel myself; but what *do* you mean by 'foul play?' We're all on board the same ship."

"But *the howners ain't,*" bellowed Mr. Blowhard. "They gammons a man into signing articles for the return voyage, and then loads her down to the water's edge to come home in Febru-airy acrost the o-ccean."

"But the captain's on board," the passenger mildly remonstrated.

"I didn't say as he warn't," savagely retorted the mariner. "Though he is a fifth-part howner. The ship's insured. The cargo's insured. *EE's* insured. And what's more, he luses within a hinch!" By which latter laconic form of words the seaman merely expressed his recognition of the dismal fact which Mr. Lyte had already been constrained to admit. So they parted in melancholy concord, and with mutual respect.

The *Adriatic* being on the port or larboard tack, Mr. Lyte's cabin being on the larboard side of the ship, and his berth on the same side of his cabin, he was liable literally to tumble out of bed if the ship should lean overmuch to leeward, or particularly if she should lurch suddenly in that direction, especially as the steward in his hospitable zeal had accommodated the guest with two thick mattresses, thus raising his recumbent body almost to a level with the summit of his bed-board. As yet, however, the ship, with a strong breeze, rising at times to half a gale, abeam, *i. e.*, at right angles to her course, had sped majestically on her way, deviating from the vertical and horizontal lines but little until this evening. The mercury, however, had been going steadily down for twelve hours or more; and though the pale moon was doing her best to illuminate the shroud of mist which hung over the sea, other indications of a coming storm were not wanting to an observant eye. "Tuck yourself in tight; you'll have a bit of a roll before morning, if I'm not mistaken," the captain had said to him when they parted. But Bedford Lyte was accustomed to inconvenience, and only thought about storms and tempests as the possible means of delaying his arrival at an English port. If only the gale were favorable, it might blow, so far as he cared, until their balance of life or death should hang poised in the crest of every billow, so long as they could only run before it, fly before it, outstrip the fastest mail steamer, and distance the very sea-birds in their flight. The only thing he dreaded was heaving to and consequent delay.



The landsman had tucked himself tightly in, and was by the exercise of a strong effort gradually falling into the arms of Morpheus, when he suddenly became conscious of a very different fall. However it may have happened, he was involved, head-foremost, like a netted lion, among the legs and lashings of the long cuddy table, and the door of his own cabin was playing a tattoo on the calves of his legs, which protruded across the space between the table and the bulk-head.

Crawling back again ignominiously to his retreat, and relighting his swinging lamp, Mr. Lyte took Frank Browne's last letter from the pocket of his pilot coat, and spent a restless hour in reading it and poring over its contents. Fool that he was not to have left America two days before by the *Aspasia*, that fast mail-boat which always accomplished the voyage in twelve days, sometimes in ten!

The letter certainly contained much to distress him; and now that he came to look at it calmly, as he said to himself, but really less calmly than before, he was amazed at the frivolity which had beset him in New York, and had induced him to let the *Aspasia* sail without him. Then his eye turned to the innocent cause of that delay with anger: perhaps the first time he had so looked upon it during all those years. And now the age and infirmity, the unwavering fidelity and constant love, of the little creature disarmed his wrath, as it stood roosting on one leg in its ridiculous manner, with head under its wing, like a ball of fluff, on the rail which supported the curtain of his berth.

"Poor little Tom!" he exclaimed, relenting. "True friend and faithful companion! And never played me a trick before in all my wanderings. He is getting old and stupid; and the multitude of the windows, all so exactly alike, in the hotel confused him. No doubt he flew to a hundred wrong ones in succession, and found them shut, or saw strange faces within, and went back disconsolately to those bleak skeletons of trees, where he would have died if I had left him. Perhaps the climate of Mexico has affected his brain. Never mind, Tommy!

"You and I are old:

Old age hath yet his honor and his toil:  
Death closes all."

Remarkable and almost superstitious as his trust in the bird's preternatural instincts had hitherto been, it did not once occur to him now that any benefit should accrue to him from having missed the steam-ship and sailed in this half-doomed *Adriatic*. On the contrary, each time he read and re-read Frank's letter he regretted the delay more and more, and cursed his own carelessness for letting the bird fly out of window in the midst of a crowded city, and from such a difficult window to distinguish among others.

But before looking over the distressed passenger's shoulder and reading his letter, we must flit to other scenes and incidents of an earlier date.

## CHAPTER XXII.

HIM! WHY, HIM!

FOR a long time past there had no longer been any unpleasantness between the Brownes of Pedlington and Bedford Lyte, as the possessor of that once-hated name. To tell how this happy reconciliation came about is our present office. That epileptic attack which broke down the resistance of the sturdy old lawyer on a certain Christmas-day some five years ago was followed by a terrible prostration which at first affected, or seemed to affect, mind and body. The doctors (and we may be sure that plenty of these learned wights attended his temporary couch in Dover) were decidedly of opinion that this was likely to result *either* in a very alarming crisis *or* in an ultimate tendency to yield to a very judicious and energetic treatment extending over a period of twelve or eighteen months. A tremendous gun of the largest calibre was telegraphed for. He came from the metropolis, and was, Frank declared, only distinguishable from the Pedlington and Dover authorities by the superior ticking of his pocket chronometer, which was furnished with a complete system of second-hands, and fingers indicating fractions of seconds. After a profound and costly consultation these magicians declined to state which of the above results would supervene, or how soon, or even whether either of these results, or any thing else, would certainly ensue. But the doctor with the great watch and the fabulous fee hinted to Frank that he would be unwise to neglect any little documentary arrangements (usual in such cases) while the patient retained some use of his mental faculties and right arm.

Thereupon all the Brownes were summoned, by telegraph and otherwise, and, as the custom of their family is when any member of it is about to die, assembled from the four corners of the county, from the hills of Surrey and the downs of Sussex. They came from Pedlington, from Brownleigh, from Farfield, from Tiddenden and Benterden and the remoter regions, until every bedroom in the old Castle Hotel at Dover was engaged for a Mr. Browne. The reader will understand that these good old-fashioned Tory families still patronize "The Castle." The new and meretricious "Lord Warden Hotel" is for your traveling Americans, Russians, and Frenchmen, or mere English waifs and strays.



So about a baker's dozen of far-off cousins, including Uncle Robert, the head of the family, from Brownleigh, sat down lugubriously to greasy mutton-chops and damp potatoes at the common table in the frouzy old respectable coffee-room. I say lugubriously, although a grim hilarity usually prevails on these occasions, because a deadly feud existed and almost raged between every member of this affectionate group. Robert Browne, Esquire, of Brownleigh, had especially infuriated each one of his connections and relatives, remote or near, by charging his estate in order to bestow upon that insidious warrior, Robert Browne junior, a lieutenant and adjutant in her Majesty's —th Regiment of Infantry, an annuity of £200 per annum. One Mr. Browne, a lawyer from Tiddenden, devoured all his smoky mutton without salt because the waiter had placed the salt-cellar near an obnoxious young clergyman, the Rev. Timothy Browne, from Benterden. Not even about the weather would they converse, although it happened to be execrable, and they were all damp; and the waiter, who was more or less acquainted with each one of them severally, made two or three feeble attempts to kindle a glimmer of intercourse on this pleasing topic. The ferocious dignity with which the youthful ecclesiastic said his "grace before meat," alone, and standing with folded palms, seeing that all the others fell to unceremoniously (which they only did to annoy him, each being accustomed on other occasions to the same ceremony), was a study worthy of Hogarth.

After this dismal repast they each went in turn, glided into the dark chamber, stared at their dying relative, took up his unresisting hand, held it for a moment, then dropped it like a hot potato, and shuffled out of the room with an awkward and guilty aspect, as if each one had surreptitiously pocketed a silver spoon. It had been stipulated by Mrs. Browne beforehand that not a word should be spoken. He was not strong enough to bear it, she said; the fact being that he had quarreled with every one of them except Uncle Robert, to whom alone he now gave his blessing, calling him a "dear fellow." The honest elder brother shed a tear as he dropped the hand, but none the less looked guilty and uneasy as he left the audience chamber. One exception to the general behavior shone out in the case of the young clergyman. Long-coated, severe-cravatted, smug, prim, sleek, and carrying a book with a gilt cross upon it, he commenced a pious address to his dying uncle.

"Take him away," gently observed the invalid, turning to the wall. "Take him away. I never could bear the sight of him."

And Mrs. Browne led him out, dimly con-

scious that he was alluding to pearls and a quadruped not famous for cleanliness or gratitude.

These were Walter Browne's funeral obsequies. Yet it is only fair to add that not one of these gentlemen expected a shilling from him. Amiable and affectionate each in his own household, it was the habit of the family to quarrel among its remoter members during life, and at the portal of death to draw a veil mournfully over the preceding disagreement.

The good man had long ago made up his mind as to the disposition of his worldly affairs. As every wise man does, he made his last will and testament when sound in body and clear in brain. So strongly did he feel this duty that not even the severe calamity which had befallen Blanche would induce him to meddle with a will once made. No codicils for him, or chancery suits for his family. Let Blanche live with her mother. Let Frank save a remnant of her fortune if possible. If not, let it be. By no means let Frank prosecute that scoundrel George Baily. His sin would find him out; and probably Blanche would forgive him in the end, if the man had ever loved her at all, or she him. These were some of Mr. Browne's funeral observations. But not all.

Calling the family whose acquaintance we have made in their native town round his bedside, he said: "There is one reparation I would make before I leave a world of blunders, of lies, of trust and distrust alike misplaced. I wish every member of my own family now present to join in this solemn act of justice."

Janet here crept to his side, knelt down, and seized his pale hand. Mrs. Browne, who was sitting there, made way for her, still bending over her child and her husband's hand.

"A noble young man," Mr. Browne went on, "has been calumniated to us by one whom I would speak of more severely if Blanche had not already suffered unjustly. Bedford Lyte, whose name I forbade in my house for twelve years, was utterly misrepresented to us, he and his conduct, by George Baily."

How Janet squeezed and kissed that pale hand, and how Frank's and Albert's eyebrows went up and up, for neither of the young men knew yet who Mr. Lane was.

Mr. Browne continued: "I have, thank God, been able to sift the matter before I die. Your mother has in her desk Lady Balbry's written admission that her son, Sir Thomas, ruined that poor girl who visited us once, and whom Captain Lyte allowed us to call Eleanor Baily—for shame to his memory!"

Now Albert's forehead threatened entirely to disappear, so high did his scanty eyebrows ascend to his glossy poll.



"She was," resumed the sick man, "a prenuptial child of poor Mrs. Baily."

If he had said *Polyphloisboio Thalasses*, Janet would have had quite as distinct an apprehension of his meaning. All she knew or cared to know (and it was already intuitively known) was that her lover was going to be justified.

"Bedford Lyte, poor fellow," Mr. Browne resumed, "did actually kill Sir Thomas Balbry for ruining that girl. But in the mean time—do you understand me, Frank?—I say, between the baronet's villainy to the girl, and his being killed by Bedford Lyte, the young man had been most basely tricked into marrying the girl himself."

The stout old Briton fell back exhausted here; and though the great revelation had not come, a kind of prescience, or at least premonition of it, was breaking upon them all. Although Janet was no more enlightened than the rest, her behavior seemed to lead to a true solution of the mystery. Mrs. Browne was in the secret, and though trembling for her husband, was anxious to see this act of justice accomplished. She presented him with a wine-glassful of strong beef tea, and then another of port-wine, after which he resumed:

"If that wretched girl is living, I say with sorrow she is still his lawful wife."

Here Albert, taking advantage of another pause induced by his father's weakness, solemnly interposed: "Frank and Robert"—for the Marauder was there, but so depressed and subdued in the presence of this sorrow that all his vivacity was gone—"Frank and Robert, what did I say? *Wrong there was. Why should we put it all into one scale? And again, I should be sorry to see any sister of mine as easy with gentlemen as Miss Baily was.* Now you see. Who was right?" But neither of his former antagonists cared now to enter into the lists with Albert.

Mr. Browne continued: "This brave and generous though foolish youth has grown up a brave, generous, and foolish man. Less than a month ago, George Baily, who when a mere lad had entered into this vile plot with his father, produced what they had secreted from the captain, namely, a rescript of General Lyte's will, perfect and perfectly executed. He offered this to Bedford Lyte for a price. The young man chastised him in the presence of a servant, and destroyed this indisputable will, by which he knew himself his grandfather's heir, in the presence of three persons. By that act, Janet, my dear, this young man, in the flower of his youth, has lawfully given you of his own free-will that which Captain Lyte only gave you unlawfully on his death-bed. I objected to the first bequest. I always disliked Captain Lyte's will. This gift I can not cavil at. The young man is very noble—very noble!"

Poor little Janet, still kneeling dejectedly at her father's bedside and holding his hand, in which from time to time she buried her face, saw not whither all this mystery was tending. "I always *knew* he must be a duck," she sobbed—"a real duck! But, all the same, I shall give him back his fortune when I come of age."

A faint smile again played over the dying man's face. He took his hand from hers, and laid it gently on the beautiful head nestling at his side, on which a furtive glimmer of sunshine played and reminded him of the glad old days of Pedlington.

Again speaking, with the light of that smile on his face, he said, "You won't beat that man in generosity, my Janet; but come now quickly, for I am weary: *who do you think Mr. Lane is?*"

This question fell literally like a thunderbolt at the feet of all present. Doubtless mysterious combinations and coincidences had begun to direct their thoughts in the right groove. But not one present except his wife really knew or was prepared to divine the old man's secret. He looked round at them all with a more benignant and joyous smile than they remembered even in his day of health and strength. Only Albert had already suspected the truth, and then abandoned it in bewilderment.

"HIM!" cried Janet at last, defiant of Lindley Murray, and starting up with blushing cheeks and flashing sapphire eyes. "HIM! Why, HIM, of course!" Then she knelt down again, coaxing her father's poor pallid hand.

Mrs. Browne patted her comely, shapely head, decked with its masses of loose golden hair.

"Oh, the wicked Tulip!" Nelly softly exclaimed.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE LAST FEATHER.

THERE was much sweetness at that time to temper the bitter of Janet's trial; yet when we recollect that though a just and honest man, utterly above fraud or chicanery, and steering his stubborn way as well as he knew how through the shoals of life, Mr. Browne had systematically indulged his daughters, and while sneering at any enthusiastic occupation for girls, had encouraged them both with purse and countenance in mere pleasure-seeking of an innocent kind, it would be in the last degree unjust to expect on her part any matured powers of endurance or self-control. Puzzled now between Mr. Lane and Bedford Lyte, and having a profound respect for the man whom she knew as Mr. Lane, almost independently of her love for him, and quite independently of what she had recently learned of



Bedford Lyte, she took refuge from her difficulty in calling her lover "Sir." This was all arranged, of course, in her secret council-chamber, and there adding together her reasons to respect the two men, to love the former (Mr. Lane), and to pity the latter (Bedford Lyte), she achieved a splendid feminine ideal, and called it "Sir." There was something grotesquely interesting about this innocent and lovely girl. Those of our readers who follow up this brief chronicle to its close will be perhaps more interested in her and in her fate at its end than during its earlier stages, and will wish to know somewhat of her married life. But before long we shall find her, yielding to her own ungovernable impulses, in imminent risk of never reaching the connubial epoch.

It was evident enough that "Sir" had never loved any one but her. Having, as her most truthful father said, been tricked into marrying that wretched Eleanor, he could not now get rid of her. Janet well understood that a man of delicate feeling would not drag a woman from the seclusion of a cloister to undergo the exposure of a trial for divorce. "Well," she said to herself, "I can wait. I love him. I adore him. My noble, my generous, brave Sir. And *he* loves *me*. 'He was dazzled by my beauty!' Oh, how splendid! Who else *could* have said any thing so exquisite? I could *die* when I think of it. Oh! oh!" These ecstasies, which would have been pretty acting if vented in public, were merely Janet's secret reveries.

But before long all the world was indignant with Walter Browne, Esquire, solicitor, of Pedlington; especially those gentlemen who had secured the reversions of the clerkships to the Justices of the Peace, to the Peddle Navigation Company, to the Turnpike Trust, to the County Lunatic Asylum, to the Peddlebourne Union, and to the Kent Conservative Superior Hop Cultivation Association, all of which Mr. Browne held, and continued to hold, though Death had knocked at his door with bony and importunate knuckles, and though (what was perhaps quite as important) Frank Browne had calmly stated that all the clerkships might go to—some obscure region—for him.

But his relations were even more infuriated, his far-off cousins, and remote step-uncles and nephews, who had eaten the dolorous mutton at Dover, "the funeral-baked meats" of anticipation. After collecting round him all the paraphernalia of death, robing himself, as it were, in the pomp and panoply of coming dissolution, and actually giving a death-bed audience to his kith and kin, this old violator of conservative traditions had deliberately convalesced, and had gone back to his clerkships and emoluments at Pedlington just as if nothing had happened. Frank went so far as to inform

Mr. Lyte, of Baliol College, Oxford, that a certain great London physician's watch had left off ticking, and was expected never to tick again, when its proprietor became aware of this recovery. Had Mr. Browne only remained deaf and dumb or blind (let us say), or imbecile and incapable, or paralytic in one side and a portion of the other, or given some such hostage to death and the doctors, his partial recovery would have been endurable. But for a man who had undertaken to give up the ghost to retain it in this surreptitious manner was contrary to the good old usages of conservative society. Thus a Tory, however stanch, may outlive his own reputation. Mr. Walter Browne, hitherto unimpeachable, was now a renegade from the Tory ranks of respectable death in the command of a Tory doctor. His cousin, the surgeon at Farfield, called him "an old body-snatcher." The severe ecclesiastic dubbed him "a Lazarus." And even his own most gentle and loving wife fancied that he had outwitted and made fools of a large and most respectable body of people. But Frank, to his infinite credit, laughed all this nonsense to scorn, made fun individually and collectively of the whole tribe, and showed that some petty motive, which he ruthlessly exposed and derided, was at the bottom of this peevishness to which every one except honest Uncle Robert and their own little household had become a victim.

Mr. Browne's recovery might have achieved one benefit to his kith and kin. If they could only have combined and consorted for any purpose under the sun, they would now have done so, in the glow of their indignation, to abolish forever the foolish custom of clustering like vultures about a dying relative, taking up a sick man's hand and dropping it as if it were a hot potato, and then sneaking out of his presence like petty larcenists.

Whatever his remoter kindred might do or leave undone, all the family at Pedlington returned to their filial allegiance, and placed Bedford Lyte (the man whom they already loved, now in possession of a name which they had learned to dread) upon a pinnacle of love and esteem. The sad feature in the case was that now, for these five years, he never would come near them. Dr. Phelps, now one of Mr. Browne's favorites, had often visited him at Oxford, and had traveled with him in Europe. Captain Fuller, who had sensibly transferred his affections to Nelly, frequently visited Lyte at Oxford, and received him at Watermead. Frank visited him twice, at long intervals. Hubert twice at shorter intervals; but to Pedlington he never came. "He must have heard of the disease among the tulip bulbs in Kent," said Nelly. Suns set; moons waned. The former rose, the latter were restored again, as the poet observes. Then it all hap-



pened over again and again. At last the course of nature waxed exceedingly monotonous, and the social order flat, stale, and unprofitable to Janet. She had no work to do, except those everlasting gloves and shirt buttons of Frank's, and certain pretty little needle tricks that will not occupy the heart or mind. She could not (after the manner of her kind) enjoy from time to time the innocent excitement of wondering, before a ball or picnic, about some possible lover, and regulating her own behavior (real or imaginary) toward the mysterious *inconnu*. Nor could she, as an honest girl, deliberately ogle, entrap, grab, strangle, and scrunch the bones of any unsuspecting lover, as a spider uses a fly, knowing all the time that she could award him no other treatment when caught. Novels were utterly vapid to her perceptions unless they portrayed a character like her "Sir;" if they did so, it drove her mad to read them. And how could she live without love, now that love had so absorbed and swallowed up her former life that she could not remember it, and wondered how she had dragged on her existence from day to day and week to week without it? Yet not being any longer able to live without this elixir of life, how was the supply of it to be maintained within her? Would love continue to subsist on one little recollection, like the widow on her cruse of oil? Alas! alas! The cruet was already failing—had failed almost, and was well-nigh empty; so she thought. Her heart was heavy and weary within her, and sick with hope deferred and sore with vain regrets.

To see Nelly loving and loved, as she did daily now, really and steadfastly loved by a true and loyal man (though she had rejected him herself), was maddening. Now that Nelly had occupied that forlorn fortress, his heart, she was almost tempted to flirt with Captain Fuller from sheer mischief and a splenetic desire to inflict a wrong upon that obdurate "Sir" who left her to suffer beyond her power of endurance, to wait beyond her patience, to exhaust her fortitude, to sin, if she would, without a word of comfort, support, or counsel from his lips. And all for what? Some sullen ghost of barren honor, some verbal, perhaps legal, bond to one whom he never had and never could love. Oh, how she would like to get at that cruel woman, that Eleanor, and stab her to the heart!—drive the dagger home, as she had read in some old legend, till the haft struck against her ribs!

It is not too much to say that at times she was carried away by a passionate desire to commit this crime, and thought herself in serious danger of yielding to the temptation and making that homicidal expedition to the quaint old Belgian city. But with regard to Bedford Lyte, she so longed and grew

sick of vainly longing for him and his love that after two years of it she would assuredly have thrown patience to the winds, abandoned all conventional restraints, and gone to him, had she not too clearly foreseen how he would act. She would have gone to him and said, "Here I am, Sir. Here is your poor little Janet, to whom you gave a fortune, but whose heart you took away. Only let me stay and be near you always. Do not send me back, Sir."

Not only did she desire to do this foolish thing, but would actually have done it had she not seen, as in a vision, his calm relentless frown, more in sorrow than in anger, but still immovable even by her tears and cajoleries—had she not heard, as in a trance, his voice pronouncing her sentence of banishment, which would then have been irreversible. He would have taken her back, as cold and hard as a statue himself, and given her up to humiliation and despair. Yes, he would assuredly give her up and banish her forever on account of that ghost of barren honor, that legal fiction, which bound him to a woman who was *not* his wife. "For I am his true wife," she would aver to her own heart, "in virtue of this love that I bear to him." From this she would draw some comfort. "And does he not love me?" she would ask herself. "Am I not his own little girl, to whom he gave this splendid fortune, which I thought so little of before, so much now? He would not give it to any one else, only to me. Twelve thousand five hundred pounds! So much! why, the interest alone is four hundred and six pounds five shillings a year, and I have already saved five hundred pounds to give Nelly when she is married. He gave it to me. He loves me. I heard him say so. *I* heard. I was listening at the door." Then she repeated to herself those delicious words which she had overheard at the door of Frank's bedroom. That was her one luxury, poor little innocent. She had not even the green cotton umbrella now. But she had one little gift, only one. How she did treasure it! in what a system of bags it dwelt! First leather (*chamois*), then one of silk, then holland, double and wadded between, then velvet, embroidered and fringed and beaded, with the monogram S. J. work-upon it.

Frank had been spending a few days at Oxford with his friend. The days, few in number, were past, but not a word of Janet had been spoken, except in the first general inquiry about the health of "the young ladies." Since then every other member of the Browne family had, at one time or another, come on the *tapis* and been talked of, but Frank could see that Janet was a sealed book in the memory of Lyte. Just as they had seated themselves in the carriage which had been ordered to take the Adonis with his morocco bags and valises, his canes and



his traveling wrappers, to the station, Frank said, in his usual indifferent drawl, "Oh, ah! by-the-way, Lyte, I forgot that *fleur d'Italie*. Could you drive me past a perfumer's? Janet wants a bottle of that new scent, and all the places in London will be closed when I pass through to-night."

At the words "Janet wants," something inside Bedford's waistcoat gave such a bound that a button nearly flew off. Before Frank had finished his argument, Mr. Lyte's head and shoulders were out of the window. In another minute the carriage stopped, and he sprang out, saying, "Sit still and take care of the traps. I won't be two minutes." In about that time they were again on the move.

"Oh yes. Thank you very much. How much was it?" Frank inquires.

"Never you mind," said Lyte, abruptly. "Give it her from me. Any one can give a lady a bottle of scent."

"But it isn't every one who can, and I never met another man who would, give a girl a nice fortune; though I have encountered two or three who would *take* one if they could get it, and put up with the girl to boot."

This was the first intimation which Lyte had received that the Brownes knew of his generosity in destroying his grandfather's will, although he had been informed of the change of feeling which Mr. Browne had expressed toward the once hated Bedford Lyte when the lawyer was supposed to be dying. He had feared that any such knowledge would distress them, and hoped it would never reach their ears. But Frank went on ruthlessly: "We all know of your noble-hearted generosity, my good fellow, and repent the cruel injustice we had formerly done you. But you will do me the justice to remember how heartily I wished Mr. Lane to marry Janet, and so recover the fortune I wanted to keep from Bedford Lyte."

"I shall not forget it in a hurry."

"And I need hardly tell you how I wish it could be so still. I can not give up hope. Surely you could get a divorce. Janet is the same, only more beautiful than ever. The men rave about her. But I don't want this feeling to consume her, Lyte. I care more for Janet than the money, though you may think me mercenary."

The murder was out now at the last moment.

"May you not be mistaken about her feeling?" asked Lyte, as the carriage was checked at the door of the station.

"No. She tells me a good deal, and I see more."

When Frank had consigned every thing except a favorite dressing-case to a porter, and taken his ticket, Lyte said, eagerly, "It must be starved out, Frank. She is young, and will yet form a strong, healthy regard

for another man. It is impossible for me to drag *that poor creature* from the privacy of her convent, and parade her old shame and misery before the world. And if that were done, I could not marry. Only death can sever that bond. Give Janet that bottle of scent from yourself, and you can pay me when we meet again. The train is off now. Good-by."

Frank was borne away from his benefactor with a sore heart and a measure of anger in it. His regard for Lyte was sincere, but he growled at him as a Quixotic pedant, not being able to rise to the moral level which was the other man's natural atmosphere. That little bottle, however, was Janet's treasure. She had wheedled the secret out of Frank. "I love her, I love her," the dumb bottle seemed to say whenever she looked at it.

\* \* \* \* \*

The four years of Lyte's Oxford career passed quickly enough with him, though not without constant effort, as time will pass to a man with manifold and absorbing interests. It must be a very different thing to be a young lady in a torpid country town. First and foremost stood his intellectual struggle, in which he was even more strenuously engaged than those who saw his exterior calm imagined to be the case. This could not and did not cure him of love, but was so exacting to his powers and satisfying to that love of conflict and excitement which rules within a strong man as to preclude all danger of love-sickness. Not that the possibility of love-sickness was absolutely removed from Lyte's path, as he would have discovered in double-quick time had he yielded to intellectual languor. Often in those sad, silent, solitary night-watches, when the mind of a man strays from its nearer interests and goes back pitifully to those dearer ones which are as lost, the memory of Janet Browne, endued with that irresistible fascination which had mastered him in former days, came and stood before him in all its old power of beauty and sweetness. Sooth to say, at those times the strong man was nearly overcome. The vision would appear before him as the fair girl herself had done on a certain night in the little tea-room during her mother's evening party. Silently it always seemed to stand and appeal to him by its aspect. Yet did he never forget that her voice in speaking was low and sweet, like the breath of summer among dewy leaves. But with all his might he would put these visions away from him, and force his mind into its wonted groove, and urge it along with the power of his trained will, until these images were chased away from the retina of his imagination and the danger past. How different it was perforce with her!

Then, in addition to his studies, and in



wholesome relief of the strain upon his mental faculties, Bedford Lyte had his boating, swimming, and running to occupy much time and attention, to call into action and expend much superfluous energy, and afford a useful vent for the enthusiasm of his disposition. Being a large and powerful man as well as a skillful oarsman, he rowed for the first year as No. 4 in his college eight-oared boat, which gained several places on the river during the college races. The next year he was picked out of his own boat on account of his splendid style and great strength to row No. 4 in the second university boat, which was preparing to supplement any gaps in the first boat, then training for the great race with Cambridge. At first he declined this honor, but, being pressed, acceded to the wishes of his friends merely to assist in perfecting the second or subsidiary boat. At the same time he positively asserted that in no case would he join the racing crew. After about four weeks of training, however, he found his mind rather invigorated than exhausted by the severe physical exercise and the enforced regular hours, and having measured out his book work, and found that he could do as much as before, ceded that point. The No. 4 originally chosen for the first boat, a man his equal in style and strength, but younger and less vigorous in constitution, began to spit blood, as is often the case under a too severe trial of the powers of endurance. So Bedford Lyte went into the racing crew, and rowed in two successive years in the great university race on the Thames.

Being thus continually in good bodily condition, his college mates, who were proud of their champion, urged him to enter for the university athletic sports, in which he more than once gained distinction for himself and them. The training necessary for these exploits, which occasionally proves too severe for a minor, whose vital energy may not be equal to his muscular strength, was really of permanent service to Lyte both intellectually and physically. It obliged him to abandon that pernicious habit of working at night into which he had fallen, and habituated him to a simple regular dietetic system, besides endowing him with a hearty and unfailing appetite. All these things are inimical to any excesses of a fertile imagination.

But we should hardly have entered so fully into these retrospective details were it not that these distinctions, even more perhaps than the academical honors gained by her hero, brought the name of Bedford Lyte in all its glory so continually before Janet as to keep her in a kind of intermittent fever of enthusiasm and suspense. For weeks before a university boat-race she would wear nothing but Oxford blue. Before the great event came off she could have laid violent

hands on any person who sported the paler (Cambridge) hue. After each of her hero's victories she would subside into a week's delicious serenity, and take to her bosom any acquaintance who had been interested in the losing boat. She made Frank subscribe to the *Oxford Chronicle*, from which paper and from the *Times* she would cut out every paragraph which chronicled the name and achievements of her lover. Though terribly jealous of all these pursuits, which she was shrewd enough to perceive must keep his faculties pretty well occupied without hankering after her, yet she gloried in his triumphs a thousand times more than if they had been her own, and would go and sit with poor old Graves (who was failing fast, having received his death-blow from the opening and consecration of the Pedlington Cemetery), to whom she would explain as well as she could the meaning of it all, and upon whom she bestowed enough tobacco to last him for another threescore years and ten.

"I can't make it out nohow," Tobias would say, when his bewildering little visitor had taken herself off. "She carries on as if master had given up his learning and turned waterman. And this 'ere bacey ain't like what master's bacey was. Times is sadly altered."

But for Janet, whatever "Sir" did was glorious and splendid in her eyes, though the doing it might weaken her hold upon his memory. She literally despised all other men in her mental comparison of them with him, and believed him to be the most profound scholar and peerless Paladin who ever dazzled a benighted world. Moreover—and this was the most delicious assurance of all—she knew that if he was, in his romantic sense of honor, depriving her even of his friendship and fraternal regard, it was not because any other girl had fascinated or could fascinate him. Of this she was absolutely certain. He only kept away because her spell upon him was *too* potent, because he was afraid of loving her "not wisely, but too well."

Before every long vacation and every Christmas vacation went forth a kind and friendly invitation from the Brownes of Pedlington to the Oxford student. Yet he never came. Frank went to him twice during those four years, Hubert went to him twice, and each brought back little crumbs of comfort for Janet. She had formed quite an attachment for Dr. Phelps, too, and that genius contrived to impart some morsels of gratification and relief to her weary spirit. Just after passing his Sandhurst examination and being gazetted to a regiment, Bertie had rushed up to Oxford, brimful of his good news. Not finding Mr. Lane (as he still called his old friend) in his sitting-room, he burst into the bedroom, where it



so happened that the triptych under the crucifix was open, and arrested his attention. The skulls, the pickled stomach, and the preserved brain were gone, and a very beautiful picture had usurped their place. This painting *malgré lui* arrested his attention, and he stood before it transfixed with admiration and astonishment and delight. His host surprised him before it. Ingenuously blushing, Hubert apologized for being in the bedroom, and explained.

"What do you think of it?" asked Bedford.

"Exact! wonderful!" exclaimed Hubert.

"Why, my dear boy, it's the Blessed Virgin!"

"Oh!" cried the youthful warrior, perplexed. But on his return to Pedlington he told Janet what he had seen, swore it was a likeness of her, pure and simple. "And flatters you most divinely," he added.

Janet was in ecstasies. "Where did he get it? Who did it? What a duck the artist must be! When could he have seen me? But is it really like?"

"To answer a few dozen of your questions in a bunch," Bertie rejoined: "the artist never saw *you*, but conceived the idea literally—so Mr. Lane assured me—and painted head and hair and all that while it was fresh in his mind's eye, intending to fill in the accessories and sell it to a monastery as a picture of the Virgin Mary. But Mr. Lane saw it on his easel (in Dresden, I think it was) and bought it. And a pretty sum he gave for it, I expect."

Mr. Browne, who had almost entirely recovered his own vigor, entertained an increasing respect for the young man whom he had once abhorred, thinking it both wise and generous of him to persist in refusing the invitations which he still thought proper to have sent twice each year without fail. To one Lyte would write and say he was in rigid training for some Corinthian games, and would be executed by lynch-law if he dared to move from Oxford; to another that only the day before its receipt he had engaged to go on the Continent with a friend, or on a walking tour in Wales, or somewhere, and with some purpose incompatible with a visit to Kent.

All this time, however, Eleanor Bailly, as they still called her in their secret conclave, was alive, and it was therefore right and honorable on the part of her unfortunate husband to keep away from another young lady whose charms had already proved too much for him. But by a strange and, as it at first seemed to Janet, by a providential coincidence, in the very week after Bedford's final examination at Oxford, while he and all his friends were waiting in breathless suspense for the *lists* to be issued and his academical fate made known, news of Eleanor Bailly's death in the nunnery in

Belgium came to Pedlington. Mr. Browne would have concealed it a while, but Miss Lyte wrote to Janet and told her with a crow of delight. Then the class lists appeared, and Bedford Lyte was *facile princeps*, the Senior Classic of his year, thus verifying Martin's ancient avowal that "Mr. Lane" was "no end of a scholar." That young gentleman, who had faithfully adhered to his old master, and made fair progress in the face of his difficulties, was enrolled among the third class in classical honors.

Janet was in a flutter of expectation. Would *he* come at last? Not Martin. She knew too well that Martin would come. He still worshiped the boards on which she capered with "the light fantastic toe;" for Janet had continued to appear at balls, though with a somewhat forlorn and Lenten aspect. Martin came, flushed with his virgin honors, to lay them at her feet, but "Sir" neither came nor wrote. "They'll give him a fellowship now, you know. They want to have him for classical lecturer," said Martin. Janet stamped and blushed and frowned. She wouldn't take the heir of Plumstead Manor, with his third class. She wanted the Senior Classic, and the biggest man in the university boat. But "those horrid old frumps" *did* make Mr. Lyte a fellow, and offered him the lectureship, which he declined, and went incontinently off to Mexico as a war correspondent. This was the climax of Janet's woe, the last feather which broke the camel's back.

## SHINNECOCK.

"WELL, Rachel," said my father, as he handed him the pickles at our Sunday dinner, "what is your opinion of the revival?"

It took some excitement to break through the usual taciturnity of Aunt Rachel in the presence of several persons.

"The Lord must be amazin' good if He takes such people as some I know to His bosom. The way that David did act! Oh dear, if people only knew—"

"Why, what have you got against David?—a man of your own tribe. I never heard you speak so before."

"Oh, nothin' against him, of course," said Aunt Rachel, glancing quickly around the table. "But when I see some people I know about experiencin' religion, I wonder why the Lord don't send thunder and lightnin' and blast them."

It was a sentiment more noticeable as coming from a woman who had few thoughts and great command of her tongue. No questions were able to extract from her any thing further on the subject; she was plainly annoyed at having spoken at all.

She was nurse, housekeeper, aunt, every thing but a relative—one of those persons



who gravitated into an undefined position in a family wherein want of blood-relationship only strengthened her power. Small, withered, heavily featured, and with straight black hair against a yellow skin, she might have passed for a white woman with strangers; but her blood was chiefly Indian, just touched, perhaps, with white. Her tribe, the Shinnecocks, which still lingered on the government reservation farms, was not without a strong admixture of negro blood, and acknowledged in Aunt Rachel the last of their chief's race. She was proud of the fact, and not ill pleased when, with half-jocular pride, a neighbor would point her out as Princess of the Shinnecocks. But there was little virtue in the distinction, as she, poor soul, was well aware. She seldom saw her tribe, and indeed took small pains to conceal that she regarded them as inferior beings.

Until the foolish age when boys judge fairy tales food fit only for babes we drew from Aunt Rachel at times and hours such marvelous tales of spirit and witch as would shake us with delight. Or again it might be an Indian goblin story which she was repeating. The blood would curdle in our hearts as the earnest speaker, strong with the simplicity of one who believes, brought the reality of her demon face to face with her hearers.

A favorite was the horrid tale of ghosts that haunt the spot where the pirate Kidd buried his treasure. The luckless sailors who assisted at that burial never saw their ship again. In revenge their murdered ghosts rise on certain nights, and taking Kidd into their midst, torture him above his hidden gold until the morning dawns.

At each repetition of this story some choking voice in the silent audience would ask, "Where is the gold?" Then Aunt Rachel would point mysteriously with shriveled fingers to the southeast, where lies the line of sand hills that dike the bay from the ocean.

"A man who went to spy those sperits was found dead the followin' mornin'."

With such warning words ended Aunt Rachel's most popular story.

"And how did you like the exercises, Miss Miriam?" said my father, turning to our young boarder, who sat against the light from one of the square windows netted across by lead-work of the little panes.

"I went away as soon as they began. They were horrid. I won't stay to such scenes. We know where we went, don't we?"

She played her bright eyes at me as one amuses a child by giving it an idea of its own importance. That was the only reason I was not grateful for a recognition.

The utter quiet of our village, inland and yet by the sea, may have been a rest, or per-

haps our coal-black windmill, unlike any other building in the land, and the ancient Huguenot house in which we lived, may have pleased her undeveloped taste for the picturesque. Every summer she passed three months with us at Southampton, where the corn stands high upon the level fields, the snow lies but a little while among the stubble, and the Atlantic bellows with subdued melody upon the distant beach. I did not see why she should have returned with a habit of treating me like a child.

I was fifteen, and strong for my age. Many is the hour I have rowed her about our bay: fair Shinnecock, with its dark red light-house on the land side, and the long strip of rolling dunes fencing out the sea upon the other. Many a time in sail-boat have I carried her out the rushing inlet, till she grew afraid of the spiteful waves, and begged to put about. Then, because I could not say it, I would look her in the eyes and try to make her understand that I would do any thing for her sake. Her indifference irritated me, and still I wondered why she acted as if I were a child.

That evening as we sat on the door-stone of the old house, while the yellow glow faded on the line of elms across the broad main street, it was announced that young Dr. Gray was to arrive the next morning. All eyes turned toward Miriam, who reddened slightly as she sat swinging her feet in the low casement window.

"We hear he has been very attentive," some one said.

"Oh," said Miriam, lightly, "he is very nice, but not rich enough for me. Oh no! Not that I mean to say," she added, getting still redder, "that I could have him if I would."

"How rich is he, Miriam?" I asked.

"Why, how should I know? Two or three thousand a year, I suppose. But that's not enough for me, I can tell you that."

Three thousand a year! What powers could amass such a sum to bring it to Miriam and demand her hand? If I should turn robber I could not hope to get so much. I buried my face in my hands, and gave up to a despair which was not lightened by the few hateful tears that would force their way through my fingers.

One by one the others stepped into the house, until we two were left alone. Presently Miriam was sitting beside me and had put her arm about my neck.

"Why are you so sad, little boy?" she asked, not unkindly. Yet "little boy" was a name she knew I detested.

I made no answer, and she put her cheek against mine. She had always spoken of my cheeks as soft like velvet; now she still seemed to like to rub her own sweet face against mine, although her next word was about to hurt me.



"Not half as soft as they used to be," she murmured to herself.

I stole my arms timidly around her, while sullenness yielded to the flood of delight.

"Let us go sailing to-morrow afternoon," I whispered at last, just for something to say, lest she should rise up and go in-doors.

"Very well. No! I forgot: I can't."

I looked up quickly, suspecting the absent-minded smile on her lips.

"I know why," said I, angrily. "That Dr. Gray is coming!"

"Supposing you attend to your own affairs," said Miriam, in mock vexation, but smiling with pleasure. "Have you ever seen him?" she asked, after a pause, during which I had got still closer to her, as if nearer by I could cool my poor young pulses.

"No," said I, faintly. "What is he like?"

Alas! by nature the most reticent of boys, I was the safest of all listeners. For Miriam I would hear any thing, conceal any thing, do any thing she wished.

The kisses and warm embraces with which she interrupted her description of the newcomer were all intended for him; that I knew; but it was not for one of my years to realize it so far as to counteract its effect. I clung to her with a tempest of kisses, until even her attention was roused.

"I don't like you when you are so violent," she said at last, putting me away.

"Miriam," said I, "you told us you wouldn't marry that Dr. Gray because he wasn't rich. Would you marry some one who had ever so much money?"

"Yes, of course I would. But he'd have to be awfully rich and young—and come quickly too. I give him one year."

"Will you marry me, Miriam, if I get awfully rich within a year?" said I.

On the point of bursting into a laugh, Miriam freed herself from my arms and stood up, her full young chin dimpling with amusement. Her mind changed; dropping me a low courtesy, she replied, with a twitching face,

"If within the year your Excellency can bring me Captain Kidd's treasure, I shall be your bride."

She marched dramatically into the house.

I wandered off down the wide grassy street, now bare of villagers, and wrestled hard with all manner of impossible schemes.

"What is the use of being a seventh son, as Aunt Rachel says, if I can not find a treasure and keep Miriam?"

I was, indeed, the seventh son of a seventh son. When, contrary to my fathers' command, Aunt Rachel had mentioned the fact, she had taken pains to impress on my mind the advantages to be derived from such a birth. Yet beyond some singular coincidences in my early life, now almost forgotten, nothing had ever presented itself to me in a supernatural light. Aunt

Rachel knew so much, she might have done better herself. My distress was real; I really suffered; but a boy can not fight off sleep. It was not long before sleep proved itself stronger than love for Miriam.

When Dr. Gray came he was so much at ease, and accepted every thing so much as a matter of course, that I could be neither sullen nor disobliging. We three would go on sailing and rowing parties together, and as the young doctor could not manage boats, I was the one to sail and pull, filled with a grim pleasure at serving Miriam in a way my rival could not.

While she was with him she was very silent, but kept her blue-gray eyes fixed upon him from under the slant of her heavy eyelids, as if she could not see enough of him. People wondered at the quiet that had fallen on the restless, saucy girl. I was nearer. Sometimes of an evening she would come flying out of the house and fairly overwhelm me with kisses, as if the restraint were too much. I see now that she was passionately in love. I could not then appreciate the full sweetness of her lips, but it was enough to make me sure that if I were rich, she would rather stay with me. But still each night I slept a boy's dreamless sleep, and every day I dreamed awake about the cruel treasure she had demanded so lightly as the only way to her.

At last the revolving thought and ever-heaping excitement began to have their effect. At night, and more than twice, I saw each of these two visions:

Appeared a narrow bit of beach, on which I stood, but what was to the right hand or the left, whether it was the sea-shore or not, I could not remember. Before me rose a sand dune of some steepness, which I felt called upon to ascend, because there was something for me at the top, but the sand slid back as fast as I stepped forward.

The second dream came again and again. I was looking out to sea, although from the mast-head of a sloop, when I perceived I was in fact among the dead branches of a tree, and at my feet rested an iron box. I feared to move among the dangerous limbs, bent down to touch the box, fell, and awoke with a cry.

Here at least was something tangible. I was a seventh son: why should not my dreams come true? The following week was spent in search of the bare sand hill I had seen in my vision.

I was brought up to a waking realization of danger one day, when Aunt Rachel talked very earnestly with some one in the hall. She spoke so low I could not hear any thing except Miriam's name.

"What is it?" I asked, when the third person moved away.

"Oh, nothin'!" said Aunt Rachel, in her usual plaintive voice. "Miss Miriam's en-



gaged to Dr. Gray, and they're to be married next month. Why, what's the matter with the boy?"

In the agony of my heart I turned and left the house. The wildest thoughts chased themselves through my mind, as I laid desperately about for relief. If it came to such a pass as that, Captain Kidd and his ghosts must be found.

Just at that moment David, the Shinnecock, opened our garden gate and rolled heavily into the street. It was an unusual sight, but I was occupied with the sudden doubt whether, after all, Aunt Rachel, being a woman, might not have made a mistake about the ghost. It occurred to me to get certainty from David.

I looked upon him with some awe, first as being an Indian, then as one who had experienced religion so powerfully at the last revival that the village still talked.

A big, heavy-shouldered man with straight black hair, light yellow complexion, and a broad nose stood before me. His eyes lay deep in the sockets, and fixed me alarmingly, as I shifted from one foot to the other in my embarrassment.

"David," said I at length, "what is the truth about the ghosts over there on the Reach? Are there any such things?"

"Ghosts?" said David, very far down in his throat. "Plenty of them. Why, they tore a man to pieces there one night just about ten years ago. Don't you ever get caught over there after night-fall, that's all. No one 'll ever know what's become of you."

David was thoroughly in earnest; he made his warning so impressive that I felt no powers should induce me to set foot on the Reach. But then there was Miriam, and there were the stories of so many eye-witnesses who had got away safe. At length I was determined to go that night to the beach and creep upon the ghosts. I did not believe firmly in them, but it was my only chance, and no stone should be left unturned.

Seeking Aunt Rachel again, to learn if possible more definite directions to the place, I was told that she had gone to her room, and, as was her custom now and then, had given strict word not to disturb her, nor to call her in the morning. When Aunt Rachel was ill she hid herself.

I did not go to bed, but sat in my window looking out in the direction of the Reach, which I knew was now throwing longer and longer jagged shadows up and across the bay. It was Saturday night. I wondered how I should bear the sight of ghosts, if ghosts I should meet.

The evening was silent, with a rising mist. Every thing around was so familiar and home-like that fear seemed out of place. I stole from the house, and hastening down

the long street and out upon the sandy road, gained the salt pastures and the water. There taking a small flat-boat, I sculled out upon the smooth glassy tide.

I had reached the middle before I began to examine the haunted range. It may have been a low sound that first awakened my attention; at any rate, I raised my eyes and fixed them upon one spot on the dark outline which seemed lighter than the rest. The moon could not be rising in that quarter. As I neared the sedgy land I both saw and heard something mysterious.

Cautiously I stole across the meadow and flat brushy plain inward from the sand hills toward a faint glare and murmur that rose and fell on the beach beyond. The sharp grass tortured my bare feet; mosquitoes in swarms fastened upon my trembling flesh; but on I pressed, until, reaching the base of the hills, I stooped low and perceived against the dark sky darker figures, one on each of two high sand hills on either side of a slight depression to my left. But their faces were turned seaward. I knew at a glance they were watchers who had forgot their charge in interest in the affairs below. To learn what that occupation was, an unquenchable curiosity drove me forward in spite of an agony of fear.

Throwing myself on my knees, I began to crawl along just where the loose stones from some great tide, sweeping through the pass between the hills, had drawn a sterile border to the spare grass on the slope. I shook in every limb. In the dim light that foretold the moon every object took a fearful look. The white shells scattered here and there were bleared eyes calling attention. A water-soaked log half buried in the sand was a strange reptile waiting to crawl upon me. The brittle stalks of twisted bush scattered by the winds writhed before me like serpents in fantastic shapes. I fancied I could hear my hair rise on end with the hiss of electricity; but still I could not go back.

The murmur had swelled into a confused chant; the gleam defined itself into fire-light behind the hills. With hand and foot I pushed myself over the sand where the high grass leaned over until a flat valley between three hills came full in view. There I perceived what astonished me all the more because I had never even read of such a scene.

A mighty fire shook its glare over the irregular triangle of the converging hills. Close beside the flames, sometimes breaking and encircling them, wheeled a ring of horrible figures, male and female, covered with grotesque patterns in brilliant paint. A stalwart leader danced in the centre. In one hand he shook a rod decked with bells and feathers; in the other he held a round wooden cylinder highly painted, to which



he now and then referred. I glanced at the guard on the opposite hill-top, and saw, to my terror, that I was full in his sight. Parting the high wiry grass beside me, I slid into cover of the border, and lay still. To sink myself still further from view I carefully pushed away the sand from under me while I gazed. Then, with my face on the smooth sand between two tufts of grass, I could view the proceedings without likelihood of being seen. But all the while terror kept knocking at my heart and bidding me begone.

The maniac dancers upon whom I looked seemed at times to be laboring under tremendous excitement, and again would appear solemn and awe-struck. The leader chanted alone, glancing now and then at the painted cylinder in his hand, whereupon the ring would take up the chorus, and according to its tenor would dance slow and solemnly, or tear around in fierce excitement. At times certain of the women, who were of all ages, some blooming, others wrinkled hags, seized with convulsive fits, would distort themselves in a horrible manner; others dropped into the circle and rolled upon the ground, the ring closing and whirling as before.

As the trouble of the first impression began to wear off, I saw that with the exception of a narrow loin-cloth, all these figures were nude, their paints having relieved them at first sight of their bareness. The words they chanted were gibberish, they themselves looked black in contrast with the high colors of their decoration, and in build were heavy—something like negroes; but they were not negroes. Gradually I fought through my amazement enough to begin to catch here and there a tone, an expression, a turn of head that was—that was indeed familiar. The truth was dawning. It came with a flash when one figure fastened my attention—Aunt Rachel's!

If it be supposed that this discovery struck me with horror, let such a supposition go. Rather, as I remember it, the ever-present fear for my own safety was overcome by a boyish delight. I did not see the fact in all its bearings while the novelty amused me. But fear was only transferred. These were not strangers from whom I might expect instant death, but neighbors and acquaintance, whose secret meet I had invaded. Such intrusion could not be passed over, for the leader, dressed in feathers and whirling the fringed rod—who was he but David, the richest farmer of the government reservation? And the old woman frantically tossing her lean arms, was she not treated with an unusual respect in the village because with her ended the royal blood of the chiefs of the Shinnecocks? On the following Sabbath, when that medicine-man who was now leaping naked in the fire-light should walk

solemnly to meeting, dressed in solid broad-cloth, would it do to have it whispered that rites of some mysterious kind ever claimed his secret presence?

The frenzy of the dancers seemed to have reached a climax. They seized one another for I know not what further madness, when a voice above me gave a great shout. The fire was quenched as if the ground had swallowed it up, and I was seized, dragged from my lurking-place, and hurried blindfold to the lower ground.

An utter silence fell, during which I remember how loudly the waves, unheard before, crashed upon the shore. It is not probable that I fainted; I was stupid with terror. I know that after a little whispering I saw the light flash up for a moment through the hand clasped across my eyes. Then the peculiar Indian cry of recognition sounded from every side, and all was still again.

After a while a voice began to speak in an unknown tongue, at first low, then louder and more excitedly. The words were evidently approved by several present; only a woman's voice answered in what seemed pleading or warning. It was Aunt Rachel's. There was danger for me in the first voice, and defense in that of the woman. More and more violent grew the discussion, until Aunt Rachel placed herself by my side and screamed her strange words against her opponent.

It was not hard to imagine that my death was the subject; in the discussion, however, English words began to mix in with the outlandish tongue. From sentences here and there I gathered that I was to be considered a victim plainly detailed by their gods for sacrifice. The reality of my peril was such that I became more dead than alive. Gaining at last a tongue, I begged for mercy.

To their credit be it told, the band listened quietly to my words. I told them why I happened upon them, and how I had resolved to find the treasure, also that I knew of its whereabouts. As the mention of this seemed to win a response from one or two, I caught at it like a drowning man.

"What good will my death do you?" I cried. "Rather let us all plan to discover this wealth. I have dreamed where the great captain stowed his gold, and when we've found it we shall all be rich."

This I heard was making a sensation. Aunt Rachel took the word on her own tongue, and seemed to gain adherents as she continued. Presently I heard the leader answer and shake his medicine-stick. A few beats sounded on a little drum, the fire blazed up once more, my guard dropped his hand from my eyes and formed in the ring, which began its chanting again in a low key.



The leader now began to lash himself into a frenzy. Aunt Rachel stood by and translated one or two important sentences that, mixed with incoherent words, fell now and then from his lips.

"The great chief comes to the buried tree.  
He hides his box in the buried tree,"

was the burden of one long paroxysm.

"The buried tree, the buried tree!"  
chanted the chorus.

"I see the top of the buried tree,"  
was the next intelligible utterance.

"The swift tide wears against the root.  
Hurry! the tide will take the box."

At this the prophet fell into a state of unconsciousness. The ring was broken. The band gathered around with hungry eyes, fierce from the recent frenzy, demanding an explanation.

"The treasure is yonder!" I cried, in an ecstasy of fear and excitement, pointing in the direction of the inlet.

Little was said while I led the way along the wet beach under the brilliant moon. Fear had left me, although I walked a prisoner in the midst of the band. I felt that I had divined the gold. When we reached the inlet, a high sand hill rose upon the left, at whose base the tide was hurrying out to sea. I faced toward it, and perceived my dream. I pointed to the hill.

"Stop!" cried the leader, in a hoarse voice. "You have not taken oath! You have been saved from death, but if you ever should breathe a word of what you have seen, death will come surely and quickly. You must swear, and become one of our tribe."

At such a moment it would have been madness to hesitate. I swore what they wished, and led the way up the slope.

In the memory of many the hill had once been a long one, stretching eastward, but the inlet eating its way in a southwesterly direction, had gradually undermined and cut away all but a small portion. On that we stood, and beneath our feet must rest, if my dream said right, the hidden booty of the robber Kidd.

The moment was not auspicious for talk. I gave one look around. Shinnecock Light shone out steadfast; behind, to the right, the moon had shouldered under a cloud, and the ocean lay mysterious; to the left and rear the inlet hurried its dark waters to the sea, past the steep bank. Flinging myself down, I measured one man's length upon the sand, and began to dig with a piece of drift-wood I had picked up on the way. Seized with a hopeful sympathy, the others set to work with like implements, but not a word was said.

We had worked thus about five minutes, when an exclamation brought every one to his feet. A man broke a branch from the

hollow he had formed, and waved it over his head.

"I see the top of the buried tree,"  
he chanted, in guttural tones.

This set us to work with fury. We soon had a large pit scooped out, and really began to open up branches of an upright tree. A cry from the leader stopped the work. He stood erect, leaving his rude shovel sticking in the sand.

We all gathered around David. He said no word, but we knew he had found it. He motioned us to scrape away the sand. When it was done, there lay exposed the broad top of a chest, barred with rusty iron, and ragged with nails of brass, where an outer casing of wood must have rotted off.

So there it lay, after all, greatly to my surprise as I reflected, but evidently not to that of the Shinnecocks.

"It is my privilege to open this," I cried, suddenly starting into life. I seized the log used by David, and driving it far into the sand, began to pry at the box. One or two eager hands lent their power to mine, and with a determined push the rusty mass flew up.

It was a mere shell, a rusted lid. All below it was solid sand.

When I recovered consciousness it was to feel that I had been seized and cast into a swiftly running tide. I attempted to stem it, but before I could look about me I was swept out of sight of the dark land.

This, then, was the end. I was to die among these cold waves, each one like the other, far away where no one would know how I expired. I did not think of Miriam. It was to every one else but her that my heart went out. I began to calculate how long I could keep afloat. The morning was not far distant; but, alas! too far to find me alive.

Despairingly I raised myself on the top of a wave and gazed about. What was that great white mass that followed me? A sail? The acute agony of suspense during the next few minutes was forgotten when the sloop, following the main current off the inlet, swept along close beside me, and I caught the edge of the boat that trailed behind her stern.

I was saved, but a prisoner for a voyage to the fishing banks. When the mill saw me again, Aunt Rachel gave a scream of delight. Then she put her hand on my mouth.

"Remember your oath," she said.

"What do I care for the oath?" said I. "I am no blab. Where is Miriam?"

"Why, it was kind of sudden," said she, in her old complaining voice. "But Miriam and Dr. Gray they were married last month. There! there! Why, you take it real to heart, don't you?"

I had burst into an unmanly fit of tears.



## THE STONE AGE IN EUROPE.

By CHARLES RAU.



THE MAMMOTH.

## I.—THE DRIFT.

ALL races of the earth, it is now well understood, were at a certain period of their existence so little advanced in the arts of civilization that necessity compelled them to employ wood, bone, horn, shells, but especially *stone*, as the materials for manufacturing their simple tools, weapons, and objects of personal adornment. This period, doubtless every where of long duration, is called the *Stone Age*. It preceded in Europe, and probably in certain parts of Asia and Africa, the introduction of *bronze*, which is a mixture of copper and tin, the latter metal usually forming about one-tenth of the composition; and bronze again was finally superseded by *iron*, the most important of all metals, and the great lever of civilization. Thus we have for the Old World three succeeding phases of human development, the Ages of Stone, Bronze, and Iron, which demonstrate that man slowly and gradually emerged from a condition of utter barbarism, and ultimately, after long-continued struggles, advanced toward the highest state of modern refinement. It is supposed by many persons who have not paid sufficient attention to the subject that the Stone Age was a state of existence common to the whole population of the Old World during a certain period of remote antiquity. This is an error which needs correction. The same age which was an Age of Stone in one part of the Eastern hemisphere may have been an Age of Metal in another. Thus certain nations of Europe may have been so far advanced that they used bronze, while others, as yet unacquaint-

ed with metallurgy, continued to employ stone and other available materials in the fabrication of their implements. The various degrees of technical ability attained by the aboriginal inhabitants of the American continent at the time of its discovery may be adduced as an illustration. The North American Indians north of Mexico lived, as every one knows, in an Age of Stone, fashioning out of this material their arrow and spear heads, hatchets, cutting implements, agricultural tools, and smoking utensils. It is true, they employed copper to a limited extent

for similar purposes, chiefly, however, for objects of ornament. Yet they had no knowledge of melting that metal; they simply hammered masses of native copper, obtained from the shores of Lake Superior, into the required shapes, and consequently treated copper as malleable stone. The more civilized Mexicans and Peruvians, on the other hand, were skillful workers in various metals, such as gold, silver, copper, and tin, the last two of which they melted together, thus producing bronze, a composition, as experience taught them, much harder than pure copper. Yet even these more advanced nations of America, notwithstanding their knowledge and frequent application of bronze, still continued to use to a great extent tools and weapons of stone at the time when their countries were invaded by the Spaniards, who consequently witnessed that curious epoch in American civilization which may be called the transition from the Age of Stone to that of Bronze. The wretched inhabitants of Tierra del Fuego are even now living in an Age of Stone, and so were many of the remote North American tribes not long ago, before the wave of emigration from the East had reached them. As for *iron*, no facts have come to light which would indicate that the extraction of this metal from its ores was practiced by *any* of the nations and tribes of America. The introduction of iron in this continent is coeval with the arrival of colonists from Europe. In the Old World, likewise, the introduction of bronze caused nowhere a sudden discontinuance of the manufacture and use of stone instruments, a fact proved by their



frequent occurrence in burial-places and other deposits of the Bronze Age; and even in times when the superior qualities of iron were already known, implements of stone had not yet entirely fallen into disuse. We lay some stress on these facts, lest the reader might be led into the error of looking upon the three ages as sharply defined phases in the development of man in the Eastern hemisphere.

Among the recent results of archæological investigation in Europe which are especially calculated to throw light on the primitive condition of man, we mention first the discovery of rude flint implements associated with the bones of extinct animals, such as the mammoth, the rhinoceros, and others, in the undisturbed drift deposits along certain rivers in France and England. The drift beds inclosing those implements and animal remains are formed by layers of sand, gravel, and loam, which extend along the slopes of river valleys, and reach sometimes to a height of two hundred feet above the present water-levels, although their usual elevation does not exceed forty feet. These beds of drift evidently were not deposited by the sea, but by former or still existing rivers, for the shells which they contain belong to land and fresh-water species, and not to such as inhabit the sea. The materials composing them, moreover, consist of fragments of the same rocks which occur in the areas drained by the rivers themselves, a circumstance affording another proof of their having been deposited by these waters. The latter, of course, had formerly a greater expanse and ran at much higher levels, indicated in each case by the height of the deposits along their banks. Hence the enormous time may be inferred which it required to excavate the present river-channels. The climate of Europe, there can be little doubt, was much colder when those deposits were in progress of forming than it is at present. Every spring, consequently, the melting of the accumulated masses of ice and snow caused the rivers to rise to considerable heights, flooding extensive portions of the adjacent country, deepening the river-channels, and spreading over the valleys the *débris* of the surface, together with the remains of animals destroyed by the floods.

The knowledge of the occurrence of flint tools in such strata dates as far back as the beginning of the last century; but the importance attached to the subject was then overlooked, and only at the present time the full significance of these unpretending relics of by-gone ages has been duly recognized. The celebrated Cuvier, it is well known, denied, or, to say the least, doubted, the existence of fossil human remains, and his authority fixed, as it were, the opinion of men of science; for it is a general experience

that prominent investigators leave not only their achievements, but likewise their errors, as inheritances to the world.

About 1715 a spear-head-shaped flint implement, still preserved in the British Museum, was found with the skeleton of an elephant in the gravel on which London stands, and at the beginning of the present century Mr. John Frere discovered many flint articles of similar form in a fresh-water formation near Hoxne, Suffolk, in conjunction with the jaw-bone and teeth of what he called "an enormous unknown animal," which proved to be an elephant. The flint implements occurred in this place in great number, about five or six in a square yard, and the manner in which they lay seemed to favor the conclusion that they had been manufactured on the spot. The formation consisted of stratified loam and gravel, the latter containing the flint tools and the fossil bones. The bed of loam was employed at the time of Mr. Frere in the fabrication of brick, and even about 1860, when some English geologists examined the locality, the extraction of clay was still going on in the same brick-pit, and it was ascertained, moreover, that the layers still yielded from time to time these instruments of flint.

Mr. Frere's discovery, however, was little heeded at the time when it occurred, and soon vanished from the memory of men of science, until it was brought again to their notice many years afterward, when Boucher de Perthes made known the important results of his investigations. This enthusiastic and indefatigable French savant began in 1841 his examination of the gravel beds in the valley of the Somme, at Menchecourt, near Abbeville, Picardy, during which he found in these strata a great number of flint tools of antique type, in connection with the remains of the mammoth and other extinct quadrupeds, under circumstances which warranted the conclusion that the manufacturers of the tools and those animals lived at the same period. Instigated by the success of Boucher de Perthes, Dr. Rigollot, of Amiens, in the same valley, searched the drift beds near that place, especially those of St. Acheul, in the suburbs of Amiens, and collected in the course of a few years several hundred specimens of flint tools, resembling in the rudeness of their make those from the gravel-pits of Abbeville. Though flint implements of similar character were afterward found in corresponding deposits in France, and quite frequently in England, those of the valley of the Somme, on account of their abundance, have attracted the greatest share of attention, and therefore have become types of the whole class.

The prevailing geological formation in the north of France, and especially in Pic-



ardy, is the chalk, containing here as elsewhere those well-known nodules of flint, the formerly much-sought material of which, before the introduction of percussion-caps and lucifer-matches, gun-flints and "strike-a-lights" were manufactured. In times long past, before the district of the Somme exhibited its present geological features, tertiary deposits, chiefly of a sandy character, covered these cretaceous rocks. The tertiary strata, however, mostly have been carried away by the action of water, and their materials, converted by solution and attrition into clayey substance, sand, and gravel, settled, with other *débris*, upon the denuded chalk, and thus contributed to the formation of the drift in the valley, through which the river has scooped its channel. The valley is about a mile wide between Amiens and Abbeville, and increases in width as it approaches the British Channel, into which the Somme empties.

At Menchecourt, near Abbeville, where Boucher de Perthes discovered the first flint tools, sometimes twenty or thirty feet below the surface of the soil, Sir Charles Lyell has pointed out three distinct layers, which we will describe in a few words, proceeding in descending order:

1. Brown clay, with angular flints, and occasionally chalk rubble, unstratified, following the slope of the hill, of very varying thickness, from two to five feet and upward.

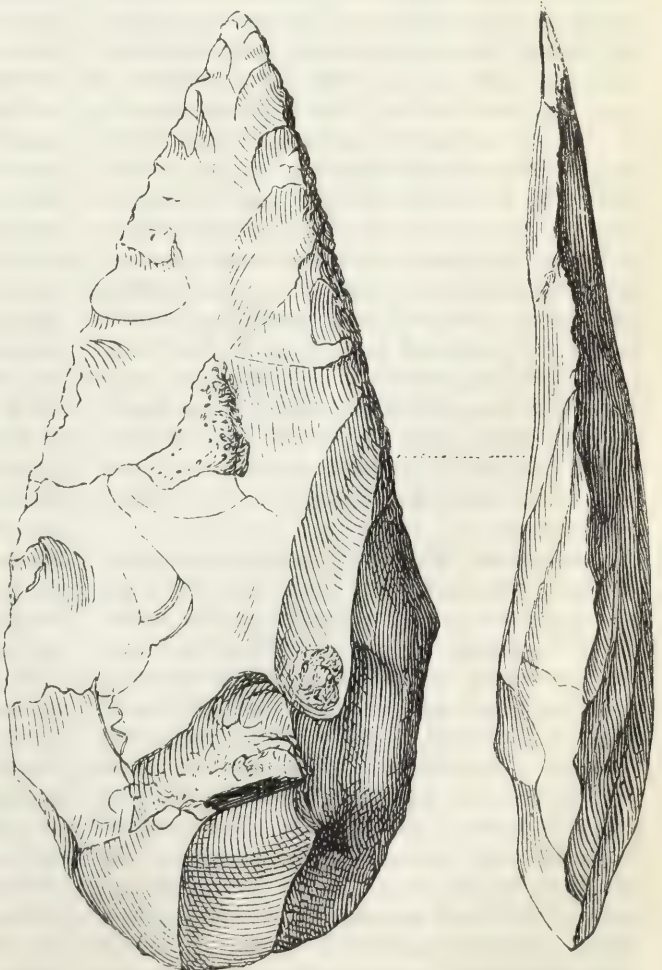
2. Calcareous loam, buff-colored, resembling loess, for the most part unstratified, in some places with slight traces of stratification, containing fresh-water and land shells, with bones of elephants, etc.; thickness about fifteen feet.

3. Alternations of beds of gravel, marl, and sand, with fresh-water and land shells, and in some of the lower sands a mixture of marine shells; also bones of elephant, rhinoceros, etc., and flint implements; thickness about twelve feet.

This third layer rests immediately upon the chalk. The mixture of fluvatile and marine shells observed in it proves, according to Lyell, that the sea sometimes gained upon the river, whether at high tides or when the fresh-water was less in quantity during the dry season, and sometimes, perhaps, when the land was slightly depressed in level. All these accidents might occur again and again at the mouth of any river, and give rise to alternations of fluvatile and marine strata.

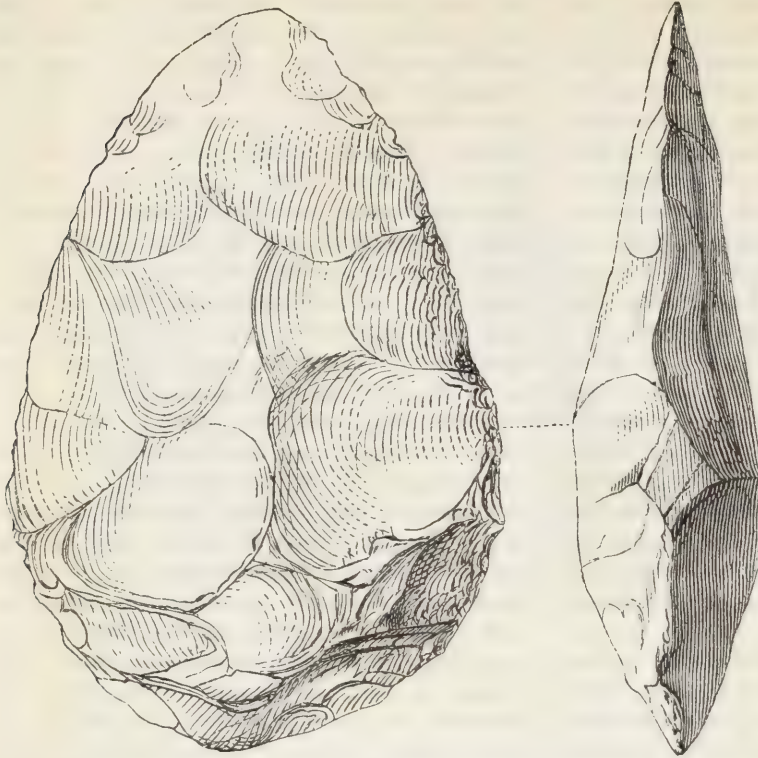
The flint implements themselves are very rude, and obviously indicative of the low and barbarous

state of those who fashioned them. They were split from the nodules of flint so frequently occurring in the chalk; some of them even exhibit portions of the chalky crust which always surrounds these flinty bodies. The two prevailing forms of the flint tools are those of roughly wrought spear-heads and of oval or almond-shaped disks, sharpened around their edges, the latter kind being denominated "hatchets," from their resemblance to stone hatchet blades still in use among very low tribes of savages. The implements of the spear-head type are more abundant at Amiens, while the so-called hatchets prevail near Abbeville. Besides these, numerous flakes of various shapes and sizes occur in the drift of the Somme, which were in most cases the result of a single blow, being split off during the process of fashioning the more finished tools already mentioned. Many of these flakes doubtless served for cutting, scraping, and other kindred purposes. The shape of the implements designated as hatchets and spear-heads depended, in all probability, much on the original outline of the chalk-flints from which they were manufactured. These nodules are mostly of a roundish or elongated form; and in making their tools the ancient people of the Somme Valley knocked two of them to-



DRIFT IMPLEMENT FROM ST. AOEUL, AMIENS (HALF SIZE).





DRIFT IMPLEMENT FROM ST. ACHEUL, AMIENS (HALF SIZE).

gether until flattish fragments of suitable size came off, which they brought into the required shape by blows aimed at their circumference. Hence many of the implements are not exactly of the oval or spear-like form, but present shapes intermediate between them. As a rule, the narrower or more pointed end of these instruments is the one adapted for cutting. The tools of the spear-head type usually vary in length from six to eight inches, though larger ones have been found. Many of them seem to have been used with the hand, the end opposite the pointed part being often thick and massive to facilitate handling; and in some the lower end has not been fashioned at all, but has been left in its original state, when the form of the flint presented a suitable handle. Others, which are worked thinner at the lower end, perhaps were fastened to poles, and thus actually served as spear-heads.

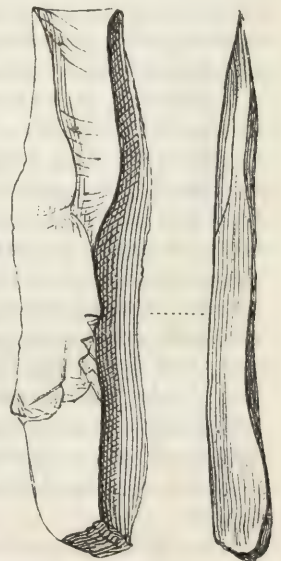
Considering the strength and character of the quadrupeds surrounding these primeval people, it seems hardly probable that they could have dispensed with long weapons for attack and defense. A number of the implements called hatchets were inserted, it is believed, in cleft sticks, and fastened with the sinews or hides of animals, thus fulfilling the purpose which their name implies. Such primitive weapons were common among many races in various parts of the world, as they are, indeed, even in our days among the natives of Australia; and the grooved North American stone tomahawk, around which a withe was bent for a handle, presents but a higher

development of the rude hatchet of the drift.

It must be particularly stated that none of the implements found in the river drift are provided with ground edges, and that no other process but that of chipping was employed in shaping them. The art of grinding and polishing utensils of stone belongs to a much later phase of the European Stone Age, when a variety of characteristic and well-defined tools and weapons had superseded the primitive productions of the savage men who were coeval with the extinct animals. Archaeologists therefore divide the European Stone Age into a period of chipped and one of ground stone, or, technically speaking, into a *palæolithic* (old-stone) and a *neolithic* (new-stone) peri-

od. These distinctions will be more minutely explained hereafter.

The appearance of the drift implements indicates their high antiquity. Originally split from a dull dark gray flint, their surfaces are now altered in various ways, according to the character of the matrix which inclosed them. Those that are found in chalky or siliceous sands have a polished, glossy appearance, altogether different from that of newly broken flint; others, taken from ochrous or ferruginous sands, are stained with yellow or brown colors; in some beds they appear white and porcelain-like, and in others they are covered with a calcareous film. Occasionally the surface of the flint tools is marked with those dark moss or tree-like figures called *dendrites*, which owe their origin to infiltrations of oxides of iron and manganese; and though these markings furnish no proof of very high antiquity, having been noticed on bones obtained from later Roman graves, they are nevertheless, says Lyell, a useful test of antiquity when suspicions are entertained of the workmen having forged the hatchets they offer



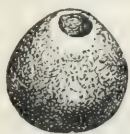
FLINT FLAKE FROM MONTIERS, AMIENS (HALF SIZE).



for sale. Generally speaking, the flint tools exhibit the same alterations of surface which characterize the flint pebbles found in connection with them. It is evident, therefore, that both were deposited at the same period.

Though we have already attempted to indicate some of the probable uses to which the flint tools were applied, it must not be inferred that people in as low a state as the drift men were particularly choice in the employment of their scanty utensils, which, on the contrary, as we may suppose, had to serve for various purposes as the exigencies of the moment required. "It is useless," says Sir John Lubbock, "to speculate upon the use made of these rude yet venerable weapons. Almost as well might we ask, to what use could they *not* be applied? Numerous and specialized as are our modern instruments, who would care to describe the exact use of a knife? But the primitive savage had no such choice of tools. We see before us perhaps the whole contents of his workshop; and with these implements, rude as they seem to us, he may have cut down trees, scooped them out into canoes, grubbed up roots, attacked his enemies, killed and cut up his food, made holes through the ice in winter, prepared fire-wood, etc."

The implements just described constitute the only remains of human industry thus far found in the river drift of Picardy, although it may be presumed that the primeval people of the Somme Valley employed various objects made of wood, bone, and horn; but these, being less durable than the almost indestructible flint, have perished. Strange enough, there is some reason for the supposition that the men who once dwelt in this region, notwithstanding their extremely low state, already evinced that love for personal adornment which seems to be innate in human nature, and has been met even among the least advanced of mankind. There occurs in the cretaceous formation a small globular petrification, *Coscinopora globularis*,



COSCINOPORA  
GLOBULARIS  
(NATURAL SIZE).

which is either provided by nature with a hole passing through its middle, or has frequently on two opposite sides small cavities, the beginnings, as it were, of perforations, the material being softer and more spongy in the direction of the axis. Thus nature furnished objects which already presented beads, or could easily be converted into such, and it seems that the men of the drift actually employed them as ornaments; for Dr. Rigollot, in searching the gravel beds of Amiens, often found



DRIFT IMPLEMENT FROM IOKLINGHAM, SUFFOLK (HALF SIZE).

small groups or heaps of them in one place, all perforated, just as if they had been strung together at the time when they were brought to the spot. The writer has in his possession a number of such petrifications, exhibiting perfect as well as incipient perforations, obtained from the chalk of the Baltic island of Rügen, where they are supposed to have been used in the same manner by the ancient inhabitants.

During the years following the important discoveries of Boucher de Perthes and Dr. Rigollot, drift implements analogous to those of the Somme have been found in various parts of England, often in association with the remains of extinct animals, and thus furnishing, in corroboration of the results obtained by the French savants, the evidence of man's co-existence with creatures belonging to a long-lost fauna. The English implements occur, according to Mr. John Evans, "in beds of gravel, sand, and clay, for the most part on the slopes of existing river valleys, though occasionally at considerable distances from any stream of water, and in some rare cases not thus imbedded, but lying on the surface of the ground." Having gone into some detail in describing the drift tools of Picardy, we can not enter in this sketch upon the subject of similar British implements, but must refer the reader to Mr. John Evans's excellent work on the *Ancient Stone Implements, Weapons, and Ornaments of Great Britain*, in which the various river valleys and other localities yielding drift implements are enumerated, and the implements themselves carefully figured and described.

We must now proceed to give some ac-





SKELETON OF GIGANTIC IRISH DEER.

count of the principal animals, extinct as well as still living, that co-existed with man during the drift, in order to show more clearly what position human beings occupied in that remote period.

THE MAMMOTH (*Elephas primigenius*).—An elephant of huge size, with enormous tusks, much more curved than those of existing species. The remains of this animal, which became extinct in Europe at so early a period that not the slightest tradition of its former existence has survived, are found in the Old World from the northernmost parts of Siberia to the extreme west of Europe; it ranged as far southward as the north of Italy, but does not seem to have existed south of the Pyrenees. Bones of the mammoth also occur in North America, from Behring Strait to South Carolina. These elephants abounded in Siberia, where their carcasses repeatedly have been found imbedded in ice, the flesh and skin still well preserved. Toward the beginning of this century a Tungusian hunter discovered one inclosed by ice near the mouth of the river Lena. He waited until the animal had become exposed by the melting of its icy shroud, and then cut off its tusks, which he sold for fifty rubles. The flesh of the body

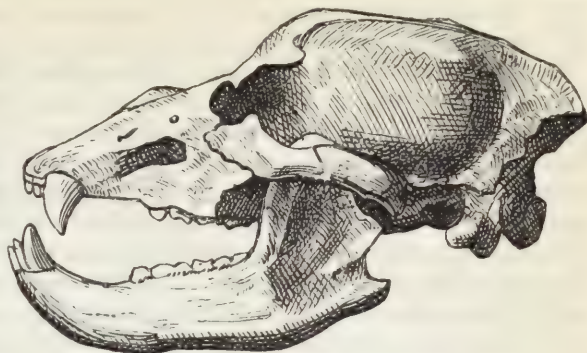
afforded for some time food to the dogs kept by the people of the neighborhood, and to white bears, wolves, foxes, and other wild beasts, until finally Mr. Adams, a member of the Academy of St. Petersburg, who traveled in that direction, put a stop to these ravages, and took pains to save the remains from further destruction. The skeleton was almost complete, excepting a fore-leg which the animals of prey had carried off. "According to the assertion of the Tungusian discoverer," says Professor Owen, "the animal was so fat that its belly hung down below the joints of the knees. This mammoth was a male, with a long mane on the neck; the tail was much mutilated, only eight out of the twenty-eight caudal vertebræ remaining; the proboscis was gone, but the places of the insertion of its muscles were visible on the skull; the skin, of which about three-fourths were saved, was of a dark gray color, covered with a reddish wool, and coarse long black hairs. The dampness of the spot where the animal had lain so long had in some degree destroyed the hair. The entire skeleton, from the fore part of the skull to the end of the mutilated tail, measured sixteen feet four inches; its height was nine feet four inches. The tusks measured



along the curve nine feet six inches, and in a straight line from the base to the point three feet seven inches. Mr. Adams detached the skin on the side on which the animal had lain, which was well preserved; the weight of the skin was such that ten persons found great difficulty in transporting it to the shore. After this the ground was dug in different places to ascertain whether any of its bones were buried, but principally to collect all the hairs which the white bears had trod into the ground while devouring the flesh, and more than thirty-six pounds' weight of hair was thus recovered. The tusks were purchased at Yakutsk, and the whole then expedited to St. Petersburg; the skeleton is now mounted in the Museum of the Petropolitan Academy."

Mammoth bones are found in great number in Siberia, and the tusks form a valuable article of commerce, furnishing the so-called fossil ivory. Thousands of tusks have been collected and used in turning, yet others are still procured and sold in great plenty. The mammoth roamed in large herds over the plains of Siberia, where it fed on the leaves of spruce and fir, and even crushed twigs of considerable size between its powerful molars. This animal, it is believed by some, existed for a long time in Northern Asia before it found its way to Europe, in which continent it does not seem to have lived prior to the period of the drift. Other species of elephants, among them the *Elephas antiquus*, existed during the drift time, but their remains occur less frequently than those of the mammoth.

THE WOOLLY-HAIRED RHINOCEROS (*Rhinoceros tichorhinus*).—An extinct animal whose remains occur mostly associated with those of the mammoth, showing that their range was nearly the same. It was frequent in Siberia, whence it seems to have emigrated to Europe with the mammoth. In its habits it resembled the last-named animal, feeding on leaves and boughs, and was likewise covered with a fur of combined wool and hair. The latter fact admits of no doubt, preserved specimens of this rhinoceros having been found imbedded in Siberian ice. This creature was large of



SKULL OF CAVE-BEAR.

body, but so short-legged that its belly must have nearly touched the ground. It carried two horns upon a nose supported by an osseous septum. Several species of rhinoceros lived at the epoch under notice, among which the woolly-haired is most frequently mentioned.

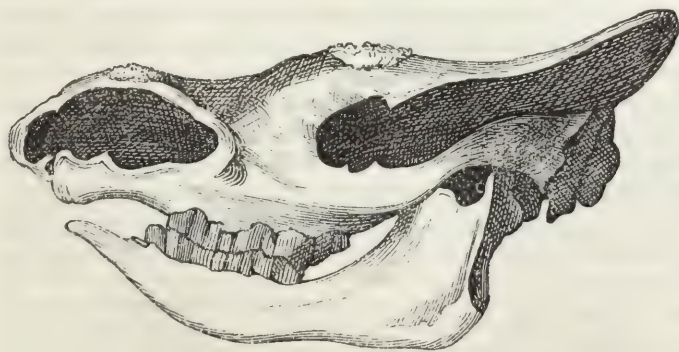
THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.—Probably represented by several species during the drift. One of them, the *Hippopotamus major*, was not uncommon.

THE CAVE-BEAR (*Ursus spelæus*).—The remains of this animal, as will be seen hereafter, are very frequent in caves; hence the name. They abound in Central Europe, especially in Germany, and in the southern parts of Russia, occurring also in Italy and Spain. The cave-bear, an earlier inhabitant of Europe than the mammoth, was a huge animal, surpassing in size the North American grizzly, and must have possessed great strength, though it has been inferred from the absence of the so-called gap-teeth in this species that it may have been less ferocious than its size would indicate. It is doubtful whether the cave-bear was the progenitor of any of the existing species of bear. Future investigations and comparisons probably will settle that point. Another bear of the period under notice, the *Ursus priscus*, is supposed by some to survive in the grizzly bear of this country.

THE CAVE-LION, perhaps more properly called cave-tiger (*Felis spelæa*).—An extinct animal, superior in size and strength to any of the present species of lions and tigers.

THE CAVE-HYENA (*Hyæna spelæa*).—Resembled the spotted hyena of the Cape, but was larger and more powerful.

THE URUS (*Bos primigenius*).—A large bovine, which became extinct in recent times. Cæsar describes these animals, which abounded at his time in the Hercynian Forest, in Germany, in the following terms: "They nearly equal the elephant in bulk, but in color, shape, and kind resemble a bull. They are of uncommon strength and swiftness, and spare neither man nor beast



SKULL OF WOOLLY-HAIRED RHINOCEROS.



that comes in their way. They are taken and slain by means of pits dug on purpose. This way of hunting is frequent among the youth of Germany, and serves to inure them to fatigue. They who kill the greatest number, and produce their horns in public as a proof, are in high reputation with their countrymen. It is found impossible to tame them or to conquer their fierceness, though taken ever so young. Their horns, both in largeness, figure, and kind, differ much from those of our bulls. The natives preserve them with great care, tip their edges with silver, and use them instead of cups on their most solemn festivals." They were hunted, according to the *Nibelungen Lied* of the twelfth century, in the forests near Worms, and are said to have still existed in Germany during the sixteenth century, soon after which they seem to have totally disappeared. These animals co-existed with the mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros, and their geographical distribution was extensive, remains of them occurring throughout Europe: in England, Denmark, Sweden, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and even, it is said, in Northern Africa. The race is now extinct, unless it has survived, as some have suggested, in the large Frisian oxen, or the wild cattle of Chillingham, in England.

**THE AUROCHS, OR BISON** (*Bison europæus*).—Another large bovine, resembling the North American bison, erroneously called buffalo. The aurochs seems to have existed in Europe long before the arrival of the mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros. Remains are found in England, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Denmark. Pliny and Seneca speak of it as existing in the great forests of Germany, but Cæsar gives no account of the animal, which is, however, mentioned, by the side of the urus, in the *Nibelungen Lied*, and was still hunted, it is said, in Prussia down to the year 1775, after which it became extinct in Germany. These bisons would have totally disappeared from Europe but for the care of the Russian government, which preserves a herd of them in a forest of Lithuania, guarding against their destruction by strict laws. A few also occur wild in the Caucasus Mountains.

**THE MUSK-OX, OR MUSK-SHEEP** (*Ovibos moschatus*).—Now totally extinct in the Old World, but still inhabiting in herds the arctic regions of America, seldom wandering farther south than the sixty-eighth parallel. It is a horned animal of the size of very small cattle, and clad in a dense fur of long silky hair. Remains are found in Central Europe, and rarely in England.

**THE GIGANTIC IRISH DEER** (*Megaceros hibernicus*).—This beautiful stag, which once inhabited Germany, France, Italy, and England, but especially Ireland, had entirely disappeared before historical times. A mys-

terious animal mentioned as the *schelch* in the *Nibelungen Lied* has been thought to be identical with the Irish deer; yet this is an opinion unsupported by any evidence. Its bones are said to occur often in peat bogs; but Professor Owen, who made numerous inquiries on the subject, believes that the remains generally are met in a shell marl underlying the peat. The Irish deer seems to have lived in Europe as early as the tertiary period. The animal was ten feet four inches high, and carried on its small head magnificent antlers, measuring eleven feet between their tips.\*

To this list should be added the reindeer, which played a very conspicuous part in the prehistoric times of Europe, the horse, stag, elk, hog, and likewise numerous smaller animals which lived at the period under consideration, as proved by collateral evidence, though their bones, on account of their inferior size, have not been preserved in the river gravel; and it may be stated here that only the larger and more solid bones of the elephant and hippopotamus, the ox, horse, and stag, are found in these deposits. The fauna of the European drift comprised, besides the extinct mammalians, such as the mammoth, rhinoceros, Irish deer, etc., most of the now existing species, and was consequently richer and more varied than that of the present day.

The climate of Europe, as we already observed, must have been more rigorous at that period than at present. Yet the cave-lion, hyena, hippopotamus, elephant, rhinoceros, etc., would seem to indicate a warm rather than a cold climate. In order to anticipate this objection, which is likely to suggest itself to the reader, we will repeat that the elephant and rhinoceros of that period, unlike the almost hairless species of our days, were covered with a dense fur consisting of wool and hair, which enabled them to endure an arctic temperature. The tiger of Southern Asia has been seen in Siberia as far north as the fifty-second degree; and in the north of Africa hyenas are known to prowl about the highest regions of the Atlas Mountains, where during winter a severe cold, with ice and snow, is reigning. Of the extinct carnivores, moreover, the bones only have been found, and nothing is known of their external covering, which may have been suited to a cold temperature. The reindeer, essentially a northern animal both in the Old World and in North America, has long ceased to live in the west of Europe, and has retreated to the coldest part of that continent, while the musk-ox, entirely extinct in Europe, survives only in the snow regions of North America, ranging, it is be-

\* A fine skeleton of the fossil Irish deer is to be seen in the Central Park Museum of Natural History. It was presented to the museum by Professor Albert S. Bickmore.



lieved, even higher toward the pole than the reindeer. Lastly, we have to mention, as characteristic of the European drift, the glutton, lemming, rat-hare (lagomys), and pouched marmot, all of them now inhabitants of cold countries.

All these facts, to which others of similar purport could be added if it were deemed necessary, are indicative of a rigorous temperature during the time when the river gravels were deposited, and such a state is perfectly corroborated by geological evidence, as we will try to explain in a few words.

The quaternary formation, to which the deposits of river gravel belong, is geologically the most recent one, although it extended over an immense period of time. It was preceded by the tertiary epoch, during which a milder temperature reigned, as indicated by the character of the then existing plants and animals. "The end of the tertiary period," says Professor Vogt, "which we do not separate from the present by a sharply defined line, but by a broad transitional margin, was doubtless distinguished by a somewhat warmer climate than that which at present obtains in Central Europe. While in the middle of the tertiary period palms were growing in Switzerland, and high Californian pine-trees in Iceland, the end of the tertiary period was marked by a number of evergreen plants, with a temperature in Switzerland like that of Italy." Toward the end of the tertiary period a change in the physical condition of the earth was effected by a general refrigeration, which, of course, exerted a powerful and modifying influence on the organic beings then in existence. Under the influence of various causes not yet sufficiently recognized, large portions of Europe, Asia, and America became covered with huge masses of ice, while the lower lands of the continents were flooded by glacial waters. This remarkable change constituted an epoch of extremely long duration, until at length the glaciers melted, and a milder temperature was gradually restored. Land and water were then somewhat differently distributed in Europe: the Baltic, for instance, is supposed to have communicated with the White Sea and the Sea of Kara, and England perhaps was still connected with the main-land of Europe, and Denmark with Norway. Many curious phenomena, such as the transportation of boulders and the formation of loess, are connected with this so-called *Glacial Period*.\*

\* Some geologists believe in two glacial epochs separated by a period of milder temperature. Mr. James Geikie has published in the course of this year (1874) a work entitled *The Great Ice Age, and its Relation to the Antiquity of Man*, in which he advances views differing from those held by many other geologists. He is of opinion that certain animals whose remains occur commingled in river gravels and cave deposits can not have been contemporary inhabitants of the same

an exposition of which belongs to geology, and, of course, can not be attempted in this place. For our purpose it suffices to have alluded to the circumstance which produced toward the end of the tertiary period that change in the temperature which permitted animals now belonging to northern climates to subsist in Western Europe; for though the tool and bone bearing gravels so often mentioned in these pages probably were not deposited during the glacial period, but somewhat later, it is evident that its after-effect was then still keenly operating.

Surrounded by an animal world such as we have described, under an inclement sky, lived the first human beings of whom any tangible tokens have been left.\* They subsisted by hunting and fishing, but represented, beyond question, the lowest type of that condition of human existence. Archæologists are accustomed to infer the social state of prehistoric populations from the productions of their mechanical skill; and here we behold in the west of Europe a race of men who used the most primitive weapons ever found, and with these wretched arms, some of which were attached to clubs and poles, they fought the beasts of the field and met each other in deadly combat. They were unacquainted, as it appears, with the use of bows and arrows, and with the manufacture of pottery. Indeed, they lived in the lowest stage of the Stone Age, which age, at later periods, has furnished a variety of tools and weapons remarkable for the skill, and even for the sense of elegance, of those who made them.

Human remains were long sought in vain in the tool and bone bearing strata of the Somme Valley, and many were the reasons given to account for their absence. It was said, for instance, that the number of human beings living at the drift period must have been small in comparison with that of the animals of the same epoch, the severe struggle for existence not permitting the race to multiply in a rapid ratio; and the comparative smallness of human bones, moreover,

localities of Europe, and he therefore believes in alternate changes or oscillations of climate, which permitted tropical and northern species of animals to inhabit certain districts at different periods, when the temperature was congenial to their respective natural habits. Southern quadrupeds, like the hippopotamus, tiger, and hyena, he thinks, can not have lived side by side with the reindeer, musk-ox, mammoth, or woolly rhinoceros; and he rejects the view of those geologists who bridge over this difficulty by assuming that certain animals of the first-named class migrated annually during the severe season to warmer regions, and returned to their old haunts again when milder weather set in. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Geikie's conclusions will be adopted.

\* Whether the human race can be traced as far back as the tertiary period is a question which the future will decide. Some slight indications at least of man's presence before the quaternary epoch are not wanting, and the fact may yet be established by incontestable evidence.



was adduced as a ground for their disappearance. At length, however, M. Boucher de Perthes succeeded in finding, at Moulin-Quignon, near Abbeville, a human lower jaw of peculiar shape, which he extracted himself from the stratum immediately above the chalk. The jaw is of the same dark bluish color that characterizes the surrounding sand, as well as the flint tools occurring in the latter. This discovery was followed shortly afterward by that of other human remains at the same place. The jaw-bone of Moulin-Quignon, now preserved in the Museum of Natural History at Paris, has given rise to many discussions among the learned, even to a congress of French and English savants held *in loco*. Generally speaking, French and German anthropologists consider the jaw as a relic belonging to the age of the mammoth and the worked flints, while the savants of England seem to be skeptical in the matter. No doubts, however, are entertained with regard to portions of the human skeleton found in 1868 by Messrs. Bertrand and Reboux in the valley of the Seine, near Clichy and elsewhere near Paris, in the same beds in which implements of the true drift type have been discovered.

We can not quote in this short sketch the computations of geologists concerning the antiquity of the river drift; for these details we must refer to the proper authorities, such as Sir Charles Lyell, Evans, and others. Yet, in conclusion, we will draw the reader's attention to a remarkable circumstance relating to the age of the drift in the valley of the Somme. There extends through a considerable portion of that valley a bed of peat from twenty to thirty feet in thickness, and undoubtedly of later origin than the drift deposits of the same locality. In this peat are found imbedded the bones of quadrupeds and shells, all of the same species now inhabiting Europe; and, further, trunks of the alder and walnut and stems of the hazel, together with nuts of the same. The workmen who cut the peat declare that in the course of their lives none of the hollows which they have found or caused by extracting peat have ever been refilled even to a small extent, and therefore deny that peat grows. This, however, is a mistake, the increment in one generation not being perceptible to an ordinary observer. Near the surface of the peat occur Gallo-Roman remains, and still deeper, weapons of the later Stone Period. But the depth at which these works of art are found can not be considered as a sure test of age, the peat being often so fluid that heavy substances may sink through it by their own weight. In one instance, however, Boucher de Perthes observed several large flat dishes of Roman pottery lying in a horizontal position in the peat, the shape of which must have prevented them from sinking through

the underlying peat. Allowing about fourteen centuries for the growth of the superincumbent vegetable matter, he calculated that the thickness gained in a hundred years would be no more than three French centimeters, or about nine-eighths of an English inch. "This rate of increase," says Sir Charles Lyell, from whom the above statements are taken, "would demand so many thousands of years for the formation of the entire thickness of thirty feet that we must hesitate before adopting it as a chronometric scale."

## AMERICAN HUMOR.

BY THE HON. S. S. COX.



**H**UMOR in its literal meaning is moisture. Its derived sense is different; but while it is now a less sluggish element than moisture, we still associate with humor some of its old relations. In old times physicians reckoned several kinds of moisture in the human body—phlegm, blood, choler, and melancholy. They found one vein particularly made for a laugh to run in, the blood of which being stirred, the man laughed, even if he felt like crying, whether he would or no. Tasso describes in his serious epic, *Jerusalem Delivered*, the death of the knight Ardonio, who, at the taking of Jerusalem, was slain by a Persian lance, which

"Pierced him through the vein  
Where Laughter has her fountain and her seat,  
So that (a dreadful bane)  
He laughed for pain, and laughed himself to death."

The temper of the mind seemed to the old doctors to change as one or the other of these kinds of moisture predominated. Thus the mind received its prevailing tone. As the current of moisture changed from time to time, humor began to mean the *present* disposition of the man. His characteristic peculiarities seemed to depend on these mercurial influences of the body; and as men



never laugh at that which is common to them all, as they never raise a laugh at their own expense, and as they must laugh, they seized upon the oddities, whims, and the angularities of the "other man," his out-of-the-way talk and conduct, and made these human ficklenesses the sources of jocularity. So humor in our tongue reached its present signification.

It has, however, a more restricted meaning. Various definitions have been given of it. Some consider the essence of humor to be in its serio-jocoseness, as if it were a scarf of mock gravity cast over pleasantry to make it more attractive. But this can be affirmed of humor only in part.

Others confound it with wit. They define humor as the point in which pain and pleasure meet to produce a third element, which partakes of both—a sort of voluptuous torture, like being pinched by a pretty girl. Hence some humor makes us cry, and some makes us laugh. Less prettiness and more pinching bring tears; more prettiness and less pinching, smiles. It is the identity of contraries—candied ill temper, pickled good nature. They hold that contrast alone is the element of humor. This does not square with our theory. Humor has no sting. The humorous man is, from his very sensibility, likely to be gentle and pathetic, but not malignant. He can rain tears as well as bring smiles. The tear, too, may have its prism of humor. But pathos has a law and an orbit of its own, though it may often meet in conjunction with humor.

Hobbes attributed all laughter to a sense of exulting superiority, and even pleasure in the pain of another. That sort of laughter may do for fiends, not for men. Men laugh at wit as well as at humor. So they do at farce. There is much of humor in both wit and farce. They are divided from humor by no very clear lines; yet humor is neither wit nor farce. Wit cuts, humor tickles; farce grins, humor smiles. Wit is polished and sharp, an edge-tool dangerous to handle in the most practiced hands. Humor may be rusty, though never dull. While wit uses the scalpel, brings blood, divides our members, cuts out the gangrene, and oftentimes the healthy parts, humor manipulates gently, or gestures with the playful finger under the ribs of jollity, never drawing blood, but pumping up the moisture until the eyes run over with gladness. Farce, on the other hand, is the caricature of humor. It shakes one rather roughly, disturbs the gentler currents, until they lose their lucid mirthfulness in the muddy rush of broad guffaw.

Wit is not always a desirable quality. The worst men often use it. The devil generally monopolizes it. John Randolph had it and used it. Voltaire, that embodied epigram, curt and unconscionable, wrote and

talked in that vein. The lustre of humor never tingled in his blood nor shed its geniality on his time. He became a thin stick of caustic, withering and blackening whatever it touched. Cervantes, however, wrote in a different vein, and made men merry at the incongruities of the Don and Sancho, while he strove to better human nature. His humor wears the sterling stamp of humanity.

Humor differs only in degree, not in kind. The white man and black man both have



JOLLY DARKY.

fun in them, just as the diamond and charcoal are of the same material—carbon. In one it is crystallized and concentrated; in the other it is diffusive and combustible. Try each under the blow-pipe: the charcoal will glow with plentiful scintillations long before the diamond releases a sparkle of its light.

There are some phases in life which would stir humor in every man of sanity. Not that every one would laugh at the same object, but every one would laugh at some time of his life at some object. What would be a homeopathic pellet of humor to one would furnish another with a ton of fun, and *vice versa*.

Again, the humor of men differs at different hours of the day and at different epochs of their lives. Men are like some flowers. The common pink is blue early in the morning, and bright pink as the sun advances. Others are white in the morning, pink at noon, and red at sunset, as if they took their hues from the sun in his motions.

Moreover, what is amusing to a boy is puerile to a man, and what is painful to a boy may be pleasant to a man. Who does not remember that nothing was so dreaded by him at school as to be punished by sitting between two girls? But ah! the force of habit and the lapse of time! In after-





JOHN BULL AND JOHNNY CRAPAUD.

years we learn to submit to it without shedding a tear!

These varieties must be so from the variety of human vicissitude. An Englishman laughs at the untoward effort of a Frenchman to speak English, though a Frenchman would not laugh at John Bull's awkwardness at French; yet Johnny Crapaud never laughs more than at Bull's surly airs of assumed consequence. An African bursts into irrepressible glee at the faintest approach of the ludicrous, as if his mind had but one side, and it was all smitten and quivering with jollity; yet the grave Spaniard, his master, composedly smokes his cigarette and twirls his mustache, utterly impervious to the stroke. The one, like jelly, shakes with every motion around; the other is frigid, like ice, and thaws with a cold trickle of pleasure.

This diversity in humor is independent of education. It is not superficial either. No outside show can hide it. The spiritual tentaculæ are always vital and vibratory in some, ever dormant, if not dead, in others. Some would have a perpetual jubilee of life; their muscles are ever ready to relax at the absurdities of others; they have scouts and sentries ever on the alert; while others are so indifferent about it that it seems as if nature were

shrouded at their birth. Observe those two men on the cars. They buy *Harper's Magazine*. The one begins with the Scientific article, the other begins at the "Drawer end," and reads, like a Hebrew, backward.

There is no law for humor. Like the comet or the cholera, it comes—God only knows whence—and its very orbit is an eccentricity. It is very often humor only because it is exceptional. Queerness is the badge of its genuineness. Undertake to bring it into orbits, measure it by geometry, test it by equations, appreciate it by figures, or square it with roots and logic, and it is off! Its law is to have no law, and all attempts to philosophize about it were as well omitted. We know that *it is*, that it is different in different minds; but why, it is beyond philosophy to tell.

"Fat men are always humorous," says one who has a theory, and Falstaff is introduced as the illustration. The analogies of nature are pressed into the service of this oleaginous theory. Tom Hood is quoted where he says of the Australian soil that "it is so fat that, tickle it with a hoe, and it will laugh with a harvest." But fun and fat do not necessarily go together. Moisture of the muscles and layers of lard have no more to do with humor than meat has with manhood. Little Dr. Holmes would show you that by one turn of his "tread-mill." The beasts which feed most are the dullest. We must reject, then, the adipose theory. If we are to judge of a man's jollity by the juiciness of his body, one would think an



TWO READERS OF "HARPER."





HEAVY AND SOUR.

American to be the jolliest of mortals, for his salivary glands are in perpetual flux.

"Laziness begets laughter," says another theorist. Industrious people are too earnest and serious for jokes. Leisure leads to lev-



LIGHT AND JOLLY.

ity, and a nation that is always bending its sinews to labor can not unbend them to laugh. This is measurably true, but this will not hold as a general rule. There is something more radical, something too evanescent for apprehension, which determines the humorous temper of the mind. All

that we can say is that physical influences may and do modify its development, but the germinal principle in every man is different. What Mozart said of himself and his composing will illustrate what is meant: "I do not know in what my originality consists. Why my productions take that particular form or style which makes them Mozartish is probably owing to the same cause which makes my nose thus and so—makes it, in short, Mozart's nose, and different from other people's." Every man has his own humor as peculiar as his own features.

But as the people of one country may be alike even in their differences of body and mind, so there are peculiarities in the humor of different nations as marked as the geographical peculiarities of their country, or as their food. An Englishman loves roast beef; a German, krout; a Patagonian, red mud; a Kamtchatkan, blubber; a South Sea Islander, cold clergyman; a Peruvian Indian, the abominable chica; and the American, the weed! Their humorous taste is not less diverse.

To the eye of a comprehensive philosophy every thing is laughable, ludicrous, or ridiculous except that which is the proper attribute and investment of an honest heart and a pure soul. Sir Thomas More, in his ideal commonwealth, says that when the foreign ambassadors came into Utopia, and found that their gold gems and finery produced nothing but laughter, they were amazed. And if we ever have a perfect Utopian society, such amazement will salute every such shoddy and ostentatious adornment. I never doubted the story of an Emperor of Japan who died of immoderate laughter when told that the Americans governed themselves without a king, for to the Japanese sense of humor perhaps no more comical idea is entertainable. Indeed, it has sometimes become farcical to elector and elected, successful and defeated, in this country.

It is alleged that some nations have little or no humor, as the Dutch and Scotch. The solidity of the Dutch prevents a joke from getting through their sevenfold pile of clothing and flesh. As prone as we are in America to divide into parties and sects on every issue, we could never have divided on such a question as divided Holland and Zealand for two centuries. Their whole population were arrayed one against the other in a dispute which arose between two persons at a feast. The Hocks maintained one side, the Kaalbejanos the other. The agitation grew to such a pitch that the nobles and towns took sides. Each were ready to die for their colors, though the world was ready to die laughing at their dullness: and the vexed question was, Whether the cod-fish took the hook, or the hook took the cod-fish.

As to the Scotch, notwithstanding the humor of Burns, Smollett, and Scott, yet I



DUTCH TYPE.





SERIOUS AND CANNY.

think that Sydney Smith was not far from the truth when he said that it required a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotch understanding. Indeed, the same idea is conveyed in some of Black's recent Scottish novels.

I am not, however, prepared to agree that their only idea of humor is infinitely distressing, inasmuch as it consists in immoderately laughing at stated, or what I may call geometrical, intervals. If the Scotch were not so "canny," they might be more comically inclined. The possession of keenness and intelligence, and their constant use, render them too serious to jest. They want the ardor and impulses which the Irish have in abundance, and which give to them an unrelenting flow of mirth. Ireland makes up for her want of practical sagacity by the wit of her writers, the readiness of her repartees, and the drollery of her bulls. Macaulay hit the white when he said that Ireland was more interesting than prosperous.



AMERICAN FAST EATING.

Not only is the susceptibility to humor different among different nations, but the humorous objects differ by reason of different customs and habits. There is nothing very laughable to us in the manner in which we at our hotels and railroad dépôts gobble down our food, but even an Arab or a Chinese would laugh at the operation if we did not. Yet it is ludicrous to us to see an Arab lady pick out the choice tidbits with which you had loaded your plate, or roll a little ball of hash in her dainty fingers, and by way of especially honoring you, plug your mouth with it unexpectedly; or to see a Chinese with his chopsticks load himself up with boiled rice, and ram it down as we would wad in a gun! It is said that the ladies under the dominion of the Grand Lama, when good-looking, disfigure their faces to preserve them from vanity, I have never seen that recorded of our ladies—Heaven forbid! The idea, however, is as ludicrous as the Tartar custom of pulling a man by the ear when they want him to drink, and keep pulling till he opens his mouth, when they pour down the liquor. I

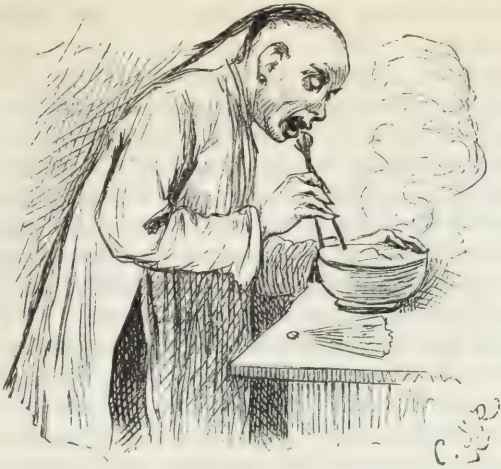


ARABS AT TABLE.

know a man whose ears do not require to be pulled!

There is nothing very laughable to an American in the shaking of hands, which is every where practiced in our country; but foreigners do find in it much amusement. Yet nothing will be more ridiculous to us than the salutation in Germany, where one may see two big, burly, hairy men rush to each other's embrace and kiss with school-girl fervency. The people of Thibet salute by lolling out the tongue and scratching the right ear, and the Esquimaux by rubbing their noses with their thumb and describing a conic section in the air with their fingers—a custom once practiced by mischievous urchins in our land, but not exactly as a salutatory grace. It is now happily honored in the breach. In Turkey an American traveling with his unveiled wife, even without





A CHINESE GRAM.



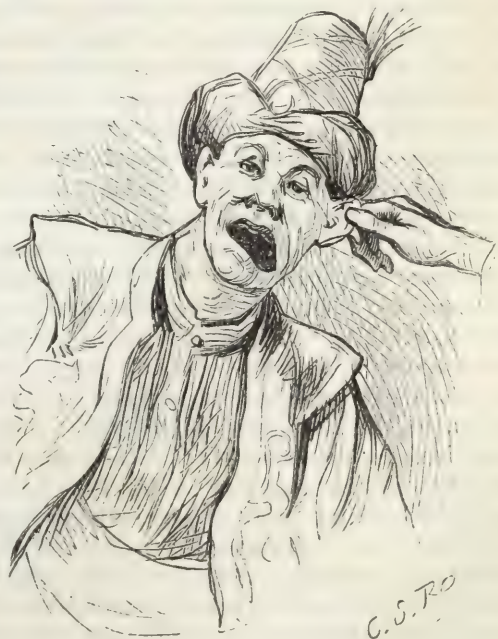
GERMAN SALUTATION.

the appendages, so usual here, of six small children and seven large trunks and band-boxes, is to them in a funny predicament. On the other hand, what would be funny with us, among the Turks is quite the reverse. An American gives us an instance in his experience in Syria. He was about to mount his mule amidst a crowd of Oriental visitors, and wished to give them an exaggerated idea of American agility. He jumped a little too far, and overshot the mark, coming down on the other side like a diver, with his hands and nose in the mud, his feet caught in the saddle, and his coat skirts cleverly rolled over his head to screen him from what he supposed was a laughing crowd. Yet not a soul smiled, not a sound was heard save a tender grunt of sympathy and demure offers of aid. Now a Turk in America, with baggy breeches and turbaned head, taking a leap over a mule in the streets of an American city, and getting stuck upside down, with his proboscis in a

rut and his heels in the saddle, would be saluted with something more than a grunt of sympathy and demure offers of aid. We have more humor than dignity; the Turks more dignity than humor. There never was an American who would not sacrifice his courtesy and sympathy to his fun. He must have it, however, well seasoned, and done in a hurry, and its prevailing characteristic must be exaggeration. You saw this illustrated even in the inordinate hopes of so calm and sedate a statesman as Mr. Seward, as to the closing up of our late civil war in sixty days. That was the huge joke of our time. There was a court in General Grant's army which sentenced a man to work ten years on General Butler's Dutch Gap Canal; and it was generally said, if not believed, in the army that Palmer, who made the patented limbs, had purchased 2000 acres of Western land, and planted them with locust and maple, with a view to economize in the future in his manufacture of arms and legs.



AMERICAN SALUTATION.



TARTAR INVITATION TO "SMILE."





ESQUIMAU SALUTATION.

I have dwelt thus elaborately on the philosophy of abstract humor, and the peculiar qualities of various nations in this regard, because we possess the exaggerations of all other countries, and because the quality of our humor is the result of our mosaic nationality. And our Anglo-Saxon brothers are like us. When repulsed at the Redan, and driven by the Russian bayonet helter-skelter, head-over-heels, into the trenches of the Crimea, they are reported to have tumbled in, even over the mangled and the dead, amidst roars of laughter.

Nations, then, have their peculiar humor, differing in degree. Some have undertaken to say just what quality pertains to the humor of different nations. It is said that French humor is that of the passions, English of the interests and social relations, German of the abstract, Italian of the artistic, Spanish of the romantic and fanciful, Arabian of the moral, and American of the pure comical intention; a slashing humor which will sacrifice feeling, interest, sociality, philosophy, romance, art, and morality for its joke; an overriding, towering humor that will one day make fun of all the rest of the world, not forgetting itself. But these distinctions are at best but arbitrary. They may indicate the main feature of the national humor, but they are in that as likely to be wrong as right, inasmuch as these distinctions themselves are made by men of different susceptibilities. The French have little humor either in their literature or character. The exaggerations of Rabelais, the comedy of Molière, and the questionable *naïveté* of Montaigne are but exceptions. Wit in all its brilliancy they have. Their dandyism, finicalness and fastidiousness do not sympathize heartily with the broad irony, full feeling, and strong sense which lie at the basis of humor. Genteel comedy, *opéra bouffe*, and farce they have; but where could you find in all France the bodies and souls which people the papers of Pickwick and hover around the canvas of Hogarth? Their humor, like their soups, are made out

of bones, and *maigre* at that. It lacks fibre and body.

Spanish humor has long since been exhausted. Hidalgo pomposity freezes fun. Once or twice I heard General Prim bring down a laugh in the Spanish Cortes, by quoting a saying of Sancho Panza. But General Butler's dash and roar would not be possible in such a body; for humor seldom goes in state, has no splendid shows, and boasts no grandee pedigree. It is one of the prerogatives of the fierce democracy and victorious republican, and has the right divine for its sanction. It disdains hauteur and pride. The American finds in the pretensions of others, even among themselves, "a thing for laughter, leers, fleers, and jeers." As sings Saxe, our most classical wag:

"Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,  
Your family thread you can't ascend,  
Without good reason to apprehend  
You may find it waxed at the further end  
By some plebeian vocation;  
Or, worse than that, your boasted line  
May end in a loop of stronger twine  
That plagued some worthy relation."

What a reservoir of humor, therefore, to an American is the *Don Quixote*, which takes off and down the grandiose chivalric Hidalgo? Is it not wonderful that it is not more read in this country? It is the very essence of exaggeration. Germany, in her paintings, her poetry, her prose, her social gatherings, her vine feasts, and holidays—how rich and varied is her humor! Whether it be Peter Schlemihl, whose shadow froze to an iceberg, or the metamorphoses of Mephistopheles, Germany is ever facetious and *riant*. With her Mischief himself is welcome, if he plays Momus. There is no smack of fun in all Fatherland that has not some spice of deviltry in its cup.

Italy has had little humor, and what she has is rather buffoonery, the product of a soil just reblooming with its elder culture. Humor likes free soil, full play, no formality, no starch and buckram. Hence it has always, from the time of Shakspeare and his Dogberry to the time of Hood and his Kilmansegg, exuberantly thriven on English soil, and, *a fortiori*, will thrive on American soil still more exuberantly, where all the several humors of the nations commingle in the oddest unreserve, and with the most imperturbable extravagance.

What, then, is the quality of American humor? How much of the electric talent do we possess?

As to the last inquiry, there are many reasons which might be urged, *a priori*, why we should be wanting in its finer development. We are too engrossed in practical matters; our eyes too much bent on the golden pavement to cultivate that hilarious spirit which is the offspring of leisure, laziness, fatness, freedom, carelessness, and un-



restraint. We shall see by-and-by how much force there is in this antecedent probability against our humor.

It is urged as a reason against our having the humorous gift that, as humor flows out of peculiarities of character and conduct, we can not have a national humor original and unique because of our cosmopolitanism; that if we have any humor, it will so partake of the quality of every other people as to be wanting in a distinct American quality.

Let us weigh this statement. It is true that no people were ever so composite as ours. On the Atlantic side the nations of all Europe have a theatre for the blending of their divers tempers, while on the Pacific side the Chinaman and Japanese, with their pig-tails and shorn crowns, lean forward to blend their laughterless physiognomy with the motley groups which people the placers, do the cooking and washing, and build the railroads of the Occident. It was only the other evening the writer addressed a meeting in New York city. It was composed of Hungarian Hebrews mostly. They drank lager, while the band played the *Mulligan Guards*. It was more than *E pluribus* *bragh*, *Erin go unum*!

Our institutions have made us the most affiliative people known to history. It may be that in grafting so many and divers shoots upon our national stock we are overburdening our productive energy, and neutralizing our native temper and tone. But I trust not. The predominant genius is *American*! Like the genius of the Grecian artist, it is eclectic, for out of many models it will educe the highest type, from divers discordances it will develop a comely concordance. Bancroft has said that our land was not more the recipient of the men of all countries than of their ideas. Annihilate the past of any one leading nation of the world, and our destiny would have been changed. Italy and Spain, in the persons of Isabella and Columbus, joined together for the great discovery that opened it for emigration and commerce; France contributed to its independence; the search for the origin of the language we speak carries us to India; our religions are from Palestine; of the hymns sung in our churches some were first heard in Italy, some in the deserts of Arabia, some on the banks of the Euphrates; our arts come from Greece, our jurisprudence from Rome, our maritime code from Russia; England taught us the system of common law, and Ireland the heart to love and defend the constitution of our federation; the noble republic of the United Provinces bequeathed to us the prolific principle of federal union. Our country stands, therefore, more than any other as the realization of the unity of the race. It may be asked, "Where, then, in all this Babel of tongues, jangle of ideas, crosses of race, and confusion of sys-

tems, is there any individual Americanism in our temper, tone, or humor?" Where indeed, I answer, if not in the blending of the many-tinted phases of the varied civilizations which time and sacrifices have furnished for our own exquisite mosaic? It is this absorption of characteristics of every clime and time which makes our society the most incongruous, grotesque, odd, angular, *outré*, and peculiar ever yet known in history. Instead of destroying our peculiar humor, this medley has turned us from the old English channel, where we had ever been copyists, into new channels of our own. Jefferson in his *Rip Van Winkle* could never have played his part so well had he not combined the thin jolly American with the Dutchman. Instead of this unexclusiveness breaking down our humor, it is a resource for it as inexhaustible as it is varied. If the power of man consists in the multitude of his affinities, in the fact that his life is intertwined more with his fellows of every caste, degree, and nation—if he thus become a more complete compend of all time, with all its tastes, affections, whims, and humors—then the American man ought to be more potent in his individuality than any other. From *his* mind, as from the Forum of ancient Rome, proceed the great avenues north, south, east, and west, to the heart of every other people, multiplying his relations, and drawing to itself all the resources which human nature can furnish. Out of these derivatives from the Old World we have our originals. The greater variety of our life, the more golden are the veins of our humor. From the commingling of heterogeneous customs and languages we shall have a medley full of fun, loud, large, uproarious, and rollicking in exaggerations.

There are elements in our country from which, *a priori*, we may infer that we shall have abundant harvests of humor, if we have them not already. These elements are our Plenty and Freedom. The same reasons given by an old English writer for the variety of the vein in England may be applied to America with even more fitness. I extract their essence thus: 1. The native plenty of the soil: plenty begets wantonness and pride; wantonness is apt to invent, and pride scorns to imitate. 2. Easy government, and liberty of professing opinions: liberty with plenty begets stomach and heart, and stomach will not be restrained. Thus we come to have more that appear what they are. We have more humor, because every man follows his own bent, and takes both pleasure and pride in showing it.

This philosophy will hold every where. Plenty, unless gorged to dyspepsia—and even then it becomes ludicrous—is the very father of fun. Whether plenty has the ribless side or the thin anatomy, laughter lives



in its company. Does not a man "well-to-do" feel good? Is he not more genial? Can he not laugh heartier, invent merrier thoughts? And will he not, if unconstrained by a tyrannic government, let out more of the native peculiarities of his disposition? His independence precludes imitation, and disdains obedience. He is more of an individual sovereign, and in the wrestling of life he will show more muscle and point. Nast's caricatures furnish plentiful illustrations, and the newspapers, in both picture and type, are not less evidences of our unlicensed printing than of our love of the most grotesque fun. If you would deaden humor, put your government to work with the Procrustean bed, and make men all of a length, and you have machines, not men, and no humor.

I do not know but one exception to the rule, and that is the Irish. Rich or poor,



IRISH GOOD HUMOR.

full or pinched, they must have their jollity. And yet Disraeli called them a melancholy people! Well do I remember the sparkles of merriment let off by the little urchins who ran after the jaunting-car on which I rode out to Donnybrook Fair. They begged, to be sure, and looked wretched, but they won more pennies by their humor than by their looks. All through Ireland, even in their extremities of want, the goodness of Nature seems to have provided them with cheer as an offset to their hard condition. They do not need their fun so much in this land of plenty, but it does not leave them here.

Our people are on a full rush for plenty, but they have their fun as they go. The very rush makes merriment. The excitement throws off electric sparks. The friction makes music. We have been waxing

too rich and fat without fair distribution. Our cities show it more than the country. At least we are growing rich in spots. Our watering-places, our hotels, our theatres, our churches, our lectures, our literature, the amenities and luxuries of life, all float on this golden Pactolus; and along with them are the laughing genii who puncture the follies and hold the mirror up to the oddities and fooleries that bubble and effervesce in the wake of this very successful life. Rev. Cream Cheese preaches quite *recherché*, and fashionable religion with lavender-mouchoir wipes away the tears that never flow; but Curtis, the rogue, sits demurely by, and Mrs. Potiphar goes to his canvas, illustrated by his facile humor. Parvenu pride turns up its aristocratic nose at plebeian vocations; but Saxe, the wag, is sliding the genealogical line of the M'Brides through his fingers, and holds up the waxed end with a chuckle. Sanctimonious humanity becomes a Federal Senator. His name is Dillworthy. He promises his constituency immense material advantages on the philanthropic basis, while his friend and admirer, Colonel Mulberry Sellers, warm and genial, eloquent and sanguine, impecunious in purse but a millionaire in promises, rallies to the theatre thousands nightly to roar in laughter over the exaggeration of an extravagant feature in our American society. The genius of Mark Twain in facile caricature proves that there are not only "millions" in a play, but that millions will laugh it into every man's conversation and approval.

There is much of Franklin's shrewd, practical humor disguised under the mask of Josh Billings's sayings. With a Puritan face all severe and sour; without a hearty open laugh to welcome the coming or speed the parting joke; with nothing but an odd pucker of the mouth and an elfish twinkle of the eye; with an inward chuckle which has no outward sign—Billings (aside from the small fun of bad orthography) hits the target of humor in the white when he says that with some people who brag of ancestry their great trouble is their great descent; or when he thanks God for allowing fools to live that wise men may get a living out of them; when he says that wealth won't make a man virtuous, but that there ain't any body who wants to be poor just for the purpose of being good; when he says that when a fellow gets to going down hill, it seems as if every thing was greased for the occasion; or when he gives us his way of keeping a mule in a pasture, by turning it into a meadow adjacent and letting it jump out; or when he has known mules, like men, keep good for six months just to get a good kick at somebody—he makes a species of drollery which even our English reviewers have begun to appreciate, and which does not re-



quire the drawl of bad grammar and spelling. I once had occasion, in a deliberative body, to use Billings's illustration that one hornet, if he felt well, could break up a camp-meeting. The effect amazed me. The application was made; and Billings himself afterward said, "My name will go down to the fewter coupled with the hornet; we will be twins in posterity." The description of the nature of the insect, especially the use it makes of its "business end," of the way it avoids the thousand attempts to "shoo" it and to fight it, and the consequent consternation of a pious body, has in it exaggeration of the raciest kind.

But this kind of humor, like that of Nasby, does not rise to the dignity of literature. It can not compare with Washington Irving, who, in his *Knickerbocker* and other works, has given us the very choicest brand, all sparkling and stimulating. But Irving is too refined, sweet, and shy for general appreciation. Besides, Irving is not an American humorist. He is more English than American, more cosmopolitan than either. Paulding, Hawthorne—alas for our literature! Oh, for one man for America what Richter is to Germany, or Dickens is to England!

Mrs. Stowe has plenty of the genuine indigenous humor in her *Uncle Tom*, which she has almost smothered by her recent horrible revelations of the bad Byronic people.

Our humorous writers, with a few exceptions, are not strictly national. Even Franklin, our first, best humorist, stifled his humor in the Addisonian style. His was too earnest a character to make the humorous trait very prominent; but his sly, shining threads of observation, intertwined into the strong strand of his practical sense, have had their effect on the older men of this generation.

Sam Slick and Jack Downing—they are the caricature of caricatures. We have had printed at Philadelphia a series of works on American humor, giving graphic pictures of the pioneer times of the South, Southwest, and West, which, if purged of their grossness, and artistically inwoven with some genial purpose, would better represent our national idiosyncrasies, with their reckless heroism, quaint extravagances, and novel parlance, than any other portion of our literature.

But, after all, the American humor does not reside altogether in books. It is to be found in our newspapers, with their spicy dialogues, practical jokes, Mrs. Partingtonisms, Artemus Wards, Josh Billingses, Nasbys, Twains, Bret Hartes, and the infinity of little jets of fun on the outside, and measureless ridicule and cuts on the inside, local items, advertisements and all.

There is no time in such an essay as this to run the round of our newspaper humorists. One might begin with Doesticks,

quote Breitmann's Anglo-German verses, turn over the versatilities of Mr. Newell (Orpheus C. Kerr), chuckle at Max Adeler's demure extravaganzas, and the dry jocoseness of the *Danbury News*, roar with Donn Piatt till the Capitol itself echoed the "cave of the winds," or shake with the "Fat Contributor" until the lean earth was larded, and just begin to have an appreciation of the illimitably broad hyperbole which marks our ephemeral newspaper fun.

The Athenian frequented the theatre of Bacchus to hear a play of Aristophanes, wherein the spite and fun of the day were concentrated; the Romans gathered at the Baths of Caracalla to laugh over the gossip and humor of the city. What theatre and bath were to Athens and Rome, the journal is to the American—only more so. In our five thousand American journals, sending out a billion of copies per annum, the American finds a mirror of his own nature, reflecting his opinions and feelings, and those distorted and grotesque images and scenes which are the life of American humor.

All of our prominent representative men have had more or less of this faculty, and use it as the surest talisman to open the popular ear. John P. Hale, ever on a smile with his waggy; General Houston, with his eccentricity; John Van Buren, with his playful sarcasm; D. S. Dickinson, with his trenchant, scriptural, practical, ironical hits; Thomas Corwin, with his inimitable drollery; Thaddeus Stevens, with his dry and biting sarcasm; and Proctor Knott, with his elaborate Duluthiana—had the charm which drew the crowd and held men while they talked. The masses leap to hear a man of humor like Butler, even when his speeches are full charged with diabolism, or to hear a minister like Beecher, and even from the pulpit await the inevitable laugh! It is all the better if it has point; but give the laugh without point, rather than no laugh at all. There is no ruse so common as this, at least in the West, as the *argumentum ad risum*. Turn the laugh on your opponent, Sir Sophist, and though he pile Pelion on Ossa of argument, you have him down! This may seem more creditable to our humor than to our sense. But let us see. One of the utilities of humor is the use made of it by our writers and speakers in what is called the *reductio ad absurdum*. This use may be abused; but we can not spare it for all that, so long as we have so many empirics in medicine, pettifoggers in law, demagogues in politics, pretenders in religion, and snobs in society. Our institutions are favorable to the growth of mushrooms. They grow up in a night around the roots of our wide-spreading freedom. We have theorists without sagacity, philanthropists without morality, and prac-



tical men without sentiment. We have men who pass current for eagles, which a little touch from the point of humor reduces to tomtits. We have vaunting patriots whose patriotism, as of old, is scoundrelism—men who live, ay, who thrive, on the burning indignation that is poured upon them. Such men wither, under ridicule, to their proper dimensions. Ridicule never hurts an honest man. He alone can join in the laugh against himself. It is the Ithuriel spear, however, which makes the devil show himself as he is. Ridicule may not be a good test of truth, as Shaftesbury maintained, but it is not a bad test of falsehood. An old English poet says:

"For he who does not tremble at the sword,  
Who quails not with his head upon the block,  
Turn but a jest against him, loses heart:  
The shafts of wit slip through the stoutest mail;  
There is no man alive who can live down  
The unextinguishable laughter of mankind."

We are apt to condemn the writer or speaker who applies the touch-stone of absurdity to the shams and rascality of the day, even while we laugh with him. But Attie salt is as useful as Kanawha. The one preserves mess pork, the other moral purity. Even when our humor is misapplied, it is the smoke evidencing the fire of fun which lies beneath the crust of our society. Hence the success of Nast and others with their terrible caricatures.

The general sources of our humor are those from which all people draw, which would make a Laplander laugh as well as an American. These have been frequently catalogued. Let us reproduce a few. The balking of our hopes in trifling matters makes us smile. An unlooked-for accident that is absurd, as when a dandy slips up on an icy pavement, makes us laugh. We laugh at that which is against custom, as at a man in a bonnet. We laugh at the weaknesses of others, as at a politician who brags much and polls a small vote. We laugh at amateur farmers who fail. We laugh at incongruities, as when we see a little man walking arm in arm with a giant; we laugh more if the little man marches with a big bass drum and the big man with a baby drum. We laugh at insignificant distress, as at a lady who loses her lap-dog. We laugh at extravagant pretension which suddenly collapses, as at an orator who soars to a star-lofty climax and breaks down. We laugh at cool impudence, for the ready and courageous invention pleases. We laugh when it is foiled, as at a lawyer in court who gets a saucy cut from a female witness. We laugh at a sudden or stealthy surprise. Young ladies laugh at young men—and that's queer: they can not tell why; but oftentimes the more they like them, the more they laugh at and smile on them. We laugh at what is serious for others, as at a

man looking out of a jail, but never at what seriously affects us, as, for example, if we were in jail. We laugh at disguises, at the dress of foreigners, fops, and slovens. We laugh when we see some men in a clean collar and new coat. We laugh at the meeting of extremes. It is hard to keep children from laughing at deformity, at negroes, at madmen, at fat men, at long, thin men. We laugh often because we ought not to, as in church, from the spontaneous impulse of resistance to sobriety. We laugh at the utter simplicity of some men, and the more so if the laugh is caused by a sudden illustration of it, or by a sudden jerk of the mind to an absurd extreme, as the other day, when an editor, describing the gifted Dr. Holland, said that he would loan money to a man on the collateral notes of an accordion. We laugh—all men laugh, but Americans especially—at the aggrandizement of special foibles of character. Dickens furnishes illustrations of how humorous some pre-eminent trait may be made to seem by a sort of Hogarthian satire on the false perspective. But this exaggeration is not always humorous, for a man may be extravagant with his pencil or in his speech without being humorous, as a man may be prodigal of his means without enjoyment.

But we have in America specific objects of humor—the scheming Yankee, the big, bragging, brave Kentuckian, and the first-family Virginian. We have lawyers on the circuit, as in the Georgia scenes; loafers on a spree, as in Neal's charcoal sketches; politicians in caucus; legislators in session; travelers on cars and steamers; indeed, the history of every American's life is humorous, moving as he does from place to place, and even when he sits down, as restless as the stick which a traveler saw out West that was so crooked it would not lie still!

There is a sympathy running through the American mind of such intensity and excitement in relation to our physical growth and political prominence that our manners, movements, and mind must become intensified. Why, an American can not sit still unless he does it with might and main. He must take an extravagant position. The position of our American in repose expresses an imperturbable confidence in the destiny of his native country, and a wonderful flexibility in the human skeleton.

An American ever takes an extravagant posture. Foreigners laugh at him for it. A foreign tourist says it is utterly impossible to mistake an American for any one else *en route*. He either has his feet upon the seat in front, the back of which he turns over for that purpose, or, if it be occupied, he sits with his knees let into the back of it, chews a quid of tobacco, keeps up a continual spitting, and invariably reads a news-



paper. When at home, he soon tires of sitting still, and paces the floor with restless nervousness.

Now the highest enjoyment of a Frenchman is to hear the last cantatrice in a fashionable opera. The Spaniard's transport reaches its climax when in the arena the matador with skillful thrust stretches his antagonist in the dust. The Neapolitan finds his paradise in the lengthening lusciousness of his macaroni. The German rises to his heaven on the cloud of his dreamful pipe and misty metaphysics. The Englishman grows comfortably ecstatic over roast beef and naval glory. The Turk ascends to his seventh heaven among the houris while he smokes his nargileh and sips his Mocha. The African, with his banjo on his knee, is off for the other side of Jordan. The Irishman's chief joy is to take off his frieze at a fair, and, with shillalah whirling, invite any "jintleman to stand before him, or, for the love of God, just to step on the tip end of his coat tail, and be smashed into smithereens." But the American

"Finds not in the wide world a pleasure so sweet  
As to sit near the window and tilt up his feet,  
Puff away at the Cuba, whose flavor just suits,  
And gaze at the world 'twixt the toes of his boots."

Let the American be in motion, there is the same extravagance. The *London Times* once said of him: "Wherever you see an American, he is going over the ground as fast as he can. In Europe he is a pale and breathless sight-seer, always in rapid transition, as if a ghost were pursuing him; insatiably accumulating stages, as if his life depended on the sum total at the end of the week. He carries the fever of business into the tour; and reckoning up grand sights per score in his mental ledger, he becomes a capitalist in arches, water-falls, glaciers, old columns, Roman relics, lakes, passes, galleries, statues, and hôtels de ville. In his own country he thinks nothing of packing up all his goods, wife, and children, and setting off to-morrow morning for some swamp two thousand miles off, on the Missouri or Mississippi, where every thing whatever, even the rising of the sun, you would think from the looks of the scene, has to take place for the first time. He stays until he has converted the swamp or forest into a fruitful field, and then sets off with his wagon-load again to some place as distant from his last home as from his preceding, to renew his battle with nature, to cut down and build, and create a fresh world for culture."

With all our vanity, energy, and unrest, we are not a dull, cheerless people. Sour-faced fellows, yellow and dyspeptic, are to be met with in our cars and streets; but they are not the type of the American, for he is as ready for a laugh as for a speculation, as fond of a joke as of an office. Wherever the American goes in his tireless round of observation and traffic—whether he breaks the seal which for ages had closed Japan to the world, or wanders through Africa after Livingstone, or roams for gold at the head waters of the Amazon, or for diamonds in Arizona, or among the Black Hills reservations, or at the Cape in Africa, or stands with Kane and Hall on the shores of some newly found sea of the poles, or whether more nearly at home—he leaves his trail on every mountain pass, his axe stroke in every forest; whether

"He's whistling round St. Mary's Falls  
Upon his loaded train,  
Or leaving on the pictured rocks  
His fresh tobacco stain,

he is leaving the rudiments of an empire, the muscle and mind, and the invincible good nature and sense of the humorous, by which he is enabled to mingle with all, and to rule as he mingles.

Wherever he goes he exaggerates his country, his position, his ability; and his humor takes the same size. If he does not enjoy the fun made at his own dilation, he is the cause of its enjoyment by others. What with the great sea-serpents, moon hoaxes, spirit rappings, Shakerism, Barnum's shows, women's rights, free love, cannon concerts, big organs, much-married Mormonism, and other quackeries and extravagances, if we are not ourselves amused, we export amusement in large quantities. An English reviewer says, "America is determined to keep us amused; we are never left long without a startling novelty from the almighty republic."





## THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE REPUBLIC.

[Sixth Paper.]

## PROGRESS IN MANUFACTURE.

## WHAT ARE MANUFACTURES?

IN a general but correct sense all products suitable for use, resulting from the applications, through human hand or brain, of the forces of nature to matter are *manufactures*, and each person who takes part in effecting or directing such applications is a *manufacturer*. Thus the laborer in the field who prepares the soil, scatters the seed, and harvests the grain, the wagoner, the railroad employé, or the sailor who transports it to the mill, are, in truth, as much the makers (*facturers*) of the flour as the men who, standing at the door of the mill, receive the grain, pass it through machinery, and when changed in form pack and deliver it to the consumers. No one of all these intermediaries between the first step in the so-called process of *production*—i. e., the leading or drawing forth (*pro* and *duce*)—and the final use of the product, which we call *consumption*, at any time makes any thing in the sense of creating, but is only the agent, more or less skilled, for directing one or more of a series of movements, each of which differs from the other in degree, but not in kind. For convenience, however, all these movements are economically divided into groups or classes, under such general names as *agriculture*, *mining*, *commerce*, *the fisheries*, and *manufactures*—the last name being more especially applied to designate those movements which have reference to the changing or elaborating, through the aid of machinery, of those forms of product which have been the result of previous movements effected under the departments of agriculture and mining, and to some extent also of the fisheries.

## SOURCES OF INFORMATION.

In the sense of the definition, as thus given, there are no available data for making any thing like a complete exhibit of the gradual development of the manufacturing industry of the American people, not only, as might be expected, for so much of the period of their history as is antecedent to the adoption of the Federal Constitution and the full organization and adjustment of the affairs of the new nation, but what is more remarkable, and at the same time not generally known, for so much of the present century also as is antecedent to the year 1850, at which date the government of the United States for the first time, through the census, attempted to ascertain, with even approximative accuracy, the exact industrial statistics of the country. The

requirement of the Federal Constitution (adopted in convention in 1787) that an "enumeration" (of the people) "shall be made within three years after the first meeting of the Congress of the United States, and within every subsequent term of ten years," only contemplated the obtaining of information respecting population for the ulterior purpose of apportioning representation and direct taxation. The returns, accordingly, of the first census, taken in 1790, and of the second census, taken in 1800, afforded no information whatever concerning either the aggregate wealth of the country, the occupations of the people, or the nature and value of their annual product.

In ordering for the third census, that of 1810, Congress, however, for the first time enacted that, in addition to enumerating the people, it should be the duty of the marshals to take also, under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury, an account of the "several manufacturing establishments and manufactures within their several districts," and set aside for this service the sum of \$30,000, out of an aggregate of \$150,000 previously appropriated for the general purposes of taking the census. This latter sum, although seemingly small, was nevertheless considered to be amply sufficient to cover all the expenses of the *third* census; and in comparison with an expenditure of nearly three and a half millions authorized by Congress in connection with the taking in 1870 of the ninth census, strikingly illustrates the change in all the elements of national development effected between the two periods. As further illustrating the same point, it may be also interesting to note that the report of the first census was comprised in an octavo pamphlet of fifty-two pages, and that of the second census in a folio of seventy-eight pages, while the report of the ninth census required three large quarto volumes of 679, 851, and 806 pages respectively, besides a statistical atlas.

As the first attempt to set forth the condition of American manufacturing industry in detail, the results of the third census were looked for by Congress and the country with no little of interest; but when the industrial returns were sent in they proved so imperfect and discordant that the Committee of Commerce and Manufactures on the part of the House of Representatives, to whom they were referred, reported, through one of its members, that it was impossible to arrange them in any form which would be "alike useful and compendious." In accordance with a joint resolution they were therefore



referred to the Secretary of the Treasury—then Mr. Gallatin—with instructions to place the entire returns in the hands of some person competent to make a digest of them; and for this purpose the Secretary subsequently selected Mr. Tench Coxe, of Philadelphia, who in 1813 submitted a report, which, although from necessity most imperfect, was nevertheless of great interest and value.

In 1820, on the occasion of the taking of the *fourth* census, an effort was again made to obtain statistics of industry; but when the returns came in they were again found so discreditable that the Secretary of State was only constrained by the mandatory character of the law to permit their publication; and the House of Representatives, after debating the propriety of suppressing the entire document, refused to pass a resolution providing for its public distribution.

The result of these two unsuccessful efforts was that in providing for the taking of the *fifth* census the attempt to collect any industrial statistics whatever was wholly abandoned; and although in 1840 schedules for obtaining statistics of industry were issued to the marshals engaged in taking the *sixth* census, the results obtained were regarded as of little or no importance.

The act of 1850, however, under which the *seventh*, *eighth*, and *ninth* censuses of the United States were taken, in the years 1850, 1860, and 1870 respectively, marks an era in the history of American statistics, inasmuch as it not only incorporated provisions of law looking to the obtaining of results of substantial value relative to domestic industry, but also for the first time so insured the official observance of the law that it became possible to recognize the returns to a certain extent as standards for making comparisons and deductions in the future. And for such a result a debt of national gratitude is due, more than to all others, to the Hon. Joseph G. Kennedy, under whose superintendence the work of the censuses of 1850 and of 1860 was chiefly performed.

But commendable as were the returns of the census of 1850, those of 1860 were much more comprehensive and accurate; while the *ninth* census, taken in 1870, under the superintendence of Hon. F. A. Walker, was not only very far superior in every respect to any previous census of the United States, but also compares favorably with any work of the kind previously executed in any country. At the same time it ought to be known that the returns of the ninth census were very far from being as complete and useful as they could and would have been had not personal and partisan spirit, overruling all considerations of national good, mainly on the part of one man, prevented Congress from adopting a new law, carefully prepared by a committee of the House of Representa-

tives (with the assistance of the best statisticians of every department in the country), and subsequently passed by the House almost unanimously, and so compelled the performance of the work under the old law, one of whose provisions required the enumeration and valuation of slaves, when the institution of slavery had for years been abolished.

But in addition to the reports of the census, the materials available for the preparation of a history of American manufacturing industry are exceedingly varied, and if not complete, exact, and accordant, are at least invested with a high degree of interest. For the earlier periods, or for the first one hundred and fifty years of our national history, the few particulars which can now be gathered are to be sought for mainly in colonial statutes and records, private correspondence, minutes of councils and assemblies, local histories, and individual biographies. In 1791 Alexander Hamilton, then Secretary of the Treasury, in obedience to a resolution of Congress, submitted his famous report on domestic manufactures and their relations to the new Federal government, in which, without entering into details, he gave an enumeration of such branches of industry under this head as seemed to him at that time to be permanently established in the country. Hamilton's report was followed in 1813 by the work of Tench Coxe, of Philadelphia, above referred to; while in 1816 Timothy Pitkin, a Representative in Congress from the State of Connecticut from 1808 to 1819, published, under the title of *A Statistical View of the Commerce of the United States, including also an Account of Banks, Manufactures, and Internal Trade*, what at the time of the appearance of the first edition, and long subsequent also to the second edition in 1835, held rank as the most comprehensive and authoritative commercial and statistical work of American origin. At present the most complete repertory of facts concerning the rise and progress of American manufactures is to be found in the work of the late Dr. J. L. Bishop, of Philadelphia, entitled *A History of American Manufactures from 1608 to 1860*—three volumes; in addition to which there have also been from time to time important publications by various authors on specialties of manufactures and the mechanic arts, as Thomas's *History of Printing*, White's *Memoirs of Slater*, Batchelder on the *Cotton Manufacture of the United States*, Munsell's *Chronology of Paper and Paper-making*, as well as numerous statistical reports from special industrial associations, as the American Iron and Steel Association, National Association of American Cotton and Woolen Manufacturers, etc., etc. Within a comparatively recent period, also, many of the States have prepared and published, every five years subsequent to the national cen-



sus, very full details of their local domestic industries; and as the principle that healthy legislation can only flow from an exact knowledge of the condition and wants of the people has gradually obtained public recognition, the establishment of distinct bureaus of statistics, reporting every year with great minuteness of detail the particulars of all important industrial occupations, is beginning to be regarded as an indispensable adjunct of all State governments.

With this brief review of the sources of information available for studying the history of our national industrial progress, attention is next asked to the subject of the origin and development of American manufactures from the period of the first settlement in Virginia, in 1607-8, to the dissolution of the colonial system in 1776.

#### PROGRESS FROM 1607 TO 1776.

And in reviewing the pertinent facts of this period the circumstance that in the first instance most forcibly arrests attention is the strong natural tendency exhibited from the very outset by the people who colonized and built up the American States to multiply and diversify their industries—a fact in striking contrast with and in opposition to the opinion so assiduously maintained by a school of American economists that such a result, among an intelligent people, inhabiting a country of varied resources, does not tend to occur naturally, but is rather the direct offspring of legislative direction and interference.

Thus, for example, the second vessel dispatched by the London Company, in 1608, to the settlement at Jamestown, Virginia (founded the previous year), brought numbers of persons skilled in manufactures, of whom says the historian (Stith), "No sooner were they landed, but the President dispatched as many as were able, some to make glass, and others for pitch, tar, and soap-ashes;" and the very first manufactory established within the territory now controlled by the United States was a "glass-house" (furnace) in the woods of Virginia, about a mile from the settlement of Jamestown. And it is further interesting to note that, with the exception of a cargo of "sassafras" gathered in the vicinity of Cape Cod in 1608, the first export from the British North American colonies consisted in great part of what in the most technical sense are termed "manufactures;" or, to use the quaint language of Captain John Smith in his letter which accompanied the invoice, "of trials of pitch, tar, glass, frankincense, and soap-ashes, with what wainscot and clapboard as could be forwarded."

From the very first, under the popular impression probably that the country was particularly adapted to the production of silk, special efforts were made in nearly all the

colonies to direct and divert the attention of the people to this particular industry; and it is recorded that the first Assembly that convened in Virginia under a written constitution, in 1621, especially occupied itself with considering "how best to encourage the silk culture." In 1662 also the Virginia Assembly, with a view of encouraging manufactures, offered prizes for the best specimens of linen and woollen cloth, and a special prize of fifty pounds of tobacco for each pound of wound silk produced in the colony; and it was also enjoined that for every hundred acres of land held in fee, the proprietor should be required to plant and fence twelve mulberry-trees. Silk culture in Georgia also so largely occupied the attention of the first colonists that a public seal was adopted bearing as a device silk-worms engaged in their labors; while bounties for the encouragement of the same industry were repeatedly offered by the colonies of Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, North and South Carolina. It is a most interesting and suggestive circumstance that this specialty of employment, which from the first settlement of the country was particularly selected as worthy of attention, and as such did receive for nearly two hundred years from the various colonial and State authorities an amount of encouragement, through special legislation, greater than was bestowed on any other interest, is the only one of the great industries which has never been able to attain to a healthy condition of existence on the North American continent, and to-day only exists in the United States in virtue of a degree of legislative encouragement far in excess of that demanded and received by any other industrial interest.

But zealously as did the first settlers of Virginia engage at the outset in manufactures, the characteristics of the territory upon which they located, in respect to fertility of soil and mildness of climate, proved antagonistic; and obeying the promptings of self-interest, which are always a far better and surer guide than legislation for determining what occupations individuals as well as communities can best follow, they in common with the population of all the other Southern colonies early became planters rather than artisans. And from that day to this American manufacturing industry has found its greatest development in other and less fertile localities.

Strenuous efforts were indeed made by the authorities to arrest the tendency of the people of Virginia to engage in agriculture rather than in manufactures or commerce, and in 1689 it was even ordered that all the tobacco grown in the colony in excess of a certain quantity should be destroyed. But this and other efforts, like the offering of prizes for the encouragement of the produc-



fion of textile fabrics, proved of no avail. Tobacco grew most luxuriously, and in 1617 readily commanded three shillings per pound, and the Virginians soon found that it was, at least for the time, more advantageous to buy manufactured articles with the proceeds of their crops than to manufacture for themselves.

On the other hand, in New England the circumstances of a sterile soil and a harsh climate were antagonistic to agriculture and in favor of commerce and manufactures, and from a very early day powerfully contributed to give to this section of country a supremacy in respect to the two last-named branches of industry which no subsequent influences have ever seriously impaired or threatened. The branch of manufacturing industry to which the attention of the New England colonists was first, and as it were naturally, directed, by reason of the inexhaustible wealth of their forests, was the manufacture of lumber, for which there was a constant and remunerative demand in England and throughout the West Indies. Ship-building commenced in the Plymouth Colony within three years after the landing, and the business subsequently received a great impulse by the overthrow of the monarchy under Charles I. and the establishment of the Commonwealth, which led the colonists to apprehend that the incentive to emigration, and the consequent sailing of ships from England, being diminished, they would be thereby left dependent on their own resources for interoceanic communications. "The general fear," says Governor Winthrop, in his journal, "of a want of foreign commodities, now our money was gone, and that things were like to go well in England, set us on work to provide shipping of our own;" and the business was prosecuted with such vigor that in 1676, just a century before the Declaration of Independence, 550 vessels are reported to have been built in Boston and the vicinity, of which 230 ranged from 50 to 250 tons burden; and in 1731 the trade of Massachusetts alone employed 600 sail of ships and sloops, having an aggregate of 38,000 tonnage—one-half of which traded to Europe—in addition to over 1000 sail and from 5000 to 6000 men employed at the same time in the fisheries.

The business of constructing ships for home use and for sale in foreign countries was also extensively followed in nearly all the other colonies, and in Maine and New Hampshire especially the manufacture of spars, masts, and ship timber for export early became a leading and profitable industry.

The first saw-mill in New England is believed to have been erected as early as 1634 or 1635 on the Salmon Falls River, New Hampshire, near to the site of the present city of Portsmouth. The first water-mill in

New England is supposed to have been put up at Dorchester, Massachusetts, as early as 1628; and in 1633 another was erected in the Plymouth Colony by one Stephen Dean, which he engaged should be sufficient to "beat" corn for the whole colony. The first Van Rensselaer sent from Holland to Albany as early as 1631 a master mill-wright and two small millstones for a small grist-mill. The first grist-mill in Pennsylvania was erected by Colonel John Printz, Governor of what was then called New Sweden, in 1643. Virginia as early as 1649 had four windmills and five water-mills, besides many "horse-mills," and for a considerable number of years exported large quantities of breadstuffs to her sister colonies and to the West Indies.

The first printing-press in what is now the United States was set up at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1638, only eighteen years subsequent to the landing of the Pilgrims in the wilderness. The first thing printed was *The Freeman's Oath*, a broadside; the second, an almanac, in 1639; and in 1640 the first book, "the Psalms newly turned into metre," or *The Bay Psalm-Book*, as it was called—a work which is said to have gone through seventy editions. William Penn landed in his new territory of Pennsylvania in 1682, and four years later a printing-press—the third in the colonies—was at work in Philadelphia. The first press established in the Province of New York was in 1693, none having been allowed there during the rule of the Dutch. The first printing-press in Connecticut was established at New London in 1709; in Rhode Island, at Newport, in 1713–14; in Delaware, at Annapolis, in 1726; in South Carolina, at Charleston, in 1730; in New Hampshire, at Portsmouth, in 1756; in North Carolina, at Newbern, in 1757; in Georgia, at Savannah, in 1762; and in what is now the State of Maine in 1780. The first printing-press in the territory west of the Alleghanies was set up in Kentucky in 1786; the second, at Knoxville, Tennessee, in 1793; and the third, probably, at Cincinnati, then only a trading post, in 1795.

The number of printing-presses in the colonies at the time of the Revolution is believed to have been about forty. The number of separate works printed in the provinces up to this period can not now be ascertained; but the Philadelphia Library contains as many as 459 works printed in that city alone prior to the Revolution.

The first book-binding in this country appears to have been an edition of 1000 copies of the Bible, published at Cambridge in 1663, which was followed by a second edition of 2000 copies in 1685. The work was performed by one John Ratliffe, who came from England expressly for this purpose. His price was about 3s. 4d. per volume, and one Bible was as much as he could bind in one day.



The manufacture of paper of any description was not established in any of the colonies until full fifty years after the introduction of printing, the first paper mill having been erected in the vicinity of Philadelphia by one William Rittenhousen, a native of Germany, about the year 1690. The first paper mill in New England was established in the town of Milton, near Boston, in 1730. In 1732 the following advertisement appeared in the weekly *Rehearsal*, of Boston :

"Richard Fry, Stationer, Bookseller, Paper-maker, and Rag merchant, from the city of London, keeps at Mr. Thomas Fleet's, printer, at the Heart and Crown, in Cornhill, Boston, where said Fry is ready to accommodate all Gentlemen, Merchants, and Tradesmen with setts of Accompt books after the most acute manner for twenty per cent. cheaper than they can have them from London. I return the Public Thanks for following the Directions of my former Advertisement for gathering rags, and hope they will continue the like Method, having received upward of Seven thousand weight already."

The early scarcity of paper in the colonies is illustrated by the following curious advertisement, which appeared in the Boston *Evening Post* in 1748 :

"Choice Pennsylvania Tobacco paper is to be sold by the publisher of this paper at the Heart and Crown, where may be also had the Bulls or Indulgencies of the present Pope, Urban VIII., either by the single Bull, Quire, or Ream, at a much cheaper rate than they can be purchased of the French or Spanish priests."

The explanation of this was that several bales of "indulgencies," printed upon very good paper and only on one side, had been captured by an English cruiser from a Spanish vessel, and being offered at a very low price, had been purchased by the Boston printer, who saw an opportunity for profit by printing ballads or other matter for his customers upon the backs of the pontifical documents in question. It is also to be noted that about this time Robert Saltonstall was fined five shillings by the General Court of Massachusetts for presenting a petition on a small and bad piece of paper.

In 1768 Colonel Christopher Leffingwell erected at Norwich the first paper mill in the colony of Connecticut, under the promise of a bounty from the General Assembly. Two years after he was accordingly awarded twopence a quire on 4020 quires of writing-paper, and one penny each on 10,600 quires of printing-paper. Having attained such a degree of success, it is recorded that the government patronage was soon afterward withdrawn.

In Pennsylvania the Dunkers, who settled in Lancaster County, very early gave their attention to the manufacture of paper, and also set up a printing-press. During the Revolution, and just previous to the battle of the Brandywine, messengers were sent to their mill for a supply of paper for cartridges. The mill happening to be out of unmanufactured paper, the fraternity, who

held their property in common, sent back as a substitute to the Continental army several wagon loads of an edition of Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, and from the paper supplied by the pages of this work the cartridges used in the battle were in part manufactured.

About the year 1770 the number of paper mills in the provinces of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware was reported to be forty, this department of manufacturing industry having especially developed in the vicinity of Philadelphia, which was at that time the centre of literary activity for the colonies. It was a business, moreover, in which Dr. Franklin was greatly interested ; and he told De Warville, a French traveler who visited America in 1788, that he had himself established as many as eighteen mills.

The business of the manufacture of "paper-hangings" commenced in the colonies about the year 1760, and in 1791 it was one of the branches of domestic industry, according to the report of the Secretary of the Treasury, which were well established.

The household manufacture of textile fabrics—of cotton-wool, linen, and silk—was almost coeval with the settlement of the continent, and the same circumstances which have been before noted as favoring the building of ships also greatly encouraged the development of these other industries. We are accustomed, and with good reason, to regard the tide and volume of immigration which has flowed from the Old World to the New since 1850 as something most remarkable, but the largest comparative immigration which this country has ever experienced occurred during the first half of the seventeenth century, between 1630 and 1640, when nearly every year added a number of individuals nearly or quite equal to the previously existing population. The result was an extraordinary demand for provisions, and the attention of the colonists, especially in New England and in New York, was largely directed to the raising of cattle, and in the former also to the prosecution of the fisheries. Governor Hutchinson, indeed, records that at one time the price of cattle in the colonies rose as high as £25, and even £28, per head. The cessation of immigration in 1640, consequent upon the cessation of persecution in England for religious non-conformity, caused an immediate and excessive decline in the price of cattle, and as suddenly cut off a leading source of provincial revenue. At the same time, with their thus impaired means of purchase, the diminished intercourse with England also caused great uncertainty in respect to the supply of clothing, for which the colonists had been up to this time almost wholly dependent upon the mother country. What next happened, as told with quaint simplicity by the early his-



torian of New England (Hubbard), strikingly illustrates the state of things in which a resort to manufactures becomes a necessity in a new country. After describing the manner in which their necessity first came upon them, he continues :

"Now the country of New England was to seek of a way to provide themselves with clothing, which they could not obtain by selling cattle as before, which were now fallen from that huge price forementioned to five pounds apiece; nor was there at that rate a ready vent for them neither. Thus the flood which brought in much wealth to many persons, the contrary ebb carried all away out of their reach. To help themselves in this their exigent, for the necessary supply of themselves and their families, the General Court made order for the manufacture of woolen and linen cloth, which with God's blessing upon man's endeavor in a little time stopped this gap in part, and soon after another door was opened by special Providence; for when one hand was shut by way of supply from England, another was opened by way of traffic, first to the West Indies and Wine Islands, whereby, among other goods, much cotton-wool was brought into the country, which the inhabitants, learning to spin and breeding of sheep and sewing of hemp and flax, they soon found out a way to supply themselves of cloth."

The first regular or systematic attempt to manufacture cloth, particularly woolen, was made by a company of Yorkshire immigrants who settled at Rowley, Massachusetts, where in 1643 was erected the first fulling-mill in the North American colonies. The manufacture of cordage was entered upon in Boston as early as 1629. In the New Netherlands (New York), although the primary object with the mercantile company which planted and governed that colony was trade with the Indians, yet the characteristic industry of the Dutch prompted to a very extensive household manufacture of linens, woolens, and hosiery; and Denton, the earliest writer in that province, says (1670) of them, "Every one make their own linen and a great part of their woolen cloth for their ordinary wear." Under the auspices of William Penn, the manufacture of (linen and woolen) cloth was one of the first branches of industry undertaken in his new colony; and among the articles mentioned as produced in Pennsylvania as early as 1698 (which daily improved in quality) were druggets, serges, camblets, and a variety of other stuff, giving employment to dyers, fullers, comb-makers, card-makers, weavers, spinners, etc. The general progress made in the manufacture of fabrics during the first century of the existence of the North American colonies is also indicated by a report which Colonel Heathcote, a member of the Council of the Province of New York, made to the English Board of Trade in 1708, in which he says that he had labored to divert the Americans from going on with their woolen and linen manufactures, which are already so far advanced that three-fourths of the linen and woolen used was made among them, "especially the coarse sort; and if some speedy and effectual ways are not

found to put a stop to it, they will carry it on a great deal further, and perhaps in time very much to the prejudice of our manufactures at home."

The smelting of iron ore was one of the industries attempted by the first settlers in Virginia; but both the iron-works and the "glass-house," which had been erected, were early destroyed by the Indians, who, although not versed in any system of political economy, nevertheless ever showed themselves the most persistent enemies of diversified employments. In New England preliminary attempts to establish the manufacture of iron were made in 1630, and in 1645 regular works were established at Lynn. Of these last the old historian (Hubbard) says, contemptuously, "That instead of drawing out bars of iron for the country's use, there was hammered out nothing but contentions and lawsuits;" but, notwithstanding this disparagement, the operations commenced in this locality are believed to have been conducted with a degree of success for a period of more than one hundred years.

One of the first, if not the very first patent granted in this country was by the General Court of Massachusetts, in 1646, to one Joseph Jencks, of Lynn, "for y<sup>e</sup> making of Engines for mills to goe with water, for y<sup>e</sup> more speedy dispatch of work than formerly, and mills for y<sup>e</sup> making of Sithes and other Edged Tooless," the Court having previously passed a law that there "should be no monopolies but of such new inventions as were profitable to the country, and that for a short time only."

Pig-iron began to be exported from the American colonies to England as early as 1718, when a record is made of a small lot of three and one-half tons received from Virginia and Maryland. By 1728, however, pig-iron had become a regular and important article of colonial export, and some years later the exportation of *bar-iron* also commenced, and from this time both pig and bar iron continued to be annually exported from the North American colonies until after the breaking out of the Revolution.

From the official returns of the British Custom-house (which are still extant, and have been published) the exact amount of such exports received in England at different periods from 1728 to 1776 was as follows :

Years.	Pig-Iron.	Bar-Iron.
	Tons.	Tons.
1728-29.....	1127	....
1732-33.....	2404	11
1745.....	2274	196
1754.....	3244	389
1764.....	2554	1059
1771.....	5303	2222
1775.....	2996	916
1776.....	316	28

Contemporaneously with the manufactures above noticed there were also estab-



lished throughout the provinces manufactures of leather, of bricks, pottery, and glass, of distilled and fermented liquors, of hardware in various forms, of candles, snuff, gunpowder, copperas, and a multitude of other articles, so that at the close of the first century of their existence there was hardly a branch of useful industry common in Europe which was not practiced with more or less of success in the British North American colonies. In fact, so successful had been the attempts of the colonists to manufacture that the jealousy of the mother country began to be awakened at a period considerably anterior to that mentioned, for Sir Josiah Child, although a much more liberal and intelligent politician than many of his countrymen at that day, in a discourse "on trade," published in 1670, describes New England as having come to be the most prejudicial plantation of Great Britain, and gives for this opinion the singular reason that they are a people "whose frugality, industry, and temperance, and the happiness of whose laws and institutions, promise to them a long life and a wonderful increase of people, riches, and power."

#### TRUE CAUSE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

And here we come for the first time upon the true cause of the American Revolution, which is now well understood to have been not so much that the colonists were denied representation in the central government, or that they were unduly restrained in respect to any liberty of their persons, but rather that their rights to property were continually interfered with, that they were denied the privilege of freely buying and selling wherever and whenever they might see fit, and of following the occupations which seemed to them most remunerative. On the other hand, the acts of Great Britain, viewed in the light of the investigations and experiences of another century, are susceptible of a much less harsh interpretation than it has been the custom to put upon them. Thus England, during the whole of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and even later, held, in common with the rest of the civilized world, a most firm belief in the doctrine, which had come down from the Middle Ages, that no one nation or individual could get gain from commerce or trade except at the expense of some other nation or individual, and that therefore the surest way for a nation or individual to prosper and grow rich was to sell as much and buy as little as possible, and to endeavor to obtain gold and silver in exchange for what they did sell in preference to any other products. Stated in the abstract, and in this last third of the nineteenth century, these doctrines seem very strange and most absurd; and yet the United States is the one nation of all others claiming to be en-

lightened which to-day by her commercial system fails to recognize or practically denies the great economic axiom that no nation or community can sell to any great extent except in proportion as it is willing to buy; that all trade and commerce must be mutually advantageous, or it would not exist; and that after every fair mercantile transaction both parties, however varied their nationality and residences, are richer than before.

It is also a mistake to suppose that the American colonies were planted with the least reference to the pecuniary or personal benefit of the colonists themselves. The mode was simply this: The King of England, on payment to himself of a certain sum, granted a tract of land of American territory, together with a charter, to a joint-stock company of English merchants and adventurers, who sent out a colony to cultivate the lands and gather their products for the pecuniary benefit of the stockholders. It was clearly an enterprise for making money—as much so as are the railroad and other corporations of the present day—and the colonists were regarded as merely the hired servants of the company. This was the method after which all the colonies were established, and if the colonists possessed any political privileges it was because they wrenched them from the unwilling hands of the corporators. For proof of the correctness of this position reference is made to the pages of all the American historians, and to the still stronger testimony of the great Adam Smith, of Scotland, who, while the American Revolution was progressing, declared that England had founded an empire on the other side of the Atlantic for the sole purpose of raising up a people of customers—a policy which he denounced as fit only for a nation of shopkeepers.

Entertaining such views respecting the nature of trade and commerce and the use of colonies, nothing, therefore, was more natural and legitimate than that England should regard her transatlantic plantations as instrumentalities for the promotion of her own interests and aggrandizement exclusively, and that when the enterprise of the Americans in respect to certain branches of manufacturing industry seemed likely to be prejudicial to similar industries of her own, she should attempt to shackle and restrain their progress. It ought also to be borne in mind that if Great Britain acted unjustly toward the colonies, she was at least consistent in both her home and her colonial policy, and framed the former, equally with the latter, in strict accordance with the then narrow commercial spirit of the age. Thus, if it was forbidden to the colonists to export woolen goods, or transport wool from one "plantation" to another, there was at the



same time on the statute-book of England a law which made it felony for any Englishman to export any sheep from the kingdom, or to purchase or transport any wool within fifteen miles of the sea without permission of the king, or to load or carry any wool within five miles of the sea, except between sunrise and sunset. And again, if the colonists were not permitted to carry any article of produce on the seas except in British ships, the necessity was about the same time announced in Parliament by the Lord Chancellor, Somers, of going to war with the Dutch, and of destroying their commerce, because "it was impairing ours."

On the other hand, in respect to all those colonial industries which were not regarded as antagonistic to British interests, the action of Parliament was generous and considerate. For example, the cultivation of tobacco was forbidden in England by highly penal enactments, for the sake of securing a monopoly of that product to the Southern colonies. Liberal premiums were also offered and awarded for the cultivation and exportation of colonial silk, indigo, hemp, flax, and for the promotion of the fisheries; and in 1750 an act passed Parliament to encourage the exportation of pig and bar iron from his Majesty's plantations in America, whereby all duties on the import of the same into Great Britain were removed, although maintained in respect to the imports from all other countries. Nevertheless, the one most important fact in connection with this topic is that it was the rapid growth of colonial commerce and manufactures, conjointly with the attempt of Great Britain to interfere with and suppress them, which led to a gradual and increasing alienation and final violent separation of the two countries.

The first important act which operated as a restriction on the industry of the colonists was the so-called "Navigation Act" of 1650, which, although primarily intended, to use the words of Sir William Blackstone, "to clip the wings of our opulent and aspiring neighbors," the Dutch, nevertheless struck a heavy blow at one of the foremost industries of the colonies, namely, ship-building. By this act and its extensions in 1661 and 1663 it was provided that no article of colonial produce or British manufacture should be carried in any but British ships, and that the colonists should not be allowed to purchase in any but British markets any manufactured article which England had to sell. Following the enactment of these purely commercial restrictions, it soon also became a policy on the part of Great Britain to discourage all attempts at manufacturing by the colonists in competition with similar British industries; and it was in pursuance of this policy that in 1696 the management of the affairs of the colonies was by royal order committed to a Board of Trade, under

the title of "The Lords Commissioners for Trade and the Plantations." Henceforth the vigilant nation of shop-keepers would not be content with watching and controlling the shipping and trade of American ports, but must lay its hands on all the manufacturing industries of the colonies. The royal governors were required to report yearly to the board on the state of the provinces, and to do all in their power to divert them from setting up and carrying on manufactures. But reports and recommendations were not sufficient to repress the industrial enterprise of the Americans, and three years after, the board having received complaint that the wool and woollen manufactures of the North American plantations began to be exported to foreign markets formerly supplied by England, an act was passed by Parliament which, after declaring in its preamble "that colonial industry would inevitably sink the value of lands in England," prohibited thereafter the movement of any American wool or woollen manufactures not only to foreign countries, but also as between one colony and another. And in 1731, as complaint of the increasing divergence of trade from its prescribed channels by the action of the colonists continued to be made by British merchants and manufacturers, the House of Commons again took up the subject, and ordered, through the Board of Trade, an inquiry "with respect to laws made, manufactures set up, or trade carried on" (in the colonies) "detrimental to the trade, navigation, and manufacture of Great Britain." The report made in pursuance of this order in 1731-32 furnishes some curious particulars respecting the state of manufactures at that time in America, although it was known to be so incomplete that the concealment practiced was made the subject of complaint in England. The Governor of New Hampshire reported that there were no settled manufactures in that province. The Governors of Connecticut and the Carolinas made no returns, and the Governor of Rhode Island confined his report to matters not connected with manufactures. Massachusetts was reported as having manufactures of cloth, a paper mill, also several forges for making bar-iron, some furnaces for cast and hollow ware, one slitting-mill, and a manufacture of nails. The Surveyor-General of his Majesty's Woods wrote that they have in New England six furnaces and nineteen forges for making iron; that many ships were built for the French and Spaniards; and that great quantities of hats were made and exported to Spain, Portugal, and the West Indies. They also make all kinds of iron for shipping, and have several still-houses and sugar-bakeries.

Immediately after the reception of this report, or in 1732, it was enacted by Parliament that "no hats or felts should be ex-



ported from the colonies;" and in 1750 a bill was introduced into Parliament decreeing that every slitting-mill in America should be demolished; and although this bill failed of passing the House of Commons by only twenty-two votes, a subsequent act did pass, that no new mills of that description should be erected.

It is most important and instructive to diverge for a moment at this point from tracing the development of American manufactures, and briefly notice the effect of the long-continued restrictive legislation of Great Britain on political and commercial morality. The multitude of arbitrary laws enacted to force the industry and commerce of the colonies and the British people into artificial and unnatural channels created a multitude of new crimes; and transactions which appeared necessary for the general welfare, and were no way repugnant to the moral sense of good men, were forbidden by law under heavy penalties. The colonists became thenceforth a nation of law-breakers. Nine-tenths of the colonial merchants were smugglers. One-quarter of the whole number of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were bred to commerce, to the command of ships, and the contraband trade. John Hancock was the prince of contraband traders, and, with John Adams as his counsel, was on trial before the Admiralty Court in Boston at the exact hour of the shedding of blood at Lexington, to answer for half a million dollars' penalties alleged to have been by him incurred as a smuggler. And if good old Governor Jonathan Trumbull, of Connecticut (Brother Jonathan), did not walk in the same ways as his brother patriot in Massachusetts, then tradition, if not record, has done him very great injustice. There is also on record a letter of Alexander Hamilton, written in 1771, at the time he was in mercantile business, giving instructions to the master of a vessel in his employ how to avoid the customs regulations on entering ports in the West Indies. But men like Hancock and Trumbull had been made to feel that government was their enemy; that it deprived them of their natural rights; that in enacting laws to restrain them from laboring freely, and freely exchanging the fruits of their labors, it at the same time enacted the principle of slavery, and that therefore every evasion of such laws was a gain to liberty.

Furthermore, the continuance of such a policy as was adopted by Great Britain toward the colonies, and the spirit of resistance which was as naturally evoked in turn on the part of the colonists, could tend to but one end, namely, war and revolution; and in 1775 war and revolution came.

The population of the colonies at about the time (1670) that their progress in man-

ufactures began to excite the jealousy of Great Britain was probably a little less than 200,000.

Mr. Bancroft estimates the total population of the colonies in 1750 to have been 1,260,000; and in 1770, five years previous to the outbreak of the Revolution, at 2,312,000; of whom 1,850,000 were white and 462,000 black.

#### PROGRESS SINCE THE REVOLUTION.

The immediate effect of the war of the Revolution, by cutting off all except casual and uncertain commercial intercourse with Europe and other countries, was to impart a fresh impulse to such manufactures in the colonies as were then established, and to call into existence some new ones. The immediate effect of the return of peace (in 1783), on the contrary, was most disastrous to nearly all business interests, and more especially to the mechanical and manufacturing industries. But such a result could not well have been otherwise. The country had been subjected to a long and impoverishing war; it was exhausted of men as well as of means; labor was scarce and high, and the burden of debt, both public and private, was most onerous. It has been the custom of many writers in treating of this period to attribute the disastrous condition of affairs which was immediately incident to the close of the Revolution to an unrestrained influx of foreign commodities; but that this agency was not in a high degree potential for mischief is proved by the circumstance that the average imports of British manufactures into the country for several years previous to 1789, notwithstanding a great increase to the population of the States, was considerably less than the average of several years preceding the war; and also that when the first tariff on imports came to be enacted under the Constitution, the rate established on all textile fabrics was only five per cent., and on all manufactures of metal but seven and a half per cent. But the manner in which importations were then made was undoubtedly most mischievous. There was no national government, and the division of the powers of government among thirteen petty sovereignties rendered the adoption of uniform laws impossible. Each State accordingly had its own tariff and regulated its own trade. What was binding in Massachusetts had no validity in Rhode Island, and what was subject to duty in New York might be imported free into Connecticut or New Jersey. Practically, therefore, no revenue could be collected on imports. Great Britain, also, seeing that as a nation we were commercially helpless, not only refused to negotiate a commercial treaty with us, but by an Order in Council excluded our ships from their ports in the West Indies, and, as the government of the States was



then constituted, we had no power through retaliation to compel reciprocity. Yet, according to one who participated in the acts of the Revolution, and was one of the most sagacious observers and writers of the period—Peletiah Webster, of Philadelphia—all the sufferings and evils which the country endured from all other agencies were insignificant in comparison with the misery that resulted from the introduction and use of an irredeemable paper money, and the consequent irregularities of the entire American fiscal system, his exact language being as follows: "We have suffered more from this cause than from any other cause of calamity. It has killed more men, perverted and corrupted the choicest interests of our country more, and done more injustice, than even the arms and artifices of our enemies." And again he says, "If it saved the state, it has violated the equity of our laws, corrupted the justice of our public administration, enervated the trade, industry, and manufactures of our country, and gone far to destroy the morality of our people."

But let the causes have been what they may, there is no doubt that for a brief period subsequent to the close of the war the industry of the country was greatly depressed. The establishment of a stable government, however, by the adoption of the Constitution at once gave to affairs a new aspect. The wretched system of distrust, jealousy, and weakness, which had before paralyzed all enterprise, and sunk the revenues and credit of the Confederation to the lowest point, disappeared, and fresh energy was infused into all departments of business. "American labor," says Dr. Bishop, "at this period began steadily to change its form from a general system of isolated and fireside manual operations—though these continued for some time longer its chief characteristic—to the more organized efforts of regular establishments, with associated capital and corporate privileges, employing more or less of the new machinery which was then coming into use in Europe."

The population of the country increased from an estimate of 2,945,000 in 1780 to 3,924,000 in 1790; and it is curious to note that the percentage of decennial increase of thirty-three per cent. thus established in this decade maintained itself with approximate uniformity for each subsequent decade from 1790 to the breaking out of the rebellion in 1860.

In an address before the "Pennsylvania Society for the Encouragement of Manufactures," August, 1787, by Mr. Tench Coxe (afterward Assistant-Secretary of the Treasury under Hamilton), the great progress in agriculture and manufactures "since the late war" was particularly dwelt upon. In Connecticut, at this time, according to this au-

thority, the household manufactures were such as to furnish "a surplus sold out of the State. New England linen had affected the price and importations of that article from New York to Georgia." In Massachusetts the importation of foreign manufactures was less by one-half than it was twenty years before, although population had greatly increased, and considerable quantities of home-made articles were shipped out of the State. In one regular factory of the latter State there were made as much as 10,000 pairs of cotton and wool cards, 100 tons of nails in another, and 150,000 pairs of stuff and silk shoes in the single town of Lynn. In the course of the address, pattern cards, embracing thirty-six specimens of silk lace and edgings from the town of Ipswich, Massachusetts, were exhibited. In Rhode Island the number of factories was stated to be "great in proportion to its population." The sale of spinning-wheel irons from one shop in Philadelphia in 1790 amounted to 1500 sets, an increase of twenty-nine per cent. over the sales of the previous year. In Lancaster, Pennsylvania, then the largest inland town in the United States, there were in 1786 about 700 families, of whom 234 were manufacturers, in which number were included 14 hatters, 36 shoe-makers, 25 tailors, 25 weavers of cloth, and 4 dyers. Within ten miles of the town were four oil mills, five hemp mills, one fulling-mill. Frederick and Elizabeth, towns in Maryland, and Stanton and Winchester, Virginia, were also important centres of domestic industry, the last-named being famous for its manufacture of hats. There was also a manufactory of glass at Alexandria, Virginia, which, according to the French traveler, De Warville, exported in 1787 glass to the amount of 10,000 pounds, and employed 500 hands. In 1789 Mr. Clymer, of Pennsylvania, stated in Congress that there were fifty-three paper mills within range of the Philadelphia market, and that the annual product of the Pennsylvania mills was 70,000 reams, which was sold as cheap as it could be imported, and that, too, in the absence of any duty. The compiler of the *Bibliotheca Americana*, published in London in 1789, states that the people of North America manufactured their own paper in sufficient quantities for home consumption; and the report of Secretary Hamilton the following year also represents the paper manufacture as one of the branches of American industry which had arrived at the greatest perfection, and was "most adequate to national supply." And yet De Warville a few years previous wrote that on account of the scarcity and dearth of labor and of rags, the Americans could not for many years to come furnish sufficient paper to meet the demand.\*

\* Bishop's *History of American Manufactures*.



An estimate made by Mr. Coxe in 1790 fixed the annual value of the manufactures of the United States for that year at more than \$20,000,000. It is also curious to note that he took as the basis of his computation the returns of the manufacturing industry of Virginia, which then included Kentucky. As Assistant-Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Coxe also asserted, about this period, that the manufactures of the United States were certainly greater than double the value of their exports in native commodities, and much greater than the gross value of all their imports, including the value of all the goods exported again.

In January, 1790, President Washington delivered his first annual message to Congress, and it is noted that he was dressed at the time in a full suit of broadcloth, manufactured at the woolen factory of Colonel Jeremiah Wordsworth, at Hartford, Connecticut, "where all parts of the business are performed except spinning." In this message the subject of the promotion of manufactures was commended to the attention of Congress; and acting upon the suggestions of the President, Congress thereupon ordered that the Secretary of the Treasury "prepare and report a proper plan or plans for the encouragement and promotion of manufactories as will tend to render the United States independent of other nations for essential, particularly for military, supplies;" and in accordance with this order Mr. Hamilton in the following year (1791) submitted his famous report, twice printed by order of Congress, on American manufactures.

In this report the Secretary presented a general exhibit, classified under seventeen heads, of the manufacturing industries in the country, which had at that time made such progress as in a great measure to supply the home market, and which were also carried on "as regular trades." Among these the Secretary enumerates manufactures of skins and leather, including under this head leather breeches and glue; flax and hemp, but not cotton; iron, and most implements of iron and steel; bricks and pottery; starch and hair-powder; manufactures of brass and copper, particularly specifying utensils for brewers and distillers, andirons and philosophical apparatus; tinware "for most purposes;" carriages of all kinds; "lamp-black and other painter's colors;" refined sugars, oils, soaps, candles, hats, gunpowder, chocolate, silk shoes, and "women's stuffs;" snuff, chewing tobacco, etc., etc. "Besides these," he continues, "there is a vast scene of household manufacturing, which contributes more largely to the supply of the community than could be imagined without having made it an object of particular inquiry." But as indicating how limited an idea of the actual and future re-

sources of the country was even then possessed by a mind so intelligent and comprehensive as that of Alexander Hamilton, the following memoranda from this report are also exceedingly curious and pertinent. Thus, for example, under the head of coal, he notes "that there are several mines in Virginia now worked, and appearances of their existence are familiar in a number of places." "There is something," also says the Secretary, "in the texture of cotton which adapts it in a peculiar degree to the application of machines," and in a country in which a deficit of hands constitutes the greatest obstacle to success, this circumstance particularly recommends its fabrication. American cotton, he adds, though alleged to be inferior, can be produced in abundance; and "a hope may be reasonably indulged that with due care and attention" its quality will greatly improve.

Under the head of "the means proper to be resorted to" by the government for the promotion of manufactures, the Secretary, after enumerating and discussing the various agencies "which have been employed with success in other countries," gave his recommendation in favor of a system of "*pecuniary bounties*," and offered in support of the same the following reasons:

"1. It is a species of encouragement more positive and direct than any other.

"2. It avoids the inconvenience of a temporary augmentation of price, which is incident to some other modes.

"3. Bounties have not, like high protecting duties, a tendency to produce scarcity.

"4. Bounties are sometimes not only the best but the only proper expedient for uniting the encouragement of a new object of agriculture with that of a new object of manufacture. The true way to conciliate these two interests is to lay a duty on foreign manufactures of the material the growth of which is desired to be encouraged, and apply the produce of that duty, by way of bounty, either upon the production of the material itself, or upon its manufacture at home, or upon both. In this disposition of the theory the manufacturer commences his enterprise under every advantage which is attainable as to quantity and price of the raw material, and the farmer, if the bounty be immediately to him, is enabled by it to enter into a successful competition with the foreign material."

He accordingly recommended the imposition of additional duties on imports, the proceeds of which, after satisfying the national pledges in respect to the public debt, he proposed should constitute a fund for paying the bounties which might be decreed, and for the operations of a board to be established for promoting arts, agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. The bounties thus recommended were not, however, intended by the Secretary to be permanent; for, as he remarks, their "continuance on manufactures long established must always be of questionable policy, because presumption would arise in every such case that there were natural and inherent impediments to success."

He also dwells at considerable length on



a topic too often overlooked, namely, that it "is not merely necessary that the measures of government which have a direct view to manufactures should be calculated to assist and protect them, but also that those which collaterally affect them in the general course of administration should be guarded from any particular tendency to injure them;" and under this head especially asks attention to "the unfriendly aspect of certain species of taxes toward manufactures." Among such he enumerates, *first*, all poll and capitation taxes, which, if levied according to a fixed rule, operate unequally and injuriously on the industrious poor; "*second*, all taxes which proceed according to the amount of capital supposed to be employed in a business, or of profits supposed to be made on it, are unavoidably hurtful to industry: men engaged in any trade or business have commonly weighty reasons to avoid disclosures which would expose with any thing like accuracy the real state of affairs, and allowing to the public officers the most equitable dispositions, yet when they are to exercise a discretion without certain data they can not fail to be often misled by appearances;" and finally, continues the Secretary, in words that deserve to be printed in gold on the walls of every legislative assembly, "arbitrary taxes are as contrary to the genius of liberty as to the maxims of industry."

Although this celebrated report of Alexander Hamilton both at the time it was made and since has been regarded as a model of clear and unanswerable reasoning, and was also unquestionably of great service to the country, yet it is well known that his specific recommendations of bounties in preference to protective or prohibitory duties, and also for the repeal of all duties on imported cotton as a raw material of manufactures, were not complied with; but that, on the contrary, the system of protective duties on imports which then prevailed in Europe was gradually established in its place, and from that day to this has been continued.

The period of the adoption of the Federal Constitution, in 1789, marks also the period of the commencement of the manufacture of cotton in the United States, as a regular and systematic in contradistinction to a domestic and irregular business. Cotton had indeed been grown for many years previous throughout the Southern sections of the country, but its use up to 1789-90 had been almost exclusively domestic, and even for this purpose the quantity produced was inadequate to supply the home demand. In fact, so little suspicion was entertained of the particular adaptability of the soil and climate of the Southern States for the culture of cotton, that when in 1784 an American ship entered Liverpool with eight bags of the fibre as a part of her cargo, the same

was regarded as an unlawful importation, on the assumption that so large a quantity could not have been the produce of the United States. And as late, furthermore, as 1792 the cotton product of the United States was regarded as of so little value commercially that John Jay consented to the incorporation of a provision (afterward rejected by the Senate) in the treaty that he negotiated with Great Britain that "no cotton should be imported from the United States," the design on the part of Great Britain being not to interfere with the cotton culture of the United States, but to secure for her own mercantile marine the exclusive movement of cotton from the West Indies. Mr. Tench Coxe, in common with other members of the "Pennsylvania Society for Encouraging Manufactures," seems, however, to have early foreseen the future importance of cotton to both American agriculture and manufactures, and when the Convention for framing the Constitution assembled in Philadelphia his earnest recommendations to the Southern delegates on the subject induced many of them, on their return home, to make personal efforts to interest their constituents in extending the cultivation of the fibre.

The inventions of Hargreaves, Arkwright, Compton, and Cartwright for carding, spinning, and weaving cotton by machinery were introduced in England between the years 1768 and 1788; and although at first were so much opposed that the inventors were afraid to work openly, and had in some instances their lives threatened and their machinery destroyed, yet Parliament very early appreciated the national importance of the several inventions, and in accordance with the narrow spirit of the age, enacted in 1774, and subsequently, most strict prohibitions of the export of any textile machinery from the kingdom. These statutes, which were vigilantly enforced by the British government, together with a law against enticing artificers to emigrate, for a time proved most serious obstacles in the way of the introduction of the new English textile machinery into the United States, although many most ingenious efforts to evade the law were made by our countrymen. Mr. Tench Coxe, who omitted no opportunity to promote the cotton industry, at one time, for example, succeeded, after no little trouble and expense, in having secretly made in England models of a full set of Arkwright's machinery, but they were unluckily seized and confiscated as they were on the point of shipment. The information sought for was, however, gradually obtained, and in 1786 Hugh Orr, of Bridgewater, Massachusetts, a pioneer in American manufactures, notified the Legislature of Massachusetts that he had in his employ two Scotchmen, brothers, by the name of Barr, who had some



knowledge of the new cotton machinery. Thereupon the Legislature appointed a committee to examine the men and find out what they knew, which committee subsequently reported in favor of a grant of £200 to the Barrs to enable them to complete certain machines, and also as a gratuity for "their public spirit in making them known to the public." Six tickets in a State Land Lottery, which had no blanks, were accordingly voted to the Scotch brothers by the Legislature, and out of the proceeds the first "stock card" and "spinning-jenny" made in the United States were constructed. These machines were deposited by the order of the General Court with Mr. Orr, who was allowed to use them, as some compensation for his exertions in the matter, and was also requested to exhibit them and explain their principles "to any who might wish to be informed of their great use and advantage in carrying on the woolen and cotton manufacture." The subsequent year, 1787, a company to manufacture cotton was organized at Beverly, Massachusetts, with one or more spinning-jennies, imported or made from the State's models, and a carding-machine, imported at a cost of £1100; and about the same time also several other cotton manufactories were projected or started—at Worcester, Massachusetts; Providence, Rhode Island; Paterson, New Jersey, and other places; none of which, however, for want of skill or proper machinery, appear to have been successful.

Meanwhile (1789) there arrived in New York a young Englishman, not twenty-two years of age, whose name, Samuel Slater, was destined to become famous in the manufacturing annals of the United States. He had been apprenticed at an early age to Jedediah Strutt, a partner with Sir Richard Arkwright in the cotton-spinning business, and had afterward served the firm as clerk and general overseer, until he had rendered himself perfectly familiar with the manufacture of cotton as it was then carried on in the model establishments of Great Britain. The reason which has been assigned for his emigration to the United States was a notice in the newspapers of a grant of £100 by the Legislature of Pennsylvania for the introduction of a new machine for carding cotton, and of the establishment of a society for promoting the manufacture of cotton. But be this as it may, the 18th of January, 1790, found him at Providence, Rhode Island, entered into partnership with the firm of Almy and Brown, under an agreement to construct the Arkwright series of machines, and carry on with his partners the manufacture of cotton by the improved methods. In consequence of the restrictions on the emigration of artisans and the exportation of models and machinery from Great Britain, Mr. Slater did not on leaving

home inform his family of his destination, or take with him any patterns, drawings, or memoranda that could betray his occupation, and so lead to his detention. But so thoroughly was he master of his profession that by the 20th of December of the same year, having discarded all the old machinery previously used by Almy and Brown in their attempts to manufacture cotton, he had constructed, chiefly with his own hands, the whole series of machines on the Arkwright plan, and had started three cards, drawing and roving frames, and two frames of seventy-two spindles. The machinery was first set in motion in an old building which had been used as a clothier's establishment; but in 1793 the new firm built a small factory, which may be considered as the first really successful cotton mill in the United States.

The only thing then wanting to insure the rapid development of the cotton manufacture not only in the United States, but throughout Europe, was an abundant supply of the fibre at a cheap rate; and this the invention of the cotton-gin by Eli Whitney in 1793 at once supplied. For some years previous to this the price of cotton in the United States was about forty cents per pound, and it required oftentimes a day's labor to separate a pound of the clean staple from the seed. In 1795 Georgia cotton of good quality was offered in New York at 1s. 6d. (thirty-six cents) per pound; and at that time cotton continued also to be imported. When Slater first began to spin he used Cayenne cotton, but after a few years he began to mix about one-third of Southern cotton, the yarn produced being designated as second quality, and sold accordingly.

In 1799 Mr. Slater built his second cotton mill, on the east side of the Pawtucket River, in the limits of Massachusetts, the first mill ever erected in the State on the Arkwright system; and by act of the Legislature the same, with all its appurtenances, was for a period of seven years exempted from taxation. Until this date the improved methods of manufacture had been confined to Mr. Slater and his associates, but after this men who had been in their employ, and had learned the construction and operation of the machinery, left them, and commenced the erection of mills for themselves or other parties, and before the year 1808 fifteen cotton mills on the Arkwright basis were in successful operation in different sections of the country. The first cotton mill west of Albany was erected in the neighborhood of Utica, Oneida County, New York, in 1807-8. In 1807 the whole number of spindles in the United States was estimated at 4000; in 1808 the estimate was 8000; and in 1809, 31,000. From this time until 1840, apart from the annual estimates of the domestic consumption of cotton for all purposes, the statistics



of the growth of the cotton manufacture in the United States are very deficient and unreliable. In 1815 the three States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut had 165 factories and 119,510 spindles. In 1831, 795 factories and 1,246,500 spindles were reported for the whole country. In 1840, by the census, 2,285,000 spindles; in 1850 (for New England only), 2,728,000 spindles. After this the data are reliable, and are as follows: 1860, 5,035,798 spindles; 1870, 7,114,000; 1874 (July 1), 9,415,383, of which 8,927,754 were returned for the Northern States, and 487,629 for the Southern. The recent rapid progress of the Southern States in the manufacture of cotton is indicated by the fact that in 1869 this section of the country had 225,063 spindles in operation, and in 1874, 487,629. The progress of the whole country in spinning spindles from 1870 to 1874 was about thirty-three per cent. The aggregate and average *per capita* manufacturing consumption of cotton in the United States since 1827 is shown by the following table:

Years.	Pounds.	Consumption per Capita.
1827.....	49,489,796	4.22
1835.....	79,597,896	5.31
1840.....	113,053,919	6.68
1845.....	161,435,000	8.15
1850.....	263,190,642	11.34
1855.....	306,532,808	11.40
1860.....	450,877,823	14.32
1865.....	145,935,000	5.21
1869.....	447,216,000	11.57
1874.....	567,583,873	13.50

In 1794 the price of Slater's cotton yarn, No. 20, was \$1 21 per pound. In 1808 the price of the same number was \$1 31. Power-

Lowell—had become so popular that they were counterfeited by foreign manufacturers, and in 1827 it is recorded that the demand for American cottons in Brazil was considerably affected by imitations of them made at Manchester, England, and offered there (in Brazil) “at lower prices, although they could be made as cheaply in the United States as the same quality could be produced in Manchester.” It is also a noteworthy circumstance that in 1850 in New England the ratio of cotton spindles to population was that of 1008 spindles to each 1000 inhabitants, while in Great Britain for the same year the ratio was 1003 spindles to 1000 inhabitants, so that at this period New England in respect to cotton had comparatively exceeded Great Britain in its manufacturing industry. From 1850 to 1860 and from 1860 to 1870 the number of spindles in New England increased much faster than the population, averaging in 1860 1265 and in 1870 1478 to each 1000 inhabitants.

The most important cotton manufacturing States of the Union, arranged in the order of their consumption of cotton for the year 1874, were as follows: Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Maine, New York, Maryland, Georgia, New Jersey, South Carolina, North Carolina, Alabama, Tennessee, and Virginia. Few or no cotton factories exist in the States of Illinois, Iowa, Michigan, Wisconsin, Kansas, Nebraska, California, or Oregon. The following table exhibits the amount and character of the principal products of the cotton manufactories of the United States for 1874:

STATEMENT OF THE KINDS AND QUANTITIES OF COTTON GOODS MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES FOR THE YEAR ENDING JULY 1, 1874.

	New England States.	Middle and Western States.	Total Northern States.	Total Southern States.	Total United States.
Threads, yarns, and twines.....lbs.	32,000,000	99,000,000	131,000,000	18,000,000	149,000,000
Sheetings, shirtings, and similar plain goods.....yds.	520,000,000	90,000,000	610,000,000	97,000,000	707,000,000
Twilled and fancy goods, osnaburgs, jeans, etc.....yds.	204,000,000	80,000,000	284,000,000	22,000,000	306,000,000
Print cloths.....yds.	481,000,000	107,000,000	588,000,000	.....	588,000,000
Ginghams.....yds.	30,000,000	3,000,000	33,000,000	.....	33,000,000
Ducks.....yds.	14,000,000	16,000,000	30,000,000	.....	30,000,000
Bags.....	5,000,000	1,000,000	6,000,000	.....	6,000,000

loom weaving was first successfully introduced into Great Britain in 1806, previous to which time all weaving had been performed upon hand-looms. The first power-looms in the United States were put in operation at Waltham, Massachusetts, in 1814, and it was at the mills of the company at this place, also, that the spinning and weaving of cotton were for the first time combined in any large establishment. In this same year the price of cotton yarn was reduced by the operations of the Waltham Company to less than one dollar per pound. In 1823 the “domestics” of the Waltham Company—which at about this time extended its operations and built the first mill at

Besides the above, there is a large production of articles, like hosiery, etc., composed of mixed cotton and wool, for the details of which there are no satisfactory statistics.

Among other notable improvements which were invented and brought into use about the time of the adoption of the Federal Constitution were those of Oliver Evans, of Pennsylvania, in respect to the manufacture of flour, the importance of which may perhaps be sufficiently indicated by saying that in all the subsequent progress of invention no radical change has ever been made in the system of “milling” machinery as Mr. Evans devised it, and that it constitutes today the mechanical basis upon which all the



extensive flour mills of the United States and Europe are operated. The more special results of the invention were a saving of one-half the labor of attendance, a better product of manufacture, and an increase of about twenty-eight pounds of flour to each barrel above the method previously in use.

As has been already stated, the value of the product of American manufactures for the year 1790, as estimated by Mr. Tench Coxe, was about \$20,000,000.

The census of 1810 fixed the total value of the manufactured products of the country for that year at \$127,000,000, but Mr. Coxe, to whom the returns were referred by resolution of Congress for revision, was of the opinion that the aggregate, exclusive of all products closely allied to agriculture, such as lumber, sugar, ashes, wine, bricks, indigo, hemp, and the products of the fisheries, was at least \$172,000,000, or including products of the nature specified, \$198,000,000. In 1810, also, Mr. Gallatin, then Secretary of the Treasury, reported to the House of Representatives that the following manufactures were carried on to an extent which might be considered adequate to the requirements of the United States for consumption, as the value of these products annually exported exceeded that of the foreign articles of the same general class annually imported, viz., manufactures of wood, leather and manufactures of leather, soap and tallow-candles, spermaceti oil and candles, flaxseed oil, refined sugar, coarse earthenware, snuff, hair-powder, chocolate, and mustard. The following branches were also reported as so firmly established as to supply in several instances the greater and in all a considerable part of the consumption of the country, viz., iron and manufactures of iron, manufactures of cotton, wool, and flax, hats, paper, printing types, printed books, and playing-cards, spirituous and malt liquors, gunpowder, window glass, jewelry and clocks, several manufactures of hemp and of lead, straw bonnets and hats, and wax-candles.\*

Accepting the estimates of Mr. Coxe, it also appears that the annual value of the manufactured products of the 8,500,000 population of the United States in 1810, less than thirty years after the close of the Revolution, was in excess of that of Great Britain, with her accumulated capital and experience, in 1787, when the population of the United Kingdom closely approximated to the same figure.

The immediate effect of the war of 1812, by increasing demand for all necessary products, and at the same time cutting off all foreign imports and competition, was to impart a most unnatural and unhealthy stimulus to American manufacturing industry.

Capital, especially under the form of joint-stock companies, and often without the exercise of the most ordinary prudence or forethought, hastened to inaugurate a host of new industrial enterprises. Mill privileges readily commanded most extravagant figures, wages rose from 30 to 50 per cent., and raw materials and manufactured goods from 50 to 200 per cent. Cottons which had sold before the war at from 17 to 25 cents per yard, found purchasers by the package at 75 cents per yard; and salt, which was, in 1812, 55 cents per bushel, commanded in October, 1814, \$3 per bushel. The number of cotton mills in Rhode Island and in Massachusetts within thirty miles of Providence, at the commencement of the war in 1812, was about seventy; at the close of the war, in 1815, this number had increased to ninety-six.

So long as the war continued there was for nearly all these enterprises an apparent great prosperity, to magnify and inflate which an almost unlimited issue of paper money also powerfully contributed. All the banks in the country, save those in New England, suspended specie payments in 1814; and the Federal government, finding itself short of revenue, early in the course of the war commenced the issue of Treasury paper. But as specie disappeared and redemption was abrogated, not only public and private banking associations, but manufacturing and bridge-building associations, and even individuals, issued paper notes, which rapidly passed into circulation, and were largely taken by the public. In one session, that of 1813-14, the Legislature of Pennsylvania chartered forty-one new banks, with \$17,000,000 of capital; and according to one writer of the time, "the plenty of money was so profuse that the managers of the banks were fearful that they could not find a demand for all they could fabricate, and it was no infrequent occurrence to hear solicitations urged to individuals to become borrowers, under promises of indulgences the most tempting." The result was that the money of the country in a great degree lost its value, and its depreciation, enhancing the prices of every species of property and commodity, appeared like a real rise in value, and induced all manner of speculations and extravagance. The editor of *Niles's Register* characterized "the prodigality and waste as almost beyond belief," and speaks of the furniture of a single private parlor in one of the Eastern cities as costing upward of \$40,000. On the other hand, Mr. Mathew Carey, of Philadelphia, writing in 1816, called this period "the golden age of Philadelphia," and says, "The rapid circulation of property, the immensity of business done, and the profits made on that business produced a degree of prosperity which she had perhaps never

\* Bishop's *History of American Manufactures*.



before witnessed." And in another portion of the pamphlet from which the above language is quoted he further declared "that never was the country in a more enviable state."

With the return of peace, and the consequent cessation of demand for commodities on the part of the government, the fall of prices, and the resumption of importations, all this bubble of prosperity, however, collapsed with great rapidity, and the country entered upon a period of prostration and stagnation of all industrial effort which has had no parallel in all its history except possibly during the darkest hours of the Revolution. Expecting large demands and high prices for commodities, English and American merchants imported enormously as soon as practicable after the ports had been opened; but the markets becoming soon overstocked, prices, under forced sales, declined to such an extent as to prove ruinous not only to the exporters, but also to a large proportion of the injudicious or high-cost manufacturing establishments which the war had stimulated into existence. To remedy this state of things, Congress in 1816 enacted the first strong protective tariff, although the average rate of duty imposed by it on all imports was only about twenty-five per cent., and on only a few articles was in excess of thirty per cent. It is interesting also to note that this measure was proposed and mainly supported by Southern members of Congress—especially on the ground of encouraging the manufacture of our own cotton—and met with decided opposition from the people and Representatives of the North, whose capital and labor were at that time largely interested in commerce and navigation.

But whatever may have been the ultimate effect of this tariff, its immediate beneficial influence in restoring prosperity to the manufacturing and other interests of the country proved far less than what was anticipated. On the contrary, the stagnation of every kind of trade and industry, instead of diminishing, continued to increase, and did not reach its maximum until four years after the war, or in 1819. Specie payments were resumed in 1817; and as a legitimate consequence no small proportion of the paper promises to pay, which had been so recklessly issued and so profusely circulated as money, without security behind them for their payment, rapidly became worthless in the hands of the holders. The United States Bank, which at that time was the great financial regulator of the exchanges of the country, became also involved, through imprudent or dishonest management—losing through its Baltimore branch alone \$1,671,000—and in attempting to save itself wrought such new mischief that the previous financial and industrial disasters

of the country became almost insignificant in comparison. Rents and values of all real estate and merchandise were enormously depreciated. The population of Philadelphia decreased 10,000 between 1815 and 1820. At Pittsburg flour was one dollar per barrel, boards twenty cents per hundred, and sheep one dollar per head. Farms were mortgaged and sold every where for one-half to one-third of their value. Factories and workshops were every where closed; and in August, 1819, it was estimated by some authorities that as many as 260,000 persons, formerly dependent on manufactures, were absolutely without means of support.

After 1819, although the depression of prices continued through 1820, affairs began to improve. In this latter year the site for the city of Lowell was purchased, and between 1821 and 1827 it is noted that *thirty* new cotton factories were erected in the State of New York alone. But from the epoch of the great financial and industrial revulsion following the war of 1812 down to the year 1850 there are no reliable data for exhibiting by decades, or for shorter periods, the aggregate progress and results of American manufacturing industry. Some specific details of interest may, however, be mentioned.

Thus, in 1821 the value of the manufactured products of the United States exported was equal to 28 cents per head of the entire population. In 1825 this value had risen to 51 cents, from which it declined in 1830 to 41 cents. In 1835 it was again 51 cents; in 1840, 58 cents; in 1845, 53 cents; in 1850, 60 cents; and in the period from 1851 to 1861 it attained the highest figures in our industrial history, namely, \$1 40 in 1854 and \$1 53 in 1860. Since the outbreak of the war, however, this representative value of exports of manufactures has not in any one year risen as high as \$1 *per capita* for our entire population.

In 1820 the total value of the books published in the United States was estimated at \$2,500,000, and the relative proportion of British and American books consumed was estimated by S. C. Goodrich (Peter Parley) at *seventy* per cent. of the former to *thirty* of the latter; but before 1850 the proportion of foreign books to American consumed in the country had become very inconsiderable.

The mechanical inventions by which the cost of the manufacture of paper was greatly reduced, through the substitution of machinery producing a continuous sheet, in place of the old hand process by which single sheets were made successively and slowly, had their inception unquestionably in Europe at about the commencement of the present century, but the credit of so simplifying and enlarging the machinery as to make it practical and thoroughly efficient



undoubtedly belongs to American paper-makers, John Ames, of Springfield, having been especially noted for his useful inventions. In 1800, "by the hand process, it took three months to complete the paper, ready for delivery, from the time of receiving the rags into the mill."\* At the present day twenty-four hours are amply sufficient. In 1820 the annual value of the product of the paper manufacturing industry of the United States was estimated at \$3,000,000; in 1829, \$7,000,000; in 1844, \$16,000,000, by 600 mills; in 1854, \$27,000,000, by 750 mills; in 1860, \$39,428,000; and in 1870 (exclusive of paper-hangings), \$48,675,000.

The iron industry of the United States divides itself into two periods, one dating from the first settlement of the country to the end of the year 1862; the other extending from 1863 to the end of 1873. The first period was one of gradual but continuous growth; the second was that in which the iron industry was stimulated into an extraordinary growth and activity, first by the war, and then by railroad building on the most extensive scale.

The fact that both pig and bar iron were included among the regular exports of the country for many years prior to the Revolution has been already noticed. After the war the progress of this industry was for a time very rapid, and in 1791 Mr. Hamilton in his report says, "Iron-works have greatly increased in the United States, and are prosecuted with much more advantage than formerly." We find it also recorded at about this time that "a dangerous rivalry to British iron interests was apprehended in the American States, not only in the production of rough iron, from the cheapness of fuel and the quality of the iron, but also in articles of steel cutlery and other finished products, from the dexterity of the Americans in the manufacture of scythes, axes, nails, etc." In 1810 Mr. Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury, in a report on manufactures, classed that of iron as firmly established, and estimated the quantity of bar-iron produced to be 40,000 tons, against about 9000 imported. According to the census of 1810, there were 153 furnaces in the United States, producing 53,908 tons of iron, and four steel furnaces, producing 917 tons of steel, the importation of steel for the same year being reported at only 550 tons. The commercial and financial revulsions which followed the war of 1812-15 affected disastrously the iron manufacture in common with all other industries; but that it did not entirely interrupt it is shown by the fact that some new establishments of great importance went into operation at the time of the greatest depression; and in 1816 the total import of pig-iron was but 329 tons.

By 1824 the iron production and manufacture were both very active, and the pig-iron product of this year undoubtedly exceeded 100,000 tons. For 1832 it was reported at 200,000 tons. The first furnace for smelting with anthracite coal was built in 1837, but at the close of 1843 there were twenty anthracite furnaces in successful operation. The first important demand for iron in the United States for railroad purposes commenced in 1835, during which year 465 miles of road were constructed, followed by 416 in 1838, 516 in 1840, and 717 in 1841. In regard to the production of pig-iron in the United States during the decade from 1840 to 1850, a period characterized by extreme variations in the tariff policy of the government, there has been no little of controversy; but the most careful investigation yet made into the subject (that of Hon. W. M. Grosvenor) leads to the conclusion that the product of 1840 was about 347,000 tons, and that it increased from that figure to an aggregate of not more than 551,000 tons in 1846, and 570,000 in 1848. Subsequent to this date the progress of the pig-iron industry may be accurately indicated as follows: 1850, 564,755 tons; 1855, 784,178; 1860, 919,770; 1865, 931,582; 1870, 1,865,000; 1873, 2,695,000.

In 1865 the production of cast steel in the United States was 15,262 tons; in 1873, 28,000 tons.

In 1868 the production of pneumatic or Bessemer steel was 8500 tons; in 1873 (estimated), 140,000 tons. The recent progress of that department of the iron industry of the United States engaged in the manufacture of rails for railroads is also indicated by the following statistics of annual product: 1849, 24,314 tons; 1855, 138,674; 1860, 205,038; 1865, 356,292; 1870, 620,000; 1872, 941,000; 1873, 850,000.

In 1840 the consumption of iron in the United States for all purposes was estimated at about 40 pounds *per capita*; in 1846, at about 60 pounds; in 1856, at 64; and in 1867, at (approximately) 100 pounds. The *per capita* consumption of Great Britain and Belgium alike for this latter year was 189 pounds; and of France, 69½ pounds. For the years 1872-73 the *per capita* consumption of iron in the United States has been estimated as high as 150 pounds; and that of Great Britain, at 200 pounds.

It is more difficult to present the details of the growth and development of the woolen manufacture of the United States than those of almost any other great domestic industry; and this, in a great degree, for the reason that no other industry has been subjected to such violent and radical disturbances by reason of financial and commercial revulsions, and by the frequent changes in the fiscal policy of the government in respect to the tariff. Previous to the Revolution this branch of manufacturing was so

\* Munsell's *Chronology of Paper and Paper-Making*.



successfully established that its progress was regarded with probably more of jealousy and apprehension by Great Britain than that of any other colonial industry, and most stringent efforts were made by Parliament to check or suppress it. After the war the business generally changed its "home" or "domestic" character, and became more and more of a "factory" enterprise, and developed rapidly, down to the period of the "embargo" of 1808. It is recorded that Arthur Schofield about this time established a mill in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, from which goods were soon sent to New York, sold for British broadcloths, and brought back for sale by a dealer of that same town in which they were manufactured. Other mills were equally successful, and before the "embargo" American woolens were made for \$1 06 per yard, equal in fineness and quality with British goods of double the width, costing \$3 50 per yard.

The immediate effect of the embargo and of the subsequent war was to greatly stimulate the manufacture of woolens; but wool was so high and scarce as to command in 1815 \$4 per pound, while broadcloths were as high as \$18 per yard. The detailed accounts of one factory established at Goshen, Connecticut, in 1813, which have been preserved, show that the proprietors purchased wool at \$1 50 per pound, and sold cloth of a quality which at the present time would not command over \$1 per yard, for \$10; and, further, that the ultimate end of that factory after the war was an entire loss of the original capital, and three times as much more in addition.

coarsest hair to the finest and most glossy silk; and that in order that the manufacture of woolens may be conducted successfully, it is absolutely essential that the manufacturer should be allowed to freely select his raw material from the peculiar products of every climate and soil, and at prices common to all competitors. But such a condition of things, through legislative interference, has not been given to American woolen manufacturers in one single year since 1827; added to which there has been no stability in the duties imposed on imported fabrics of wool, the tariff on the single article of blankets, for example, having been subjected to five radical and sudden changes during the period from 1857 to 1867 inclusive. The extreme and rapid variations in the price of American wool (upon which the American manufacturer has been obliged to mainly rely) since the year 1827 also strikingly illustrate how unstable have been what may be regarded as the fundamental elements of the business. Thus the average price per pound of common "fleece" in New York for the year 1825 was 33 cents; in 1830, 22 cents; in 1835, 33 $\frac{3}{4}$  cents; in 1839, 38 cents; in 1842, 19 cents; in 1850, 35 cents; in 1853, 41 cents; in 1858, 30 cents; in 1863, 67 cents; and in 1873, 40 to 90 cents.

By the census of 1840 the capital invested in the manufacture of woolens in the United States was returned as in excess of \$15,000,000, employing 21,000 persons, and producing goods to the value of \$20,696,000. Since 1850 the progress and condition of this industry as returned by the census are shown by the following table:

	1850.	1860.	1870.
Number of establishments.....	1,559	1,260	2,891
Hands employed .....	39,252	41,360	93,108
Capital invested.....	\$28,118,000	\$30,862,000	\$108,998,000
Value of product.....	\$43,207,000	\$61,894,000	\$177,963,000

In the prostration of all business interests that followed the war the woolen industry participated, but yet not more largely than did that of cotton; and it recovered so vigorously that the capital invested in it was reported to Congress to have more than doubled between 1815-16 and 1827. From this time, although the woolen manufacture has continued to increase, and at the present time has attained to a large development in almost every department, its record on the whole has been one of disaster rather than of success; and the annals of Congress from 1827 onward are filled with applications by representatives of the woolen interests for legislative relief, and with most pitiful statements of lack of profit, loss of capital, and abandonment of business. The explanation of this curious result in great part is that no one country produces all the different kinds of wool, which in variety of character may be said to range from the

In 1850 the Federal government for the first time attempted to ascertain through the machinery of the census with any approach to accuracy the exact condition and annual product of all the various industries of the country, not, however, including any establishment the value of whose annual product was not in excess of \$500. The amount of capital at that time invested in manufactures in the whole country was returned at \$553,123,822, and the value of the annual product (including fisheries and the products of the mines) at \$1,019,106,616.

By the census of 1860 the aggregate capital employed in manufacturing for the whole country was returned at \$1,009,855,715, and the gross value of the total annual product at \$1,885,861,676, an increase as compared with the aggregate of 1850 of about eighty-eight per cent. By the census of 1870 the aggregate manufacturing capital returned was \$2,118,208,000, and the gross value of



the total annual product of manufactures \$4,232,325,442. Reducing the census statements of these values of the annual product to equal terms respectively, the increase in the reported values of the products of manufacturing industry for the decade from 1860 to 1870 was *one hundred and eight* per cent. But of this increase *fifty-six* per cent. was computed to represent merely the enhancement of prices in 1870 over those of 1860 by reason of the inflation of the currency and other general causes, leaving *fifty-two* per cent. as the actual increase in the value of production. Of this latter increase it was further estimated that about *twenty-eight* per cent. was due to increase during the decade in the amount of labor employed, and *twenty-four* per cent. to the application of steam or water power, the introduction of machinery, and the perfecting of processes.

But the evidence is unquestionable that the returns of both the census of 1860 and that of 1870 in respect to the aggregate value of the annual product of our manufacturing industries were much less than the actual facts warranted, and that if proper account had been taken of the omissions and deficiencies in the estimates of the periods above given, the true value of the annual manufacturing product for 1860 would have been about \$2,325,000,000 in place of \$1,885,000,000, and for 1870 \$4,839,000,000 in place of \$4,232,000,000.

Careful investigation has also shown that the data upon which the amount of capital invested in manufactures in the United States has from time to time been estimated under the census have been too unreliable and imperfect to authorize any but the most general conclusions; and furthermore that the results of any inquiry by Federal or State officials looking to the obtaining of accurate information respecting invested capital must, from the almost universal unwillingness of persons interested to give information, be ever most unsatisfactory, if not wholly worthless. Thus the estimate under this head, based on the official returns of the census for 1870, was, as before shown, \$2,118,000,000; but this sum, in the opinion of the Superintendent of the Census, Hon. F. A. Walker, did not in fact truly represent more than one-fourth of the capital which actually contributed to make up the gross annual value of the manufactured product returned for the year 1870.

#### RELATIVE IMPORTANCE OF THE MANUFACTURING INDUSTRIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

The following detailed statements, compiled from the returns of the census of 1870, indicate the relative importance of the great manufacturing industries of the country:

*Leather* (including the dressing and tanning of skins, the manufacture of boots and shoes, saddlery, harnesses, belting, hose,

poCKET-books, trunks, bags, and valises, but excluding all other manufactures).—Hands employed, 202,613; capital invested, \$133,902,000; value of annual product, exclusive of value of material used, \$162,872,000.

*Lumber* (planed and sawed).—Hands employed, 163,511; capital invested, \$161,406,000; value of annual product, exclusive of value of material used, \$120,201,000.

*Flouring and Grist Mill Products*.—Hands employed, 58,448; capital invested, \$151,565,000; value of annual product, exclusive of value of material used, \$77,593,000.

*Pig and Bar Iron Manufacture* (including pigs, blooms, and iron forged and rolled).—Hands employed, 78,347; capital invested, \$119,860,000; value of annual product, exclusive of value of raw material used, \$70,272,000.

*Clothing* (ready-made).—Hands employed, 118,824; capital invested, \$52,743,000; value of annual product, exclusive of value of material used, \$69,600,000.

*Manufactures of Cotton* (including batting and wadding, thread, twine, and yarns).—Hands employed, 136,763; capital invested, \$140,906,000; value of annual product, exclusive of value of raw material used, \$64,828,000.

*Manufactures of Wool* (including woollen and worsted goods, wool carding, and cloth dressing).—Hands employed, 93,108; capital invested, \$108,998,000; value of annual product, exclusive of value of material used, \$66,745,000.

*Machinery*.—Hands employed, 83,514; capital invested, \$101,181,000; value of annual product, exclusive of value of material used, \$57,597,000.

*Carriages and Wagons* (including building and repairing of railroad cars, children's wagons, and sleds).—Hands employed, 71,772; capital invested, \$53,941,000; value of annual product, exclusive of value of material used, \$56,565,000.

*Agricultural Implements*.—Hands employed, 25,279; capital invested, \$34,834,000; value of annual product, exclusive of value of material used, \$30,593,000.

*Paper* (exclusive of paper-hangings).—Hands employed, 17,910; capital invested, \$39,362,000; value of annual product, exclusive of value of material used, \$18,648,000.

*Stoves, Heaters, and Hollow Ware*.—Hands employed, 13,325; capital invested, \$19,833,000; value of annual product, exclusive of value of material used, \$14,345,000.

*Hats and Caps*.—Hands employed, 16,173; capital invested, \$6,409,000; value of annual product, exclusive of value of material used, \$12,587,000.

*Silk* (including sewing and twist).—Hands employed, 6699; capital invested, \$6,242,000; value of annual product, exclusive of value of material used, \$4,415,000.

It thus appears that the preparation and



manufacture of leather ranks *first* in importance of the various manufacturing industries of the United States, and that the industries represented by the planing and sawing of lumber, and by the "milling" of cereals, take precedence over the primary manufactures of iron, as well as over the great textile industries of cotton and of wool.

#### NUMBER OF PERSONS EMPLOYED.

By the census of 1870, 11,155,240 persons, twenty years of age and upward, were returned according to occupations. Of this number 2,500,189 were engaged in manufactures and mining, being a gain of *twenty-eight* per cent. since 1860, or *five and one-half* per cent. more than the ratio of decennial increase in population. The number employed in agriculture was at the same time returned at 5,151,767, and in trade and transportation at 1,117,928.

#### SOCIAL CONDITION OF LABORERS.

The data and material for describing the condition of laborers engaged in the manufacturing industries of the United States at different periods are very meagre. During the colonial period and the early days of the republic there was but little accumulated national wealth, but what there was was probably distributed with more of equality than has ever prevailed in any other large community of which we have a correct history for any lengthened period. At the commencement of the present century there were probably a smaller number of individuals in the country, in proportion to the whole population, who possessed an accumulated capital of \$5000 than there are at the present time who possess \$100,000. But if there was but little accumulated wealth in the early days of our national history, there was but little poverty, and consequently but few social distinctions, and the natural resources of the country then as now afforded remarkable facilities to all who were willing and able to work for earning a comfortable livelihood. With the gradual accumulation of wealth, the utilization of natural forces through the agency of machinery, and the great improvements in the means of transportation, the consuming power of the masses has also greatly increased, and many things which were once regarded as luxuries have come to be considered by even the humblest in the light of necessities. But it can not, at the same time, be doubted that the general tendency of events during the last quarter of a century of our national history has been to more unequally distribute the results of industrial effort, to accumulate great fortunes in a few hands—in short, to cause the rich to grow richer and the poor poorer. Such results, however, can not be referred to any

one cause, but they are primarily due to an abandonment of that spirit of economy which so pre-eminently characterized our ancestors; to a marked decrease in the efficiency of labor; to a continual, if not increasing, use of artificial stimulants; to the crowding of population in large industrial and commercial centres; to war; to the interference of legislation with the freedom of trade; and latterly, to the use of an unstable, fluctuating medium of exchange, which all experience shows is one of the greatest curses that can befall the laboring population of any country.

As elements for estimating the social condition of laborers in the manufacturing industries of the United States, the statistics of the wages paid in different occupations are most important; and from the great mass of information on this subject which has recently been collected and published the following general items have been selected. Thus in Pennsylvania, the leading State in the production and fabrication of iron, the average earnings per annum in the different manufacturing establishments of the State for the years 1872-73 (as reported by the State Bureau of Statistics of Labor) were as follows: foremen, \$638 per annum; skilled workmen, \$536; laborers, first-class, \$402; laborers, second-class, \$332; females above sixteen, \$228; youths, apprentices, etc., \$150.

In Massachusetts for about the same period the average wages reported in the cotton-manufacturing industry were, for men, \$403 per annum; women, \$268; children, \$134.

In the silk industry the average earnings per hand in the most prosperous establishments probably approximate \$335 per annum as a maximum.

In the woolen industry the average daily wages of 5500 operatives in the mills of Massachusetts were reported for the year 1871 as follows: men, \$1 62 per day; women, \$1 12; young persons, 94 cents; children, 64 cents.

In any limited review of the progress of a great nation for a period of one hundred years, in respect to any one of its leading departments of industry, much that is interesting and suggestive must of necessity be wholly omitted, and many things treated most superficially. But a general conclusion to which a study of all the facts connected with our national development from the time of the founding the first colonies in the wilderness to the epoch of the Declaration of Independence, and from the establishment of peace and the adoption of the Federal Constitution to the present hour, is that the progress of the country, especially in respect to its manufacturing industry, and through what may be termed its ele-



ment of vitality, is independent of legislation, and even of the impoverishment and waste of a great war. Like one of our mighty rivers, its movement is beyond control. Successive years, like successive affluents, only add to and increase its volume, while legislative enactments and conflicting commercial and fiscal policies, like the construction of piers and the deposits of sunken wrecks, simply deflect the current or constitute temporary obstructions. In fact, if the nation in all respects has not yet been lifted to a full comprehension of its own work, it builds steadily and determinately, and, as it were, by instinct. DAVID A. WELLS.

NORWICH, CONNECTICUT, 1875.

### A LION IN THE WAY.

A LITTLE headstrong piece, a pretty little headstrong piece, every old woman in the neighborhood called Bessie Allan; and when she and Georgie Knight, her mate in most of her frolics and adventures, were together, any thing, the same authorities declared, might be expected. Nevertheless, all the neighborhood were Bessie Allan's friends; they all loved the little bright head, the dimpled mischief of the rosy face, the glistening of the brown eyes, with their long, bright, half-curved lashes that knew so well the demure trick of veiling the lustre underneath them at the auspicious moment, and making the face too tempting for any thing but forgiveness and kisses.

She was seventeen, and though all the neighborhood might in some way be called her lover, yet she had never had that single and individual lover who belongs to young girls' dreams; for with all her gay spirit there was a certain shyness—almost like that of the little wild-wood animals, which allures you and then escapes you—and no admirer had ever approached the lovely, frolicsome, piquant thing near enough to become a lover. That is to say, until this present epoch, of which we are about to speak; and then one day the new minister—yes, the new minister, young, heart-whole, handsome, and believed by some of the old women of whom mention has been made, and some of the young ones too, to be nothing less than an angel in disguise, for if such things had happened once, they reasoned, then they might happen again—just as he rose in the pulpit, saw Mistress Bessie come walking into church, and it was all over with him.

Pray don't think ill of the young minister. It was no earthly love of which he was conscious during the brief hour of the pulpit. Only to him, that early summer day, the sky was bluer, the rose was rosier, the sunshine seemed more than ever to be flowing out of heaven itself, like the shimmer of the river of life. He was not exactly

aware that he had even seen Bessie Allan; all that he was entirely conscious of was that suddenly, as if he were in an ecstasy, the whole world had brightened and lifted itself, and he prayed and read and preached after a manner that made the congregation talk, during all the intermission, of Tobit and the angel; and then he went home to dine with Mr. Allan.

As for Bessie, she sat very still between her father and mother in church, and forgot all about her roguish glances hither and yon, all about this body's ribbons and that body's hat, and heard the preaching and the praying with a new light in her eyes and a new comprehension in her mind; joined in the singing of the hymn with her whole soul, and a voice like a bird's; and perfectly agreed for the time being with the old women and the young women that this was no common minister, but more likely to be a spirit in mortal guise than any mere graduate of theology.

Yet Mr. Beckwith was not of such immaterial form as might lead to such opinion. He was a deep-chested, broad-shouldered fellow, with short brown curls clustering in thick rings upon a head of antique outline, with a steely glance in a pair of great blue eyes, and was by no means any more ethereal in appearance than a man of proper proportions and natural emotions should be, except in such moments as those when his excited aspiration lent a singularly pure and holy expression to the face that was usually rather severe than otherwise.

But if this young gentleman had not been self-conscious of Bessie's presence in church, he became very conscious of it in her father's house. Not immediately, to be sure, for the awe in which she had been half spell-bound did not wear off at once. But when she found that the minister liked plenty of gravy, when she had helped him twice to dumplings, when she had discovered that he had a good hearty heathen appetite, then the mischief in her began to get the upper hand, and almost before she knew what she was about, the eyelashes were doing their wonted execution. Mr. Beckwith saw the rosy roguish face before him on the darkness as he walked home that night; it made a picture in the sunrise clouds when he woke in the morning; and after he had known her a fortnight, there was not a day or an hour in which that face did not seem to be lurking somewhere about him—on his sermon paper, between the leaves of his commentary, in the very sunshine that fell across him. Mr. Beckwith was not the man to consider this a mawkish sentimentality, or a thing to be checked by flagellations and mortifications of flesh and spirit. He knew, in fact, that his hour had come. He sat down and reasoned the matter out with himself. A child, indeed, she



was, he confessed, but then an utterly lovely one. Not precisely the material for a minister's wife, according to old-fashioned theories, but then he had abandoned old-fashioned theories in that respect. His wife was to belong to him, not to the parish, and in time she would be every thing the fondest parish could wish. And as for any thing more that could be urged, there was but one answer—he loved her. A month ago he had never seen her; now, life would be a hard struggle to the grave without her. A month ago he had never seen her, yet he was sure he had only been journeying toward her, and he was as determined to make her his own, and as confident that he should do so, as if he had seen it written in the book of fate. When Mr. Beckwith determined on a thing, he was in the habit of accomplishing it.

But still Mr. Beckwith had perhaps had different subjects to deal with hitherto; as well calculate on a will-o'-the-wisp, he presently found, as on Bessie Allan. To-day she was all melting smiles and glances, to-morrow she was remote as a star; to-day she was like a bird on which he was just about to put his hand, to-morrow she was singing and soaring far beyond his reach. After he had met her in some of his walks, and had spent an hour beside her, sometimes strolling, sometimes sitting on a mossy stone, and had been amazed at her acquaintance with the things of nature, at the insight into spiritual things which her young mind in this quiet moment showed, its sympathy with all sweet and innocent influences, its ready acceptance of the great truths to the statement of which his words were apt to tend—after all this, he would be just as likely as not to catch his next glimpse of her down in the meadow, in company with Georgie Knight, making cheeses with her skirts, as if she were ten years old, or racing like a madcap through the straight lines of the orchard, stopping only for whirls and twirls and swift waltz steps as she went along, like one of the old pictures of the sylphides; or else calling the filly to the bars, and catching her by the forelock, and galloping away down the pasture without saddle or bridle, hair blowing in the wind, as wild as Madge Wildfire herself. Mr. Beckwith was not sure that there was not something unregenerate in his heart still, for, if he acknowledged the truth to himself, he loved the little baggage at such times more than ever.

It actually seemed to all the neighborhood, at about that time, as though Bessie Allan were beside herself with exuberance and the mere delight of youth and health and sunshine. The sewing circles and the prayer-meetings were only so many places for her wiles and witcheries—possessed with glee at the one, a coquettish little Puritan at the other under all her glances—always

contriving to go home with some other gallant than the minister. The Bible class was the only place that tamed her much, and there she grew more and more silent; her veil gradually lowered and lowered till it shielded her face; and as long as her unaccountable tears could fall quietly, and only blister the leaves of her Testament unperceived, she staid; and when a hysterical burst became inevitable, without a word of warning she would rush away, as if in danger of her life. Nobody else dreamed what it meant. Mr. Beckwith thought he knew. Poor little Bessie! If ever a young falcon out of the forest objected to the clipping of her wings, she was one, for she felt the band tightening around her. Evidently she was in the mood of those who mean to have their fling out because they know an end is coming.

And yet if you could have seen Bessie's face sometimes as she sat in the twilight, there was such a serene content in its half-hidden smile, you would have said to yourself that here, if any where, was there supreme happiness. But the child did not know herself, for, close upon any such brief experience of content, there would follow such a restive rebellion against all chains that even Mr. Beckwith was startled, if he happened to be in the house on some parochial errand, and saw her dancing down the stairs and through the halls, vouchsafing him neither word nor look, answering neither father nor mother, flinging down her hat if any body called to her to put it on, whistling to her dogs, and making off for a tramp that was to tire out with its fatigue some of the refractory spirit.

Most men would have hesitated a while after one or two such scenes; would have foreseen the plucking of a little termagant from this nettle; would have anticipated trouble in the flesh after the fight was won. Not so Mr. Beckwith. If so good a man could be piqued, he was perhaps piqued into the resolve for conquest; he was determined to teach the tantalizing thing that it was happiness she was flying from, and not torment, as she seemed to believe; he was all the more fixed in his intention to win her—to win her and to tame her. But not one chance for his winning and taming did he get, that is to say, not one chance after the abrupt end of the single opportunity he had contrived to seize and lose.

He had been called that day—almost three months since he first saw Bessie—to visit a dying person across the hills; for many of those who did not exactly belong to Mr. Beckwith's parish used to beg for his ministrations; and in the little time of his residence among them, more than one soul had seemed to wing away the easier on their eternal path for the rapt prayers with which his presence had upbuoyed their flight.



The roads being roundabout, and the bridle-path direct, he had borrowed a saddle-horse—a valuable one, as it chanced—and was returning now in the twilight, lost in thought, and coming slowly, his horse's feet falling so softly on the turfy way that one could hardly hear them, when a sudden scared cry, as he turned a curve of the winding lane, told him who was wandering there before him, with her light garments fluttering in the wind, at sight of which his horse had reared and swerved aside; and he cast himself from the saddle and caught Bessie Allan's hand, begging her not to be alarmed.

"But I have been!" cried Bessie.

"I was thinking," said Mr. Beckwith, "and I had forgotten myself. And when I saw your white dress, it seemed like a continuation of my thought."

"Were you thinking of my white dress, then?" asked Bessie, aptly.

"No, of another; a whiter dress," said Mr. Beckwith, gravely—"of a white dress that I saw a soul put on to-day, winging its heavenly way."

A little overawed, Bessie was silent.

"I have just come from a death-bed, Bessie," said Mr. Beckwith, taking advantage of the mood. "So peaceful and beautiful it was that it makes the things of this life seem too poor and small for thought beside that everlasting one."

"Is Miss Barton dead, then?" she asked, though no one knows how she had learned where the minister had been. "Yes, she was a saint. I wouldn't like to be so good."

"Bessie!"

"I mean it would be so stupid!"

"But at the last?" he queried, patiently.

"I—I don't like to hear about death," said Bessie, with half a pout, half a fling.

"Few of us do when we are young," said the minister. "Yet we are all drifting on the tide that takes us there."

"Don't!" she cried.

"Ah, I have felt it myself," said the minister. "Youth is so full of vitality that it is antipathetic to death. There are only two things that quite reconcile us with the inevitable fact—one, weariness of life, and the other, that exceeding love which makes the hours seem long. I hope the first will never come to you, my—"

"No, indeed," cried Bessie. "How could I be weary of life—how could any one be?"

"If such an hour as this were perpetual," said the minister, taking off his hat, better to enjoy the perfumed breeze upon his brow and in his hair—"this purple air, with the scent of the hay fields floating through it; this tender sky, that trembling star, and the young strong health and heart. Oh no, if such an hour were perpetual!"

"It is!" said Bessie. "It comes day after day, summer after summer. It always will come to me as long as I live. No, I never

shall be willing to die and leave it; never shall be willing to lie in my grave, and know other girls are walking in the lane these summer nights, with the sweet wind blowing over them, and the—the—"

Bessie stopped in confusion. What was it she had been about to say?

Perhaps the young minister was not aware that he still held Bessie's hand; but Bessie was. She essayed to withdraw it, and then the grasp tightened. She blushed red and redder; she felt an arm stealing round her; and then, looking defiantly up, there was the minister's face bending before her. She knew what *he* was about to say. She didn't want to hear it: not yet, at any rate, did she want to hear it. But she did hear it. That arm held her close, close to a plunging heart; that voice was murmuring in her ear; those lips, they sought her own; and her own—yes, indeed, Mistress Bessie—half eager, half unwilling, were answering them—were answering them! And suddenly, almost as if she did not know what she did, she had lifted her hand, with the willow switch in it with which she had been playing, and had dealt the horse beside them a swift little blow that startled him into a rear and a bound, tore the bridle from Mr. Beckwith's other hand, wheeled Mr. Beckwith shortly about, and sent the horse off at a gallop. There was nothing for Mr. Beckwith to do but to hasten after the horse—so valuable a creature, and not his own—and then there was nothing for the wayward, wicked Bessie to do but to sit down on a stone and cry, and go home at last all dew-bedraggled, and dash past the family room like a wraith, up the stairs to her own nook, bolting the door with a resounding echo that might have dispelled any fear of the supernatural. She sat down in her dark room then alone, dazed, but safe. She loved him—yes, she loved him, she was afraid; but he was a minister, and she didn't want to love a minister. She was half promised to him, but in her thoughts there in the dark room she defied him to exact the promise.

"What in the world is the matter with the girl?" said her mother.

But the father only nodded his wise head, and bade the mother leave her alone. He looked at the absurd little portrait of his short-waisted aunt Dorothy, of whom Bessie was the image and superscription, and remembered the story of her courtship as he had heard her tell it. "It will all come right, mother," he said.

"It's all wrong now," said the mother. "And these tantrums will be the death of me if they don't come to an end soon."

Perhaps Mr. Beckwith thought they would be the death of him. If he did, he could devise no way to overcome them. Half promised as she was by those melting lips of hers, he could not arrive with-



in sufficient distance again of the rebellious little maiden to exact the rest of the promise. That his power was felt, and not only felt now but recognized, was evident enough, or she would never have tried to escape him so. In the mask of hoiden, or in the mask of nonnette, whichever way it was, she was equally inaccessible.

If there was to be a picnic now in the parish, an occasion where all were on a level, this young woman announced her intention of going, before Mr. Beckwith had the chance to invite her, in the company of another suitor, and nobody in that house had ever been much in the habit of gainsaying Bessie Allan. When evening meeting was over, she was not the one to wait for the minister; she caught her father's arm, and said, "Quick! Don't let any body take me!" And after that mark of confidence, the proud and loyal father, happy slave of a spoiled mistress, would not have surrendered her to the minister himself, who was, it was very likely, plodding on behind with her mother and the lantern. When the sewing circle closed its sessions, Bessie said Yes to the first spruce young Corydon that stepped forward. And when three weeks had passed after that twilight in the lane, Mr. Beckwith had not spoken one word with her.

But, for all that, there was a change in Bessie. Nobody ever heard her voice caroling out of the window now; nobody heard her old sweet laugh, like the music of a brook; there was a curious little frown between her eyes when on her maddest escapade. Mr. Beckwith, looking at her unperceived, with his longing pain, felt that if he did not conquer soon, it would be the worse for Bessie. He knew well enough now—after the innocent kiss whose remembrance so thrilled him—that she loved him; he knew well enough that it would break her heart should he abandon his attempt; he knew well enough those hidden springs of feeling which reacted so upon the young nature of which she was totally ignorant, and whose first stirring so disturbed her; he knew well enough that he could make her so blissful that she would one day wonder at and despise this time of doubt and fear and this desire for longer liberty from the great thrall of love. But not one chance was he finding to make her learn these things.

It was just at this season, as it happened, toward the close of the bright September days, that flaming handbills were posted up at every corner and on every empty fence proclaiming the approach of Eden's great Scriptural Show and Gymnastic Entertainment, which the villagers were not, however, deluded into supposing any thing other than a circus. Miss Bessie, of course, read the handbills in common with others, and straightway announced to her astounded family that she was to be a patroness of

the great Scriptural Show to the extent of a single ticket.

"Go to the circus!" came the astonished chorus of remonstrance.

"It isn't a circus," said Bessie. "It's a Scriptural show. There are texts from the Bible on every cart."

"They take the livery of God to serve the devil in!" exclaimed her father.

"I don't see any such necessity," she rejoined. "It's an opportunity for studying natural history such as seldom occurs, the bills say."

"Much natural history in those dancing women and riding men!"

"Oh, as for that part, I shouldn't think there could be any thing more interesting than the sight of those people springing through the air from their trapeze," said the well-informed young person, "and showing what fine bodies they can make for themselves. Like pictures of the heathen gods!"

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Allan; "nonsense! Your head's turned. You! a deacon's daughter!"

"Yes, my child," said her father. "I agree with your mother here. I've never denied you much, Bessie, but I feel that I must deny you this. You can't go to the circus."

"You," said her mother, "that the minister has paid attention to!"

That settled it. Nothing but irons could have kept Bessie from that circus after those fatal words. She confided to Georgie Knight at once her intention of going to the circus; and when the mighty show came into town, she watched her chance and harnessed the filly herself into the little open wagon, and set off with Georgie Knight, unseen and unmissed for a time, to visit the beasts and the gymnasts of the forbidden entertainment.

"What the minister can see in that girl," said old Miss Sparks, looking through the window as the wagon whirled by, "I can't see. She's an engaging rogue, that's true, but I shouldn't want to marry her." But as nobody wanted Miss Sparks to marry her, it didn't so much signify.

Bessie was in great spirits. She was disobeying: that in itself always kindled her merriment. Then she felt sure that Mr. Beckwith would disapprove, and that was another excitement. She had a foreboding that the time was coming presently when her free agency would cease; till it did cease she was defiant. And accordingly, well-pleased with her success thus far, she and Georgie sung and laughed till the road rang with their overflowing gayety as they drove along and put the filly through her paces.

It was only a couple of miles before the road grew dusty and thronged. People were coming and people were going. All sorts of vehicles jostled together. Far off



they could hear the strains of a band rising and falling on the wind till they were in an ecstasy of expectation, as they grew silent and listened. Booths began to line the way, with lemonade and mineral waters and worse; and presently the tents rose on their sight like white clouds, the flag waving its long folds over them. And now they were in the great space before the tents, crowded with teams, with foot-passengers, with men leading piebald horses and Shetland ponies, with boys crying their wares, with the voice of the Boanerges who pressed the claims of the fat woman and the learned pig on the attention; and through it all came the burst of the band again in some tripping dance music, the roaring of the beasts and screaming of monkeys and parrots; and then the great canvases seemed to swell and soar, and a girl, all gauze and flowers, was running up the air on a rope stretched from pole to pole far overhead, dancing from sunbeam to sunbeam, as it seemed to the rapt Bessie. What transport! she thought; and she sat with her head thrown back, regardless of every thing but this flying wonder in the air, till suddenly a shriek rose from the great tent—a shriek that was repeated in the crowded square—the shriek of a thousand voices—one awful cry of fear and agony from all the people, echoed again by all the beasts within: the lion had broken loose!

What a scene it was! what a dreadful scene! Men were yelling as they ran, children were screaming, women were fainting, horses were rearing and snorting, the crowd was surging and plunging this way and that in a frantic effort at escape. Bessie, suddenly called from her rapt reveling with that spirit in the air, gave one look—one look of horror—tried to pull the rein, and, weak as a child, fell back upon the seat. The filly turned her head, and then, with starting and foaming nostril, stood upright one moment, and the next bolted away from the broken traces and left all standing. Georgie Knight, with a screech, flung herself from the wagon, and was swallowed in the flying multitude; but Bessie sat stone-still, her heart beating with great knocks, as unable to move as one paralyzed.

What swift thoughts swept through her mind! This was the end of all her wickedness. This was what she deserved for all the pain she had given father and mother—she, their only child, their hope, who should have been their joy! This was what she deserved, it flashed across her, for making bleed the heart of the man that loved her. Deserved? Ah, no one could quite deserve to be torn to pieces by the teeth of a wild beast. If she had but been true to herself, to him, liked less to see her power, feared less for her liberty, what peace and pleasure might have been hers this instant! And

now— She remembered the Christian girls in the Roman amphitheatre; *she* was not even a martyr. She had wanted to study natural history; she had a fine chance. She could not stir. In another moment the brute would be done his havoc there, and come leaping through the canvas. Another shriek; a great bursting wave of shrieks. Ah, yes, there he came, tail in the air, tawny mane bristling, eyes blazing—coming in great bounds through the already half-deserted place, coming straight for her! She cowered an instant, then sprang to her feet, and glared full at the advancing monster. It was too much. With a wild cry herself, she turned—but only to hide her face in Mr. Beckwith's breast, as he climbed into the wagon behind her.

Thought is fleet: instantaneous was the rapture mingling with the agony, instantaneous the motion with which she pushed him from her. "Go! go!" she cried. "I can't have my folly kill you too! Oh," as he did not move, "if you love me, go!"

"It is because I love you that I shall stay," murmured Mr. Beckwith, swiftly, in her ear; "that I shall never go until I hear you say as much."

"Oh, you know it!" she cried, and fainted on his shoulder, just as the keepers sprang with their ropes upon the poor old toothless lion, who loved his frolic and enjoyed the scare, and of whom Mr. Beckwith—a muscular Christian, with a pistol in his pocket, having made his harmless acquaintance, moreover, inside the tent—had not felt it necessary to be much afraid.

It was Georgie Knight's seat that Mr. Beckwith occupied that evening as they drove slowly home, after the recapture of the filly and the mending of the broken traces, Mr. Beckwith having made the most of the three hours in which he had had Mistress Bessie on his hands; and Bessie herself, tired and weak, lying restfully, if you will believe it, within the arm that enfolded her.

"Bessie," he was saying, "this is only the second lion in the way. What was that first one which always drove you from me so?"

"I—I was afraid," murmured Bessie.

"Afraid of me!"

"And then—and then you took it so for granted!"

"Oh, indeed," said the minister, folding her closer still; "and what if I took it for granted that you were going to the parsonage with me next month?"

"Oh, I'm not fit!" cried Bessie, with a start.

"If you make one objection," said her lover, "I shall stop at Justice Pettigrew's on our way, and take you home with me to-night!" And there, with that tender arm about her, that face beside her own, all in the soft September twilight and under the



lamp of the evening-star, what could Besie do but yield!

"I don't know what father and mother will say," she whispered, as at last, having left the wagon, they clung together one moment in the porch, and saw the father and mother hastening toward them down the long entry.

"Father Allan," said the minister, walking boldly in, with his arm round their naughty darling, "this is a will-o'-the-wisp that I have captured, and that I intrust for just three weeks longer to your care. It has come from the circus, and it is bound for the parsonage; and there," said Mr. Beckwith, "it is going to turn into the light of the house, the spirit of the fireside, the sunshine of home!"

## MICHAEL ANGELO.

1475—1875.

THE individual force of character of a man who during his life so impressed his personality upon the minds of his fellow-countrymen that they gather reverently to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of his birth is well worthy of a few moments' study in these times, when the increasing activity of life appears to be repressing all individuality, and reducing all the members of the social body to a monotonous uniformity.

On the 6th of March, 1475, at about two in the morning, Francesca, the wife of Ludovico Buonarrotti Simoni, gave birth to a male child, who was named Michael Agnolo, or, as he is generally known, Michael Angelo. He was the second child of his mother, who at the time of his birth was nineteen years old. His father, Ludovico, was in his thirty-first year. Of his mother's family no records have been preserved. She steps upon the stage of history only for a moment, to appear in the rôle of the mother of Michael Angelo, and withdraws forever into the oblivion of forgetfulness from which she emerged.

The family of Buonarrotti preserved a tradition, which Michael Angelo himself held, as we learn from Condivi, his intimate companion and biographer, that in 1250 Simone Canossa, the founder of the family, had come as a stranger to Florence, where for his public service he was granted the freedom of the city, was made podesta, and having changed his political opinions, and from a Ghibelline become a Guelph, had changed his arms from a dog argent, with a bone in his mouth, in a field gules, to a dog or in a field azure. Besides this the lords of the city allowed him five lilies gules and a crest with two bull's horns, one golden and the other blue. Arms of this character, sculptured by the order of Simone Canossa in the palace of the podesta of Florence, are still to be

seen there. This tradition was perfected, according to the spirit of the time, by ascribing the origin of the family to Beatrice, the sister of the Emperor Henry II., thus giving them a claim to imperial blood. The story is of importance chiefly because it is given by Condivi, who had it unquestionably from Michael Angelo himself; but the modern spirit of historical research has failed to find any record of a Simone Canossa who was the podesta of the city, while the arms of the counts of Canossa, though in the time of Michael Angelo they acknowledged the relationship of the distinguished sculptor, architect, and painter, are very different from those which Condivi describes, having in them no dog and no bone.

But whether the family had imperial beginnings or not, Michael Angelo's immediate ancestors were unquestionably persons of some local importance. His grandfather in 1456 held a place in the signiory of Florence, and his father, having received the same honor, was in 1474 appointed podesta or governor of Chiusi and Caprese, two small fortified cities upon a confluent of the Tiber, called the Singarna. In going from Florence to take possession of his post, Ludovico Buonarrotti was accompanied by his wife Francesca, who was expecting the birth of her child. The situation of the towns is in a mountainous country, the source of the Tiber being in the vicinity, and the journey was made on horseback. In the course of the ride the animal she was mounted upon fell with her, and dragged her for some little distance along the ground in his efforts to rise. Fortunately the accident was in no way productive of injury to her or her child.

In 1476, when the young Michael was a year old, his father's official position having ended, he returned to Florence, and the child was left under the care of the wife of a stone-cutter at Settignano, about three miles from Florence, on an estate belonging to the family. In his after-life Michael Angelo was wont to jestingly ascribe his love of sculpture to the fact that he had with his nurse's milk imbibed a love of his art. The young artist early gave evidence of his natural tendencies, and the house in which his nurse lived, which remained in existence until the last century, is said to have borne the evidences of his childish attempts at painting. In the house of his father in Florence were also similar things to be seen. One of his first efforts toward acquiring the use of his hands was trying to draw. As he grew older this natural passion increased, and despite his father's opposition and that of his uncles, who had the narrow contempt for an artist's ambition which is but natural in every trading society such as that in which they moved, he finally, at the age of fourteen, carried his point, and was articulated as an apprentice to Dominico and David



Grillandajo, who were leading men in the profession at Florence.

That his youthful efforts had not been wholly misdirected appears from the terms of his articles of indenture, by which his masters agree to pay him six golden florins for the first year, eight for the second, and ten for the third. Here commenced the annoyances of his life from the jealousy which his superiority excited in inferior natures. Before his apprenticeship had ended by its own limitations he painted a picture after Martin Schongauer's "Temptation of St. Anthony," which was so excellent that Grillandajo is said to have claimed the merit of it. Whether he did so or not, it was the commencement of their disagreement, which ended in the severing of their connection. Through the good offices of a young friend he was, however, introduced to the gardens of San Marco, where the art treasures of the Medici family were kept, and having attracted the attention of Lorenzo de' Medici by a piece of sculpture he made, was introduced to the palace, had a room assigned him, and was given a monthly allowance of five ducats. Here he met the most cultivated society of the time. The revival of learning had commenced; human society had entered upon one of those periods of growth in which the long-maturing processes seem suddenly to assert themselves with a new activity and assume a new phase, as the plant does when one of its series of leaves is modified, and lo! the blossom appears. It was a wonderful season of intellectual activity in Italy. The art of printing had just been discovered. An Italian had returned from a new world across the Atlantic. Grecian literature was being introduced to the scholars of Southern Europe. The world of reality and the world of speculation had each been found to be vaster than had been supposed. The transition from the methods of thought and the manner of life of antiquity to that of these modern days was commencing.

In the very seat and focus of all this the young artist passed the years of his early manhood, the most impressible period of each of our lives. Politian gave him the marble, and suggested to him the subject of the contest of Hercules with the Centaurs, which he worked into a bass-relief that made his reputation. He would never part with this piece of work, and it remains today in the palace of the Buonarrotti family in Florence. Lorenzo was on terms of intimate familiarity with the young sculptor, and consulted with him constantly concerning his purchases of objects of art. The members of the Platonic Academy, who exercised such an influence upon the spirit of their times, were his friends, and in some of his poems evidences are given of the hold which the lofty idealism of the Platonic phi-

losophy had upon him. At the same time, however, he mingled with the followers of Savonarola, the forerunner of the Reformation; and being naturally of a melancholy temperament, inclined to solitude, and prone to speculation, the turmoil of politics soon grew distasteful to him, and though his life was passed alternately in study and work, the ordinary ambitions of men had but little interest for him. Yet when the need arose for his services he was always a faithful and devoted citizen, and his time and talents were freely given to the state. As a sculptor, a painter, and an architect, his works have secured him a reputation among the few original creative geniuses the world has seen. It is not of these that there is any need to speak, but of his character as a man; of his individual personality; of that subtle something in the composition of his nature which marks him as original, and keeps alive the interest the whole world feels, in desiring to know all the facts concerning his daily life and conversation.

It is seldom that the world can obtain all that it would desire of this kind of information concerning its great men, and in this instance, though we have much authentic information concerning Michael Angelo, yet more would not be amiss. The letters, the manuscripts, and the other various things which will tell us more than we know, and which have been since his death guarded so jealously by the descendants of his family, are this year, on the four hundredth anniversary of his birth, to be opened to public inspection. An investigation of the material which is already accessible to the student will not be amiss as a preparation for making the best use of such new documents as will be laid before the world on this occasion.

Within a few years the British Museum has become possessed of a number of letters by Michael Angelo, with other documents bearing upon his life. The collection, bound, makes three volumes. The letters are chiefly those which he wrote to members of his family at Florence while he was residing in Rome, engaged upon the Sistine Chapel and other works, or in Bologna, or elsewhere in Italy. The letters are chiefly to his father, and after his death to his brother and nephew. They show us, what was not known before, that the chief use Michael Angelo made of his money was to send it home. His letters are filled with details of domestic affairs and money matters; for the whole family seem to have relied chiefly upon him. Condivi reports that he once said to him, in his old age, "Rich as I am, I have always lived like a poor man."

A letter to his father will show the general character of the correspondence. This was written in 1512 or 1513:

"DEAREST FATHER,—Your last letter shows me how it is with you; before, I only knew it partly. We



must take things as they are, leaving the future to God, and acknowledging where we have erred. The misfortune is chiefly caused by the overweening character and ingratitude of the people [the return of the Medici to power], for I have nowhere seen a more ungrateful and arrogant people than the Florentines. As regards the sixty ducats which you, as you tell me, are to pay, it does not seem to me to be right, and I am very sorry. But here, too, it is best to submit quietly to what God has ordained. I will address a few lines to Giuliano dei Medici, which I will inclose here. Read them, and convey them to him, if you will; perhaps they may help; if not, try to sell what is our own, and we must then settle elsewhere. If you observe that you are treated worse than others, pay on no condition. Rather let what you have been taken from you by force, and write to me. If others, however, do not fare better than we, bear it, and place your hopes on Heaven. Take good care of your health, and see whether you are still able to get your daily bread, and, with God's help, get through, poor but honest. I do not do otherwise; I live shabbily, and care not for outside honors; a thousand cares and works harass me, and thus I have gone on for fifteen years, without having a happy, quiet hour. And I have done all for the sake of supporting you, which you have never acknowledged or believed. God forgive us all! I am ready to go on working as long as I can, and as long as my powers hold out."

These letters are variously signed Michelagnuolo, Scultore; Michelagnuolo di Lodovico Buonarrotti, Scultore; Michelagnuolo di Buonarotta Simoni; or simply Michelagnuolo. The letters were fastened with a wafer, impressed with a simple seal, represented below. Then a piece of string was passed round the letter, the two ends being secured by being placed under the wafer. The father seems to have



MICHAEL ANGELO'S SEAL.

been a good-natured man, though passionate, and made use of by others as a means for obtaining what they wanted from Michael Angelo. One of his brothers is said to have died of the plague in Michael Angelo's arms. His father died in his ninety-second year. His brother Buonarotto was the only one who left any children. An extract from a letter to his father, when Michael Angelo was about fifty years old, shows how little sympathy he could look for in life from those of his own family. He says:

"The whole of Florence knows that you are a rich man, and that I have given my life for you, and gain only punishment for it. You, however, gain great praise for it. Tell people what you will, but write to me no more, for it would hinder me at my work if I were now to tell you what you have received from me through twenty-five years. I should like better if I need not say this to you, but I can not change the necessity for doing so. Beware of those of whom you have to beware. We die only once, and we return not back again to make amends for that which we have done amiss. Have you, therefore, lived so long to act thus? God be with you! MICHELANGELO."

Living a life of study and of work, occupied with science and art, conscious of his powers, and naturally introverted, the plane

upon which he lived inevitably made him lonely. He found as little sympathy abroad as he found at home. When he first exposed to the public his statue of "Night," which is so well known as one of the statues decorating the tomb of the Medici, according to the habit of the Florentines, verses were appended to it by persons who wished. One of these, written by Giovannibattista Strozzi, was to this effect:

"Night, whom you see slumbering here so sweetly, was by an angel sculptured in this stone, and though living, sleeps. If you do not believe it, speak, and she will answer you."

To this Michael Angelo replied:

"I am thankful that I sleep, and more that I am stone, The while dishonor holds among us rule. His lot is happy who can neither see nor feel: Wake me not, then; pray speak in a low tone."

This was written about 1531. Michael Angelo was nearly sixty. The city of Florence had again fallen under the power of the Medici. Michael Angelo had superintended the engineer-work for the siege, and was naturally despondent at its result. The moral courage it requires to make such a protest only those who have suffered from political tyranny can appreciate.

There is a letter written to Baccio Valori, who had returned to Rome from Florence, where he had been the Pope's representative, and, in fact, the ruler of the city, in which an account is given of Michael Angelo's condition. Most probably the writer was urged to send the letter by Michael Angelo's friends, who, fearing that his grief and disappointment, with his energy of work, might prove disastrous, wanted the Pope to hear of his condition. The letter is given by Grimm, who does not state where he obtained it, and was written by an uncle of the Antonio mentioned in it, who was Antonio Mini, and was in Michael Angelo's service. The letter is as follows:

"A faithful servant, such as I am, should not fail to communicate any thing which I imagine might meet with the especial disapprobation of his Holiness. And this respects Michael Angelo, his Holiness's sculptor, whom I had not seen for months, having remained at home for fear of the plague; but three weeks ago he came twice to my house in the evening for amusement with Bugiardini and Antonio, my nephew and his pupil. After much conversation upon art, I determined to go and see the two female figures, and did so, and, in truth, they are something quite marvelous. Your Excellency, I know, has seen the first, the statue of Night, with the moon overhead and the starry sky, but then the other, the second, surpasses it in beauty. In every respect it is an extremely wonderful production; and at the present moment he is working at one of the two old figures, and, I think, nothing better could be seen.

"But since the above-named Michael Angelo appeared very thin and emaciated, we spoke together about it very particularly, I, Bugiardini, and Mini, for both are constantly with him, and we arrived at last at the conviction that Michael Angelo would soon come to an end if nothing were done to prevent it, because he works too much, eats little and badly, and sleeps still less, and for more than a month has suffered much



from rheumatism, headache, and giddiness; and, to come to an end, there are two evils which torment him, one in the head and one in the heart, and in both help might be given for his recovery, as what follows will show.

"As regards the evil in the head, he must be forbidden by his Holiness to work in the sacristy during the winter, for there is no remedy against the keen air there, and he will work there and kill himself; and he could work in the other small chamber and finish the Madonna this winter, which is such a wonderfully beautiful work, and also the statue of Duke Lorenzo of blessed memory. In the mean while the marble wainscoting could be executed in the sacristy, and the figures already completed could be placed there, and also those partly finished, and these could be retouched on the spot, and in this manner the master might be saved and the works forwarded; and every thing, if it is bricked up, will have a better place than crowded together under the roof. Of this we are certain, that Michael Angelo would be pleased at it, though he can come to no resolution, which I gather from the fact that he is reproached with not concerning himself about it. This is our opinion of what would be good for him, and his Holiness might send word to Figiovanni to speak with Michael Angelo on the matter, and we are convinced it would not be disagreeable to him.

"The evil, however, that lies at his heart is the matter with the Duke of Urbino. This, they affirm, robs him of repose, and he wishes ardently that it could be arranged. If he were to be given ten thousand scudi, he could have no better present. His Holiness could render him no greater favor. This they tell me, and I have heard him say it times innumerable. His Holiness is considerate, and I am certain if Michael Angelo were ruined, he would gladly ransom him with a large sum of money; and especially now, when he works so laboriously, he deserves to be considered. My love and devotion to our master has made me write so diffusely."

The trouble with the Duke of Urbino was a matter that had already been standing twenty years. Michael Angelo had been paid in advance something on account, and had not been able, from the other engagements forced upon him, to supply the work he had contracted for. The matter was compromised, and against his usual custom he had to employ others to assist him. His keen sense of honor was, however, preserved.

With the Duke of Ferrara an incident occurred which showed how sensitive was his artistic spirit, and how his devotion to his work enabled him to retire within himself almost regardless of what was passing about him. When he was appointed commissary-general of the fortifications he paid a visit to Ferrara to study those of that city. When there he promised the duke to paint him a picture, and while the siege of Florence was in active operation, and the duties of his office must have kept him actively engaged, he found time and inspiration to paint the picture he had promised. For his subject he chose Leda and the Swan. After the end of the siege the Duke of Ferrara was notified that the picture was completed, and returned his thanks, saying at the same time that the artist must fix his price for it, since he alone could judge of the value of his labor. The agent of the duke who came for it having spoken of it in a way that offended Michael Angelo, he refused to deliver it, and gave it

to Antonio Mini, whom we have met before. By him it was sold to Francis I. of France, and by him was put in the palace of Fontainebleau, where, at the instigation, it is said, of M. Desnoyers, a councilor of state, it was destroyed. The Royal Academy of London possesses what is thought to be the original cartoon for this picture.

The artistic spirit of independence Michael Angelo possessed fully, and in manifesting it he was no respecter of persons. He treated the Pope with no more regard for his rank than he would show the humblest hanger-on to the papal court. Condivi, who tells the above story, gives several other similar instances. At the same time, he was carefully regardful of merit, wherever he found it. His independence led him to refuse all salary for his superintendence of the building of St. Peter's. Probably he felt that such refusal would be one of the most effective means of enabling him to hold the position against the jealousy of those who envied his superior powers. His letters while he was engaged in this work show the deep interest he felt in it, and the unselfish devotion he bestowed upon it.

As a poet Michael Angelo is less known than he deserves to be. The fate of his poems has been singularly unfortunate. A volume of them was published in 1623, arranged by the grandson of his nephew, known as Michelangelo Giovane. In this edition he seems to have taken great liberties with the text. There is a manuscript collection of them in the Vatican, which consists of two parts, and in which the poems are numbered. Michael Angelo himself, it seems, had prepared and corrected them. In the same collection is a series of loose papers bound up with these manuscripts. Grimm says that "scarcely one of these poems agrees with the edition of 1623;" and again, "any separate papers of Michael Angelo's poems found elsewhere never agree with the edition of 1623." As the editor of this edition claims to have worked for it from papers which, being in the possession of the family, were accessible to him alone, it may be possible that the access given this year to the documents in the possession of the family may enable the world for the first time to really obtain the correct text. Another manuscript collection is in the British Museum. But Grimm says: "Only when the Florentine treasures are brought out will it be worth the trouble to collect Michael Angelo's poems in a critical edition. It is a pity that Condivi has not carried out his intention to have them printed. What has been hitherto written respecting Michael Angelo as a poet, on the ground of the edition of 1623, loses weight from the fact that the writers suppose the text before them to be the authentic one. The succession of the poems, too, is throughout arbitrary, and all



the conjectures based on the accidental arrangement, contained in editions of the present day, fall to nothing as regards this point. The Vatican manuscript may well furnish a foundation for future editions."

Though this statement may be, and no doubt is, correct, yet it will not be amiss to give a few specimens here of these poems, such as we have them, and as well as their terse strength can be rendered in a translation. Wordsworth writes of them in one of his letters:

"I mentioned Michael Angelo's poetry to you some time ago; it is the most difficult to construe I ever met with, but just what you would expect from such a man, showing abundantly how conversant his soul was with great things. There is a mistake in the world concerning the Italian language; the poetry of Dante and Michael Angelo proves that if there be little majesty and strength in Italian verse, the fault is in the authors and not in the tongue. I can translate, and have translated, two books of Ariosto at the rate nearly of one hundred lines a day; but so much meaning has been put by Michael Angelo into so little room, and that meaning sometimes so excellent in itself, that I found the difficulty of translating him insurmountable. I attempted at least fifteen of the sonnets, but could not any where succeed. I have sent you the only one I was able to finish; it is far from being the best or most characteristic, but the others were too much for me."

Harford prints the translations of two of the poems by Wordsworth, but neither of them is excellent. Southey succeeded much better in the following, which in the collected edition is given as

## MADRIGAL LIX.

Ill hath he chosen his part who seeks to please  
The worthless world—ill hath he chosen his part,  
For often must he wear a look of ease

When grief is in his heart;  
And often in his hours of happier feeling  
With sorrow must his countenance be hung;  
And ever his own better thoughts concealing,  
Must he in stupid Grandeur's praise be loud,  
And to the errors of the ignorant crowd  
Assent with lying tongue.

Thus much would I conceal, that none should know  
What secret cause I have for silent woe;  
And taught by many a melancholy proof  
That those whom Fortune favors it pollutes,  
I from the blind and faithless world aloof,  
Nor fear its envy, nor desire its praise,  
But choose my path through solitary ways.

The collection of poems contains sixty-two pieces entitled madrigals, sixty-four sonnets, and a few other poems, one of which is an elegy upon the death of his brother. Translations in English have been made of a portion of them by various persons. In 1840 John Edward Taylor, in a small volume entitled *Michael Angelo considered as a Philosophic Poet*, published versions of thirty-five of them. Other translations of some of them will be found in Harford's and Grimm's lives, and also in some of the English magazines and reviews; but English literature needs a complete, critical edition of them. As indications of their force and spirit the following attempts are possibly of interest, and by calling attention to their merit may

excite some one more capable to undertake the task of presenting such an edition to the American public.

## MADRIGAL IV.

[*Come può esser ch'io non sia più mio?*]

How can it be that I am not my own?  
Who from myself has taken me,  
Who has such power over me,  
And more my master than I am, has grown?  
Whence is this sore wound in my heart,  
The while my body is still sound?  
What is this love which has the art  
All my desires to ensnare,  
Till through the eyes its way is found  
Into the soul, and swelling there  
O'erflows, when its increase has broken every bound?

## SONNET XVII.

[*Fuggite, amanti, Amor, fuggite il fuoco.*]

O lovers! fly from Love, his flame pass by;  
His burn is grievous, mortal is his stroke.  
Who flies not promptly will in vain invoke  
His strength, his reason, or desire to fly.  
Fly! and from my example warning take;  
From me, who've suffered from his mighty dart—  
From me behold how grievous is his smart,  
How, pitiless, my woe his pleasures make.  
Fly at the first glance, and do not delay!  
I, who at all times thought to do my will,  
Now, now I feel, and you see how I burn.  
Ah! foolish he who, yielding to the play  
Of vain desire, will incur the ill  
Of Love's sharp dart before to flee he'll turn.

## SONNET III.—ON BEAUTY.

[*La forza d' un bel volto al ciel mi sprona.*]

I'm raised by the might of a lovely face;  
On earth there's naught to me such joy can give;  
Among the blessed I soar, e'en while I live—  
A blessing seldom granted to our race.  
The work with its Creator all o'erflows—  
To Him I reach, by it inspired;  
My thoughts, my words, by Him are fired,  
When in my soul love for a woman glows.  
If from her eyes my own I can not turn,  
It is because in them the light I see,  
Showing the road that leads me up to God;  
If fired by their brilliant flame, I burn,  
Deep in my heart I feel the ecstasy  
Which, through all time, o'er heaven is poured.

## MADRIGAL III.—TO VITTORIA COLONNA.

[*Chi è quel che per forza a te mi mena.*]

What is it draws me, bound and chained, to thee,  
Even the while that I am light and free?  
If without chains thou bindest thus all men,  
Binding my heart with cords I can not see,  
Who can defend me from thy beauty then?  
Who can defend me  
From thy bright eyes, whence Love, armed, shoots  
at me?

## SONNET XXIX.

[*To Messer Gandolfo Porrino, who had asked from him a portrait of Vittoria Colonna.*]

The new, high beauty, whom in heaven I'd hold  
Peerless, as here upon this wicked earth—  
This earth so blind, rebellious to all worth,  
Blind to the splendor she shed on the world—  
You saw alone, and I can not portray,  
Either in stone, or with my painter's art  
That face divine, so only as in part  
To satisfy your loving memory.  
For as the sun excels each other star,  
So her intelligence compared with ours;  
And mine, so low, can not ascend so high.  
Therefore, to satisfy those minds who are  
Admirers of this beauty and its powers  
Is but for its Creator, Deity.



## SONNET XXVIII.—TO VITTORIA COLONNA.

[*Sovra quel biondo crin di fior contesta.*]

That gilded garland seems so full of bliss,  
 As, decked with flowers, it rests upon your hair.  
 No wonder that it should so proud appear—  
 It is first privileged your head to kiss.  
 That bodice, which enfolds you all the day  
 Is happy, till the time to be unlaced,  
 And then your golden hair makes happy haste  
 About your cheeks and round your neck to play.  
 And yet the ribbon which so gracefully  
 Lies on your bosom must more happy be  
 Thus to caress and fondle every charm;  
 The while your girdle says, "Here let me lie  
 Forever, for I'm sure I can not see  
 What need there is here for a lover's arm."

## SONNET XXI.—TO VITTORIA COLONNA.

[*Com' esser, donna, puote, e pur se l' vede.*]

How is it, Lady, as experience shows,  
 A living likeness from the flinty stone  
 Endures when its creator hence has gone  
 Down the brief path that every mortal goes?  
 The cause to its infirm effect must yield,  
 And over nature art the victor is.  
 I who have loved fair sculpture so, know this,  
 I who have seen time's promises repealed.  
 Perhaps a longer life I could bestow  
 Upon us both, in colors or in stone,  
 Thus fixing both our faces and our love,  
 So that the future ages still might know  
 How fair you are, and how that you alone  
 I love, and how this must my wisdom prove.

The love between Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna has been the subject of numerous speculations. It was, however, the flower of his maturer years, and the most natural explanation of it is the simplest. She was the single woman in his long and varied journey through life who sympathized fully with his intellectual and moral longings, and though her heart lay buried in the grave with her dead husband, was proud of being the inspiration of a man like Michael Angelo. "Often," says Condivi, "have I heard Michael Angelo treat of love, and he was wont to speak of it altogether in the spirit of Plato. I can truly say, after having so long and so intimately lived with him, that I never heard proceed from that mouth any but the purest sentiments, and such as tended to repress in youth every irregular and unbridled desire. And that no impure thoughts found place in his mind is evident from this, that he not only admired human beauty, but universally every thing beautiful: a beautiful horse or dog, a beautiful landscape and plant, a beautiful mountain and forest, a beautiful situation, and, in short, every beautiful thing that can be imagined, surveying it with the most animated delight, and extracting pleasure from the beauties of nature, as bees do the honey from flowers." Attempting to measure a nature like his with the scale of conventions which pass current ordinarily, is like attempting to measure the orbit of a comet with a pocket rule.

It appears that Michael Angelo and Vittoria met personally first in 1536, at which

time he was sixty-two and she forty-six. They had previously heard of each other, and respected each other. Of their friendship a most welcome source of information has been discovered within a few years past. Count Raczynsky found in one of the Lisbon libraries a manuscript journal written by a miniature-painter, Francesco d'Olanda by name, who was sent to Italy by the King of Portugal, and wrote an account of what he saw while there. His manuscript was dated 1549, and speaks of a series of visits he paid to Vittoria Colonna, where he met Michael Angelo, and details at length the conversation which passed. Count Raczynsky translated a portion of the manuscript, and published it in a work of his upon art in Portugal. The manuscript, it appears, has since been lost. The account is reproduced in Grimm's *Life of Michael Angelo*. The conversations took place in the little church of San Silvestro, on Monte Cavallo, where the company remained after the service on Sunday and discoursed art. It is an admirable picture of the society in which Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna were the central figures, and is none the less so from its evident authenticity and the naturalness with which the account is given.

Vittoria died in 1547, and Michael Angelo survived her seventeen lonely years. He said to Condivi that he was with her to the last, and that he repented nothing so much as having only kissed her hand, and not her forehead and cheeks also, when he was with her at her last hour. The last years of his life were his most prolific ones, and it is wonderful with what rapidity he sent out plan after plan. He seemed in work alone to find an escape from the consciousness of his loss, until, worn out, he died on the 18th of February, 1564, between three and four in the afternoon, in the ninetieth year of his age.

## THE WIDOW CASE.

A DEAR HUNT.

THEY got in at Pekin, and sat down before me in the car—a fat, placid old lady, with a droning voice like the continuous purr of an ancient and sleepy cat, and a lean, tall, grizzled old man, with pursed-up lips and watery eyes. There seemed to be no end of bundles in their arms: there was a big faded carpet-bag of the very oldest fashion, that went under the old lady's feet, for she was short.

"Set right down, wife—set right down, I tell ye, 'nd I'll push it under yer feet; it'll be amazin' handy to keep 'em out o' draughts."

When that was pushed under the end of the seat, there was a great yellow bandbox, quite the worse for wear, to be squeezed into the rack above, causing deep anxiety on the old lady's part.



"For the land's sake! don't ye smash it, John; my best bunnet's in't, and if them bows get bent out o' shape, I do'no' what on airth I can do to't. Lorainy she fixed 'em real nice, 'nd—"

"Oh, pshaw! pshaw! women-folks are allers in a pucker. I ain't a-goin' to break your bunnet: there now. Where's the flag root?"

A long bundle was laid up beside the handbox.

"I guess I'll put up the bag o' wa'nuts; they'll jest slip in easy."

And up went the bag, with a little tin pail over it; and before the couple were free to sit down quietly and hunt for their tickets there had appeared, besides the parcels already detailed, a willow basket with two covers, redolent of apples, a stone jug, and a flat bundle carefully tied up in a red and yellow silk handkerchief.

After much hunting in pockets the tickets were found and delivered, and before we came to the rocky pass of Satan's Kingdom the old couple had settled into quietness and begun to enjoy their journey. But not its picturesqueness. The frowning rocks above us; the sullen whirling river below, black as Styx; the sharp cliff on the other side, along whose face, on a terrace blasted out from the rocks, ran the gleaming lines of another railway; the few trees that looked shudderingly down upon us—all these did not arrest my two neighbors. They were discussing their visit to Pekin in an even flow of talk that I could not but hear; only a part of it, however, I need to repeat, since it held for me a significance I knew not at the time.

"Lorainy Case is a good gal; yes, she's a fust-rate good gal," muttered the old man, as his wife finished telling him how the person in question had "fixed up my Sunday bunnet as good as new."

"It was a mysterious providence that took him away so young," he went on.

"So 'twas—so 'twas," answered his wife. "But he was dreadful headstrong, Thomas was. He might ha' knowed the ice wouldn't ha' bore him after such a thaw. They do say Lorainy begged of him to stay to hum, but 'twas allers yea and amen with him. He stuck to what he'd calc'lated to do tighter 'n wax; so he got drowned, as he might ha' expected, 'nd left her a widder, 'nd she only jest nineteen. It's dreadful hard on her to hev her 'flections come along so early, as you may say. Still, she does seem to be pretty cherk, arter all, most times. Miss Elbert Case she says 'twas a kind o' mistake Lorainy's a-marryin' Tom, anyway."

"Why, how's that? Folks gener'lly know who they're a-marryin'."

"Well, it was real queer. You see, Tom and Jim was both out to Californy, and Lorainy wasn't but sixteen year old. She'd had a fust-rate edication to Hartford, and she was a beautiful singer; so when she went

to Pekin to teach in the 'cademy, she took to singin' in the choir, and sot beside of Jane Case, and they struck up a kind of a intimacy, so to speak, and Jane she showed her the boys' picturs; and you know Jim was real hansum, but Tom was dreadful hard-favored ef he was smart. Well, I do'no' jest how it come about, but what with the boys a-sendin' messages to 'Jenny's friend,' and Jane a-persuadin' of her to answer back, it come to letter-writin' afore long, 'nd it seems she got the boys' faces sorter mixed like, so't she thought Jim was Tom, and fust she knew Tom offered marriage to her, and she kinder sorter took up with him, and got his pictur copied, that is to say, Jim's. And then Tom he was comin' back to be married, 'nd Jim went and got killed in the mine jest two days afore Tom left, which was kinder luck, as you may say; for when Tom did come home, lo and behold! Lorainy screamed right out, for she thought he was Jim, or a ghost, or what not. Anyway, it all come out, how she'd been a writin' to Tom and a-carryin' Jim's pictur; and you'd better believe there was trouble. But Tom he wouldn't let her off nohow, after two years a-writin' back an' forth; 'nd he'd got some ahead in life as to means, he'd about six thousand dollars, and could buy a farm, and Lorainy—well. I do'no' how she felt: gals will be gals; but they persuaded of her to marry Tom, 'nd, sure enough, 'twan't six months after 't he was drowned. Miss Elbert Case says 'twas a real providence, for they didn't seem to be overly happy. Tom was dreadful rough, an' Lorainy she was pretty sperity, and seemed as though she'd married the wrong man after all, and so—"

"Well, well, mother: mebbe Tom didn't see the providence in't so quick as Lorainy: I should ha' said 'twas more keerlessness than providence that took a man out on rotten ice; but Elbert Case's wife allers was a master-hand for providences. I'm glad Lorainy's provided for, anyway. She's a handsome little cretur, 'nd as good as gold."

"Oh my! she ain't provided for, husband; that's the wust on't. He never made no will, so she hain't got nothin' but her thirds; she'll have to go to teachin' agin onless her aunt, old Miss Fyler, out to Canaan, gives her a home. She's abundant able to do it, but she's kinder near, ye know."

"I declare for't!" exclaimed the old man. "That makes me think! Lorainy knew we was a-goin' to Canaan, 'nd she give me her pictur to take to Miss Fyler, and I do'no' as I should ha' thought on't agin, for I stuck it in this coat pocket."

"Let's see it," said the old lady. So the photograph was taken from the envelope he produced, and very carefully inspected by both parties.



"Favors her mother, don't she?" said the wife. "There ain't no Fyler looks there. She is real hansum, and as pretty a gal as there is any where around."

"That's so," was the ready response; and then the photograph was further discussed, and all the Case family, or I thought so, till after I had been in Pekin myself, and found out that every body in the town was either Case or Humphrey. But I did not listen long; the road grew more and more attractive, and when at last we steamed past Norfolk, and hissed along the hill-side of the beautiful Canaan Valley, I was too absorbed in the series of exquisite pictures to hear the incessant flow of village gossip that went on and on in the vernacular of New England both before and behind me. At last I left my seat, with my bag and shawl still lying there, to stand at the door of the car, which was the last of the train, and watch the lovely curves of meadow fold and unfold at the foot of the dark hills, here and there patches of sunshine lighting up fields of young grain, the fresh verdure of a cluster of maples, pink-heaped apple-trees, or the sudden glitter of the little river that leaped and laughed through all, like a thread of new-molten silver.

"Canaan!" shouted the brakeman, as to the south a still higher hill, crested with evergreens, arrested my sight, and I looked round just in time to see my old pair of neighbors, struggling under their various bundles, disappear by the other door; they might have disappeared then and there from my mind, but that, after watching Canaan Mountain and the bright, tranquil Housatonic disappear in the distance, I returned to my seat, and found a white envelope, unsealed, lying on the floor. As I picked it up a photograph dropped out—it was no doubt "Lorainy's" likeness, which had slipped outside instead of into the old man's pocket. Yes, the slight figure was clothed in black; even the round throat, unrelieved by any whiteness, rose out of a crape ruffle. I knew enough of ladies' dress to perceive that, at least; but the face took all the "widow" similitude even from crape and merino. A photograph is often a caricature: there are faces whose beauty is so entirely in expression that the enforced stillness of sitting for their pictures makes them utter unlikenesses; but this face had a positive beauty of its own in delicate outline, large, pensive eyes, a sweet, full mouth, but a lurking possibility of fun and spirit in the piquant nose and dimpled chin. It was a peculiar face, for all its beauty—unusual, interesting; full of suggestion. No regular, faultless visage, no Madonna, no nymph, no goddess or angel, was recalled by its aspect; over the broad, full forehead the hair lay in loose waves, soft and shining, but color was wanting, of

course. It was a picture that took hold of me vitally, a face that I studied all day, that invaded my dreams, that—I may as well own it—took entire possession of me in twenty-four hours, and resolved me to find out the original as soon as might be. Perhaps I had better introduce myself. My name is Frank Goddard, and I was twenty-nine years old when I found the Widow Case's picture. It would be more according to the fitness of things as depicted in the ordinary novel had I been a poor but honest young man, with uncorrupted morals, preserving clean collars and a clear conscience through the dreadful trials and temptations of a clerk's life in the city; but I was not. I was only a tolerable young lawyer, with plenty of well-to-do relations, among whom were two old maiden aunts who had spoiled me always, and now, having just died, to my real sorrow, carried on a sort of posthumous petting by leaving me fifty thousand well-invested dollars, and a very pretty house and garden in an old New England town. I was not poor before; now I was rich as I need be, and disposed to enjoy my money a little while before returning to the office, which I could well do, having left in my place an old comrade and college chum, who was glad to step into a tolerable business, and do all the work for a year or two, for pay now, and a partnership hereafter. So I left home, intending to travel, and during the first hundred miles of my journey stumbled on the Widow Case's picture and my own fate. Don't suppose I had never been in love before; I had, at least twenty times; I had a fatal facility at that sort of thing. I had been madly in love, refused, accepted, engaged, disengaged. In fact, I have a vague idea of once having two *bona fide* engagements on my hand at once: I don't really know how it happened I was not a victim. I think I must have been a fool.

However, I knew the symptoms by heart, and here they were setting in again at high tide. There was no help for it. I could not get any further West than Albany. I recovered my trunk there from its durance in the baggage car, refilled my valise, and checked the trunk back to H——, took the cars to Millerton, and then and there bought a ticket for Pekin.

Did any body ever write his experience in Connecticut country taverns? I shall not offer mine to the public, but I think it might be a readable article. I found a room for my valise in Hodger's Hotel, and a feather-bed for my place of rest! But I cared very little. My absorbing object was to find the Widow Case; so I strolled down into the bar-room, a dreary desert of bare floor, enlivened here and there by a spittoon, a creaky arm-chair, a whip leaning against the wall, and a county map. Mr.



Smith, the present landlord of Hodger's Hotel, in a greasy velveteen coat and battered felt hat, was leaning on the high counter with both elbows, talking coveys to an old farmer. I did not hesitate to interrupt the deliberate dialogue with my query,

"Are there any families of the name of Case in Pekin?"

This innocent question was received with a roar of laughter by Smith, and an idiotic grin, both broad and long, from the toothless old farmer. I began to feel vexed, naturally enough, and Smith perceived it.

"Scuse me, square; but fact is, there ain't much folks in Pekin besides Cases, 'nd here's one on 'em; this old gen'l'man is Deacon Levi Case."

"How de do! how de do!" chuckled the old man. "Pleased to see ye. Didn't altogether ketch yer name." This time he did.

"Oh, jes so! Why, sounds dreadful natural. Ain't one o' the Norridge Goddards, be ye?"

I disclaimed the honor, but did not enter into the subject of my family; I only raised my voice, and asked him if he knew any widow lady of his name in Pekin.

"Lor, yes! He! he! he! More'n four on 'em. Why, there's Widder Elbert Case" (here my ears tingled, recalling that name in the talk of the old couple in the car), "but she's gone out West; there's Widder Case up to the mill; and another on 'em down to Parsonsville, 't used ter be South Pekin. There ain't no widder up to our folkses; not yet! he! he! he! Do'no' her name, do ye?"

Dear reader, I am not G. Washington. I can tell a lie, at the proper time—and I did it! I could not expose that lovely, delicate being, whose picture I carried in my left breast pocket, to the giggle and chuckle of this grinning old satyr, the coarse laughter of Smith, the bar-room gossip of Pekin. I would rather hunt up every Widow Case in Connecticut (I thought so then!) than do it; so I said, with the ease my law practice gave me, that I did not know her name, my business did not enter into personalities. I would go to all these places. So, getting directions and a horse, I set out alone to hunt up my cynosure. I drove up a shadowy, still, grass-grown road to the mill first, and when I could make the little brown house door resound no louder to my whip and knuckles, I tried the mill itself, but there was nobody there; it was empty of all but heaped grain and piles of flabby bags; the whole place smelled of new pine and fresh meal—all but the shed where the great wheel hung motionless, for that alone was old, and the black fans of the wheel itself bore the tint and slime, and sent into the fresh June air the mouldy scent, of long use, of old water-soaked wood. Then I went back to the house and opened the

door without ceremony: a real old hag rose from her rocking-chair and hobbled up to me with one hand behind her ear. I took the hint, and shouted,

"Does the Widow Case live here?"

"I'm Widder Case," she croaked.

Here was number one! but not my widow, evidently. I made some futile errand about the mill, and left her mumbling and croaking at the door, to follow the next direction, hunting up another widow in Parsonsville, a manufacturing village, that of right was South Pekin, but, like most villages of the kind, had been called after the manufacturer who had built it up. Here I wandered up street and down, investigated at least sixteen whitewashed tenement-houses, each as precisely like the others as the oil jars of the Forty Thieves, and succeeded in finding two more Widow Cases—one a buxom female of fifty, the other a poor creature just dying of consumption. I invented some excuse on the spur of the moment for my appearance to each of them, but I began to understand the situation. If I could have explained it to one of them, doubtless my quest would have been over, but I knew better what was the strife of tongues in a country town like Pekin, and I took an odd pleasure in the trouble of the search; for was not all this zeal and effort for her sake, whose lovely lips seemed to tremble into a smile whenever I gazed on their likeness? Perhaps, had the weather been January instead of June, or the roads been sandy and shadeless instead of the tree-set tracks they were, sometimes running through orchards fair and fragrant with pinkest bloom, sometimes in woods full of summer's delicate odors and the songs of all summer-celebrating birds, while the track was fringed every where with violets blue as the sky above, crowded eyebrights, milky strawberry blooms; and the long budded garlands of the dew-berry tangled in and out among sunny frank-faced dandelions—perhaps but for this my enthusiasm might have failed; but to be a dreaming lover, driving along through country lanes and woods in early June, is to be consciously or unconsciously a blissful man. I know, for I have tried it very often. Sometimes, I must confess, I wondered to myself how many more times I should do it. I had sailed on the bright waves so often, I had no idea at all how it felt to be drowned. Next day I heard of another Widow Case in North Pekin. I was half a day in finding her, and then she asked me to stay to dinner. I did not refuse, for I was very hungry, and the fare at Hodger's Hotel was not enticing. This widow was young—perhaps twenty-five—small, alert, smooth of tongue, and a very Jesuit at questioning. I heard of her afterward in no complimentary fashion, and found she had French



blood in her veins, which accounted for her celerity of mind and body, her airs and graces of sixteen, her suave insincere lips, her restless eyes, and well-acted shrinking modesty. It took all my legal acumen to avoid making a clean breast of it to the little wretch. I asked Smith when I got back where she lived, with a sublime air of ignorance and indifference.

"Oh, Widder Luman Case! Well, see here, square, you ain't overly acquainted in these parts. Ef you hain't got any hefty business up that way, I'd kinder keep this side o' that little crittur. She's curus. I don't want to say nothin' agin her; I hain't no call to say nothin' agin her; but I jest as good not go nigh her as to go nigh her; but I'll tell ye whereabouts her place is ef ye've got ter go there."

Next day it rained. A rainy day in Hodger's Hotel damped my zeal much. I think two would have damped it off, as gardeners say, but luckily it was only a day. Sunshine and cheer returned with morning. But why should I drag out my story? I scoured Pekin in vain. North Pekin, West Pekin, Pekin Street, Pekin Corners: even to the edges of Lovely Street and the outlying hamlets of Avon and Simsbury. I found out nine Widow Cases, of every age, manner, and complexion known to the female sex in America, I believe. Hair of gray, black, blonde, and red; waved, curly, straight as tow; eyes various as a box of artificial orbs; but none—oh, not one!—with the deep brown hair full of golden threads and the dark sweet eyes I had fully made up my mind belonged to "Lorainy." But if I did not find a widow after my heart's desire, I found a friend; for one fine day, driving fast as the son of Nimshi, absorbed in vexation and disappointment, I gave too much of the roadway to a passing team, hit my wheel against a log, and in less time than I can tell it found myself lying in the road with a broken leg. The horse took himself off, and by-and-by I had to pay damages; but that day of reckoning was not at hand, and I thought of no damages but my own when I was picked up and carried into Deacon Peters's house, that fortunately was at hand, and delivered over to the tender mercies of Mrs. Peters and the Parsonsville doctor. I thought I appreciated women before, but I found I had only known girls—giggling, glorified, evanescent angels, who would have been as useful in this emergency as a castle of spun sugar or a swan's-down tippet. Deacon Peters's wife was a real woman: sensible, kindly, tender, and generous; full of devices to soothe pain and save trouble. She did her work in the world with a serious ease and condescension that seemed to make it a matter of dignified amusement; and she enlivened it all with a fund of keen humor and quick

apprehension that was delightful to study. I was as restless, as cross, as impatient, as men are apt to be under the circumstances, but she never lost her good nature or abated her care; and, best of all, long before my six weeks of impatience and ache were over, I had found out from her all about my Widow Case, whose name was really Lorana, and who had gone to teach school near Canaan, and board with her aunt, Miss Fyler. It was exasperating to have found her now, when I could not follow her, but it was much gained to know of her being a fixture somewhere. At least I thought so, till, having borne my bedridden state to the end, and then gone back to H—— to settle some business that needed personal overlooking, I found myself, the last week in August, settled as a "city boarder" in Canaan; and having hunted up the little red school-house, some three miles away, where the Widow Case taught, I found it just closed for a vacation! I should have torn my hair only it hurt so. I did a few proper and frantic things—perhaps a little profanity escaped me unawares: in excitement no man is fully responsible. I always felt a great respect for the recording angel who (on good Mr. Sterne's authority) blotted out Uncle Toby's oath with a tear: it showed sense. But what to do now? I had engaged board for a month in a cheap farm-house; I was a little romantic for a man of thirty; I wanted the Widow Case to love me and not my money, so I dressed in my oldest remaining clothes, lived frugally, and made inquiries about the schools in and around the little town, as if I wanted a place to teach. I soon found that Mrs. Case was coming back to Canaan to teach in the academy, and that a classical teacher also was wanted there; so I offered myself to fill the place, and was accepted.

It may be said by literalists and people who live in Litchfield County that there is no academy in Canaan. I have said hereinbefore that I am not G. Washington, and that I can tell a lie if it be necessary. When I say Canaan, I mean Canaan in a Pickwickian sense. I do not wish to bring down on my devoted head the wrath of all the true Canaanites if I should happen to say any thing derogatory about their delightful village; much less do I wish to have any maiden lady of sixty, with a fierce auburn front, piercing gray eyes that had a keen and dreadful way of looking at one over a pair of silver-bowed spectacles, a sharp voice, and a generally pointed manner, who may live in Canaan proper, descend on me miserable, and say I reviled, or, in the vernacular, "sassd" her, under the name of Miss Fyler; so I repeat the fact that I only call the town where I did engage to teach in the academy, and where the real Miss Fyler, with all the tokens and ear-marks consei-



entiously enumerated here, did live—I only call it Canaan, I say, in a Pickwickian sense; wherefore, may all the tribes—Hivites, Jebusites, Hittites, and all the rest—let me tell my tale to its end in peace and good-will. For very little of either did I get from the aforesaid Miss Fyler! The first day she set eyes on me in church, where I was behaving like a lamb, and singing a very respectable tenor in the next square pew to her own, she glared at me like an unfascinating serpent. She transfixed me. I felt my flesh creep and my hair crinkle. She hated me from the beginning with the fatal prescience some women possess. I think she felt it in her bones that I had come there to see the Widow Case, and being a man-hater of the most vicious and aggravated type, she determined to keep that precious morsel from the clutch of any man, and dry it for her own use. I heard her tell an old crony on the church steps that I was a “city fool”—extremest term of reprobation from her lips—but I did not care. School began the 15th of September, and then I should see the Widow Case! It was enough for me. So I wearied through the flat solitudes of a country village till the blessed day came. I was at the closed doors of the academy even before its principal, the Rev. Philetus Lamb, came with the key. I was first to explore its atmosphere of dust, slate pencils, and old hats, for the glazier’s art did not flourish in Canaan, and many specimens of head-gear as degraded as imperial Cæsar

“Stopped a hole to keep the wind away.”

The day passed in marshaling a crowd of rough boys and giggling girls, but no widow dawned on my disgusted eyes. I ventured to ask the Reverend Philetus if he expected me to teach the sixty odd scholars all myself, and received for answer:

“No, Sir; no, Sir; certainly not, Sir. I expect the women-folks along to-morrer. Miss Case she will teach the English branches—er—grammer ’nd ’rithmetic ’nd singin’; Sewsan Jackson she’ll sewerintend the prim’ry department; and you’ll do classics an’ g’ometry. I—well—I—er—do the generalities—gov’nment, manners, finances—er—c’lect odds and ends, as it were. I don’t do a great sight of teachin’.”

“Lucky for the scholars,” thought I; but I went home without saying so. And the next day, as I was hanging up my hat in the vestibule, I heard the principal clearing his throat violently just behind me.

“A-ahem! he-e-e-m! Mr. Goddard, le’mè make ye acquainted with Miss Case. He’s our classical teacher, Miss Case. Pleased to interduce ye!”

Good gracious! there she was. I could only bow and choke and burn up to the roots of my hair; for hers was red—undeniably red; waving and glossy enough, but a

dark rich red; and her eyes, that looked so deep and sad in the picture, were a bright red hazel, the very color of her hair, under penciled brows and curling lashes of dark brown. Pensive eyes, indeed! They had the bright, undaunted look of a lioness, and her full scarlet lips quivered with secret fun as she looked at my gasping self. I don’t blame her now. I almost hated her then. And when I went home at noon I evicted her picture from my breast pocket with fury. I should have thrown it in the fire, but there was none. Red hair! And I had always said and thought that the tortures of the Inquisition should not induce me to like a woman with red hair. And then I remembered I didn’t; and then I recollected I did. Here I had tied myself down to a dirty, troublesome, stupid country school for the sake of a woman with red hair! One thing I could and would do. After a week or two I would find teaching too much for me, and leave. But that was not all. I had spent a whole long summer running after this chimera, this fraud, this mistake. I was enraged. I had to smoke six cigars and take a three-mile walk before I could think of sleep that night. How I hated the thought of the Widow Case! Had I not seen nine of them, all homely? How could I have hoped the tenth would look any better? The Case family were not judges of female beauty, evidently. I exhausted the English language, as far as ejaculations and expletives go, on the still air of the country, till, tired out and shivering, I went home to bed, only to dream of the Widow Case, with a coronal of waving fire above her brow, and two locomotive head-lights for eyes, facing me, whichever way I turned, with intent to burn and slay.

But morning came, and to school I must go. I was late, of course, for I delayed till the last moment; and as I entered, the Reverend Philetus was winding up a long prayer. I sat down just inside the door, and right before me sat the widow, her head bent on a chair-back, and a blaze of sunshine bathing it, and changing the deep redness into living, burning gold. Every stray thread that coiled about the white temples or massive braid glittered like a thread of fire: it was my dream. In the course of the day I saw her many times, and a subtle fascination, akin to terror, fixed my gaze on her always. I found out that her complexion was delicate as any rose-gleaming pearl shell, her eyes radiant, her voice—strangest of strange charms in New England—sweet, delicate, cultivated: it had as many tones as the bird-songs of summer; now it was deep and sad, now gay and mocking; pleading, rallying, incisive, acute, full of sarcasm, full of tenderness. I caught myself wondering what it would be inspired by fervent passion, informed with love. Yes, I am con-



vinced it was her voice that subjugated me; it could not have been her beauty, for she had red hair. I have perhaps betrayed the fact that I *was* subjugated before this confession. I don't know how it was; I did not mean to be; I meant not to be. It was my helplessness, and not my will, consented. She did not behave in the least like any of my other loves; she treated me at first with a polite indifference. I could sometimes see a flash of fun in her bronze eyes if I was unusually awkward, and I know I was often very awkward when I felt those eyes at hand. When she knew me better, she made perpetual fun of me in a lady-like way. She was sweetly sarcastic toward my opinions; she openly scorned my supine notions—which were really no notions at all—about things in general; she disagreed with me always. I never saw so versatile a creature. To this day I regard her with curiosity and amazement; for I know no more now than I did then at what point she may face about, abandon her position, and utterly rout mine from some new point of attack. I think she would have made a wonderful success as a strategist, had she been in the army. Is it necessary to say that I retained my position in Canaan Academy—that I felt my service, irksome as it was, better than absence from this strange, fascinating creature, before whom I daily lay more and more helpless, who wove her threads more closely about me every hour?

I never could tell if she liked me; I was afraid she despised me; but I adored her. I even came to admire her hair; its redness hid under the shifting golden gloss of light and shadow; her lips were red, but that rich and waving mass was bronze! I was fathoms deep in love, as one may say; and there I drowned happily, till I began to hear mutterings from friends and business in the distance. I tore myself away at the New-Year vacation for a brief visit to H—, where I installed Atwood as my partner, and stopped his remonstrances with this sop. I gave out that I was studying in the country, and carried back with me sundry big law-books, which my landlady had the pleasure of dusting. Somebody had sent the Widow Case in my absence a set of cut jet ornaments. They came from New York, she said. She thought Uncle James sent them, but there was no letter. I brought her a bunch of hot-house flowers, which she said were very pretty. I must say the jet things looked well on her white neck and arms. I thought they would. By this time I had begun to call at Miss Fyler's at least as often as once a week. That worthy lady received me ordinarily with the amenity a crossed cat extends to a big dog. I do not know what withheld her from openly flying in my face and forbidding me the house. I think she would have done so but for the

fact that she knew her niece's high spirit, and did not want to be left by her to the loneliness of her bitter old age. But she did not attempt to conceal her hatred of me, and I lived to thank her for it, since I believe nothing else would have made the Widow Case show me any favor. But the blessed little woman had her own share of that perversity which makes her sex at once so tormenting and so delightful. The worse Miss Fyler treated me, the kinder she grew. I was allowed to come home with her from prayer-meetings, when I hung about the door sometimes full twenty minutes for her sake. I took her twice sleighing—a species of devotion which I consider the supremest possible to offer; for how must one be absorbed in a woman when he can drive two hours in a winter night, with the thermometer below zero, nose, eyes, and mouth stiffening in the keen breezes, simply to give that woman pleasure? But I did it. I had rather have done almost any thing else for her. Miss Fyler grew worse and worse. When I went there I could hear her using vehement and unpleasant language about me in the next room while I waited; but I could hear Lora defend me, and that repaid me for her aunt's dislike.

Yet it was spring—coy, shy, inexpressibly sweet New England spring—before I dared ask the Widow Case to marry me; and I don't know to this day how I did it. We were out with a party after arbutus; the day was soft and inspiring; the odor of those tender pink blossoms stole upward from their hidden beds and filled the tranquil air. I had strayed away from the rest, after Lora. How lovely she looked in her black shady hat and dark gray dress with black ribbons and white ruffles! "Mitigated affliction," I am told they call it in the shops. I never did think she was unmitigatedly afflicted by Tom Case's death; but it was proper to wear black, of course, though she looked lovely in every thing. However it was, I did ask her that day, and she almost said yes, and half said no, and at last promised to think about it. I went half mad with joy I dared not show, for fear she would take offense at it and give me my *congé* on the spot; but all day and all night the old French saw ran in my head, "*Château qui parle et femme qui écoute tous deux vont se rendre*," and in a fortnight Lora wore on her left hand a great sapphire set in little diamonds that I led her to suppose was once my great-grandmother's. I don't know that it was; I don't know but it was. Not being G. Washington, as I have already remarked, I can adapt facts in cases of necessity, or even draw on my imagination for them; and if Lora had known I bought that big sapphire at Tiffany's, my poverty would have been shamed and put to flight, and she would have handed it back to me with calm-



ness and contempt. She has said as much as that since. But how Miss Fyler raged! Lorana never should marry a beggarly fellow like that—never! She would leave all her money to Rabzemon Fyler, so she would. That enraged Lora. She told her dear aunt to do as she pleased in that respect; she was glad Uncle Rabzemon would have the money; he and his ten children needed it far more than we did; and as to allowing Aunt Fyler or Aunt Anybody to choose her husband for her, that was simply impossible. Now Miss Fyler hated her brother Rabzemon worse than she did me, but flesh and blood could not bear Lora's impudence, she said—(I thought she was sponge and whalebone before). At any rate, Lora's home was made unpleasant enough for her; but it all drew her nearer to me, and defeated its own end, for she consented to marry me in June.

Now arose many councils as to ways and means. We could not be married at Miss Fyler's, and she had become so openly outrageous that she declared she would lock Lora up if she had the least idea I would try to marry her; but she knew I wouldn't; I was only a fortune-hunting scamp, and now I knew that Squire Coe had made her will, and all her money would go to foreign missions, folks would see how soon I would be missing. It was in vain I tried to convince Lora that all this wild talking would amount to nothing. She had heard so much of it that her ears and nerves tingled with the long dissonance. She was afraid to be married openly in the Canaan church, and at length (as I still enrage her by saying) she all but asked me to elope with her! Of course I was delighted with the idea; that was what the Lord of Burleigh did with his village love, before he brought her to the castle. I began to feel a little uplifted, as the Scotch say, but suddenly Lora made one of her surprising revolutions, and declared she wouldn't marry me at all, it was such a fuss; she had no proper home; she would live an old maid to the end of her days, so she would.

"Just like Aunt Fyler," I acquiesced. Then she had to laugh, but it was almost a week before I could coax and reason her back into her first assent to my plans. So we settled that she should go to Great Barrington in the May vacation, and spend a week there with an intimate friend, and have a little dress-making done; that would throw Aunt Fyler off her guard. Further to do this, I was to stay in Canaan, and meet her on a certain day in Great Barrington, where she was to get on to the train I should come in, and we would proceed to Pittsfield, where an old college friend of mine was settled. He was to marry us, and then we would take a brief tour to H——, where I told her I was to have a position in

a lawyer's office, and a thousand dollars a year; all of which was true, and we all know it is not always necessary to tell the whole truth. I never have believed myself that G. Washington did that, whatever other exploits in the line of veracity he is traditionally credited with.

By this time Uncle James (!) had sent Lora a soft, thick, gray silk from New York, and the prettiest little hat, or bonnet, or something, to wear on her head: that was gray too, with bunches of purple velvet pansies on it. There was no letter, although Lora had written to tell him of her engagement, and then thanked him for the jet trinkets. She found out afterward that Uncle James never got her letter. I don't know how he should, for she gave it to me to mail, and I thought best to forget it. I had a dear old-maid cousin in New York who knew a great deal better than either Lora or I what she needed. So I told her she must be married in that dress and bonnet, they were so pretty; and after much skirmishing she consented, and went off, leaving me in Canaan to get through the intervening week.

At last the day came, and I took the express train for Pittsfield that went through Canaan about 3 P.M. It seemed to be very long before we got to Great Barrington, and when I wanted to get off at the front end of the car the conductor turned me back to the rear door. I stood there eying the platform anxiously; nobody like Lora was there. I might not have known her in colors, and veiled, but I knew I should recognize that hat, even to the little gleaming silver-gray veil that half covered it. No one had entered at the front-door. As I went out from the rear I caught a quick view of some one in black, with a deep green veil, coming in, and then there was a lame woman climbing the steps painfully, and at least six behind her, but not one of them Lora. A cold chill went to my heart. I felt sure she was ill. I jumped from the train as it started, measuring my length on the dirty platform, and picking myself up, went up the street to inquire my way to the house of Lora's friend. She, it seemed, lived a mile from the station, and when I got there, was gone out to tea. I inquired if Mrs. Case was there, to my great delight found she was, sent up my card, and in five minutes found myself face to face with a most forbidding-looking female, in a green calico gown, and black lace cap, trimmed with blue ribbon. She looked at me over her gold spectacles just like Aunt Fyler. My knees shook, and I meekly remarked,

"I wanted to see Mrs. Case."

"That's my name," was the severe reply.

"But I thought—I believe— Isn't there another Mrs. Case staying with Miss Hosford?"



"Oh, the Widder Case! Yes, she went away this afternoon."

I could not make inquiries of her. Another Mrs. Case! how I hated the name! So I inquired out the place where Miss Hosford was tea-drinking, found her after a half-mile walk, introduced myself, and found that Lora had gone by the train I came on. Here was a complication! How could I have missed her? Miss Hosford—a pretty, rosy little creature—seemed to pity me sincerely, and suggested that perhaps her veil concealed her too effectually.

"But I should have known that dress and hat any where," I said. "I studied them well to be sure of it."

"Oh dear!" exclaimed she. "She was in one of her old black dresses, and had on a green veil. She meant to dress in Pittsfield. She said those things were too bridal-looking to travel in. She didn't want to be advertised in the cars!"

That was so like Lora I had to laugh. But what would she do in Pittsfield till I got there?

"Probably get very spunky," suggested Miss Hosford. I thought it but too probable; but all that was left for me now was to take the returning milk train at half past eight: the accommodation shrieked past as we were talking. So I strode back my mile and a half to the station, thence to the tavern for something to eat, and at the due time took that milk train, and was landed in Pittsfield. But there was no Mrs. Case to be found there. No such person at the hotel. Nobody had seen her at the minister's. The station-master had gone to bed by the time I thought of questioning him. I could see him, however, early in the morning, for the down milk train left at half past five. By this time it was well into the night, but I was too tired and anxious to sleep. The musty little bedroom of the tavern did not invite repose: it was a hot May night, and I had a feather-bed. I heard the wheezing wooden clock in the hall strike every hour but four, five, and six. I fell asleep just when I ought not, and the milk train went without me. There was an accommodation train at eight, however, and by questioning the station-master till he was cross, I discovered that a lady in a black dress, with red hair—(oh!)—had bought a ticket for the afternoon accommodation the day before. Of course she had gone back to Great Barrington, so I steamed off for that place at eight, and again hunting up Miss Hosford, found her as anxious as I was myself when once she had heard my story, for she had neither heard of Lora nor seen her. The express train went in an hour. I went back to Canaan therein, as sad and mad as a man might be. To-day should have been the day after my wedding-day, and where was I? My bride

was lost, my appointment to be at H—to-day entirely broken: what would become of the flowers, the friends, the dinner, my dear old cousin from New York, who was to arrange all, and be there to meet us? It was the proverbial slip between the cup and the lip. And worst of all, where was Lora?

I had made up my mind to go back to Canaan and wait, and Miss Hosford promised to telegraph me at once if she heard of her. On the way down I noticed a slight fuss in the cars. People began to talk eagerly. Somebody said the express train up had run over a cow just above Canaan, and was off the track. We were at Sheffield, and must wait there at least four hours, the conductor thought, as the engine and three cars would need to be replaced on the track. I had an old college friend in Sheffield, so I hunted him up, and staid with him overnight, rather than go back to Canaan at midnight, and run my chance of getting into a tavern there. Of course we sat up late talking. Of course, too, exhausted with anxiety, I slept over both morning trains, and only reached Canaan in the late afternoon, and it was Saturday. I flew to the telegraph office, but the operator was not there. Somebody told me that the train yesterday had broken down two telegraph poles in running off the track; and though, fortunately for the train, the poles fell away from the track, unfortunately for me, the wire was broken. Nobody noticed it, for all were busied with the train, and now they had just got about mending it, and the operator had gone to look on.

What a Sunday I passed! Was fate against us? I found myself getting superstitious. I went to church three times, and sat in the next pew to Aunt Fyler, who surveyed me with a glare of triumphant malice. I distinctly heard her say to another old woman on the meeting-house steps:

"I told ye how 'twould be. I do hope Lorainy's learned her lesson! When folks's aunts make a will willin' away their property to forrin missions, 'tain't so dreadful pretty to marry 'em, you'd better b'lieve! H'm! I've seen young fellers before, I guess."

I let her rave. I did not care for her. I went to the tavern after evening meeting, and went to bed. I did not know what else to do, and all night I dreamed Aunt Fyler was trying to marry me herself; but she wanted Lora to be bride-maid, and couldn't find her. But next day—oh, blessed morning!—I had a telegram from Miss Hosford: "Come on first train." Do you think I overslept that time? I confess to being a little troubled on the way as to the frame of mind I should find Lora in, that remarkable little woman had so many changes in her "infinite variety." I thought I was prepared for



any thing; but I never was more astonished in my life than when she threw herself into my arms, sobbing like a tired child, and whispering in my ear,

"Oh, I'm so glad! so glad! so glad! I'm tired and scared to death!"

Heavens and earth! She had never kissed me once before of her own free-will, and here she was acting like a pleased baby. And oh, how pretty she was!

"Lora dear," said I, becoming suddenly conscious of my being the head of this helpless female. "Sit down, darling, and don't cry. I'll take care of you now."

The unaccountable creature gave a wicked little giggle that made me shake in my shoes.

"Miss Hosford," I went on, as that estimable young woman opportunely entered the room, "have you got a clergyman here?"

A smile flickered over her face as she replied,

"Oh yes, we always keep one in the parlor closet."

Lora choked down another naughty little laugh with her handkerchief, but I went on, sternly,

"I mean in the village."

"Yes, we generally do have them in New England, you know."

"Will you be so good as to direct me to one?"

"I would if I could; but our minister was taken ill last night with pleurisy, the Methodist minister went off to Conference on the milk train, and yesterday was Father Walsh's Sunday at Hammertown. I'm afraid he isn't home yet."

"Frank," said Lora, with a great sob, "I don't think we ever shall be married!"

"I do," was my stern rejoinder. "I have hunted you all over Pekin; I have been the derision of nine other Widow Cases; I have broken my leg; I have braved Aunt Fyler's awful countenance; I have chased you up and down in rail cars; I have hunted you from pillar to post a whole year, and at last persuaded you to love me—and now I will marry you, whether or no!"

"Good gracious, Frank!" screamed Lora, while Miss Hosford regarded me with wild amazement, "are you crazy? What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. Go put your bonnet and things on right away: we must take the express train for Pittsfield, and be married this afternoon. I'll tell you the whole story on the train."

She disappeared, and came back very soon looking like a well-dressed angel in the gray silk and hat; but Miss Hosford would cover her up in one of those hideous things called a linen duster. I did not care, though, what she wore, if only we reached Pittsfield and Joe Plunkett's parsonage in safety; and this time we made it out. Once married and on

the way to H——, I told Lora all about my hearing her history in the cars, finding her picture, and not finding her, up to the time of our meeting in Canaan. I did not tell her my trouble at discovering her red hair—you never know how a woman will take that sort of thing. I think I was wise not to.

We reached H—— late at night, and proceeded to my own house. It was all ready for us, servants and stores and fresh flowers, but my good old cousin had been called away that morning to New York. It was just as well; for when I at last actually succeeded in persuading Lora to believe that house and all were mine, and money to live in it comfortably besides, instead of being awed and modest, or even overcome with emotion, she then and there boxed my ears, and declared in strenuous terms that she never would have married me if she had known it.

"But you have," said I; "so don't discuss the matter, my dear. My ears tingle painfully."

Of course she only laughed, and in the most unsympathizing manner asked for some supper.

Still I don't think she regrets it. I am sure I don't. She sits there in the bay-window in the deepest blue gown, falling in soft folds about her, and lit up with delicate lace and the rest of that set of sapphires and diamonds which belonged to my grandmother (reborn Tiffany!). My dear hunt is over. I found the Widow Case. I also found Mrs. Goddard.

## "UNDER THE ROSE."

### A PLATONIC KISS.

You kissed me, as if roses slipped

Their rose-bud necklaces, and blew  
Such breaths as never yet have dipped

The bee in fragrance over shoe,  
While rose leaves of their color stripped  
Themselves to make a blush for you.

Nor chide with such a cold constraint,

As if you laid the rose in snow;  
For this the summer stores her paint,

The dappled twilights overflow  
With motley colors, pied and quaint,  
For kisses that in flowers do grow.

Nor pout and tease: you did not mean

So sweet a thing. Abide this test:

In open markets grades are seen  
Of good and bad, in price expressed;  
The buyer's purse must choose between;  
But when we give, we give the best.

Yet if that color, sweet as bees,

Of flower flushes teases, see  
How we can pluck such thorns as these,  
That bleed in blushes, easily;

For kiss me, sweet, just as you please:  
I'll take it as it pleases me.



## MISS ANGEL.

BY ANNE THACKERAY.

## CHAPTER XV.

## PUT OUT THE LIGHT.

LADY W. liked to wind up her little passing interests with some triumphant catastrophe which flattered her sense of power, and rid her of any uncomfortable feeling of responsibility. Something had vexed her the night of Mr. Reynolds's entertainment. She was very cross going home, and scarcely spoke to Angel. Was my lady getting tired of her, as she had wearied of so many others?

It was Lady Diana who talked and who praised the supper, the house, the host.

Angel was absorbed in the thought of what had occurred. She could not make up her mind whether or not to repeat it all to her friend.

When she would have said good-night to her patroness at the foot of the stairs as usual, Lady W. responded very coldly. For the first time the gracious lady looked ungracious. She answered the girl's inquiring glance with a cold "Good-night, Kauffman."

Angelica could scarcely believe that the tone was for her. "Are you not well?" she said.

"I am quite well, only sorry to have to speak to you, Kauffman," Lady W. answered; "but I must tell you that your manner to-night was vastly too free for the society into which I have introduced you. I can not countenance free manners in my box at the play, and I have been much annoyed by the levity of to-night. My lord observed upon it, and has begged me to remonstrate."

A faint sound from my lord was heard, but it died away, and he suddenly disappeared by some back stairs.

My lady was fluttering her fan in some agitation. Lady Diana and the footmen and the maids were all roundabout.

Angelica turned pale, stood silent, justly wounded, and then said, with simple dignity, "I will speak to you to-morrow, madam, in private, not now," and she walked away to her own room, trembling, with beating pulse, bewildered, offended.

A fire was burning, and candles had been lighted by Mrs. Betty, unaware as yet of the favorite's disgrace; but the maid immediately began to suspect something amiss when Angelica burst into tears. As I have said before, it was not the first time such scenes had occurred.

Lady W. rustled up, with her beautiful twinkling satin feet, feeling immensely virtuous and superior. She discoursed to Lord W. for an hour on Angelica's enormities, suddenly remembering, as vexed people do,

many others which had never occurred to her till that moment. The girl's manner to Lord Henry Belmore was most flippant and unbecoming; her ways were unendurable. She had tried her best to bring Mr. Reynolds to her feet, but his good sense evidently kept him back.

Poor Lord W. knew of old that it was hopeless to try and stem this torrent; he set his watch a few seconds wrong in his perplexity, gave precise directions to his valet about being called in the morning, and as to the preparation of a pot of glue he should require to complete a little nest of boxes he was engaged upon.

Poor Angel! coldness from those she loved chilled her and pained her as much as their love vivified and warmed; and she loved Lady W., whose kindness had been unending, and whose praises had been very sweet to her. Was it possible that people spoke truly when they said that people changed? Ah, no! she could not believe it, never, never. Angelica was not yet old enough to stretch her interests beyond the radius of her own longings, and of those who loved her; that is the gift of later years, and perhaps the one blessing that supplements their emptiness. No one had ever in her recollection been unkind to her before. She was half amazed, half indignant. Could it be true? Had she been free? Had she forgotten what was becoming to her station? What had she done?

She dismissed Mrs. Betty with the curious eyes, tore off her rose-bud dress impatiently, and flung it on the floor in a heap; then she put on an old dressing-gown she used to wear in Italy. That, at least, was her own; little else. The very fire which warmed her resentment was given to her by the person who had insulted her—the person whom she loved, and whose unkindness cut all the more cruelly because she loved her. Lady W. had been unkind, and they seemed suddenly parted: Mr. Reynolds had been too kind, and they seemed parted too: it was all utterly bewildering. Had she shown herself ungrateful to him? Was she being punished now for the pain she had inflicted on another? Was this a warning not to be neglected by her? Was it too late to undo the past?

Angel was still sitting there, broken and overcome by the different emotions of the day, when some one knocked at the door, and, to her surprise, Lady Diana came in.

"I wanted to talk to you," said she, in her abrupt voice, and putting down the light that she was carrying.

She came up to the fire, and stood leaning



against the tall chimney, silent for a moment; a little round glass overhead reflected the two, in their flowing robes and emotions. Lady Diana also had assumed a loose chintz morning robe; all her hair was falling about her pale face, which was brightened with some unusual look of sympathy and interest.

"I hardly know how you will like what I am going to say, but it is well meant, although you may not think so," she began, in her abrupt voice. "I thought I should find you distressed; I could not help coming to speak on what has happened."

"I am foolish, perhaps," said Angel, beginning to cry again. "I don't wish to trouble any one. I don't ask—" She could not finish the sentence.

Lady Diana began walking up and down the room, then stopped suddenly.

"After what has occurred, the sooner you are able to establish yourself in a home of your own, the better chance there will be for the continuance of your friendship with Judith. But it is not at once that the remembrance of such scenes passes away."

"I should be the most ungrateful of women if any thing ever made me forget my grateful friendship for Lady W.," cried Angelica, looking up with her overflowing eyes, and then, to her surprise, she saw that there were tears in Lady Diana's eyes—real tears.

"Are you sorry for me? How good of you! I was feeling so lonely as you came in; I was longing for mamma, for my father—longing for Antonio, for some one to advise me," cried quick little Angelica, meeting this unexpected sympathy, and then as quickly she drew back frightened again, suddenly remembering Lady Diana's long and many unkindnesses that she had forgotten for a moment.

"I don't wonder you mistrust me," said Lady Diana, who seemed to read her heart. "I have been cold and unkind, but you must forgive all that; and if I mean to try and be kind to you now, be generous enough not to repulse me," said the elder woman. "You must remember that I have loved these people all my life, and that I saw you come suddenly into my place, absorb my rights, my words, my looks, and my home happiness. Was it not natural that I should feel hurt and wounded? My happinesses are few enough. I love these children; and my cousin W. has been a brother to me all my life; and even Judith is dearer to me a thousand times than I am to her. But I am a cold-hearted woman; and I did not come to talk of myself," she said, blushing up. "I came to talk to you, and to say, Will you let me help you to choose a home, where you may be independent and free? and will you let me lend you enough money to pay your rent this year? You shall pay it back as you like and when you will;" and she held out a pocket-book. "This is a hundred pounds.

You can have as much more if you will. I scarcely deserve that you should take it from me."

"How, how am I to thank you? But do you indeed think I ought to leave?" faltered Angelica, reluctant and shrinking from such a desperate measure, although a few moments ago it had been what she wished.

"Believe me, indeed it will be best for all our sakes," said Lady Diana, gravely. "I know this house better than you do. I have made up my mind and paid my price. I am content to be discontented; surely you would never be satisfied with that."

"Content with discontent? no, indeed," said the young painter. "Why should any one accept such a fate? Perhaps you are waiting for something," she added, simply, looking at her visitor, who now for the first time seemed to her capable of interesting and of being herself interested.

"I tell you this is my fate," said Lady Diana, impatiently, "and I expect nothing and ask nothing. Count de Horn would have married me for my money at Venice. Judith was very angry when I refused him. She can not understand—she who values money and position so much—how a woman placed as I am, lonely and insignificant, can be better content with such a fate as mine than she herself is with her own fortunes. She can not forgive a refusal. Good-night, you poor little thing," said Diana, taking Angelica's hand. "I shall like to come and sit to you in your new painting-room, and I will bring my friend Anne Conway to you, and while you stay here remember that Judith has a right to be first in her own society."

"Yes," said Angel, "I will try. I fear you have made me too happy; I have forgotten my own position."

Lady Diana looked hard at Miss Angel as she spoke. "You might remember if you chose that a very good and high position may be yours—one that many of us would not refuse," she said.

Angel blushed up. How lovely she looked, all softened by tears and then brightened by emotion!

"It is too late," she faltered. "That I have not accepted; but the hundred pounds I will take gladly from you, if you will never be unkind to me again."

"Here, child; good-night!" said Lady Diana, kissing her shyly, and running out of the room.

Angelica went to bed somewhat comforted; but all night long strange horrors and dreams haunted her comfortable alcove—dreams and terrors that not all the counterpanes and eider-downs could keep away. She saw Mr. Reynolds in trouble, and some one seemed hiding behind one of the pictures, and then came a scream, and she awoke. She herself had screamed, but there was no



one to hear her. She was thankful when morning light came, and Mrs. Betty with a cup of chocolate. Here was the morning: was every thing as it had been before? But notwithstanding cock-crow and morning light, Lady W.'s coldness continued; if any thing, it seemed to increase and to become a habit.

Angelica's portrait was not yet sent home. She had begged Mr. Reynolds to keep it for her until she moved into her own house. It had been taken out of the studio the night of the supper, and carried into the painting-room, where Marchi used to work upon his master's pictures. The next morning, when Mr. Reynolds walked in, as usual, the picture had been replaced. There it stood, facing him with its half-conscious, half-unconscious witcheries. His heart sank very much when he walked up to it, and for an instant he felt almost inclined with his long-stocked brush to paint the whole canvas over, for it seemed only to smile at him as Angelica herself had done three nights before; but painting out a picture could make no change in his feelings toward her. If feelings could be so easily displaced, the world would be far less furnished than it is at present. Painting pictures of other people would be more to the purpose, thought the workman, with a sigh. Some little details were still to be finished upon this one—the fur on the cloak, the shadow of the throat—and while he added what was wanting, the man became a painter again.

He was able to think calmly, and to make deliberate resolutions. Henceforth he would never again be faithless to his life's true interest. This had been an extraordinary phase, utterly unexpected, and not to be accounted for. What had he been about? He was a "working-man," as old Johnson had called him one day in jest. He was no professed lover or squire of dames. She had been right as regarded him, though perhaps wrong as to herself, thought the painter, with some natural bias; and for one moment a thought of her, as she had looked standing there by the easel, smiling in her shining silks, nearly overcame his resolve—a fancy of her there, among them all, cherished and tenderly appreciated and faithfully loved.....The brush fell idly as he painted this picture with other things, more fleeting still perhaps than his *olios* and *ceras*. Fate had decided otherwise. He felt certain that she had no feeling for him. Without it, it would be folly for her to marry one so much older, so little suited. Something had gone out the night before, when the house had been lighted so brilliantly. He was surprised to find now how easily this blow had fallen. He was very sad, very much preoccupied, but he felt that, on the whole, circumstances had fallen out better

than he had sometimes expected, less well perhaps than he had hoped.

For some little time past all his future had seemed suddenly illumined by new interests and by a new light. Now nothing of it was left. It was extinguished, that was all. No ray seemed left, absolutely none, and he saw things once more in the old bald daylight.

He was not shaken or distressed, but changed somehow. It seemed to him as if the Angelica he had loved had died the night before, and as if he had now to learn to live again without her. And this old stock phrase is full of meaning to those souls new born again and again into this hackneyed old life through pain and secret pangs.

It is not for any one to say how far Mr. Reynolds was right or wrong in his determination henceforth to rule his life, not to be ruled by the chances of it. Such things are ordered by the forces of each individual nature. People will be true to themselves, whatever part they may determine upon; only the difference is that some try to play a higher part, and fail, perhaps, and are ashamed, and others try for a smaller part, and succeed, and are content.

Mr. Reynolds was still turning over these things in his mind, when Miss Reynolds, the little lady in the dressing-gown and morning wrapper, peeped into the room. She saw her brother standing there, listless, unoccupied. The *pennello volante*, so rapid, so assured in its flash, hung idly by his side. She could see his face reflected in the looking-glass from which he used to paint.

A very strange expression of pity and regret appeared in his looks. Were tears in his placid eyes? No, that was not so; for he started and turned quickly, and seeing her, asked in his usual voice what she wanted.

"I want my pocket-handkerchief, brother," said Miss Reynolds, startled. "I forgot it last night." And then she took courage, and went up to him and took his hand, paint-stock and all, and held it in both hers, and looked at him beneath her big cap. "I should wish you happy, brother," she said. "I saw a certain lady in tears standing in this very spot a few hours ago; at least, if not here, it was there by the great easel, or—no! they have moved it, and put the little one in its place. And oh! brother, you are still a young man, and much admired by many; do not trifle with a sweet girl's happiness, to say nothing of your own. Not that any one can judge for you, but one can't help one's hopes, and happiness is such a blessing, and must add so much to one's life—at least, so I should imagine."

"Thank you, Frances," said Mr. Reynolds, both touched and vexed by her agitation, as he always was. "Thank you, my dear; I hope we shall all be happy."



"She seemed sadly disturbed," said Miss Reynolds; "a little bird—"

"Thank you, my dear," said her brother again, patting her shoulder. "Leave me now. I must go to my work, or I shall be sadly disturbed."

Miss Reynolds opened her mouth to say more, but her courage failed. She was never at ease with her brother, and yet her kind heart yearned toward him, and she longed to say something to comfort him in his evident depression. She was beginning another allusion to an old adage which she thought applicable to the present state of things, but he again signed to her to stop, and Marchi, who had followed her into the room, now announced an early visitor. Miss Reynolds, suddenly conscious of her petticoat and dressing jacket, turned and fled.

## CHAPTER XVI.

UND MACHE ALL' MEIN WÜNSCHEN WAHR.

THE sympathies and consolations of light, of harmony, of work, are as effectual as many a form of words. They are *substitutions* of one particular manner of feeling and expression for another. To hungry, naked, and imprisoned souls art ministers with a bountiful hand, shows them a way of escape (even though they carry their charms with them), leads silently, pointing into a still and tranquil world inclosed within our noise-bound life, where true and false exist, but harassing duty and conflicting consciences are not, nor remorse, nor its terrors, nor sorrowful disappointments. A wrong perspective or faulty drawing may be a crime in this peaceful land; renewed effort is the repentance there practiced. Angelica was never more grateful to her pursuit than now, when time was difficult on her hands. The house was not to be ready for three weeks, and during these she must needs remain in Charles Street.

She tried not to think much, but the sense of estrangement was there nevertheless—estrangement from the three people whose good opinion she most valued. If only Antonio would give some sign, if only Mr. Reynolds would come, if only Lady W. would be her own kind self, how suddenly eased her heavy heart would be! She painted steadily, rising betimes to catch the first gleam of the sun dawning through the crowding mists.

Orders came in from one side and another. A message from the Queen, that filled her with excitement, was transmitted by Lord Henry, who had been to Windsor. Lady W.'s coldness did not change; she scarcely congratulated her, she seemed utterly unconcerned, and gave the poor child many a

pang that she was unconscious of ever having really deserved.

Mr. Reynolds came not; Antonio came not; Lady W. was as much absent as though she were gone on a long journey. Would she ever return? Angelica wondered. Besides the natural separations of life, of circumstance, there is also one great difficulty to be surmounted. It is that of moods and mental position. Our secret journeys and flights have to be allowed for as much as those open departures we make with many farewells and luggage and tickets and noisy bustle. There was a powdering closet on the second story of the house in Charles Street, adjoining Lady Diana's room. It was only a small room, divided by a wall with a hole in it and a sliding panel scooped to the neck. On one side stood the barber and his assistant, to the other came the household with the heads that needed powdering; they would boldly pass them through the aperture, by which means their clothes were preserved from the flying clouds. Lord W. was standing in this guillotine, receiving a last touch from the barber, when Angelica passed the open door one morning on her way to the nursery up stairs. She turned, hearing herself called.

"Is that Miss Kauffman? I can not see; pray wait one minute;" and in a minute my lord appeared in full dress, with his star and his smart velvet coat, and snowy wig and gleaming buckles. He was going to court. He had been invited to dine at the royal table. Little Judith and Charlotte and Elizabeth were trotting down stairs to see him before his start; before they came up, Lord W. turned to Angelica, and in a hurried voice said: "I wanted to speak to you. Dear lady, if you think of deciding upon a house, will you make use of my security? would you let me advance you a hundred pounds?" and he hastily pulled some notes out of his embroidered pocket, and tried quickly to pass them into her hand.

Angelica thanked the golden little benefactor with grateful emotion. "Indeed, I would gladly accept your kindness," she said, openly, "but Lady Diana has lent me some money."

She would have said more, but she saw him look uneasy; a door opened, and the figure of Lady W. appeared upon the landing. "What are you plotting?" said she: "I seem to have disturbed you," and she flashed a quick, penetrating look at Angelica.

"My lord is plotting to do me kindness and to give me help. He would help me pay the rent of the house I have engaged," said Angelica. She went up to Lady W. and looked at her with a great sweetness. "Indeed, dear lady, you would have little to fear if none but such as I were to con-



spire against you—I, who owe so much, so very much, to your goodness.”

“Do you still remember that?” said Lady W., softened by the very charm which raised her jealousy. She slowly put out her hand to Angel, who held it for a minute gratefully in her own. For one minute the two women looked hard at one another, when Lady W. suddenly melted, and kissed the young painter on the brow. “Take this,” she said, “for my sake,” and she slipped a ring from her finger on to Angelica’s. It was a little cameo set in brilliants, which the girl wore ever after. This tacit reconciliation greatly softened the pain of parting to the younger woman.

As she stepped across the threshold of the little house she had taken, Angel’s heart beat tumultuously, and her eyes sparkled. Here at last was a home. After her many wanderings, her long journeyings and uncertainties, here was a home. Here she could bring her father—dear, poor, proud, silly papa! Here she could work in peace, live her life, and be beholden to none.

The woman-servant Lady W. had recommended was standing courtesying at the foot of the stairs. The lamp had been lighted; it was a Roman three-beaked lamp that Angelica had found in some old shop, and bought after much hesitation. A fire had been lit in the studio. The little old house stood warm and welcoming, with an indescribable sense of rest about it, of proprietorship.

No bride coming to her new happy home for the first time could have felt more proudly excited than this little, impulsive, well-meaning, foolish creature, who had by sheer hard work and spirited determination earned a right to this paneled nest. There was a drawing-room in front, with windows into Golden Square: that was the studio. It led into her bedroom, beyond which came a dressing-room. On the second floor was to be her father’s bedroom; the dining-room was down below, with windows looking to the square, and wooden cupboards by the fire-place. Angelica, to her surprise, found a beautiful old oak cabinet standing in the studio when she entered it on this eventful evening. She eagerly asked from whom it came. Had Lady W. graciously sent it as a sign of good-will? The woman could tell her nothing. Some men had brought it the day before. They had left a piece of paper with Miss Kauffman’s name. She had put it on the shelf.

The piece of paper told its story, although there was no name but Angelica’s own upon it. But how well she knew those straight lines, black and even, although here and there the letters seemed to tremble, as writing might do that was seen through water. Antonio had not quite forgotten her, then!

he was not quite gone, dear, kind old Antonio! Angelica went up and kissed the wooden doors that seemed to speak a welcome from her new-found, faithful old friend.

She was dancing about the room half the evening, straightening her few possessions, pulling out canvases, spreading her two or three mats to the best advantage. Then she began to write to her father. He must delay no longer; his house was ready; his child was longing for his presence. She sent money for the journey; she should be miserable until she had seen him sitting there just opposite by the fire. He must not mind dark days and cold biting winds; he should be warmed and comforted in his home whatever the world outside might prove to be.....Then she told him how the orders were coming in faster than she could execute them. And Antonio had sent a beautiful gift that made the whole place splendid. She could not thank him: she knew not where to seek him.

As she wrote, Angelica looked up, hearing a sound. There stood Antonio himself, looking thin indeed, gray, more bent than usual, but kind, smiling, natural: his own gentlest self. His affection was ready to show itself by bright and friendly signs that evening, not by cross-grained reprimands and doubts.

These happy meetings come to all now and then; unexpected, un hoped for.

Angelica cried out with many questions, welcomes, explanations. How had he come? Was he hidden inside the cabinet? she asked, with a laughing, grateful look.

“I am very glad you liked it,” said Antonio, smiling. “I thought it would please you when I saw it in the old shop at Windsor.”

“Kind Tonio!” said Angelica. “But”—and she hesitated. “How could you? It must have cost—”

Antonio began to look black, and scowled at her for an instant.

“You think so much of the cost of things, Angelica! You measure your gifts by their value. Be re-assured, the cabinet was a bargain, and I have plenty of money just now. I am painting the ceilings of a royal palace at Frogmore, and if you will, I am desired to ask you to undertake one of the rooms.”

“I!” cried Angelica. “I have never done any thing of the sort.”

“Mrs. Mary Moser is engaged upon a very pretty set of panels,” Zucchi continued, “and they would be glad of some of your work as well. You might paint allegories to your heart’s content,” he said, smiling.

“You are a magician, Antonio!” cried Angelica, gayly, leaning back on her chair and looking at him with the old familiar winning eyes. “Only wait till my father comes, and then I will go any where, do any thing. They tell me I am to paint the Queen and



the Princess shortly at Windsor Castle. Is it not like a dream to be at home once more—to have a real house with doors and windows? to be sitting here, you and I, on each side of the fire?"

"It is like a dream to see you once more at ease and in peace," said Antonio, between his teeth, "and to find that your head is not quite turned by your flatterers, since you can look pleased to welcome an old plain-spoken friend in a shabby coat."

It was one of the happiest evenings Angelica ever spent in all her life. The ease and liberty seemed delightful, after the restraint of the house in Charles Street. Antonio's presence was happiness, too; he was in his best and most sympathetic mood; he had returned to her. No thought of what might or what might not be came to disturb her. Mr. Reynolds was in her thoughts—that other friend, so tranquil, reliable—surely she need never feel a doubt about him. Was she right? Is it so? Are calm ripples and placid silence the proofs of deepest waters? Antonio after some time remembered to explain his appearance. He had heard from M. Cipriani that she was coming. He said the news had filled him with happiness. Then he smiled, and added that he had not come up from Windsor inside the cabinet, but on the carrier's cart.

Angelica asked him, with some curiosity, where he had been living all this time. Antonio told her that he had been staying with some good friends at Eton. "My friend is a kind old man, with six daughters," said Zucchi. "He is the drawing-master, and lives in the college. The young ladies are charming. They would be only too glad to receive you, if you should be sent for to work at the Castle; they would make you very welcome."

"Six young ladies!" cried Angelica: "take care, take care, Antonio."

Antonio was silent for a moment. "A painted trellis would be out of place," he said, suddenly, looking up at the ceiling, "in this smoky city; but I will paint you a trellis, if you like."

"Yes," said Angelica, "and paint me a little blue sky, Antonio, and a bird, and some scent of orange flowers." So they went on talking, and the warm happy hours passed. Then a clock began to strike slowly.

"Is that twelve?" said Miss Angel.

"I don't know," said Antonio. Neither of them cared to shorten this peaceful meeting, snatched out of the cold and darkness and noise and racket all roundabout, and belonging to their friendship. But as the clock finished striking, Antonio's heart began to sink, and he felt somehow that the happy evening was over. And the Kauffman too sat looking thoughtfully into the fire, of which while they talked, by some

chance, one half had gone out and turned to blackness, while the other still burned ruddy.

"Look there!" said Angelica: "how oddly the fire burns!" Antonio poked it with his foot.

"You know the superstition," he answered; "they were speaking of it at Dr. Starr's only a day or two ago. It means, so they say, that two people who love each other are about to be parted;" and he looked at Angelica as he spoke. She was playing with her wristlets; a little flush was in her cheeks.

"Antonio," she said, "do you think that people who are parted once can meet again?"

"That depends very much upon fortune's favors, and still more upon their own wishes," said Antonio, dryly. "Chance gives you a sight of people, but you have yourself to make one in the meeting." And then his voice softened. "We *have* met to-night, Angelica, and have been very happy. Perhaps next time I see you some lord will be here, with his coach and six, and you will not have so much time to give me."

"Time is nothing at all in friendship; you can't measure things by time," said Miss Angel. "There is no lord in question, Antonio. But shall I tell you all? There is some one I often think of."

"Some one who loves you?" Antonio asked, in a dry voice. He was standing up and preparing to go. "Can he keep you, Angelica? Has he got plenty of money? Is he highly esteemed at court? Has he servants in proper liveries?"

"How can you speak in that unkind way?" she cried. "I open my heart to you, and this is how you answer me."

"Excuse me," said Antonio; "I was only talking as all your other friends will talk. For myself I say, if you love any one from your heart, were he as rich as Cræsus, marry him. Ask no one's advice, and make no more difficulties."

"He is not as rich as Cræsus. I did not know I loved him when he spoke to me," said Angel, penitent without much cause. "But when you spoke just now about friends meeting, I could not help thinking of him, and wondering if it might ever come about. I think, Antonio, if he spoke to me again—He is older than I am. I can trust him and look to him."

"Is it that lord I saw in the box at the play?" asked Antonio.

"It is no lord," Angelica repeated, very much agitated. "It is a worker like ourselves. It is Mr. Reynolds, Antonio."

"What! the deaf man?" said the younger painter.

"I thought you would have cared about my interest," said Miss Angel, hurt by his tone and change of manner; "but I see



you are indifferent, that you have not one thought to give to me."

"You see very wrongly," the other answered. "I could even approve of your marriage if you cared for the proposed husband. But that you do not, Angelica. Good-night!" And he was gone.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THROUGH WINTER-TIME TO SPRING.

WHILE Antonio was walking home through the black midnight streets, while Mr. Reynolds was sitting in his own studio composing an article for the *Rambler* (the studio was still haunted by some paling ghost of Miss Angel), while the painter had been quietly making up his mind to abandon the siege of the difficult fortress he had incautiously attacked, the fortress itself was secretly preparing to surrender, for it was built upon the sandy foundation of impulse, of youthful, ardent imagination.

With all her faults, as I have said, Angelica was a genuine woman, incapable of deceiving any one, unless, indeed, she herself were deceived, and whatever she might realize now, she had at the time truly felt that gratified vanity was no return for true feeling. Misunderstandings are far more difficult things than people imagine in love or in friendship. Some instinct protects travelers in that strange country where all is instinct, and if they disagree, it is that from some secret reason they do not belong to each other, for quarrels are nothing to those who are united in heart.

If Mr. Reynolds spoke to her again, would she give him a different answer? "Perhaps I might graciously be pleased to allow that I was less indifferent than I had once appeared to be," she thought; and she tossed back her curl and opened wide her eyes, and discovered that it was nearly one o'clock, and time for bed.

Antonio came next morning before Angel was up. He was used to workmen, and to hurrying their reluctant hammers and whitening pails. He took upon himself to dismiss two or three on the spot, feeling sure that Angelica's little store would be soon expended if she gave orders on the same scale as Lady W., who had sent in this army in all kindness and inexperience. Zucchi himself acted as chief artificer and foreman; the men, seeing him take his place so naturally, imagined that he was the owner of the house, and obeyed his orders. When Miss Angel appeared in her wrapping gown and cap, she found that Antonio had accomplished wonders in a hard morning's work, that every thing was in order in the studio. The Princess, followed by the whole court, might come when she would.

"I hope you forgive me for interfering," said Zucchi. "You must remember how quickly money goes in this country, and that one man's day here costs three times as much as with us."

"The days are much shorter and blacker here than with us," said Angelica. "They ought to be cheap enough. How good of you, Tonio, to come to my help! What shall you want for your day's work? See here," she said, running into her room, and coming out again with Lady Diana's pocket-book. "I have saved £80, and Lady Diana has lent £100 for my rent. I am to get £15 for three fans I am painting, to-morrow."

"Do you mean that this is all you have got to reckon on?" cried Zucchi. "I thought those rich had loaded you with their miserable favors. Is this their dole in return for what you have done for them? You will be starving in a month or two if you go on at this rate, my poor child: where is your father, that old mummy? Why does he not come to take care of you?" he said, very much agitated.

Antonio, brought up in the severe order of poverty, had an exaggerated horror of want and of debt, as he had of Angelica's incapacity. Angelica was perfectly justified under the circumstances in doing as she had done; but it is certain that Antonio's cranky anxieties saved her money, labor, and many a consequent worry by his help just at this time.

He used to come for an hour in the morning and for an hour in the evening. Angelica was not always there; but on her return she was sure to find some trace of his presence, and of the industry of the trembling hands. From the very first so many people came to Angelica's studio that his presence was little remarked upon. The Lord Essex of those days was her great friend and patron, so was Lord Henry Belmore, not to be rebuffed, and Lord W. would also hurry in and out occasionally; M. Fuseli came many times; Mr. Boydell and his brother, the artistic alderman, were entirely captivated with the young artist; and so, indeed, were many others too numerous to mention.

All that winter the little house had been alive with voices and footsteps and greetings and exclamations of wonder and admiration from friends, lovers, patrons, and admirers of both sexes. In the engrossment of settling down, of feeling her own success and importance, Angelica thought less of Mr. Reynolds than she did later, when the first excitement of this new way of living had somewhat palled upon her. Who could have imagined that this cold foggy life was to be so full of vibrating emotion and of romance? Rome, with all her wonders, had contained far more commonplace experiences than this black and vapor-haunted city. Lady Diana came often at first, then



more rarely, for she looked on with doubtful approbation at Miss Angel's experiences. Lady W. also came. She seemed to have forgiven Angelica. Angel, standing in the deep windows of her studio, could see her torches flaring up the street as the lady traveled homeward in her chair. As the lights would disappear into the fog, Angel would ask herself if she was indeed the little girl of a year ago who had stood eating grapes and looking over the Rialto. The remembrance of it sometimes came over her so vividly that she seemed to breathe the air, to hear the voices, the sound of the feet trailing upon the bridge. Zucchi's voice did not jar upon these recollections, although he sent them flying.

All that winter Angelica was too busy, too engrossed, to look back often; the present was all in all. She rarely met Mr. Reynolds; but when she did come across him he seemed to avoid her, she thought; and just at this time she was content that it should be so, and glad of the postponement. That all would come right she never questioned; of her power to call any body to her feet she scarcely doubted. "I can look at people," she once told Antonio, half in jest and half in earnest, "and make them turn pale and do any thing I wish; but I don't, Antonio. I could make you much kinder if I tried. But I am used to your scoldings."

Antonio left the room, banging the door.

So time and sitters and days passed by in turn, the house in Golden Square prospered and flourished, and Angelica was delighted with her own triumphs and successes, and the time drew near for old Kauffman's arrival.

The Princess of Brunswick had given so flattering an account of the young painter that the Princess of Wales, the mother of the King, sent a message to say that she was coming to visit Angelica in her studio. "Such an honor was never paid to any other painter," writes Angelica to her transported old father. He read the letter to his sister, the farmer's widow, to the dairy-maid, to the curé after mass, to the goat-herd, to the very goats upon the mountain slope. The whole valley participated in the Kauffman's distant honors and glories. They urged him to lose no time, to start off immediately to the golden scene of his daughter's triumph. "In London, that great city, the applause," says Rossi, "was universal. The public papers contained verses in different languages written in her praise."

It required no little courage and dogged opposition on Antonio's part to continue his system of detraction and plain speaking, as he called it. One can never account for the curious phases of people's minds. To him Angelica was an inadequate genius; but a more complete woman perhaps than any

other he had ever known; more complete in her feminine power than all the six Misses Starr at Windsor put together; than the Princess of Brunswick in her velvet mantles; than Lady W. with all her beauty, her gentle affections, and cultivated vapors.

Sometimes Antonio coming in would find the young painter surrounded by a circle of admirers. Not unfrequently she would be talking nonsense in a high, ecstatic voice. "Yes!" she would say, "I will confess to you all that it has been a something beyond me that has ever driven me onward through life, seeking for the most beautiful and ideal representation of the truth. That is why I try to give some deep allegorical meaning to all that I depict. If I have painted this picture of my friend, Mary Moser, as 'Prudence sacrificing to Duty and enchainning the Wings of Cupid,' it is because I have felt that in the most commonplace form and feature" (here there was a little suppressed titter in the circle, which Angel did not notice—M. Fuseli alone frowned and looked annoyed) "there is often a moral, a suggestion, far beyond the passing moment, and to that we must cling if we would not utterly weary and sicken of the dull disappointments and realities of life." She started up as she spoke, a slim prophetess in a white falling dress, pointing to the picture she had just completed. Some classical recess in the wall just behind made an arch above her head. It was an April evening; the window was open; the dusk was creeping in. A great vase of spring flowers stood on a table by her side.

"I do not comprehend," said Antonio, in his slow English, "why an allegory should be of more value to the world than a truth. I should have imagined until now that a good likeness, carefully painted, is what one wishes for in remembrance of a friend, not a classical allusion to something else which does not concern any body in particular."

Miss Angel blushed up. Some secret conscience warned her that she had been making a display, but why was Antonio to lecture her in public? She said nothing, but she showed by her manner that she was displeased.

Contradiction from Zucchi always roused the secret gypsy in Angelica's character. True friends are sorts of magnifying-glasses. Antonio was a true friend, and saw her perhaps as she really was, with some slight exaggeration.

As for Angelica, for Antonio alone, perhaps, she was but herself—no wonder such as all these people would have declared her to be, no mighty mistress of her art, but a sweet and impulsive-hearted girl whose arch bright looks, half saucy, half appealing, went straight to his heart, whose constant self-denying work and application he knew



how to appreciate. Perhaps she pursued her way too triumphantly; perhaps if her pictures had cost her more, they might have been better worth the sweet lifetime she had given to them, the hours of youth, of gayety, and natural amusement and interest, sacrificed to these smiling ladies vaguely waving their arms or reclining upon impossible banks. He praised her coloring, and Angel's cheeks would burn in answer. Her sentiment was charming, but her drawing was absurd, and he did not scruple to tell her so.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### A GAME OF CARDS.

A GREAT many things exist that it is useless to close one's eyes upon, and yet the very wants and disappointments and ineffectual efforts may themselves be a sort of proof of the possibility of the things to which we can not quite reach, the duty we can not quite fulfill. Is life a science? Are we all philosophers with instincts which set us to work upon its awful problems?

Angel was not philosophizing just now. She had not written her little fly-leaves of late, or sat pondering her simple articles of faith. I do not think she was living with her best self all these months. A new phase had come over her; it is one which people decry, but to me it has always seemed a sort of game, no better nor worse than any other—the great game of the London world and its odd interests and superstitions. From being a spectator you are insensibly absorbed in the performance. You begin to understand the points, the tricks, the turns of it—the value of this trump card played against that one. Two for a queen, three for a king, and knaves and diamonds have their value too, and you unconsciously sort your hand and play your card, and find yourself one day deeply excited by this lively living whist-marking, dealing out, bidding. It is but a game, and one day the humblest player may throw down his cards with a weary shrug. I don't know that there is greater harm than in any other pursuit until the day comes when men give their honor and women stake their hearts' truth, their children's happiness, the peace of their homes. Angelica was in danger, staking her poor little heart. She was fascinated, bewildered, by M. De Horn, by his mysterious silence, his handsome expressive looks, his vague significance. She knew nothing of him, but she was very much impressed. It is a pity that moods should come to separate and to divide people.

Miss Angel was not in love with any body, as I have said. She thought more of Mr. Reynolds at that time than of any other person. If Mr. Reynolds had come back, she

would have accepted him. She always turned to her remembrance of him with gratitude and confidence, and somehow her conscience approved and Antonio approved, but Mr. Reynolds himself seemed to avoid her.

His reserve gave her some concern, but she trusted to Miss Reynolds to remove it. Although Mr. Reynolds absented himself, Miss Reynolds was her constant visitor, and from her the young painter used to hear of his doings, of the work he was engaged upon, of the people he lived with.

Lord Charlemont had proposed him for the Dilettante; the beautiful Duchess of Manchester was sitting to him; so was Nelly O'Brien, whose bright eyes still meet our admiring glances; he was as constant as ever to his club; he worked perhaps harder than usual. "And yet something is amiss," said Miss Reynolds, hesitating. "Perhaps you can tell me what it is?" she asked one day, with one of her half-reluctant impulses. They were sitting side by side in Mr. Reynolds's big coach, which had just then stopped at Dr. Burney's door in Poland Street.

More than once the big primrose coach conveyed Angelica to Dr. Burney's musical parties. On this occasion, in an interval of Piozzi's singing, Miss Reynolds returned to the discussion.

"He is not himself," said the elder lady, anxiously. "I have never seen my brother so dull, so depressed in manner."

"I think he has forgotten me altogether," said Miss Angel. "The other evening at the mask, when I would have spoken to him—I had sent away a couple of my friends on purpose to have a quiet talk—he would not come near me; he merely said, 'Are you enjoying the scene, my dear young lady? Do not let me be the means of dispersing your attendant knights,' and passed on. Tell me, what does it mean?" cried Miss Angel, suddenly, and she seized Miss Reynolds's mitten in her quick hand. "Is he displeased with me? is there any thing amiss? It is hard to be estranged from those whose affection one values." Angel's eyes filled with tears as she spoke; her fan slipped to the ground. Some one sprang forward to pick it up—a stately-looking person in mourning garb. It was an old acquaintance, who had lately appeared in London society, Count de Horn, whose acquaintance she had first made at Venice. Angelica took the fan from him with a pretty little *moue*, and let him kiss her hand as he returned it and departed with one more bow. She hastily wiped her tears away behind its sheltering Cupids. She was not sorry that Miss Reynolds should see she was not without adorers still, although Mr. Reynolds chose to absent himself for such long weeks together. She was sur-



prised, when she looked up, to see some expression of disapprobation in Miss Reynolds's face; her eyebrows were working, her little round button mouth was quivering.

"What is it, my dear lady?" said Angelica. "Are you vexed? are you—"

"Oh! it is not I, dear child, whose opinion matters," said Miss Reynolds, looking about, perplexed; "nor does my brother's, for the matter of that; and indeed it was I who said it, and he only replied, 'Poor child! she is not used to our English ways.' But you must have remarked that he is fastidious about ladies' behavior—he puts me in mind of my father in that; and if he objects to the persons who pay you court; dear child," said Miss Reynolds, tenderly, taking Angel's hand in hers, "has he not a good reason—one that you can not resent?"

Miss Angel blushed up. "Dear Miss Reynolds—" she began.

Miss Reynolds colored in her turn, and went on, unheeding. "People say that my brother is not the first to have some reason to complain. You do not mean—you do not realize— Oh, my dear, forgive an old woman who has long, long since passed beyond such things, but who can still remember, and who, if she speaks hardly, only wishes you well from her very heart. You are worthy even of his affection, and his sadness cuts me to the quick."

Angelica did not answer.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### BE THE FIRE ASHES.

SOME odd phase had come over the girl. A week ago I believe she would have turned away from such words, preoccupied, perhaps, or amused, or offended. Now it seemed as if she had for the first time faced the *seriousness* of life as it passed; realized the fact that people could suffer from her light indifference; suddenly understood that slight and indeterminate as most events are, they are, after all, our lives, and we have nothing else to live with.

She had played with other people's happiness of late. She had had real happiness and inflicted real pain. She had received a lesson from Mr. Reynolds that she scarcely deserved from *him*, although it might perhaps have applied more truly to her relations with Zucchi, with poor Fuseli, about whom her conscience did not acquit her. Mr. Dance, too, had reproached her. She would forget it all if she could. Why could she not forget it? Were they all speaking the truth? Was it indeed an unpardonable crime to be pleased and interested and happy in the society of more than one person?

As thoughts run on indeterminately without words or sense, they turn into moods,

into phases of mind. All the next day Angelica came and went about her work with the impression upon her of her conversation with Miss Reynolds. Coming in from a short walk, she found her old maid-servant standing in the passage; she was holding a great bunch of roses in her hand. They had just come from Leicester Fields, with a note from Miss Reynolds.

"My brother sends you these from his garden at Richmond; he hopes to do himself the honor of calling upon you to-day. Shall you be at home at about five o'clock? Your ever most faithful and affectionate servant,  
F. R."

All that morning Angel had been somewhat tired. Her painting had not satisfied her. Lady Diana had come, and, finding Count de Horn in the studio, had gone away almost immediately, with marked coldness in her manner.

Angelica began to long for a little of the placid sunshine of old days. The roses and the straggling sunbeam wandering up the old staircase carried her right away.

The count's manner had vexed her, she could hardly tell why. She felt instinctively that Mr. Reynolds would not have approved. It was not familiarity; it was uneasiness, some want of bearing. How different his affected courtliness was from Mr. Reynolds's simple courtesy!

She put the roses carefully in water. They had given her a sense of rest; their fragrance filled the room as she sat down to her painting, and worked on undisturbed by outward things; but that day her hand trembled as Zucchi's did. The canvas seemed to dazzle before her; some strange tumult had taken possession of the young painter. She was engaged upon a pretty and delicate medallion—some Venus, some Cupid, reclining in balmy gardens, very far from Golden Square and from its work-a-day inhabitants. To our excited Angelica the lights seemed flashing from the picture. The Cupid's eyes seemed to meet hers. She felt almost frightened at last, and turned away with an impatient movement, as the tall doors open wide, and with the quiet swinging step and dignity that are peculiar to him, Mr. Reynolds walks into the room.

For a minute Miss Angel, usually so outgoing, was silent and embarrassed. He was calm and friendly; greeted her somewhat shyly. She saw him presently glance at the flowers. "Thank you for sending them," said she. "You know my love for roses. These have come out early."

"Some roses we know bloom in November," said the painter, with a little bow to the November rose now quivering before him.

Angelica looked up somewhat wistfully.



She could not face those anxious, bland glances. Something—what was it?—in his calm superiority seemed to fascinate her will, to compel her willing service. To this impetuous, impressionable, fantastical young person it seemed as if his judgment and tender consideration might be the calm haven for which she longed. Poor little thing! she suddenly so tired of it all—tired of her hard work, tired of the compliments which in her heart she did not accept, longing for some anchor to her laboring craft. She dragged forward a chair, and bestirred herself to make him welcome. "I knew you would come, Mr. Reynolds; something told me you would come to-day, even before I received your flowers."

"What made you expect me?" said Mr. Reynolds, looking surprised. "I have often thought of coming, wished to come, but it was only when my sister told me that you had honored me by remarking my absence that—"

He stopped, arrested by the strange expression of her face. There was something spiritual, half rapt, half excited, in her looks at that moment. She shook back her great curl; her color rose.

Had he been unhappy all this time? So his words now implied (they had in truth no such meaning). Could she set it all right, make him happy once more—by a single word insure her own lasting peace, his ever-present friendship? She started from her chair.

"Perhaps some instinct spoke to me," she cried, a little wildly; "perhaps we are less indifferent to each other than you may have imagined. I have not forgotten the honor you once did me. If you also remember—if you also remember," she repeated, "as your sister has led me to suppose that you do, I might give a different answer now to that which I gave you then." She looked up, expecting to see a smile upon his face, a reflection of her own excitement. "I have thought much and deeply since last we met," she said. "It is not too late to try and make amends to you for my mistake." Angelica's heart was throbbing fast.

Reynolds looked very pale, and for a moment he in turn could scarcely face Angel's looks. "My child," he said, "I will not, must not, take advantage of your confidence. When I spoke to you before, I was in a different mood, carried away by a passing impulse, which I can not regret, since it has brought me this generous mark of your goodness. But you were right in your decision. You yourself caused me to reflect. I could not hope to make one of your young and ardent nature happy, and I could never be happy feeling that I had sacrificed your life to a friendship which will be yours what-

ever chances. I scarcely know what words to use to tell you, my dear, of my respect and gratitude, to tell you how I am honored by your noble confidence. I hope to prove to you," he added, "that I am not unworthy of it."

Angelica scarcely heard what words he was saying. Afterward she remembered them, and they were some consolation to her, but at the time some sudden feeling of overwhelming shame, of indignation, almost of horror, at what had occurred overcame her completely. It seemed to her that she had been mad, bereft of her reason; and now for once Angelica spoke against her nature, against her own conviction. "You are right," she said, coldly; "I spoke under misapprehension. We have neither of us that regard for each other which would warrant the step I foolishly proposed—a step suggested by another person."

"But we are friends for life," said Mr. Reynolds. "Is it not so?"

"I suppose so," said Miss Angel, with a sigh. She could not answer at that moment, and she was thankful when, by some curious chance, Lady W. was announced, and came in for the second time upon their estrangement.

How Angel got through the next half hour she scarcely knew. She was conscious of Mr. Reynolds's mute appeal and courteous, grateful, almost deprecating manner, of Lady W.'s renewed interest and affection. It all seemed to her to be meant for some other person, some one who was not present. She was thankful when they left her at last. Zucchi happened to come in. She imploringly whispered to him to take them away, that she wanted to be alone—she must be alone.

As they walked away she sank down upon the low couch in the now darkened room. She covered her face with her hands, with a sort of despair in goodness, in human nature. Was there no single person to trust in all this world?

Had she been actuated by vanity when she turned to this grave and good man? Ah, no! her conscience absolved her. But what had she done?

Miss Reynolds had deceived her unparadoxically and most cruelly. She felt as if she could forgive her in time, but not yet. And as for her friendship, was this her experience of it? She sat there, half worn out, without spirit to move. She felt that there was something in her that the slightest movement or word would awaken. It was part shame, part bitterness of feeling.

Was this what she had inflicted upon others, this miserable torture of heart? Had some demon taken hold of her in her trouble?



## LIKE A CHILD.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

PLAYING there in the sun,  
 Chasing the butterflies,  
 Catching his golden toy,  
 Holding it fast till it dies;  
 Singing to match the birds,  
 Calling the robins at will,  
 Glancing here and there,  
 Never a moment still—  
 Like a child.

Going to school, at last,  
 Learning to read and write,  
 Puzzled over his slate,  
 Busy from morn till night,  
 Striving to win a prize,  
 Careless when it is won,  
 Finding his joy in the strife,  
 Not in the thing that's done.

Busy in eager trade,  
 Buying and selling again,  
 Chasing a golden prize,  
 Glad of a transient gain;  
 Always beginning anew,  
 Never the long task o'er,  
 Just as it used to be—  
 The butterfly before.

Seeking a woman's heart,  
 Winning it for his own,  
 Then, too busy for love,  
 Letting it turn to stone.  
 Sure of his plighted truth,  
 What more had a wife to ask?  
 Is he not doing for her  
 Each day his daily task?

A child, to pine and complain!  
 A child, to grow so pale!  
 For want of some foolish words  
 Shall a woman's faith fail?  
 Words! he said them once—  
 What need of any thing more?  
 Does one who has entered a room  
 Go back and wait at the door?

Baby Mary and Kate  
 Never can climb his knee;  
 Motherly arms are open—  
 "Father is busy, you see."  
 Too busy to stop to hear  
 A babble of broken talk,  
 To mend the jumping-jack,  
 Or make the new doll walk.

So busy that when Death comes  
 He pleads for a little delay,  
 If not to finish his work,  
 At least a word to say—  
 A word to wife and child,  
 A sentence to tell the truth,  
 That he loves them now, at the last,  
 With the passionate heart of youth.

The kisses of Death are cold,  
 And they turn his lips to stone;  
 Out of the warm, bright world  
 The man goes all alone.  
 Do angels wait for him there  
 Over the soundless sea?  
 He goes, as he came, a helpless wight,  
 To a new world's mystery—  
 Like a child.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

THE Easy Chair was recently speaking of Mr. Jefferson's *Rip Van Winkle*, and stating the reasons for not reproaching the actor with casting a glamour over drunkenness, as some of the spectators occasionally feel that he does. He is, after all, they say, a good-for-nothing reprobate, and yet the curtain falls upon our sympathy with him rather than with his wife. One indignant moralist, indeed, declares it to be an outrage upon decency that the wife should be represented at the very end of the play as offering him a glass of the liquor which has made the tragedy of both their lives, as if she and not he had been in the wrong. It is generally a woman's instinct which says this, and it is not easy to gainsay. Indeed, that instinct is not an unsafe guide. What else is it that makes the mother's love so helpful a practical Mentor to her boy?

Fidelius was one day talking with Una in his library about Fielding, and Thackeray's praise of him. "He is the Shakespeare of the English novel," said Fidelius, warmly: "more than any other novelist in our literature he holds the mirror up to nature." "Indeed," replied Una, going to the book shelves: "where are his works?" Fidelius told her, and she took the first volume

of Joseph Andrews. "That story, remember," said Fidelius, "the religious poet Cowper used to read to Mrs. Unwin and the pious circle at Olney." Una heard, and went with the book to her own room. Not long afterward she came into the library with the book in her hand, and replaced it upon the shelf, without saying a word, and went quietly out. Fidelius confesses that it was the severest criticism upon Fielding he had ever known, and that, were he a father, he is not quite sure that he should urge his son to read the Shakespeare of English novelists, and is entirely confident that he should advise his daughter not to read it. The feeling which led Una to return the book, after reading a little in it, is surely that which should surround every child, and it is not different in nature from that which protests against Gretchen's giving the glass to Rip.

Una tells the Easy Chair that she takes exception to what he says of the play, and says that while the question of the kind and degree of responsibility arising from an inherited habit of intemperance may never be satisfactorily answered, yet it is a very serious question whether it is not often held as a soothing salve to the conscience of many an unfaithful mother, who



thus excuses her son's intemperance instead of helping him to withstand it. Is not that long-watching, uncomplaining mother of whom the Easy Chair speaks, who comes stealing to the door far beyond midnight, and who tenderly sustains the drunken son to his chamber, confirming his habit and breaking her own heart? Is there no way, asks Una, of awakening American mothers, who see the terrible increase and wasting woe of intemperance, to the responsibility of so influencing their sons in youth that, by the strong principles then acquired, they may be ready to struggle with the bondage of an inherited habit? And then Una, who is now herself a mother, asks whether women can not be taught to spend as much time and care in making their homes attractive to their boys as in making their girls attractive in society. How mothers labor early and late that their daughters may be accomplished and lovely women! How many of them labor with the same careful devotion that their sons may be morally strong? They wish their boys to be their pride. But when they know, as so often they do, that there are fatal tastes lurking in the temperament of those sons which can be conquered only by the most heroic endeavor, do they betimes strive to arm the boy for the struggle, or do they not rather feel that if the evil appears, it is only his misfortune, for which he is to be pitied and consoled?

This is not true of all mothers. There are those who understand duty as well as love, and who are capable of the highest self-sacrifice. "Now I have a right," says Una, "to suppose Gretchen to be a mother of that kind, a wife who has a principle beneath her indignation. She wrings the clothes she is washing, you say, as she denounces Rip, as if it were his neck that she held in her hand. But while you pity him and commiserate his congenital weakness, do you see nothing in Gretchen but a shrew? I will interpret her to you, Mr. Easy Chair. She is a woman of strong, generous nature, who feels the spell of the simple, dreamy, poetic, gentle, fascinating Rip only too well. But she knows and fears its influence over her boys, and for their sake—for a mother's love is stronger than a wife's—for their moral salvation whom this fascinating father drags toward the pit, she denounces her beloved, she sends the faithless, fond, corrupting father into the raging night, and flings herself comfortless upon the bench by her cheerless hearth, having broken her heart to save her children. Now I ask you, Mr. Easy Chair, in exciting our sympathy exclusively for the shiftless, gay, delightful vagabond, false father and husband and man, does not the charming actor whom you applaud throw a glamour over vice, and wrong the cause of the steady, sober, quiet, home-loving man who should be the type of an American father and patriot?"

Certainly the plea is very strong, but, by Una's own showing, the difficulty, so far as the play is concerned, is not that Jefferson does so well, but that the worthy representative of Gretchen does not exactly suggest the character which Una gives to her. If the author or the actor made it plain that such was the intent of the play, we should all sit pitying Rip and admiring and justifying Gretchen. It would, indeed, be a very noble play. Nor can it be denied that Una's suggestion is fair and striking; and a vivid representa-

tion of the Gretchen she describes would be one means of arousing mothers to the duty which she would see them fulfill, of training their boys not to excuse a weakness because it is inherited, but to wrestle with it all the more terribly for that reason, and, with the help of Heaven, to turn the curse into a blessing. But with the play as it is conceived and acted, sympathy goes with Rip, not because he is an idle vagabond, but because with such a nature, with such weakness and so fatal an inheritance or taste, the relation that should do most to help him really does him the most harm.

And it still seems to the Easy Chair possible to view it all not as a moral spectacle, but as a summer dream of idleness and reverie, a fairy drama floating before the eyes that have grown drowsy among the mountains over which a kindly genius has cast a spell of romance. So the young folks see it, we may be sure, and they have no more positive moral feeling in watching it than they have in reading *Cinderella* or *The Fair One with the Golden Locks*. There is a moral in *Cinderella*, and in *Jack and the Bean-Stalk*, and in *Beauty and the Beast*, but it is not the darling public of the nursery that knows what it is.

A WELL-KNOWN author said long ago to the Easy Chair that the one thing which the public liked and would have is personal news, and the more scandalous the better. No books, he said, are so universally popular as personal memoirs, no trials so universally read as those exposing personal details, and no column in the newspaper so sought as the personal column—which was then a novelty. And what book would be so valuable to a publisher or editor as an authentic memoir of Shakespeare, full of personal details? Think of the memoirs of Moore, in eight goodly volumes, filled with apparently unimportant gossip! What a popularity Willis's *Pencilings by the Way* had, especially the letters devoted to the details of London society! And here are the *Greville Memoirs*, one of the most noted of recent books, and one of the most lucrative, for within a very short time of the publication the editor is said to have received ninety thousand dollars as his share of the profits. The author who spoke to the Easy Chair did not philosophize upon the subject, nor seek to explain this universal taste. He was satisfied with the fact, and made the most of it in his career. His theory was that if a man lives by letters, he must cultivate such letters as he can live by—a rule which is capable of fatal perversion, like the truth which Mr. Seward in one of his speeches said that he early learned from Jefferson, that in politics we must do what we can, not what we would. The rule deduced from that remark is sound when followed by a wise and honorable man, but every demagogue can plead it as an excuse for his ill conduct. The desire to hear personal details of great and famous men is as natural as the wish to see their portraits. But a passion for scandal is ignoble.

Mr. Greville was a "well-born" English gentleman of the last generation who had a sinecure office, an easy income, and the *entrée* of the most distinguished and fashionable society. At an early age he began to keep a diary, and as he was diligent and observing, it became very voluminous, and as he lived long, he saw closely



and often intimately a great multitude of interesting persons. He was also a shrewd observer, and had the happy faculty of conveying a vivid impression of the person he described. Judging him from the book, he was not a large-minded or a generous-hearted man, and his statements must be taken always with that impression; but Mr. Hayward, the editor of the *Quarterly*, who has reviewed the work with the intention of correcting many errors, says that although Mr. Greville was called "the Gruncher," from his habitual tone, he seemed naturally a kind-hearted man, with a wide range of sympathies and an unfeigned disinterested eagerness to render useful service—a man of tact, temper, observation, and experience. Mr. Hayward suggests that this was perhaps a mistaken view of his character. But that is not the necessary conclusion, for he may have resolved to write down the precise impressions that he received from the people he met, regardless of the pain that such impressions must convey if published during the lifetime of the persons described or of their friends. Probably whenever he spoke in conversation of the persons mentioned, it was in a very different tone from that in which he writes of them in his journal. But this does not prove him to be insincere. A man is not to be accused of duplicity because he does not call every man foolish whom he may chance to think so, or because his kind heart induces him to speak gently of those whom he does not highly esteem.

In his journal, however, Mr. Greville evidently meant to photograph the exact impression. Of course he is not to be pardoned for recording injurious tales about any one unless he has thoroughly investigated them. The story about Charles Kemble and Ellen Tree is false, and therefore inexcusable; but the later note, although the editor in publishing it may be held to be utterly wanting in generous and delicate feeling for a lady, can not be considered as proof of the author's cynicism or want of a due sense of propriety. To write that Ellen Tree married Charles Kean, lost her good looks, and became a tiresome second-rate actress, is to write something that can only pain Mrs. Kean and her friends in the reading. But Mr. Greville can not be blamed for not thinking her handsome or a first-rate actress. So when he speaks of Washington Irving as appearing to be good-humored, but "rather vulgar," he expresses an opinion which is undoubtedly sincere, but at which those who saw Mr. Irving more and who knew him rather better than Mr. Greville will only smile, and the eyes of no man would have twinkled more humorously at the suggestion than those of Irving himself.

The real value of the book is its sincerity. Mr. Greville undoubtedly supposed that it would be published some day, but at a time when his personal comments would have no sting for any reader, and he had the good sense to know that a diary written in perfect good faith would have very great interest and value not only to those who were to profit by it pecuniarily, but to the public. The chief objection to it is understood to have come from the royal family, and the objection, while due to a natural personal feeling, has a further significance as a protest on behalf of royalty itself. The Queen instinctively recoils from a work which portrays her uncles with such

gross and absurd features, and which does not spare even her mother.

Nothing, indeed, can be more contemptuous than the tone of the diary in describing George the Fourth and his successor, William the Fourth. No epithet is spared in the description and denunciation of George, and the "first gentleman in Europe" fares worse at the hands of his last critic than at those of any of his predecessors. Last month the *Easy Chair* mentioned what Thackeray said of this precious monarch and Defender of the Faith. He found him to be all bow and grin, and padding and under-waistcoats, and then nothing. And Thackeray's mock inscription in *Punch* for George's proposed statue is a strain as caustic and terrible as Swift:

#### GEORGIUS ULTIMUS.

He left an example for age and youth to avoid;  
He never acted well by man or woman,  
And was as false to his mistress as to his wife:  
He deserted his friends and his principles;  
He was so ignorant that he could scarcely spell,  
But he had some skill in cutting out coats,  
And an undeniable taste for cookery.  
He built the palaces of Brighton and of Buckingham,  
And for these qualities and proofs of genius  
An admiring aristocracy  
Christened him the First Gentleman in Europe.  
Friends! respect the king whose statue is here,  
And the generous aristocracy who admired him.

All that Greville says of the fourth George confirms the contemptuous and indignant feeling of Thackeray. He seems in all the memoirs to have been one of the meanest and worst of men; and all the moral deformities of the man are likely to be refreshed in the public mind by the republication of certain suppressed memoirs, which, if they prove his marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert, will do no more than has been already established. But Greville adds to the repulsive portrait of George the absurd one of his brother William, of whom personally little has been made familiar to the public. The sailor-king was supposed not to be a very wise or great man, but there was always a certain kindly feeling toward him because of his consenting "to swamp the peers" if they would not consent to the Reform Bill of 1832. He has been considered a bluff, hearty, good-natured monarch, who filled his office creditably, although not magnificently or even impressively.

But Mr. Greville, who, as Clerk of the Council, was brought into comparative intimacy and familiarity with royalty, makes William a ridiculous figure—ignorant, pompous, testy, and undignified. Some of the stories he tells of him are laughable and incredible, as where he describes him summarily dismissing a party at the palace when the royal bed-time arrived. It is such a scene as might be expected in a Christmas extravaganza. His Majesty Sancho Panza in Baratania or King Valoroso in Paffagonia might so have behaved, but that it is a fact seems ludicrously impossible. William's speeches at dinners are also most absurd; and one of the best touches in the book is the vivid picture, in a few simple words, of one of these prandial performances when old Talleyrand was present, and of his remark as he surveyed the scene and listened, "*C'est bien remarquable.*"

"Something of a blackguard, and something more of a buffoon," is Greville's description of his gracious master; and he mentions a dinner



at the palace at which the Princess Victoria and her mother were present, and at which the king insulted the Duchess of Kent, Victoria's mother, in the grossest manner, insisting that she had kept the princess from his drawing-rooms, calling the duchess "that person," and saying that she would be incompetent to act with propriety as regent, and declaring that he would not endure a course of behavior so disrespectful to him. The princess burst into tears; the duchess said not a word, but ordered her carriage, and announced her immediate departure from the Castle.

This story Greville records a month later, from the account of the king's son, Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, who was present. Mr. Hayward, to throw an air of doubt over all the stories in the book, tells the same story from the report of "a highly distinguished person, a member of the household, who was present." This witness says that the anger of the king was not because the princess had been kept from the drawing-rooms, but from the opportunity of learning by observation the details of the kingly office to which she was to succeed. The story, so far as the king is concerned, is not essentially different; for in Greville's account he speaks of the court as well as the drawing-room, and in both stories he grossly insults the duchess at his own table. Nor does Mr. Hayward offer us any reason for believing his witness more than Lord Adolphus, although he says that the latter was not the most accurate or discreet of mortals. But he does not assure us that his anonymous witness is.

There can be no wonder that somebody took up the cudgels against Greville's book, for such a work has not a literary and social significance only; it has a political importance which every shrewd Englishman sees. Mr. Bagehot, in his entertaining book upon the English Constitution, speaks of the general impression as to royalty. Hodge, in the beautiful country of England, believes that the king governs. He knows little of the committee of the House of Commons and of the Peers which is called a ministry, except that they are the humble servants of the royal and gracious Majesty that, crowned and sitting upon a throne, with a ball in one hand and a sceptre in the other, rules the realm of England. This is the illusion of monarchy which the author thinks is indispensable to the system, and he is not wrong. In a country of intelligent people authority may be surrounded with forms, but those forms will avoid absurdity.

The practical difficulty with a transparent monarchy like that of England is that it may lose its hold upon the popular imagination. A friend of popular government must believe that the very course of things, progressive civilization, steam, the telegraph, the photograph, all inventions and developments, are its allies. The stars in their courses fight against Sisera. When the Queen's book was published the Easy Chair showed its necessary effect upon the popular conception of royalty. The photograph helps the disillusion. Books like Madame D'Arblay's memoirs and Thackeray's lectures and Greville's diary strike in the same direction. They strip away all the glamour from royalty. They whisk off the enormous peruke, the flowered purple velvet robe, the crown, the sceptre, the mysterious and enhancing

obscurity and vagueness, the reverence and awe and romance, that surround the king, and leave him naked to his enemies. Hodge beholds a distressing revelation. Instead of a gracious sovereign, the fountain of honor, the head of the empire, before whose awful face ambassadors bow and whose train dukes reverently bear, whose very nature partakes of the pompous magnificence with which he is surrounded, Hodge sees a sot, a rake, a mean, selfish, petulant, ignorant man, a powerless puppet in the hands of a parliamentary committee.

As he increases in intelligence it is plain that beef-eaters and lord high chamberlains and goldsticks-in-waiting will become excessively ludicrous to him, and at length contemptible and intolerable. For the mediæval monarchical state is valuable to the higher and more intelligent class only as they believe it to be real to the lower. When the reality disappears, and the more intelligent know it, another form will become necessary. "The fierce light that beats upon a throne" at last melts it, and such books as Greville's are fervent rays in that light. The poet describes the bird laid low by a shaft winged from its own plumage: Greville was essentially a cavalier, but his book is one of the heaviest blows at royalty.

"GOOD-MORROW to my Valentine." The song is yearly sung, and with ever fresh zest and ardor and sweet tremulous hope. The Graybeard smiles; but yesterday it was he who sat pensive and fearful, and found exquisite delight in venturing to say under the mask of Valentine what in his own person he would scarce have dared. It is one of the white days, or red-letter days—chiefly that, for the letters are of the heart; and yet again snow is but a faint symbol of the white purity of the feeling they express. Certainly it is one of the happy days of the year, days sacred to emotion, official days of feeling. Charles Lamb, in treating of the heart, asks why the headquarters and metropolis of "god Cupid" should be placed in that anatomical seat more than in any other—liver, he suggests, or midriff. "Madam, my liver and fortune are entirely at your disposal;" or, "Amanda, have you a midriff to bestow?" In Lamb's "Table-Talk," reprinted in the delightful *Eliana* gathered by Mr. Babcon, one of the cardinal archbishops of the church of Elia, to whose affectionate zeal and perceptive taste and diligent hand every reader and lover of the unique master is so deeply indebted, and who (a most reverent Old Mortality), scraping the encroaching moss, renews the letters of many an else fading fame—in Lamb's "Table-Talk" he treats of the occult relation between the substance of a feast and its adjuncts, asking why French bean sympathizes with the flesh of deer, why salt fish points to parsnip, or brawn makes a dead set at mustard; why the haunch of mutton seeks the alliance of currant jelly, while the shoulder civilly declines it; why cabbage is reprehensible with roast beef, laudable with bacon; or why oysters in death rise up against the contamination of brown sugar, while they are posthumously amorous of vinegar. He deploras our ignorant and empirical feeding, and aspires to know a general law by which, if nature should bestow a new meat upon us, or be prodigally pleased to restore the phenix, we



might, upon a given flavor, pronounce what the sauce should be.

But the heart as the symbol of love is surely not a mystery. Did not that gracious fancy light upon the truth that out of the heart are the issues of life? And whence could they issue but from love? How instinctive is the feeling! When Amanda, conversing with Dorimant, and plying her industrious fingers, lifts the heart-shaped emery bag and stabs it with that fine glittering needle, have you not seen Dorimant wince? One of the witch deviltries was making the little figure of a man, which, being cut and wounded, lacerated him whom truly it "disfigured or presented." Is this a transfigured form of that enchantment, so that Amanda, famously bewitching, pierces Dorimant's heart in puncturing her emery? St. Valentine is of the house of Barmecide, a modern caliph of that ilk. For as at the Barmecide feast a man ate and did not eat, and, with all the motion and the smacking zest of toothsome dining, saw nothing, tasted nothing, and fed on air and fancy, so the good bishop on his sacred day suffers Dorimant to unlock his heart and pour forth all its feeling in passionate expression, and yet ordains that it shall not be taken, in the French phrase, *to the serious*, or *at the foot of the letter*. On St. Valentine's Day Romeo may throw his heart at Juliet's feet, but she may not pick it up. He may offer her his life, his hope, his future, his all, but it must be to her only as the offer of a Spanish host, who places his house and all it contains at your disposal. On Valentine's Day lovers talk Spanish. They rehearse the burning truth, in all its fullness and force, which they will one day tell, and beseech the answer on which life and happiness depend. But to-day it is only rehearsal, foretaste, Barmecidian. Ah, what a day! For the wretch is committed to nothing. Lovelace may swear in perfumed poetry to Clarissa that he loves but her, and cherishes no hope but her favor. If it be only a trick, a compliment, a pastime, poor Clarissa can not know it, and her fond heart interprets his by itself. Men are deceivers ever, you say, and no one day in the year, but all days, are devoted to their falsity and folly. But this is the day when the most timid may venture, and it is to-day that under cover of the time the callow Lovelace may begin.

If Graybeard smiles, other Graybeards do not. There is one who might himself be mistaken for St. Valentine, so fresh and gracious and benign are his mien and bearing. It is many, many years ago that he sent his first missive on this day, full of doves and loves and hearts and darts. Never a year since has he failed to send it. Time has slowly stolen the bloom from the young face that flushed rosy red when that first billet came. And the flowing hair that was then an aureole round that young head is an aureole still—but of another color. That first "venture of the heart" returned with more than the gold of Ormus and of Ind. It brought to that enamored youth manliness and hope and devotion and success. The benediction of St. Valentine was followed by the nuptial blessing, a new home, and joys and sorrows. Children were born; children died; fortunes varied; friends vanished; the landscape of life changed. Slowly the lines in those faces grew deeper, the hair on those heads thinner and whiter; but ev-

ery year St. Valentine's postman brought the little note, and the same heart gladdened as in that far-off year. The furrows deepened and the hair grew gray, but those hearts were young forever. Children were married, a new generation came blithely in, but still the immortal lovers remain. Only this year the missive came, not the passionate and proud strain of youth, but sweet and mild with the trust of a love that time can not wither nor custom stale—a love which is the prophecy of its own continuance, the harbinger of heaven. Those hearts beat to the poet's music:

"As the bird trims her to the gale,  
I trim myself to the storm of time;  
I man the rudder, reef the sail,  
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:  
Lowly, faithful, banish fear,  
Right onward drive unharmed;  
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,  
And every wave is charmed."

RUSKIN says that in a kindly and well-bred company if any body tries to please them, they try to be pleased; if any body tries to astonish them, they have the courtesy to be astonished; if people become tiresome, they ask somebody else to play or sing, but they do not criticise. Willis, who was much interested in fine society, said he had observed that the best-bred company does not permit sensations and adjectives, or surprises or extravagances of any kind. The aim seems to be, he thought, to keep the conversation at the level of the least active intelligence, and undoubtedly in many circles that pride themselves upon their superiority a cool and refined indifference is regarded as elegance and the highest tone. Ludovicus, who had spent many years in Europe, and was fond of the finest things, returned to his native fields, and was held to be the perfect gentleman. One day as he was standing in the picture-gallery looking at Chrome's last great work, and studying it through his closed hand as a spy-glass, Lionheart, the friend of his youth, whom Ludovicus had not seen for many a year, and who had now come home from Ceylon, came quietly behind him, and, with his heart in his mouth, touched him upon the shoulder. Ludovicus turned and saw his friend, his other self, and he said, his eyes reverting to the picture, "Ah, Lionheart, how do? Do you see what a lovely gray he has put in that shadow?" Lionheart was silent, and thought his friend cold, selfish, and shallow.

It was not so. It was only a manner. It was an extravagant way of avoiding "a scene." Yet that extreme is more agreeable than the other. A manly reticence and restraint are better than the emotional gush of expression, which is so easily simulated, and which is so often made to serve for real feeling. The secret spring of Ludovicus's greeting was that of the conduct which Ruskin describes as peculiar to the best society. It was kindness, sympathy, consideration. He turned and saw his friend, and, because of his warm eagerness of feeling, he said to himself, "Be a man!" and dextrously dissipated the chance of a scene, which was better omitted, by turning attention to the picture. Ruskin goes to the point. The essence of courtesy is good feeling. A good heart is the beginning of a gentleman, and when a scoundrel has what are called gentlemanly manners, it shows only that he has



wit enough to imitate the expression of a disposition which he does not have. A hypocrite and a knave may have irreproachable manners, but irreproachable manners do not make a gentleman. A fine consideration of the feelings of others would never characterize the conduct of a coarse and dull man. But the manners of those who have that consideration are what we call good manners, and they become the universal standard.

Another kind of coarseness and dullness than that of rakes and libertines and all selfish people calls courtesy insincere. There are those who are fond of asking, "Why not call a spade a spade?" and who would have, or who say that they would have, every body say what he thinks of every body else. Pelham, entering the home of Mrs. Fungus, who has invited him to her ball, is to refuse to bow to her, but is to say: "I don't bow to you because I don't respect you. You are a hideous old woman. Your cheeks are plastered with paint; you wear a ridiculous wig; you are stuffed and padded to give yourself a figure; you are a grinning, wriggling old witch, grimacing and lying and backbiting your neighbors." This is what is fondly called dwelling in the palace of truth. It is a kind of truth-telling which would turn human society into a howling wilderness. Truth-telling? How does he know that it is the truth? It is his opinion, his impression. What then? Are

his opinions and impressions synonymous with truth? Is he the Roman Pope, that he should be infallible? How many of our judgments of each other prove to be correct? How many are not modified or susceptible of infinite modification? If you lay down exact truth of statement as the rule of your conversation and manner, very well; but spare us your whims and prejudices and guesses. Give us the pure truth in intercourse, or give us courtesy. Who can give the pure truth? But who can not give courtesy?

"Loke who that is most vertuous alway,  
Prive and apart, and most entendeth ay  
To do the gentil dedes that he can,  
And take him for the gretest gentilman.  
Crist wol we claime of him our gentillesse,  
Not of our elders for hir old richesse."

A FRIEND, whose memory retains every strain of English verse, reproaches the Easy Chair for forgetting, in quoting the song of Bibo, month before last, the epigram of Matt. Prior:

"When Bibo thought fit from the world to retreat,  
As full of Champagne as an egg's full of meat,  
He waked in the boat, and to Charon he said  
He would be rowed back, for he was not yet dead.  
'Trim the boat and sit quiet,' stern Charon replied;  
'You may have forgot—you were drunk when you died.'"

The song as sung in the clubs is merely an amplification of these lines.

## Editor's Literary Record.

THE reader will find in the March number of *Harper's Magazine* an account of Dr. LIVINGSTONE'S last African explorations, condensed from *The Last Journals of David Livingstone in Central Africa* (Harper and Brothers); but no epitome can give any adequate idea of the warmth and color which make this volume the most inspiring, as it is one of the most fascinating, of the season. It is vital with the personality of its author—a great and good man, one of the greatest and best of that consecrated host who, the exclusive property of no age and no denomination, have gone forth, gladly sacrificing that which most men hold dear, and imperiling life itself, in order to proclaim to barbaric tribes the good news which has made Christendom what it is.

Dr. Livingstone was not an ordinary missionary, simply because he was not an ordinary man. His ambition was not to redeem a few individuals from barbarism, but a continent; not to add a few scores or hundreds to the church, but Africa to the civilized world. All his interest in scientific and geographical research was subordinate to this one supreme aim, to deliver Africa from the slave-trade, "the open sore of the world," and by this and his published researches bring it within the beneficent influences of commerce, civilization, and Christianity. From the entry in his diary on the morning of starting—"I trust that the Most High may prosper me in this work, granting me influence in the eyes of the heathen, and helping me to make my intercourse beneficial to them"—to the last scene, when he was found dead and cold on his knees by his bed, this spirit of complete, deep, and unflinching consecration to his God-given work, and this spirit

of quiet trust in God to sustain him in and carry him through it, is manifested on almost every page and in absolutely every incident. This pure unselfishness of his purpose, coupled with a courage which never flinched and a perseverance which never wavered, will draw all readers to him, as it drew to him, in bonds which not even death could sever, his faithful attendants. The "magnetism" in the man is preserved in the book, and gives to it a more than fascination, which lifts it quite above all other works in the same field, such as Sir Samuel Baker's *Ismailia* and Schweinfurth's *Heart of Africa*, and ranks it with the lives of the true heroes of the world and saints of the church. For neither the romances of the one nor the legends of the other record a nobler character, nor one better worthy of a true hero-worship, than the story of David Livingstone's life and death. For what he tells us about Africa we are thankful, of course; but for what he shows in himself we are as much more thankful as the possibilities of manhood are of more importance than the possibilities of an undeveloped continent.

The latest and by no means the least volume on Oriental investigations, whose prosecution has made the names of Layard, Rawlinson, Lenormant, and half a score of others famous, is Mr. GEORGE SMITH'S *Assyrian Discoveries* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.). His investigations began in the British Museum, where, in 1872, he succeeded in deciphering the tablets containing the Chaldean account of the deluge. That remarkable discovery will probably be fresh in the minds of our readers. A photographic reproduction of a fragment of the tablets, with an account of the contents, was published at the time in *Harper's*



*Weekly.* This discovery created great interest, not only in literary and antiquarian circles, but also in the larger public. As a consequence, the *Daily Telegraph*, of London, sent Mr. Smith out to Mosul to prosecute further his investigations on the ground; and this expedition was so successful that a second one was undertaken, at the expense of the British Museum. The volume now published embodies the results of these two expeditions. It is illustrated with wood-cuts and photographs. Mr. Smith writes with more graphic power than one would expect from a professional decipherer of the extraordinarily illegible records of the Oriental empires. He presents in a pictorial and interesting manner an account of the ruins explored, the methods of exploration, and the obstacles encountered in the opposition of the Turkish government and the untrustworthiness of the natives whom he was forced to employ. But the most valuable portion of his volume consists in the account of the Assyrian stone records, and his translation of them. Their number is amazing. In the ruins of one palace he found three thousand fragments of tablets, and their position led him to the conclusion that they constituted originally part of a stone library, which occupied the upper story of the palace. Of these tablets the most important yet deciphered are those which from their contents are known as the "deluge tablets," the date of which Mr. Smith places at 2000 B.C. But there are also other inscriptions, some of them of considerable interest and importance, and confirmatory of Old Testament history. A considerable proportion of the book is taken up with translations of these inscriptions, many of which would be nearly if not quite unintelligible to the ordinary reader but for the interpretation with which Mr. Smith generally accompanies them.

Dr. WOOLSEY, one of our most accomplished living authorities upon public law, has edited new editions of Dr. LIEBER's *Civil Liberty and Self-Government* and *Political Ethics*, which have been issued in handsome and convenient form by Lippincott and Co. No more competent hand for the purpose could have been found, and Dr. Woolsey's name gives an added value even to Lieber's works. Of all men of foreign birth who have made America their home, few have been of really greater service to the country or have conferred more lustre upon it than Francis Lieber. He was an American wholly and in the best sense and by conviction; a sound and clear political thinker, a comprehensive scholar, and a man of the tenderest and most generous heart. His contributions to political philosophy are more valuable than any that have been made on this side of the sea; and in both the works which Dr. Woolsey has edited, Lieber's quick sympathies and large learning have made discussions which might seem to be in their nature abstract and dry, full of interest and charm. His view of the state, and of a question which always profoundly interests Americans—the relation of morals and politics—is most interesting and clear. Lieber was a student and a professor, but not a doctrinaire. His mind was singularly practical and sensible, and he draws with a firm hand the luminous line between the object and the methods of political action. Just at this time, when the public mind is alive with interest upon that very subject,

we know of no works that would repay careful and thoughtful study more richly than these of Dr. Lieber's, nor, indeed, any that would be additions of more permanent value to every American library.

Mr. J. W. SCHUCKERS's *Life and Public Services of Chief Justice Chase* (D. Appleton and Co.) is a very different kind of book from the life of the same distinguished statesman by Judge Warden, of which we gave the readers of this Magazine some account in our September number. Mr. Schuckers was for many years Mr. Chase's private secretary. He had therefore peculiar opportunities for knowing not only the public services but the private life and character of the subject of his biography. "No man is hero to his own valet;" nevertheless it is the distinguishing mark of true greatness that those who possess it generally seem greater to their most familiar acquaintances than to the more remote public. This was emphatically true of Mr. Chase, and this biography will therefore add to the reader's respect for the public services of Mr. Chase the warmer regard due to his private life and character. Mr. Schuckers exhibits no inclination to become a mere eulogist, none to shine in light borrowed from the greater luminary, and none of that weakness of obsequiousness which sometimes mars the descriptions of great men by their attendants and subordinates; he does not play the part of a Boswell to a Johnson. Neither does he suffer personal or political prejudices to obtrude themselves in unseemly and uncalled-for criticism. If he is not a eulogist, neither is he a critic: he is a historian. He writes without the least pretense to rhetorical skill, without any endeavor by ingenious grouping or word-painting to impart a fictitious, a romantic, or even an artistic interest to his narrative, and without any of those climaxes and contrasts which sometimes enhance the attractiveness and present effect of history, but generally at the sacrifice of its simple truthfulness. He writes with simplicity of expression, with unostentation, without partiality, save that of a pure, warm, and sincere friendship for his chief, and with a just and honorable, but not extravagant or sentimental, appreciation of that inherent dignity and nobility of character to which Mr. Chase's honorable position neither did nor could add any thing, and from which the criticism of political foes neither did nor could detract. The fifty-second chapter, in which the author presents a well-arranged and succinct summary of the leading characteristics of Mr. Chase's mind and his methods of work, is a noble monument to a noble man, the more fitting and appropriate from its very simplicity. Over the grave of Salmon P. Chase none other than a simple monument would be appropriate. The portrait which serves as a frontispiece is excellent, though one showing him in his later life would have done greater justice to his remarkably fine appearance and bearing.

*Singers and Songs of the Liberal Faith*, by ALFRED S. PUTNAM (Roberts Brothers, Boston), is a volume of over 500 pages of hymns and sacred poems, taken from American writers of the Liberal Church in America, and accompanied by biographical sketches of the writers. In these sketches Mr. Putnam has embodied something approximating a critical estimate of the poets whose songs he quotes. The biographical infor-



mation, though brief, is compact and sufficiently comprehensive for the author's purpose; the criticisms do not indicate a critical talent in the editor; they are too uniformly commendatory, and are characterized by that multiplication of eulogistic epithets which belongs to the average newspaper criticism. The list of writers embraces all shades of theological thought within the Liberal Church, from Rev. Chandler Robbins to Revs. John Weiss and O. B. Frothingham. The volume includes not only the writings of religious authors, but also poems of a very general character which contain expressions of religious feeling. The reader of this book can not fail to be impressed with the fact that Christian experience is much more catholic than the church has been wont to regard it, and that the variations of religious belief do not produce so great variations in religious emotion as is often imagined. As in our church hymn-books the poems of the Roman Catholic Faber and the Protestant Wesley abide in harmony side by side, so in this volume, the production exclusively of Liberal writers, there will be found the rhythmical expression, the deeply earnest expression, too, of almost every phase of Christian experience to be found in the hymnology of other branches of the Christian church. It is, indeed, true that there is a characteristic lack of that impassioned fervor which belongs to the hymns of the Roman Catholic Church of the Middle Ages, and of that stalwart and muscular piety which belongs to the best specimens of Scottish, Puritan, and German verse. But this lack is a characteristic not of the denomination, but of the age, which is unable to reproduce in any branch of the church a Faber, a Wesley, or a Watts.

The third volume concludes HENRY WARD BEECHER'S *Yale Lectures on Preaching* (J. B. Ford and Co.). It presents Mr. Beecher's theology. It discusses the Bible and the proper use of the Bible, the true conception of God and the true methods of presenting Him, human nature and its development into a Christian manhood. Throughout the volume, however, Mr. Beecher treats of theology not as a science, but as an instrument; that is, he presents not a systematical philosophy of divinity, but only a consideration of those phases of truth which, in his judgment, the Christian ministry can use most efficaciously in their work. This method avoids some perplexing questions, and perhaps harmonizes best with the general purpose of this course of lectures, but the result is not altogether satisfactory. The practical worker will find abundant and useful suggestions in the volume. The theological thinker will regret that Mr. Beecher has not given to the world more fully and frankly the philosophy which underlies his own ministry.

In *Urbané and his Friends* (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.) Mrs. PRENTISS employs a very simple stratagem to render attractive her discussions of certain grave problems in Christian experience. Urbané is a man of threescore years, "every inch a man, and yet with feminine sweetness in his face." A meeting is held in his study every week for personal conversation on practical religious themes, and by means of these meetings the authoress presents her own views in a colloquial and semi-dramatic manner. These are essentially those of a mystic; they appeal to the sentiments and feelings rather

than to the judgment or even the conscience. They are tender and touching—the tragedy of Junia can not easily be read with dry eyes; but their effect will be rather to stimulate religious emotions than to strengthen the soul for the practical work of life.

The most impressive temperance story which we remember to have read is EDWARD EVERETT HALE'S *Our New Crusade* (Roberts Brothers). The idea was suggested by the women's movement last year against intemperance, but the method of Mr. Hale's crusade is more practical and more judicious. The author clearly shows what may be effected by the co-operation and well-directed effort of Christian men and women against the sale of intoxicating liquors. What was done at Bromwich may be done any where.

If we are not greatly mistaken, *Christ and Humanity*, by HENRY M. GOODWIN (Harper and Brothers), will make considerable stir in the theological world, and provoke considerable discussion both of a friendly and a hostile sort from the theological press. Mr. Goodwin will suffer the usual fate of independent and original thinkers. It will be declared that he denies the proper divinity and also that he denies the proper humanity of Jesus Christ, that he is an Arian and also a Eutychian, a Unitarian and also a Swedenborgian. All this, however, he will doubtless survive, as a great many have survived similar attacks before him; and since this is an age which patronizes independent thinking, his volume will be read and even studied all the more because it does not travel the beaten course of the past centuries. Ever since Jesus Christ put to the Pharisees the question, "What think ye of Christ? whose son is he?" the problem has been pondered by the church with very various results. The ordinary orthodox view that his was a double nature, God and man welded together in a character that was neither simply divine nor simply human, but divine-human, that in the one soul there were two wills, and in the one life two lives, however satisfactory it may be to those who are proficient in theological lore, has never practically gained much real acceptance among unprofessional readers of the New Testament. Indeed, most of them have been content to take the simple story of the Gospels, without much thought as to how the God who shines through Jesus became incarnate in him; and those who have thought much and independently can surely not have failed to feel, if not to see, how artificial and foreign to the simplicity of the New Testament teaching is this theory, born of later scholastic theology, of a double personality. Mr. Goodwin, recognizing more than most theologians do that religious truth is a matter of experience, not merely of intellection, undertakes to present to the intellect a simpler theory of Christ's character than this of his dual nature. It does not differ so widely from that of Henry Ward Beecher as he supposes, except in being stated more comprehensively and philosophically. It is, in brief, this: that the anthropomorphic conception of God is the right one; that man—that is, the ideal man—is an image of God; that the human and divine natures are the same in essence; that the difference is in quantity rather than quality; that the human is simply a reproduction in a finite form of the divine; hence, that in the incarnation God does not take upon Himself another



er and incongruous or inconsistent character, but simply empties Himself of the largeness of His being, subjects Himself to the limitations of a body and a bodily condition, and, becoming for the time being man, is truly both man and God, because in the essential features of their nature the two are the same. This, reduced to a paragraph, is the kernel of Mr. Goodwin's Christology. For its elaboration we must refer the reader to the book itself. It is clear in expression, and independent and vigorous in thought; in form it is not altogether happy. The first half consists of sermons preached at various periods during a ministry of twenty years. The natural consequence is a repetition of substantially the same thoughts, and sometimes even the same phrases. On the other hand, this genesis of the volume imparts to it a warmer, more practical, and more spiritual character than belongs to most theological treatises, and adapts it to the interest and the profit of the non-professional reader. The latter half of the volume is more strictly theological, and is devoted to a review, historical and critical, of the doctrine of Christ's person.

In *The Law and the Lady* (Harper and Brothers), Mr. WILKIE COLLINS's last novel, the author, in the opening chapter, hints at a secret which separates Valeria, just married, and her husband. About half the volume is taken up with the wife's successful investigation and final discovery of this secret; the other half in her successful endeavor to solve the mystery of the unjust imputation under which her husband is well-nigh crushed. The interest of the story lies chiefly in tracing out this mystery. The novel is an enigma only less successful than that of *The Moonstone*. Who murdered Mrs. Macallan? is a problem which will tax the novel-reader's powers scarcely less than that other riddle of fiction, Who stole the Moonstone? There is no moral in the story, unless it contains one against the Scotch verdict of "Not proven;" and the characters, though perhaps as strongly drawn, are not as true to nature as those of *Man and Wife*. In the latter novel the plot naturally grows out of the peculiar but not impossible situation in which remarkable but not unnatural characters are involved. In *The Law and the Lady*, on the other hand, the characters are invented in order to create the situation. Only such a trio as the morbidly sensitive Mrs. Macallan, the half-mad Miserrimus Dexter, and the resolutely weak Eustace could either create such a riddle or leave the wife to find the clew to it unaided, and despite her husband's opposition. Miserrimus himself is not a more natural character than Caliban, nor is his personality less marked. We recall in Charles Dickens no freak of fancy more wildly fantastical than the picture of this half imp, half man, in his self-chosen solitary imprisonment, driving back and forth across his room in his wheeled chair, with his "immense imagination at work." This peculiar phase of Wilkie Collins's genius, this purely inventive fancy, is something new; at least we recall in his works nothing of this sort quite equal to it.

*A Strange World*, by Miss M. E. BRADDON (Harper and Brothers), opens also with a mysterious murder. But the clew to the mystery is given to the reader at once, and the interest in the story turns not upon unraveling it, but upon the effect it produces upon life and character.

Miss Braddon's late novels we have found both healthful and entertaining. Certainly this last story is so. The murder, perhaps, borders on the sensational. It is so improbable as to be almost impossible, and in that the novel pivots on so unreal an incident, and so incongruous a character as Churchill Penwyn, it is undoubtedly defective. It is this dependence on a purely impossible incident and a wholly unnatural character for plot which distinguishes the merely good novel-writer from the best artists. But the rest of the story is not only true to life, the truthfulness of its portraiture is a considerable item in its interest, and the book as a whole may fairly rank with the best of the authoress's numerous works.

*The Straits of Malacca, Indo-China, and China*, by J. THOMPSON (Harper and Brothers), is one of those volumes of travel which are peculiarly characteristic of the latest phase of literature, and could not, indeed, have been produced except for the latest developments of civilization. Such a work presupposes an accessibility of remote regions which only modern travel has brought about, and a public interest in heathen and half-civilized forms of life which is the product of a broadening culture and a ripening liberality. If we have been "outside barbarians" to the "Celestials," they have been no less so to us, and it would be difficult to say whether the Chinese or the Anglo-Saxon wall has been the most impregnable. Mr. Thompson tells us in his title-page that his book is the product of ten years' travel, adventure, and residence abroad. He is a photographer, and the fact that he was invited to take the likeness of his Siamese Majesty indicates that he is a skillful one. His journal begins at Penang, on the Straits of Malacca, and carries us, by a succession of journeys, to Peking. It embraces an account of Malacca, Singapore, Bangkok, the ancient ruins of Cambodia, Hong-Kong, Shanghai, and Peking, together with a visit to the island of Formosa, and another to the interior of China, up the Yang-tse River. The author writes as one who is overburdened with material. His pages are crowded with the facts and incidents which he has witnessed, but are comparatively free from philosophical comment upon them. He writes without the poetry and humor which characterize most French travelers, but, perhaps for that very reason, his narrative is in appearance more truthful and trustworthy. "It has been my care," he says, "so to hold the mirror up to his [the reader's] gaze, that it may present to him if not always an agreeable, yet at least a faithful, impression of China and its inhabitants." This holding up of a mirror is by no means so easy a task as it appears to be, and the author's prejudices sometimes make a flaw in the glass that affects the picture. Making all due allowance, however, for these, his portraiture of the average Chinaman, as sensual, cunning, implacable, and an unhesitating liar, is not such as to commend very cordially that ethical system of Confucius which forms the theme of so many encomiums by certain of our purely theoretical moralists. Mr. Thompson's observations and descriptions are mainly confined to the life, the monuments, and the people of the lands which he visited; his volume contains comparatively little of scientific information. The illustrations are admirable; they are nearly seventy in number, and are taken from the author's sketches



and photographs. The book is, indeed, in an art point of view, one of the handsomest books of travel of the year.

Dr. JOHN W. DRAPER'S *History of the Conflict between Religion and Science* (D. Appleton and Co.) has this much to commend it, that it undertakes to supply a widely felt want in literature, and that its author is a man of extensive erudition, though not always sound scholarship, and of scientific attainments, though not of religious sympathies. But he certainly does not possess that rare impartiality of mind which could alone enable an author to write a successful history of this conflict, and the work which he has written will be satisfactory only to the most extreme partisans in the controversy. It is, indeed, doubtful whether such a history can be written as yet, at least by any one writer—whether for its successful production we must not have the history of religion written from the one standpoint, and that of science from the other. Dr. Draper's language is always moderate and respectful, but he does not indicate that he understands what religion is, what function it assumes to fulfill, or what its most intelligent advocates claim it has accomplished. If he had entitled it "Romanism and Science," his title would have been more just, though less attractive. Indeed, he tells us in his preface with great frankness that he has had little to say respecting those two great Christian confessions, the Protestant and Greek Churches, and this because they have never arrayed themselves against the advancement of knowledge. On the same principle, he should have omitted from his history all mention of science, which has not arrayed itself against the development of man's moral and spiritual nature. There is as little reason for attributing religion exclusively to the Romish Church as there would

be for confining science to the investigations and hypotheses of a purely materialistic and atheistical philosophy. But even as a history of the conflict between Romanism and science it is impossible to accredit this volume with that impartiality which the author claims for it in his preface. We expect the brilliant advocate to close his own eyes and turn the eyes of the jury away from the evidence which is adverse to the verdict for which he pleads, but we have a right to expect that the historian of so important an issue as that indicated by the title of this book will not forget to mention that Copernicus, to whom more perhaps than to any other man the revolution in astronomical science is due, was a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic—canon of Frauenburg—and dedicated his great work to Pope Paul III.; and that to the Benedictines, the most important of the Roman Catholic orders of monks, we owe the preservation of learning, literature, and the fine arts during several centuries of ignorance; the guardianship not only of the Scriptures, but also of the works of such writers as Pliny, Sallust, and Cicero; the creation of Gothic architecture, and the invention of modern music, and the practical application, if not the invention, of scientific agriculture. Dr. Draper sees in religion only an impediment to the intellectual development of man, as some of the fathers, whom he so justly condemns, saw in science only an impediment to man's spiritual development. The true history of the conflict between science and religion can only be written by one who recognizes the truth that each has contributed to the progress of the race, and that the conflict between the two has grown out of the fact that the wisest men are partialists, and by their fears and their prejudices have created a conflict where there was no occasion for one.

## Editor's Scientific Record.

### SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

**I**N *Astronomy* we have the announcement during the month of January of the discovery of asteroids Nos. 139 and 140, the former found in October, by Professor Watson during his sojourn in Pekin, and the discovery of which has but just been published; the latter, No. 140, was found at Berlin on the last day of the month. The rediscovery of asteroid No. 104, Clymene, by Dr. Leuther, is also equally worthy of mention, as the increasing number of these small planets renders it exceedingly difficult to keep track of them all; it is to be hoped that American astronomers will take an active part in this labor, which indeed specially devolves upon them, inasmuch as two of their number, Messrs. Watson and Peters, take so prominent a part in the discovery of new members of the asteroid group.

One of the most valuable contributions to the literature of the subject of auroras consists in the new general catalogue of Fritz of Zurich. This author having had the advantage of the use of the great catalogue of Lovering, and of the smaller works of other authors, has added to these other later documents, some now for the first time rendered accessible, and has employed the same with a praiseworthy critical skill that

renders his catalogue invaluable to the student of these as yet unexplained phenomena. We have already spoken of his investigation into the geographical distribution of the aurora, and anticipate still further contributions from him.

To the study of earthquakes Suess of Vienna has contributed a valuable memoir on the earthquake of Southern Austria. He has in this paper given a careful study of three special earthquakes, and finally a collection of all available data referring to the phenomena in past history. Most highly interesting is his map, showing that the centres of earthquakes are in that country all arranged along certain straight lines or belts of country, which in one remarkable instance coincides with a river valley so perfectly as to afford a basis for very plausible speculations as to the dependence of the shock upon the infiltration of surface water.

In this connection we note that the Prussian government has authorized La Sauls to establish a large number of seismometric stations in the volcanic region near Bonn.

*Mineralogical* progress since our last has reference chiefly to the announcement of new species of minerals. The first to be mentioned is *miriquidite*, a name recently given by Frenzel to



a new mineral species found with chalcocite, pyromorphite, and other minerals at Schneeberg. It occurs in minute rhombohedral (R and  $-\frac{1}{2}R$ ) crystals, and thus far no analysis has been made, owing to want of sufficient material, but qualitative experiments show it to be a hydrous basic compound of lead and iron with arsenic and phosphoric acids. It has the hardness of fluorite (4), and a dark yellowish to reddish-brown color.

Frenzel has shown that the little tufted or globular forms of silicate of bismuth occurring at Schneeberg and Johanngeorgenstadt are not isometric, but monoclinic, in crystalline form, and consequently he separates them from the old eulytite (isometric), and gives them the new name, Agricolite.

*Allophite* is a new hydrous silicate of alumina and magnesia, much resembling pseudophite, which Websky has found at Langenbielan, in Silesia. It occurs in dense microcrystalline masses, and it might perhaps be questioned whether it deserved a place as a new mineral species.

*Ettringite* is a new hydrous sulphate of alumina and lime described by Lehmann. In appearance and occurrence it resembles the new *chalcocorphite* of Vom Rath, but has a very different composition (chalcocorphite is a hydrous silicate of alumina and lime). Ettringite is found in minute needle-like crystals (hexagonal system) filling cavities in masses of limestone inclosed in the lava of Ettringen, not far from the famous Laacher See.

M. Ducloux has recently described in the *Comptes Rendus* a new mineral under the name of *rivotite*. It contains antimony, copper, carbonic acid, with a little silver, and the describer looks upon it as a compound of antimonie acid with carbonate of copper and silver. It is amorphous and compact, and of a yellowish or grayish-green color. It was found disseminated through a white limestone in the province of Lerida, France.

Another new mineral is the *meymacite* of Carnot. It is a hydrated tungstic acid (tungstite), and is supposed to have been made from the decomposition of tungstate of lime, scheelite. In some cases it preserves the form and even the structure of the original scheelite. Its characters are not very well defined, and it may hardly deserve an independent position. It is named from the locality, Meymac, where other minerals containing tungstic acid have been found.

In this connection it may be well to mention a related mineral, described some time since by Domeyko, and called cupro-tungstite. It is a true tungstate of copper, and is interesting in its relation to the cupro-scheelite of Whitney, found in California, and which was a scheelite containing considerable copper. The cupro-tungstite was found near Santiago, Chili.

The progress which is now being made in *Geology*, and the interest which is generally felt in it, are shown by nothing more clearly than by the large number of independent surveys which are now being carried forward in this country.

In addition to the several surveys of the Territories, prosecuted by the general government either through the Interior Department or the War Department, many of the older States are carrying on the same work for themselves. The novelties of the work in the latter case are few,

and the chances for surprising discoveries in the investigation of ground already pretty well known are smaller, and yet the general importance of such thorough work, both for science and for the economical interests of the State itself, can hardly be overestimated.

The geological survey of New Hampshire is now about completed, and the first volume of the final report has just appeared. The work has been carried on for some years under the charge of Professor Hitchcock, and has been and will be the means of bringing out many important facts in regard to the older crystalline rocks of New England—perhaps the most difficult of all problems in American geology. The finding of Helderberg fossils at Littleton, New Hampshire, which we owe to Professor Hitchcock, taken in connection with the locality of the same age long known at Bernardston, Massachusetts, of itself alone throws great light upon the condition of this portion of the country in those remote times. This same subject of the crystalline rocks will be still more elucidated in case the proposition for a new survey of Massachusetts, now before the Legislature, is decided favorably. The thoroughness which is contemplated for this survey will be seen from the fact that it is, as proposed, to continue for fifteen years, and to include not only geology, but also the several departments of biology. Those who have the subject in charge have suggested \$387,000 as about the amount which will be required to accomplish all that is proposed, including the preparation of the results of the work for the press.

In regard to the surveys of other States, that of Pennsylvania, under the charge of Professor Lesley, may be mentioned. It has now completed its first year of field work.

A State with such a wonderful store of mineral wealth may well afford a resurvey of its territory, especially in view of the great progress made in the science since its first survey was completed, in which, by-the-way, Professor Lesley himself took an active part. Missouri has recently published a geological report in 734 pages, containing many valuable facts, particularly in regard to her extensive lead mines. One probable conclusion drawn by Mr. Schmidt from the facts observed is especially important—that the occurrence of lead ore is not exclusively dependent upon the geological formation, but its deposition may have taken place simultaneously in similar rocks of different geological periods. This would make the origin of all the galenite later than the subcarboniferous.

A first report of the geology and agriculture of Texas has been made by Professor Buckley, State geologist, in which a general outline is given of what may be expected from a further prosecution of his labors. Professor Buckley is well known as an active botanist, and he embraces the occasion of his report to reply to some criticisms by Professor Asa Gray in regard to the validity of certain species of plants described by himself many years ago as new in the Proceedings of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science.

A meeting of the Board of Directors of the Geological Survey of New Jersey was recently held, in which Professor Cook presented his annual report.

The geologists accompanying the government



expeditions in the West are all in Washington, engaged respectively in making up their reports. Messrs. Gilbert and Howell, who have been connected with the survey of Lieutenant Wheeler, last year accompanied Major Powell. No material change in the corps connected with Dr. Hayden's labors has taken place. A report by Dr. Hayden of his explorations, geological and otherwise, in 1873, is about making its appearance from the government printing-office, and constitutes a very large volume, profusely illustrated with maps and sections, as well as representations of recent and fossil species of animals and plants, the whole making a work of extreme value.

The record of *Geographical Progress* since our last report is, as might be expected, quite meagre, especially in the United States, in view of the difficulties attendant upon such operations during the winter season.

Mr. Dall, to whose labors in Alaska we have referred on many occasions, is now in Washington, engaged in preparing his report, under the direction of the Coast Survey.

Dr. Emil Bessels, chief of the scientific corps of the *Polaris*, has nearly completed a first volume of his report, embracing the physical results of the Hall expedition, and it will probably be laid before Congress in a short time.

The report of the German arctic expedition, in which the *Germania* and the *Hansa* took part, has been completed, forming a series of volumes of much interest.

The scientific corps of the Austrian expedition under Payer and Weyprecht, whose safe return during the past autumn has been chronicled, is also occupied in preparing a report of their labors.

The note of preparation continues to be heard in regard to polar expeditions for the coming season. Of these, that to be undertaken by the English government is the most important, and no pains are being spared to make it a complete success. The vessels that have been selected for the purpose are now being fitted up with every appliance for the safety and comfort of the party; and officered, as they will be, by the most experienced members of the British naval service, accompanied by eminent scientific civilians, and having the experience of all previous expeditions, especially those of the *Polaris* and the *Tegethoff*, for their guidance, we may confidently look forward to a speedy solution of the remaining problems of polar search.

The German government also, it is understood, is fitting out an expedition for the same goal, but will attempt to reach it by a different route. The preparations in Austria toward a similar end have already been referred to.

It is much to be regretted that in this friendly rivalry America as yet shows no intention of taking part. It is, however, by no means too late to carry into effect the suggestion already made from many quarters of an American polar expedition by way of Behring Straits. With several government steamers already on the west coast, either in the service of the Coast Survey, the revenue department, or the navy, and with San Francisco as a suitable point for fitting out one or more of these for this mission, a fair chance still remains for a successful effort.

The opportunity could also be embraced of

exploring the comparatively little known region of Northern Alaska, and of solving the problems which exist in reference to Wrangell's Land. We have previously referred to the fact that the Arctic Ocean north of Behring Straits has for several years been remarkably free from ice, and that an American whaling captain has stated that he skirted along the coast of Wrangell's Land for many miles, and could readily have landed if it had been his business to do so.

Some details have recently been received from the *Challenger*, especially of her voyage from Melbourne to Hong-Kong, during which, as usual, the opportunity was embraced to prosecute the scientific inquiries intrusted to her corps. The most important result of her later movements was the discovery of several isolated basins in the ocean having a great depth in the centre (of between two and three thousand fathoms), with an unbroken rim rising sometimes to within a few hundred fathoms of the surface. This condition was found to produce a peculiar effect upon the deep-sea temperature. In nearly every instance the ocean temperature on the top of the ridges was found to continue, with very little change, to the very bottom, so that instead of a registry of 33° to 36° F., there was found even at a depth of 2000 fathoms or more a temperature sometimes as high as 50°. The explanation of this is of course very simple. The rims of the basins constitute a barrier to the entrance of the antarctic cold water flowing along the main floor of the ocean, and isolate their contents from its influence. Wherever the barrier was broken through, so as to permit the main current to penetrate, indications were found corresponding to those which generally accompany a great depth.

A second report of the operations of the *Challenger*, by Captain Nares, has lately been published by the Admiralty, detailing the observations made during the voyage between South Africa and Melbourne.

Reference has already been made to the starting out of the United States steamer *Tuscarora* for the purpose of making a second series of soundings for an ocean cable, this time between San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands. The *Hawaiian Gazette* of December 2 announces her arrival at Honolulu, and remarks that, in all, sixty-two casts of the sounding-line were made, the first near the Farallones, the water gradually deepening from that point to 2500 fathoms. In latitude 33° 10' and longitude 132° the depth began rapidly to diminish, showing 1417, 435, 413, and finally 385 fathoms in latitude 32° 58'. Numerous observations were made, which showed that there was a submarine peak rising about 2200 fathoms from the ocean bed. Beyond this, for a circuit of five miles around this peak, deep water was found in every direction, and a few miles from the peak 2500 fathoms were reached. From this the depth gradually increased, until in latitude 24°, longitude 152°, the depth was 3115 fathoms. This was only about four hundred miles from Honolulu.

The soundings brought up from the peak showed a mixture of lava and coral, which is supposed to be indicative of a submarine volcano. The temperature at the bottom was found to vary but little from 35° to 36° F.

The results of the survey, according to the



*Gazette*, are satisfactory, showing, if any thing, a better line between Honolulu and San Francisco than that from San Diego.

Among the more important recent American geographical publications is the report of Captain Jones, of the United States Engineers, of a reconnaissance in 1873 from Cheyenne, through Northern Wyoming, for the purpose of opening a shorter route from the line of the Union Pacific Railroad to Wyoming and Montana. This he discovered in the form of a natural pass in the Wind River Mountains, by which a railroad can readily be extended from Point of Rocks on the railroad, by way of the Yellowstone National Park to Fort Ellis, in Montana, shortening by many hundred miles the line of travel into Montana, and making perfectly easy a journey to the wonderful regions of the Yellowstone geysers and hot springs.

The report by General Comstock of his labors on the Northern lakes during the past year has also made its appearance.

*Ethnology*.—Mr. Charles C. Abbott figures and describes in *Nature*, January 7, two very striking examples of flame-shaped arrow or spear heads from New Jersey.

On the 22d of December, 1874, Colonel Lane Fox continued his interesting account of his classification of the objects of culture on the basis of evolution. The subject this time was "Early Modes of Navigation." Beginning with the simplest float or dug-out, the author traced the progress of boat-building through the "stitched-plank canoes, bark canoes, outrigger boats, double canoes, up to the more complex craft. The various parts of sailing apparatus were arranged and discussed. Colonel Fox inclines to the view that in its rudest condition the mind of man possesses little of subjective or inventive power, and that he has risen from step to step following the leading-strings of nature.

The last quarterly review of the progress of natural science, theoretical and practical, published by the editors of *Gaea*, Leipsic, 1875, is devoted to prehistoric times entirely.

There is a very interesting article in *Nature* of December 17, 1874, by Mr. E. B. Tylor, on the relation of race to species. The author very ingeniously applies the dotted diagrams of Mr. Francis Galton to illustrate the hypothetical and actual separation of a single race of animals into a species made up of several races, and thence into any number of separate species. One is forcibly reminded, in looking at the clusters of dots, of the process of reproduction by cell multiplication.

The *Geographical Magazine* of January, 1875, gives a very interesting account of the adventures of M. Miklucho Maklay, the indefatigable young Russian traveler, in New Guinea. He was sent out under the patronage of the Grand Duchess Helen. On the 2d of September he was landed on the island with two servants, a man and a boy. The natives fled in dismay, but afterward returned, bringing gifts of hogs, dogs, bananas, cocoa-nuts, sweet-potatoes, and other products, as soon as they became aware of his friendly intentions. The Russians returned the compliment by placing calico, gold paper, empty bottles, buttons, etc., on the shore, but the natives were too courteous to touch them (Mirab. dict.!). On the 9th of September the

ship left our traveler to his fate. For more than a year nothing was heard of him. At last, his friends becoming alarmed, a ship was ordered to look him up. He was found almost emaciated by fevers, his boy dead, and altogether about in despair. He has collected a fine lot of anthropological material, which is not yet published. From New Guinea he journeyed to the Moluccas and Philippines, thence to China and Batavia. At the end of 1873 he had made all his preparations to accompany a Dutch expedition to New Guinea, but was disappointed. When Captain Moresby met him in Amboina last June he was preparing to visit the Malay peninsula to study a race called Sunay, and supposed to be Papuans.

M. Gabriel de Mortillet furnishes the following elaborate scheme of the French stone age. The paleolithic age he divides into four epochs—St. Acheul, the oldest (type, almond-shaped flaked axe), Moustier (type, flint arrow-heads and scrapers, bilateral flake), Solutré (type, bay-leaf shaped arrow-head, bilateral chip), Madeleine (type, barbed bone arrows and flint knives). The neolithic age he calls the epoch of Robenhausen (type, polished stone axes, flint arrow-heads chipped serrate). The St. Acheul epoch is found in the lowland drift at St. Acheul, Abbeville, Thenné (Somme), Sotteville le Rouen (Lower Seine), Vaudricourt (Pas-de-Calais), San Isidor (Madrid), and on the upland plateaux at Beaumont (Wien), Tilly (Allier), La Gaurerie (Côtes-du-Nord), Valées de la Sause et de la Gulonne (Haute Garonne). The climate was preglacial and moderate. The fauna embraced the hippopotamus, *Elephas antiquus*, and men of the lowest type, *e. g.*, at Neanderthal, Engisheim, Naulette, Denise. The Moustier epoch is found in remains of caves and open places at Moustier (Dordogne), Chez Pouré (Corrèze), La Martinière et l'Ermitage (Vienne), La Mère Grande (Saône-et-Loire), Buoux (Vaucluse), Neuron (Ardèche), Goudenins-les-Moulins (Doubs), Cœuvres (Aisne), Breches de Genay et Mene-treux-le-Pitois (Côte d'Or), in the upper drift at Grenelle, Levallois, Clichy (Seine), Le Pecq (Seine-et-Oise), Montgouillain (Oise). The climate was glacial, cold, and moist. Cave-bears begin to abound, and rhinoceros. Dolicho-cephalic men of low type, *e. g.*, at Engis and L'Olmec. The Solutré epoch is found in remains of open places, shelters, and caves at Solutré (Saône-et-Loire), Laugerie Haute, Badegols, St. Martin d'Exedeuil (Dordogne). The climate was cold and dry. Brachycephalic and meso-cephalic races of men are represented at La Lesse, Cro-Magnon, Laugerie Basse, Baoussé-Roussé, and Solutré. The Madeleine epoch is found in caves and rock shelters at La Madeleine, Les Eyzies, Laugerie Basse (Dordogne), Bruniquel (Tarn-et-Garonne), Massat (Ariège), Montrejeau (Haute Garonne), Aurensan (Hautes Pyrénées), Marceint (Lot), Les Morts, Champs et Puy de Lacan (Corrèze), Le Placard (Charente), Arcy (Tonné), Salève (Haute Savoie), Le Sci (Vaud), Baoussé-Roussé (Viatimille), Furfooz (Dinault). The climate was post-glacial; in France reindeer, aurochs, and urus abounded; in Belgium mammoths, hyenas, and lions. The epoch of Robenhausen is found in the Swiss lake dwellings at Robenhausen and Meileu (Zurich), Mooséedorf (Bern), St. Aubin (Neuchâtel), Concise (Baud), Clair-



vaux (Jura), Wangen (Lake Constance); in dolmens at Morbilan and over the whole of Bretagne, at Argenteuil and La Justice (Seine-et-Oise). Workshops or remains of industrial pursuits are found at Grand Pressigny (Indre-et-Loire), Camp Barbet (Oise), Londinières (Lower Seine), Spienne (Mons), Vibrata (Ascoli); of camps or oppida, at Chassey (Saône-et-Loire), Hastedon (Namur). The climate was very similar to that now existing. Brachycephalic and dolichocephalic races strongly intermixed.

Among recent discoveries in *Zoology* may be mentioned the "new" sea-worms (*Annelida*) discovered by the *Porcupine* expedition at great depths in the Atlantic Ocean, which are being examined and described by Mr. McIntosh.

At the last meeting of the National Academy of Sciences, held at Philadelphia, a paper by Dr. Packard was read regarding a new organ discovered in the king-crab (*Limulus*), and supposed to be renal in its nature, and the homologue of the "green gland" in the lobster, and possibly of the segmental organs of the worms.

Dr. Leconte has published in the *American Naturalist* an additional note regarding the weevils and their classification, read by him at the Philadelphia meeting of the National Academy. He has also published in the *Canadian Entomologist* some judicious remarks on the subject of nomenclature, a matter on which entomologists as well as naturalists generally are much divided.

Another contribution to the subject of mimicry in insects has been afforded by Mrs. Barber, of South Africa, especially as regards the color of the pupa of *Papilio ninus* in connection with the objects on which it was placed, as it appeared to assume a protective resemblance to the leaves or other adjacent organs. The question being raised as to whether some photographic influences had been at work, Mr. Meldola stated that no known substances retained permanently the color reflected on it by adjacent objects, but that there was no difficulty in believing that larvæ might become affected in color by the coloring matter of the food plant, since chlorophyll in an unaltered condition had been found in the tissues of green larvæ. (The remarks were made at a late meeting of the Entomological Society of London.)

In the ninth of a series of valuable papers, communicated by Hermann Müller on the fertilization of flowers by insects, to *Nature*, he shows that butterflies effect the cross-fertilization of Alpine orchids. It seems that from twelve to fifteen per cent. of the orchids of the lowlands are fertilized by Lepidoptera, while from sixty to eighty per cent. of Alpine orchids are fertilized by the same kind of insects. This corroborates, he says, his view that the predominant frequency of butterflies in the Alpine region must have influenced the adaptations of Alpine flowers.

Müller has also shown the wonderful modification brought about in the legs and mouth parts of bees by their efforts in fertilizing flowers.

Lubbock's charming little book on *British Wild Flowers considered in Relation to Insects* has just appeared. He says that while from time immemorial we have known that flowers are of great importance to insects, it is only comparatively late that we have realized how important insects are to flowers. "For it is not too much to say that if, on the one hand, flowers

are in many cases necessary to the existence of insects, insects, on the other hand, are still more indispensable to the very existence of flowers.... There has thus been an interaction of insects upon flowers and of flowers upon insects, resulting in the gradual modification of both."

In another place he adopts the startling and probably correct view that to bees and other insects "we owe the beauty of our gardens, the sweetness of our fields. To them flowers are indebted for their scent and color—nay, for their very existence, in its present form. Not only have the present shape and outlines, the brilliant colors, the sweet scent, and the honey of flowers been gradually developed through the unconscious selection exercised by insects, but the very arrangement of the colors, the circular bands and radiating lines, the form, size, and position of the petals, the relative situations of the stamens and pistil, are all arranged with reference to the visits of insects, and in such a manner as to insure the grand object which these visits are destined to effect."

Lubbock has also continued his observations on the intelligence of insects. He confirms his conclusions presented last year to the Linnæan Society that bees can distinguish colors. He then recounts some experiments on the sense of smell possessed by bees, on the power of recognizing their own companions, and on the different occupations of different bees, mentioning observations which seem to show that the bees act as nurses during the first few weeks of their life, and only subsequently take to collecting honey and pollen. He also records a number of experiments on ants, which certainly seemed to show that whatever may be the case with bees, ants do possess the power of communicating detailed facts to one another.

M. Dareste, in continuing his researches on double or twin monsters, says that after submitting nearly 8000 hens' eggs to the process of artificial incubation, he obtained nearly 4000 monstrosities, but of these only about thirty were double embryos or twin monstrosities. A similar result has been obtained in the case of osseous fishes.

Mr. Mivart has been studying the skeletons of the family of ostriches. He points out that the *Emeu* differs the least from the type of the family, while *Rhea* diverges most on the one side and *Apteryx* on the other, and the axial skeleton of *Dinornis* is intermediate between that of *Cassuarius* and *Apteryx*, with predominating affinities to the existing New Zealand form. A paper on North American mice (*Muridæ*) has been published by Dr. Coues.

A not uninteresting zoological fact is the discovery, on the Funk Islands, off the coast of Newfoundland, of bones of the great auk, a species which, although at one time extremely abundant on the northeastern coast of North America, has been extinct for many years. These specimens were found in a guano deposit, but unfortunately are not as well preserved as two skeletons obtained in the same locality a few years ago, one of which passed into the possession of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, and the other into that of the British Museum.

Even more than the usual progress has been made in the subject of *Fish-culture* since our last



reference to it, especially in the better appreciation of the method which is gradually developing itself of hatching the eggs of fish on a very large scale with a very small amount of water. For a number of years past it has been an established principle that it is improper to attempt the transfer of the eggs of fish from one point to another until the embryonic development of the fish has proceeded so far as to permit the eyes to be seen through the egg-shell as two dark specks. After this they can be packed in damp moss (especially eggs of trout and salmon), and kept out of running water, either in a hatching house or in transit, until the full period of development is complete, and the young fish bursts from its envelope. Should this happen while packed in moss or other material, the death of the fish would speedily follow; but if transferred to the water just previously, all the necessary requirements will be met. Indeed, the development would seem to be more certain and entire under the conditions referred to.

To retard the development of eggs, so as to secure their arrival at destination before hatching, it has been customary to keep the mass cool by the application of ice to the top of the box containing them, the melting ice trickling through the interior and maintaining a depression of temperature.

Until recently this method of manipulation has only been made use of for the special purpose of the transportation of eggs, but the idea of employing the principle for general hatching purposes has suggested itself both to Mr. N. W. Clarke, of Northville, Michigan, and to Mr. Seth Green, both of them well known and accomplished pisciculturists. A patent for the device was granted to Mr. Clarke in March, 1874. It is quite probable that in future the method of what may be called "moist development" of eggs will be very extensively employed, since the furnishing of a considerable supply of cold spring water will no longer be required. Indeed, ordinary hydrant water can be used, provided such a quantity of ice be employed as is requisite to keep the eggs at a proper temperature.

The arrangement indicated by Mr. Clarke consists in placing the eggs in layers in trays having either gauze bottoms or those of perforated metal, and arranging these one above the other in a box, perhaps with layers of moss or sponge between, care being taken that there be no undue pressure upon the trays or eggs. Melting ice kept in the top of the boxes, or a small quantity of cold water allowed to trickle from the top, after passing through the moss and over the eggs, drops off below. By varying the temperature the development can be accelerated or retarded, so that, should it be deemed expedient, the hatching of the eggs may be deferred for a month or more beyond the usual time. The practicability of such a retardation has been shown in the experiment of shipping salmon eggs to New Zealand, in which, by arranging the eggs as mentioned, in layers, with moss between, and placing boxes and masses of ice two feet thick alternately in a large ice chest, the whole containing from thirty to forty tons of ice, the eggs were transported successfully, a refrigeration being produced which continued while the ice remained unmelted; and in one instance, after a voyage of six months, the eggs were still

undeveloped and in good condition, hatching soon after being transferred to the hatching troughs in New Zealand.

A further experiment of this kind has just been made, in the shipment of 250,000 salmon eggs, together with a number of those of the trout and char, from Glasgow to New Zealand in the ship *Timaru*, which left the Clyde on the 14th of January last. A similar transmission has also been made to the Cape of Good Hope.

*Botany.*—A valuable paper on the distribution of ferns in North America has just been published by Mr. John H. Redfield in the Bulletin of the Torrey Botanical Club, in which the proportion of species peculiar to one or another part of North America, and those common to certain portions of North America and other parts of the world, are indicated. One important result is the confirmation of Professor Gray's generalization in regard to the close relationship of the plants of Western North America to those of Central and Eastern Asia, this being much more intimate than that which exists between the plants of Eastern North America and Western Europe.

Mrs. Mary Treat has published an account of her investigations upon the bladderwort, a species of the genus *Utricularia*, floating or submerged plants characterized by the attachment of little bladders along the stem, which at one time were believed to be floats to sustain the plant in the water. Mrs. Treat now considers them to be sacs for entrapping various forms of larvæ and other animal forms, digesting them, and converting them into food, as is now believed to be done by plants of the genus *Sarracenia*, *Nepenthes*, *Drosera*, etc.

Chicago has followed the lead of older cities in establishing a botanic garden, the Commissioners of Parks having granted sixty acres for the purpose, and placed the enterprise under competent scientific supervision. It is hoped that in time a large collection of living plants will be brought together, especially of those indigenous to North America. The Royal Gardens at Kew, near London, have been taken as a model for this establishment, and, as at Kew, a herbarium and specimens of the products of the vegetable kingdom will also be brought together.

In the field of *Engineering* the events of the past month are quite noteworthy as bearing an important relation to a number of prominent projects of internal improvement.

The Senate Committee on Transportation, which have been for some time considering the merits of the two rival schemes for opening the mouths of the Mississippi, viz., the Fort St. Philip ship-canal project and Captain Eads's plan for the building of jetties, it is understood, have finally decided in favor of the latter. This decision was doubtless influenced by the report of the board of engineers, appointed some time since to examine the subject, which was an almost unanimous indorsement and recommendation of the jetty system, based upon a careful observation of its operations in Europe, where it has been introduced at the mouths of nearly all the great rivers. Captain Eads has proposed to execute and guarantee the work for \$11,000,000.

Opposed to projects of this nature are the several schemes for hastening the completion of the several unfinished transcontinental railways, the advocates of which are likewise desirous of aid



from the Federal government. Thus far, however, no definite action has been taken by Congress.

Schemes for improving the facilities for water navigation appear just now to be in high favor. The so-called Cape Cod ship-canal, a project that has been mooted since the year 1862, is again on the tapis. The proposed canal is designed to cut the peninsula of Barnstable from the main-land of Massachusetts, and to establish a water communication across Cape Cod between Barnstable and Buzzard's bays. The completion of this work, it is claimed, would cut off a long stretch (about a hundred miles) of dangerous navigation on an exposed coast to vessels bound to or from Boston. The length of the proposed channel would be about eight miles.

Another mooted enterprise is the Maryland and Delaware ship-canal, which is designed to connect the waters of the Delaware and Chesapeake bays by utilizing the Sassafraz River. The length of the proposed cut is about seventeen miles, and it is claimed that an open route is practicable, without the use of locks, the waters of the two bays being at about the same level.

While upon this subject it is of interest to note the fact that the government appears to be still intent upon the solution of the problem of an interoceanic water-way across the isthmus that joins North and South America. Two surveying parties under government patronage are now *en route* to this field of action. One of them will survey a tract of land on the Isthmus of Darien, and the other a portion of the Isthmus of Panama. When these are completed, six surveys of the isthmus will have been made.

The Suez Canal Company is lengthening the western mole of Port Said, and clearing away the deposit which on that side of the entrance was fast encroaching upon the somewhat narrow channel leading into the port. It is intended to carry the breakwater on that side out into six fathoms of water. The entire work of improvement will not be completed for some years.

The rapid transit problem is just now attracting much attention in New York. The committee lately appointed by the American Society of Civil Engineers to examine and report upon the merits of this question have had no less than seventy plans presented to them, of which they pronounce all but six to be impracticable. Several meetings of citizens have lately been held for the furtherance of this object. One of the most complete of these projects is the so-called marginal railway upon each side of the city, which would facilitate the removal of freights as well as passengers. This plan appears to find many supporters, but it is objected to it that it is costly, and that it can not be realized until the stone docks, now in course of completion, are finished. A committee of the Civil Engineers' Society have submitted to the Mayor of the city a plan and report on this urgent subject, in which they favor the above-named rapid transit routes along the two rivers, either above or under ground, but consider that until it shall be found feasible to construct them the elevated railway along Greenwich Street and Ninth Avenue should be extended to Harlem, and furnished with a double track.

It will not be amiss to note also the recent establishment of another iron ship yard on the Delaware. The new enterprise is styled the

New York and Philadelphia Engineering and Iron Ship-building Works, and is located at Bordentown, twenty-seven miles above Philadelphia.

An important gathering of parties interested in the construction of a New England line to the coal-fields was lately held at Pine Bush, on the New Jersey Midland Railroad. The proposed new road is designed to connect Boston and New England with the coal-fields and the West, by way of Poughkeepsie. The result of the conference is understood to have been favorable to the enterprise, and it is anticipated that the construction of the necessary links between existing roads will be speedily taken in hand.

It is reported that work has already been inaugurated upon a new railway tunnel under the Hudson River, between New York and Jersey City. The vertical shaft has already reached a considerable depth, and is located near the river shore at the foot of Fifteenth Street, Jersey City, from which point the tunnel will extend across under the Hudson, to or near the foot of Canal Street, New York, and thence up Canal Street to a connection with the Broadway Under-ground Railway. The actual length of the tunnel will, according to the statements of the local press, not be less than 6000 feet. The tunneling work will be attempted upon a plan invented by Mr. D. C. Haskin, the distinguishing novelty of which resides in that, instead of using temporary facings of timber or other rigid material, an air pressure (which may be varied, according to the exigencies of the case, up to fifty pounds to the square inch) alone is relied upon to resist the caving in of the wall or the infiltration of water until the masonry wall is completed.

The statement is made that a contract has been effected to build a railroad on the Crew prismoidal one-track system, described some months since in these columns, from the dépôt in Austin, Texas, to some quarries near that city. In a similar connection we glean from foreign sources that a system of steam towage is about to be established on the Bourgogne Canal, in Belgium, over a distance of 150 miles. A single-rail system will be adopted, which possesses many peculiar features. The locomotives will weigh about four tons each, and are expected to draw boats laden with a cargo of 150 tons at the rate of not less than three miles per hour. The system is said to have already been satisfactorily experimented upon for short distances, and the inventor, M. Larmangat, has obtained a concession for its extended introduction for a period of years.

Another interesting trial of the Henderson hydraulic car brake was made a few days since on the Philadelphia and Westchester Railroad, with a special train carrying a large party of engineers and gentlemen prominent in railway matters. The results of the trial tests are said to have been quite satisfactory. The advocates of the hydraulic system for train brakes, it may be noted, claim decided advantages in point of simplicity and economy over the atmospheric systems which are now largely employed.

The railroad journals report the construction of twenty-one and a half miles of railroad for the month of January, 1875. From abroad we have, in connection with railway news, the in-



formation that the Shah of Persia has granted a railway concession to the Russian General Falkenhagen, notwithstanding his existing concession to the Baron Reuter. A protest has been lodged by the last-named gentleman at Teheran, which, it is stated, will be formally supported by the British minister to Persia, under instructions from his government.

The *Engineering and Mining Journal*, which appears to have been at much pains to obtain correct information, gives the following as the production of anthracite coal in 1874:

	Tons.
Total out-put of Wyoming region.....	10,204,764
“ “ Lehigh “ .....	4,712,280
“ “ Schuylkill “ .....	6,714,074
“ “ Sullivan “ .....	36,268
Total production of all the regions..	21,667,386

These figures show but a slight falling off from those of 1873, notwithstanding the great depression which prevailed during the year in the iron and manufacturing trades that usually consume so large a proportion of anthracite.

The following table, given on the authority of Mr. J. J. Valentine, general superintendent of Wells, Fargo, and Co., is a statement of the value of the precious metals produced in the States and Territories west of the Missouri River, including British Columbia, during the year 1874. The figures show an excess of \$2,142,362 over 1873:

States and Territories.	Value produced.
California .....	\$20,300,531
Nevada .....	35,452,233
Oregon .....	609,070
Washington .....	155,535
Idaho .....	1,880,004
Montana .....	3,439,498
Utah .....	5,911,278
Arizona .....	26,066
Colorado .....	4,191,405
Mexico .....	798,878
British Columbia.....	1,636,557
Grand total.....	\$74,401,055

The following current items in *Mechanics* and *Technology* are noteworthy:

The Messrs. Baird, of Gartsherrie, Scotland, have built a large establishment exclusively for

the manufacture of coal-cutting machinery. This phase of the coal question appears to be making slow but certain progress abroad.

The experimental trial at Sandy Hook of the altered piece of ordnance, to which subject we made reference in our last month's summary, appears to have terminated satisfactorily. A late message from the President to Congress makes the following allusion: "I herewith inclose copies of a report of the Chief of Ordnance and of a board of ordnance officers on the trial of an eight-inch rifled cannon converted from a ten-inch smooth-bore, which shows very conclusively an economical means of utilizing these useless pieces by making them into eight-inch rifles capable of piercing seven inches of iron. The 1294 ten-inch Rodman guns should, in my opinion, be so utilized."

The Edinson electro-motograph was lately explained and exhibited in operation at a meeting of the Society of Telegraphic Engineers in London, where it produced a marked sensation.

M. Gramme, in a communication to the French Academy, claims to have effected substantial improvements in the electric machines that bear his name, by the employment of the new thin plate magnets of M. Jamin. The new electro-galvanic machines have only one central ring instead of two, and two electro-magnets in place of four in the former machines. They weigh only 390 pounds instead of 1650 pounds.

The discovery of a great *bonanza*, or body of ore, of altogether unprecedented richness is just now the theme of all who are interested in *Mining*. The new developments were made on the famous Comstock lode, and have created a perfect furor in the San Francisco stock market.

Among the deaths of men of science, or of those interested in its advancement, since our last report are those of Professor Zetterstedt, of Sweden, an indefatigable entomologist; Mr. Francis Walker, of the British Museum; Mr. Henry Leste, Mr. H. J. Burkhart, and Mr. Johan H. Platt, known in geographical circles; and Mr. Israel S. Diehl and James S. Roome, in the United States.

## Editor's Historical Record.

### POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 23d of February. —The business actually accomplished by Congress during the month may be very briefly summarized. The Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation Bill, appropriating nearly \$19,000,000, was passed by the Senate January 18; also, the same day, the Fortification Bill, appropriating \$750,000, which is the smallest sum devoted to that purpose since the war. The House, February 9, passed the Indian Appropriation Bill, with the Choctaw claim stricken out. The Army Bill, appropriating \$27,000,000, was passed by the House February 19. On the 18th the House passed a bill for the improvement, by the jetty system, of the mouths of the Mississippi River. The Post-office Bill, appropriating \$37,524,361, was reported in the House February 10, an amendment thereto being unanimously adopted repealing the law of 1872 for

additional mail steam-ship service to China and Japan. The Portland, Dallas, and Salt Lake Railroad and Telegraph Bill was rejected by the Senate February 12. The River and Harbor Appropriation Bill was passed by the House February 22.

The new tax bill for the increase of revenues was reported to the House by the Committee of Ways and Means February 10. It proposes to tax all distilled spirits, on which the existing tax shall not be paid at the date of the passage of the bill, \$1 per gallon, whether in distilleries or bonded warehouses or not, and an additional tax of fifteen cents a gallon on all spirits in warehouses, etc., on which the existing tax shall be paid between now and the passage of this act. The tax on imported liquors is to be \$2 50 a gallon. The tax on tobacco is to be increased from twenty to twenty-four cents a pound. The ten per cent. horizontal reduction on manufactured goods is



to be repealed, and the stamp tax on lucifer-matches to be abolished.

No definite action has been taken by Congress in regard to Louisiana, except the tabling by the Senate, February 18, of Mr. Morton's resolution for the admission of Mr. Pinchback to the Senate. The President, February 8, sent a message to Congress relating to Arkansas, taking the ground that Mr. Brooks was lawfully elected Governor in 1872, and that the new constitution adopted in 1874 and the government established thereunder are illegal. The President asked for definite action by Congress "to relieve the Executive from acting upon questions which should be decided by the legislative branch of the government."

The Civil Rights Bill was passed by the House February 5, amended by the omission of that part of the bill which relates to schools.

The proposed reciprocity treaty with Canada was rejected by the Senate February 3.

The House, February 2, by a vote of 171 to 85, adopted the following new rule:

"Whenever a question is pending before the House the Speaker shall not entertain any motion of a dilatory character except one motion to adjourn and one motion to fix the day to which the House shall adjourn; but the previous question on the engrossment and the third reading of any bill or joint resolution shall not be ordered during the first day of its consideration unless two-thirds of the members present shall second the demand: provided, that this rule shall not apply to House resolutions offered in the morning hour of Monday: and provided further, that it shall not apply to any proposition to appropriate the money, the credit, or other property of the United States, except the regular annual appropriation bills."

The Senate, February 8, confirmed the nomination of John L. Roulst, of Illinois, for Governor of Colorado.

President Grant has issued a proclamation convening the Senate in extraordinary session on the 5th of March.

The following new Senators have been elected: I. P. Christiancy, from Michigan; General A. E. Burnside, from Rhode Island; ex-President Andrew Johnson, from Tennessee; Angus Cameron, from Wisconsin; S. J. R. M'Millen, from Minnesota.

The Connecticut Democratic State Convention, at Hartford, February 16, renominated the entire State ticket.

The public debt was increased \$1,397,870 during the month of January.

In the French Assembly considerable progress has been made in the debate on the constitutional project submitted by the Committee of Thirty, known as the Ventavon Bill. An amendment giving the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, power to dissolve the Chamber of Deputies was passed February 2. The next day the clauses making ministers responsible and declaring Versailles the seat of government were passed. The bill for the organization of the Senate came up February 11, and precipitated a crisis. An amendment providing that Senators should be chosen by the same electors as the Deputies in the Lower Chamber, *i. e.*, by universal suffrage, was adopted, 322 to 310. The next day the floor and galleries of the Assembly were crowded. General De Cisse ascended the tribune and declared the dissent of the government from the action of the Assembly on the previous day. A stormy debate followed.

An amendment was adopted providing that each department elect three Senators. This was incorporated with the amendment passed the day before, and the entire amendment was passed, 386 to 253. Finally, a motion to proceed to a third reading of the bill was rejected by a vote of 345 yeas to 357 nays. This was the end of the Senate Bill. The ministers resigned, and it was found impossible to form a new cabinet until definite action should be taken on the Ventavon Bill. The Committee of Thirty, February 22, reported on the new projects for the organization of the Senate. An amendment was adopted providing that the Senate consist of 300 members, of whom the departments and colonies should elect 225 and the Assembly 75.

King Alfonso of Spain is making a vigorous campaign against the Carlists.

The English Liberals on the 3d of February chose the Marquis of Hartington for their leader.—Parliament re-assembled on the 5th. The Queen, in her Speech, recommended the repeal of exceptional statutes in relation to the peace of Ireland, the enactment of laws for the transfer of land, and the reconstruction of the judiciary; also the passage of acts for the improvement of the dwellings of the working classes, for the consolidation of the sanitary laws, to prevent the pollution of rivers, and for the establishment of the office of Public Prosecutor.—Among the members returned to Parliament was John Mitchel, from Tipperary, Ireland. On Mr. Disraeli's motion he was refused admission.

The governments of the various states of the German Empire are investigating the causes of emigration. They will endeavor to remove them by facilitating the acquirement of small estates, and by opposing the action of emigration agents paid by the transatlantic governments.

#### DISASTERS.

*February 15.*—Extensive fire at Port-au-Prince, Hayti. Five hundred houses burned.

*February 19.*—Burning of a match factory in Gottenburg, Sweden. Fifty-one lives lost.

#### OBITUARY.

*January 25.*—In Fitchburg, Massachusetts, the Rev. George F. Trask, the well-known anti-tobacco apostle, aged seventy-eight years.

*February 4.*—In Norwich, Connecticut, William A. Buckingham, ex-Governor of Connecticut, and United States Senator from that State, aged seventy-one years.

*February 7.*—At Yonkers, New York, Joseph O. Eaton, a well-known portrait painter, aged forty-six years.—In Boston Harbor, Fort Independence, Brigadier-General William Hays, U.S.A.

*February 13.*—In Washington, D. C., Samuel Hooper, member of Congress from Massachusetts, in his sixty-seventh year.

*February 19.*—At New Brunswick, New Jersey, Rear-Admiral Charles H. Bell, U.S.N., aged seventy-seven years.

*January 12.*—Toung-tchi, Emperor of China, aged nineteen years.

*January 20.*—At Barbison, France, Jean François Millet, a celebrated painter, aged sixty years.

*January 24.*—In London, England, the Rev. Charles Kingsley, Canon of Westminster, in his fifty-sixth year.



## Editor's Drawer.

IT is believed that no man ever lived who had at his tongue's end a greater fund of vivacious anecdotes, or one who could apply them with greater effect, than President Lincoln. Whether these inimitably droll stories, which were redundant with racy humor and sparkling wit, were collected among the idiosyncratic characters with whom he was thrown in contact during his itinerant professional career in the West, or were the spontaneous conceptions of his own eminently prolific imagination, has been a mooted question. Many, however, for the reason that they never heard them before, have accepted the latter hypothesis.

Hundreds of instances might be adduced where appeals to Mr. Lincoln's executive clemency were favorably responded to during the rebellion, and the hearts of many poor widows and orphans were gladdened by the discharge from service of their sons, brothers, or fathers, whose presence at home the President had been induced to believe was absolutely necessary to save their families from extreme destitution and suffering; and these commiserating tendencies of his nature were affirmed by the fact of his reluctance, during the incipient stages of the war, to approve the sentences of courts-martial for the execution of deserters. His frequent visits to the hospitals, and the kind interest he invariably manifested in the comfort of the patients, exercised a most happy and cheering effect upon the drooping spirits of the sick and wounded. Indeed, it is but an act of justice to add that his active practical beneficence was every where felt and acknowledged throughout the army.

He probably never heard of many of the current tales the authorship of which has been attributed to him, but the incidents which follow are not fancy sketches; they are actual occurrences that have been vouched for to the writer by responsible men who witnessed them:

As the President was passing through the wards of a hospital near Washington upon one occasion he observed in one of the beds a young soldier whose pallid countenance and expressionless glassy eyes betokened great physical and mental prostration, and he inquired of the attending surgeon if there was any prospect of his ultimate recovery.

"Not the slightest," replied the doctor. "His vital powers are rapidly ebbing away, and will soon be exhausted."

"I am heartily sorry for the poor boy," said Mr. Lincoln, "and I should like to do something to make his last hours pass as comfortably as possible. Would there be any harm in my speaking to him?" added he. And upon being assured there would not, he sat down by the bedside, and taking the young man's hand, in the kindest possible tone of voice said, "My young friend, I am the President of the United States, and am informed by the doctor that you can not possibly live but a short time. Now if there is any request you would like to make in regard to your family, it will afford me very great satisfaction to comply with it."

The youth turned his dim eyes toward the President, but made no response until the question was repeated, when, with great effort, he

succeeded in giving articulation to his thanks, and expressed an earnest desire to see his aged grandmother, who, he said, was then living in Bangor, Maine.

The President, after assuring him that every effort should be made to gratify his wishes, bade him a kind adieu, and calling the medical officer aside, asked if there was any prospect of the young man's surviving until the old lady could be telegraphed to and come to Washington, and he seemed a good deal perplexed on being told there was no hope of this; but after a moment's reflection, he said the only expedient that occurred to him under the circumstances was the exercise of a little of that harmless strategy which was always allowable in war times; that if he could only find some old woman who would consent to personate the grandmother, the boy was in such a state of lethargy that he would not probably detect the deception, and would die with the consoling belief that he had received the parting benediction of his aged relative.

"That would certainly be a perfectly justifiable device," replied the surgeon; "but where will you find the elderly female to enact the part of the grandmother?"

"Let me see," soliloquized Mr. Lincoln, holding up his left hand while he enumerated with the index finger of the right hand: "there is old Mrs. B——r, old Mrs. S——k, and old Mrs. M——s; they are all most benevolent ladies, but I am apprehensive they could not be prevailed upon to undertake any thing which involved the faintest shadow of deception. No, no," continued he, "there is no hope from that direction; but if I could only induce my venerable friend Gideon Welles to personate the old lady, in suitable costume, the object would be attained, and nobody harmed."

"But," remarked the doctor, "Mr. Welles's long white beard would at once expose the artifice."

"That can all be obviated by his wearing a night-cap, tied down so as to cover up the beard," said the President. Accordingly he sat down at once and addressed a note to the Secretary of the Navy, begging him, as a special favor, to comply with the request at as early a moment as practicable, as the boy's hours were numbered.

Now it so happened when the Secretary received this communication he was busily engaged in official transactions, which, in his opinion, were of so much consequence that they could not be postponed for any thing else, and he replied that he entertained a high appreciation of the honor conferred upon him by the President's selecting him to perform the chief rôle in the sad little drama indicated, but unfortunately he was at that very moment deeply absorbed in the solution of the difficult problem as to whether Noah's ark or the new model gunboat was best adapted to the purposes of modern warfare.

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THE sympathetic instincts of Mr. Lincoln's nature were so predominating that it was difficult for him to refuse a plausible petition from any one who appealed to his commiseration; and when he found himself obliged to reject a re-



quest, he almost invariably adduced a parallel of such laughable character from some event within his own diversified experience that it seldom failed to put the applicant in good humor, so that very few ever left him with displeasure.

One day during the war a clerk from the Adjutant-General's Office, whose name was *not* Smith (but as this will serve our purposes as well as any other, we will so designate him), called at the White House, and having been admitted to Mr. Lincoln's presence, stated to him that he had for a good while been discharging the duties devolving upon his clerical position, and he flattered himself that the knowledge he had thereby attained qualified him for the performance of the higher functions of an Assistant Adjutant-General, which office he most respectfully but urgently solicited.

The President replied, "I have no doubt, Mr. Smith, that you are all you represent yourself to be, although some people might think other qualifications besides that of being a good clerk are requisite to make an Assistant Adjutant-General. Do you know whether there are any vacancies in the Adjutant-General's Office at this time?" added he.

"There are none," replied he; "but it has occurred to me that I might be appointed, and assigned to the staff of some general officer commanding a corps, division, or brigade."

"Exactly," said Mr. Lincoln; "but has any corps, division, or brigade commander applied for you on his staff?"

"Not that I am aware of," was the answer.

"Well, Sir, do you know of any general officer who wants you upon his staff?" asked the President.

"I can not say that I do at this time, Sir," replied he.

"Then," said Mr. Lincoln, "it seems to me that you might just as well ask me to marry you to a woman who didn't want you as to expect me to send you to a general who didn't want a clerk promoted from the Adjutant-General's Office; and if I were to force any general to take you against his wishes, I reckon he would have as good cause to apply for a divorce as the woman would have who didn't want a husband: so that it looks to me, Smith, as if you had better remain where you are in the Adjutant-General's Office until somebody wants you elsewhere."

ANOTHER war incident illustrative of President Lincoln's colloquial idiosyncrasies:

It will be remembered that while General Grant was investing Petersburg the President paid a visit to City Point for the purpose of witnessing the progress of military operations in that quarter. It will also be remembered that at this eventful juncture the public was with breathless anxiety watching every proceeding which had the least bearing upon the issue of the siege.

Shortly after Mr. Lincoln's arrival at City Point, while he was engaged in conversation with a group of officers around him, a distant musket-shot was heard from the direction of General Parke's corps, which then occupied the right of our lines, about two miles from City Point. Soon after this the report of another shot came, then followed several others in rapid succession, and directly afterward volleys were fired, interspersed with occasional discharges of cannon, all from nearly

the same direction (Parke's position). The President for a few minutes manifested considerable anxiety, remarking that he could not understand why Parke had not, as he promised, informed him if any thing of importance occurred in his vicinity.

The officers could not account for the firing, as they felt quite confident no considerable force of the enemy could have made its appearance near General Parke's corps.

In a short time, however, the firing ceased, and the President, feeling no farther apprehension of danger, went to bed.

Early on the following morning my informant, Colonel P——e, accompanied by General N——s, rode over to Parke's head-quarters to ascertain the cause of the firing, when they learned that it was occasioned by a careless recruit, who, about dusk, accidentally discharged his musket near one flank of the line, which was soon responded to by an equally verdant tyro at some other point, and this was immediately followed by other pattering shots along the entire line, so that in a few minutes quite an imaginary battle was inaugurated, and in the darkness which soon obscured every thing, the troops, verily believing the enemy was in front of them, fired volleys of musketry, with now and then a salvo of artillery; but fortunately nobody was hurt, and the disturbance was soon quelled.

Charged with these facts, the officers returned to City Point and reported them to Mr. Lincoln, who had just seated himself at the breakfast-table. Whereupon he turned around with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, and smilingly observed that this affair reminded him of an occurrence which once took place in Springfield, Illinois.

It happened upon one 3d of July night, after quite a number of people from the surrounding country had assembled in town in anticipation of participating in the celebration of the anniversary of our national independence, and after nearly every body had gone to sleep, with the exception of a few frolicsome young fellows who had been prowling about town until after midnight, and had pretty well exhausted their ingenuity in devising new pranks for fun and mischief, when one of them proposed to bet drinks for the party that he would within five minutes' time make every cock in the whole town crow. The wager was promptly accepted, and the young fellow, who by constant practice had reached perfection in imitating the crowing of a chicken-cock, leaped upon a fence, and slapping his thighs with his open hands, elevated his mouth, and gave forth a vociferous "cock-a-doodle-do-o-o-o," which, in the stillness of the calm night, reverberated like a clarion throughout every nook and corner of the town; but this did not elicit a response, until he made another still more powerful effort, equal in pitch and volume to that of any prond chanticleer that ever greeted the break of day, when a solitary reply issued from a chicken-roost in a remote suburb, which was soon taken up by others in different directions, and within the brief period specified in the wager probably every cock in town had repeated the call. But the strangest part of the whole affair was that the sell was not confined to the chickens, for as soon as the crowing commenced all the boys in the place, who very likely slept with



one eye open upon that special occasion, and verily believing the joyful Fourth of July had dawned, leaped out of bed, jumped into their clothes, and rushed pell-mell to the streets, and within less time than it has taken to relate it, fire-crackers, pistols, and guns were being discharged from every direction. "But," added the facetious narrator, "nobody was hurt any more than when Parke's roosters prematurely crowed last evening."

A LADY'S-MAID visiting with her mistress at the residence of a celebrated surgeon, then deceased, noticed the classic invitation "Salve" upon the hall floor, and in the parlor a picture of Cleopatra applying the asp to her beautiful bosom. Whereupon, with that quick but not always correct woman's intuition about which we hear so much nowadays, she confidently but in all innocence inquired, "Dr. — was a physician, was he not? I felt sure he was when I saw *salve* on the entry floor, and then that poor thing in the parlor, with her broken breast and the leech in her hand. I knew he must have been a doctor."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: Bridget, standing on top of a high step-ladder, dusting the chandelier; Dinah, at a side table, wiping a Parian statuette of Ariadne riding on the leopard—the figure being, of course, in the garb of Eden before the fall; and their mistress.

DINAH (*simply, to her mistress*). "Miss Maria, is dis yere de Virgin Mary?"

BRIDGET (*aghast, and nearly losing her balance*). "May the howly powers presarve us! did I iver hear the likes of that! D'ye suppose the Blissed Vargin would go ridin' round the airth on a baste, an' *dressed* like that crayture?"

A CELEBRATED surgeon used to tell a story, which many who were so happy as to be admitted to his intimacy will at once recognize as his, though we *have* heard it told as original by other lips. A Portuguese, whose English words were as rare as they were imperfect, was brought one day to the hospital afflicted apparently with total paralysis of both legs. It was decided to try the moxa, a little pastil, which is in such cases placed upon the course of the spine, and, being lighted, burns down to and into the flesh. The patient was partly undressed, laid upon the table, and the moxa applied to his back. No suspicion of his shamming was entertained by the doctors, and the man seemed helpless from the waist down. But so unexpectedly efficacious was the remedy that no sooner did the fire reach the flesh than the patient, finding at the same moment both tongue and limbs, declined their further attentions with the cry, "No, thankee; moch obleeg'"; sprang to the floor, and seizing his coat, made for the door, and then the street, and was last seen or heard from making quick time round the next corner, and repeating his polite farewell, "No, thankee; moch obleeg'; moch obleeg'; no, thankee!"

THERE has been lately published in London a volume entitled *Songs of Singularity*, by the "London Hermit," which remind one of *Bon Gaultier* and of the *Bab Ballads*, though less scholarly than the one, and less magnificently

ridiculous than the other. We are touched by the joy of the gentleman who

Stood on his head on the lone sea-shore,  
And joy was the cause of the act,  
For he felt as he never had felt before—  
Insanely glad, in fact.

And why? In that vessel that left the bay  
His mother-in-law had sailed  
To a tropic country far away,  
Where tigers and snakes prevailed.

Also we admire the logic of the "Wild Warrior," who bids his followers

Quick! mount the wall! The ladder is red-hot,  
The Hope's Forlorn;  
But you may just as well be killed as not,  
Now that you *have* been born.

Nor are we sorry to hear, in familiar numbers, that

There was an old priest of Pern,  
Who dreamed he converted a Jew;  
He woke in the night  
In a deuce of a fright,  
And found it was perfectly true.

This being the best that Britain can do, we present the following American effort, describing the mode of administering justice in Cincinnati:

Judge Marchant tilted his arm-chair back,  
And rested his hoofs on the pencil rack;  
Worse than a gin-mill the court-room smelt,  
And oh! how wretched his Honor felt!  
For it grieved his nature to be severe,  
And he socked on the fines with many a tear.

WHEN the eminent British publicist, Professor Bonamy Price, shed his rays upon this people, he was dined and wine by persons of position in several of our cities. At Washington a particularly bright entertainment was given, at which he requested the ladies and gentlemen at the table to give him on the back of their cards, as a souvenir to take back to England, a single line giving the idea of each about heaven. Rather a copious subject for concise treatment! nevertheless, the request was complied with. One of these was by the witty Secretary of the Navy, who thus expressed his "idea:" *Heaven—A place to be entered without money and without Price.*

How touching is this, from a city friend, who tells us of a poor woman who went to her minister asking him to come and perform the funeral service of her fourth husband, he having officiated for the three who had previously disappeared from the public view.

"Why, Bridget, how is this?" asked the reverend gentleman.

"Ah, it's mighty bad," she replied. "There was never a poor woman worn down with such a lot of dying men as I've been."

It was rather rough.

A PUBLIC functionary in Philadelphia sends us this:

During the month of July, 1874, I was sent to the marble quarries in Lee, Massachusetts, to gain what information I could in regard to their capacity, and to the facilities which their owner had for fulfilling his contract to supply the marble necessary in the erection of the new public buildings in this city. Arriving there, I, with note-book in hand, wandered through



the quarries, picking up from conversations with the workmen what scraps they were enabled to give me in regard to the amount of stone they could quarry in a day. In one of these places were five channeling machines, and I thought it would be interesting as well as important to find out the amount of work which one of these powerful little engines could do in a stated time. With this end in view I approached one of these machines, which was not working, and asked a man who was busily engaged in oiling its working parts,

"Can you tell me, Sir, how much stone you can drill or cut in a day with this machine?"

The man suspended his work for a moment, and then simply said, "How?"

"Can you tell me how much stone you can cut in a day with this machine?"

"No," without ceasing for an instant in his oiling operations.

"No? Are not you the engineer of this channeler?"

"Yes."

"How long have you been the engineer?"

"Six weeks, more or less," was the reply.

"Well, may I ask you how much work you average per day with it?"

"Yes," came the response.

I waited a few moments, but as the man paid no further attention to me, I very meekly and humbly said, "I believe you said you were the engineer?"

"Yes."

"Well, don't you know how much work this machine did yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Have you any objection to tell me the amount of that work?"

"No."

Again I waited a few moments—perhaps a full minute—and then, somewhat put out with the non-committal nature of the man, I repeated the question, "You say you know how much work this machine did yesterday?"

"Yes."

"And you say you have no objections to tell me?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, how much work was done?"

"No work at all. This machine ain't been running since Saturday;" and the man rubbed a little harder.

I felt disgusted and left, and to this moment I can not help but regard that engineer otherwise than with the love for our neighbor which the Bible enjoins upon us.

THUS saith the great Leibnitz: "As I have said more than once, men never appear more ingenious than in games and amusements, and philosophers should take advantage of them in perfecting the art of arts, which is the art of thinking."

THE exhaustive treatise on the fluctuating pastime of draw poker, recently given to gratified subjects of the British monarchy and American citizens by a distinguished Federal diplomatist, has moved a member of the House of Representatives at Washington to send this to the Drawer:

The President of Texas, Jones, was playing

"draw" with Henderson, an eminent Texan. Jones lost several thousands. On settling, this colloquy occurred:

"Jones, you owe me several thousands."

"But," said Jones, "I can't afford to owe you any thing."

"But, Jones, you do owe me."

"Can't afford to."

"Jones, how much *can* you owe?"

"Nothing," said Jones.

"Well, then, *how much can you afford to win?*"

They ceased to colloquie.

It comes to us that a Sunday-school teacher of this city, having taken much trouble to explain to her class the parable of the wise and foolish virgins, thought on the following Sabbath she would see if they remembered her instruction. Telling them to stand up (they were all under ten years of age), she said, "Now, girls, what did I tell you about last Sunday?"

A perfectly blank look on the faces of all—one had remembered—till a pair of bright black eyes sparkling with delight, and a little hand raised to attract the teacher's attention, caused the teacher to ask, "Well, Louise, what was it about?"

The answer was, "Why, about them women that forgot their kerosene."

She had seized the obvious idea, though Scripturally the answer was a little off color.

AN officer of one of the great illuminating companies of this city writes that "the following is a literal copy of an inscription on a tombstone in the cathedral yard at Glasgow, Scotland. The capitals are as written, and there is not a comma or period on the stone:"

#### Here lies the Corps of

ROBERT BUNTON JOHN HART ROBERT SCOTT  
MATTHEW PAYTON JOHN RICHMOND JAMES JOHNSTON  
ARCHIBALD STEWART JAMES WINUNG JOHN MAIN

who suffer'd at the Cross of Glasgow for their Testimony to the Covenant and Work of Reformation because they durst not own the authority of the then Tyrants destroying the same betwixt 1666 and 1686

Years sixty six and eighty four  
Did send their souls home into gloire  
Whose bodies here interred ly  
Then sacrificed to tyranny  
To Covenants and Reformation  
Cause they adhered in their station  
These nine with others in this yard  
Whose heads and bodies were not spar'd  
Their testimonies foes to bury  
Caus'd beat the drums then in great fury  
They'll know at resurrection day  
To murder saints was no sweet play

ONE of the wittiest men of his time was Richard Harris Barham, author of *The Ingoldsby Legends* and many other productions witty and wise. From the many anecdotes published in the two volumes of his *Life and Letters* we quote the following:

Dined at the Adolphuses'. Met there a Mr. or Dr. Vicessimus Knox, who talked away famously and was very funny. Told us a story of a Mr. —, and how he thought the word "clause" of an act of Parliament was the plural number, and asked him, the said Vicessimus, which *claw* of the act he was speaking of.

Chief Justice Bushe was dining with the late Duke of Richmond, when Lord-Lieutenant of



Ireland, at Sir Wheeler Cuff's. On their entertainer getting drunk and falling from his chair, the duke good-naturedly endeavored to lift him up, when Bushe exclaimed, "How, your grace! you, an Orangeman and a Protestant, assist in elevating the host!"

Sergeant Murphy, observing part of the bench (including Sir C. Williams) leaving the court early, while two only remained to finish the causes, said, loud enough to be heard by all present, "As a papist, I am not, of course, permitted to know much of Scripture, or I should say there is on one side Exodus and on the other Judges."

When a certain Mr. —, of the Temple, was expelled from that society by the benchers for conduct unbecoming a gentleman, Thesiger, who is a very kind-hearted man, was much affected by the situation of his wife and children, who would necessarily be ruined by the decision, and burst into tears.

"Well," said he afterward to Rose, who was then Judge of the Court of Review, "I should never do for a criminal judge, and after the way in which I have exposed my weakness to-day, you will agree with me."

"Why, yes," said Rose, "I think you would make an indifferent judge; but then, you know, you would make an uncommonly good crier."

Sydney Smith, speaking of his being sham-pooed at Mahomet's Baths at Brighton, said they "squeezed enough out of him to make a lean curate."

IN Haverhill, Massachusetts, they have a Reform Club, composed of over twelve hundred members. At their weekly public meetings an hour or so is passed in recitations, singing, etc., the newly made members frequently relating their experience when habituated to the cup. At a recent meeting a certain citizen signed the pledge, and on doing so took occasion to remark, in the most frank and gallant style, that he had "never tasted a drop of liquor *until he came to Haverhill and got married.*" Which of these two accidents set him to tippling he didn't mention. But he had reformed.

PERHAPS some of our modern temperance reformers may be able to recognize their own familiar portraiture in the following:

A talented gentleman in Massachusetts was given to strong drink, but was induced to sign the pledge with several others. Shortly after, he had occasion to go to Providence, where almost the first thing he did was to get drunk. The news of this reached home before he did, and on his arrival he was called to account as follows:

"Mr. —, we understand that you have violated the regulations of our order."

"You are wrong; I have not."

"We are informed that you were intoxicated in Providence."

"Quite true; I was; but I don't belong to any temperance society in Rhode Island. It's in Massachusetts."

SILAS is a character that ought not to go down to oblivion before having a place in the Drawer. Among other prominent traits he had a fondness for fox-hunting. On the day of his mother's funeral he felt a strong inclination to be away on

the chase. A light snow had fallen, and all things were so inviting that he could not resist the temptation to go. Going down to his store with his dog, he got out his gun and snow-shoes preparatory to starting. His brother looked up in surprise, and said:

"Why, Sile, you're not going fox-hunting to-day, are you? Ain't you going to the funeral?"

"Wa'al, I want to notify yer," was the reply, "that I ain't goin' to lose a good track for any one funeral."

THE following free translations of epigrams from the Greek are quite pleasant enough and pithy enough for place in the Drawer:

#### THE NEGRO.

(From the Greek of Lucian.)

Forbear! 'tis useless trying  
To wash a negro white;  
You can not bring the sunrise  
By shouting for the light.

#### GOLD AND CLAY.

(Imitated from the Greek of Diodorus Zonas.)

I'll drink not from goblets of gold:  
No; give me a cup made of clay:  
Clay bore me, and soon in the mould  
I shall slumber for aye.

#### THE PHYSICIAN.

(From the Greek of Niarchus.)

No; Pheidon never physicked me,  
Was never near my side;  
But when fever came I thought of his name  
And that was enough—I died.

#### ON AN OLD MAN.

(From the Greek: author unknown.)

I, Dionysius, underneath this tomb,  
Some sixty years of age, have reached my doom,  
Ne'er having married: think'st it sad?  
I wish my father never had.

#### BEARDS.

(From the Greek of Ammiamus.)

Clip your beard, my dear fellow; it's getting too long,  
And the people all stare as you pass through the throng.  
You think it shows wisdom, and looks very grand,  
But it only breeds—what's their names?—you understand.

#### USELESS TROUBLE.

(From the Greek of Palladas.)

Ah, yes; I came naked from earth;  
Then why should I labor in vain,  
Since, whether life passes in plenty or dearth,  
I must go to it naked again?

#### DEATH MAKES ALL EQUAL.

(From the Greek: author unknown.)

This man when alive was a slave, but, behold! such is fate—  
Having died, he is equal in power to Darius the Great.

IN one of the volumes of the "Bric-à-Brac Series," so deftly edited by Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, is the following amusing account of a surgeon's visit to an invalid, the former being one of the most unmitigated of chatter-boxes. Entering the apartment of the invalid, he commences:

"Well, Sir, how are we to-day—better, eh? Well, Sir, go on with the iodine. Does it act?"

"Why, that is what I wanted to ask; how do you mean it to act—as a sudorific?"

"Diaphoretic we say, not but sudorific will do;



it comes from *sudo*, but we seldom now say sudorific. But, Sir, the iodine, does it act?"

"That is what I want to know; how do you mean it to act—on the throat or—"

"Act? iodine? on the throat? why, the throat, Sir, is very singularly constructed—very singularly; it's beautiful, the mechanism of the throat. If it gets out of order—now yours, Sir, is out of order, and we have been giving you iodine; for Mr. — agrees with me that iodine is an excellent medicine, and what I want to know is, does it begin to produce any effect?"

"Why, that is what I want to know, and therefore I ask what effect is it intended to produce. Is it to act on—"

"What effect? My dear Sir, there are few medicines now in better repute than iodine; we give it in many cases—dropsy, sometimes—not that yours is dropsy; you have nothing dropsical about you; your complaint is an affection of the throat, and we have been giving iodine in your case; you have had it now three days—twice a day. Do you take it regularly twice a day?"

"I take what you send me twice a day, and you tell me it is iodine, but—"

"And does it begin to produce its effect? does it act?"

"Why, that's what I'm asking you. Now is it intended to act as a sedative or—"

"A sedative? what, is your cough more troublesome? We give sedatives sometimes for troublesome coughs, and then in nervous complaints, but then congestion is a thing to be avoided—not that I see any symptoms of congestion in your case; yours is an affection of the throat, and so we give you iodine, and as we are a little particular in proportioning our doses, I want to ascertain whether what you have been taking acts."

And so on. We have all seen him—the man of small calibre but immense bore.

AND this:

*Diary: May, 1843.*—Dinner of the Sons of the Clergy at Merchant Tailors' Hall. Archbishop Howley, a nervous man, by a curious *lapsus linguæ*, gave as a toast, instead of "Prosperity to the Merchant Tailors' Company," "Prosperity to the Merchant Company's Tailor."

THE following is an extract from a letter from Archbishop Whately to Dr. Taylor: "O'Connell has spoiled the dog! The story is of a traveler who, finding himself and his dog in a wild country and destitute of provisions, cut off his dog's tail and boiled it for *his own* supper, giving the 'dog the bone.'"

IN a recent number of Edmund Yates's saucy London paper, *The World*, are these anecdotes of the Rothschild family:

Of the sons of the Frankfort banker, James, who resided in Paris, was the most distinguished. *Bête comme un millionnaire* lost its point as long as he lived, for he was as witty as he was rich. When, in 1848, a deputation of Communists waited upon him and invited him to divide his wealth equally with all mankind, after making some rapid calculations upon a piece of paper, he handed to each member a sou, and then proved to them that this was their exact share. When some one told him that Mirés was to be made a

baron, "Non, non," he said; "dans la haute finance on fait des barons, dans l'industrie des chevaliers." The jovial old cynic roamed over Europe, closeted one moment with a minister and chaffing the next moment with an actress, equal to either occasion.

We remember seeing him one day approach the gambling tables at Homburg. There was a pause, and all waited to see what the great baron would stake. Solemnly and slowly he drew a five-franc piece from his pocket and placed it on the red. When black appeared, and it was swept away, he turned to leave the table. "What!" cried some by-stander, "only five francs?" "Chacun joue selon ses moyens," he replied; and with this reproof to the impecunious herd, who were staking their year's incomes, he went off to his dinner. On his death-bed, when his physicians announced that there was no hope, he is reported to have turned to his secretary and to have said, "Sell Lombards: there will be a fall when I die;" but this story is perhaps only *ben trovato*. Cynic, however, as he was, he gave plentifully to the poor. His wife was the most charitable woman in Paris, and he lavishly furnished her with the means to succor all the distressed who applied to her for assistance, to found schools, and to establish hospitals.

THE art of advertising seems to be as well understood in Spain as in the United States. The following notice in a Spanish paper shows how neatly and tenderly mourning and money-getting may be mingled:

This morning our Saviour summoned away the jeweler Siebald Illmaga from his shop to another and a better world. The undersigned, his widow, will weep upon his tomb, as will also his two daughters, Hilda and Emma, the former of whom is married, and the latter is open to an offer. The funeral will take place to-morrow. His disconsolate widow,

VERONIQUE ILLMAGA.

P.S.—This bereavement will not interrupt our employment, which will be carried on as usual, only our place of business will be removed from No. 3 Tessie de Teinturiers to No. 4 Rue de Missionnaire, as our grasping landlord has raised our rent.

THERE are a great many Edwards, large and small, whose personal experience is dittoed by that of little Eddie R—, of Albion, New York, of whom the following is sent to the Drawer:

He had lately attended a circus for the first time, and on the Sunday following was taken by his grandmother to church. Eddie gazed around in some wonderment for a few moments. When the organist began to play, he turned to his grandmother and said, in a whisper,

"Grandma, will there be a circus, so I can see the lion?"

"Why, no, Eddie, this is church."

"Well," replied the little man, "it's circus music any way."

Doubtless. There's a good deal of it in the sanctuary.

#### TO CONCLUDE.

THERE adern owh asrea chedt heend  
Oft hissm albo okofwi tt icis ms;  
Initth ere 'snot hin gtooff end,  
No rtode ser vehars heriti ci sms.  
Ther e'slaug hteri n't—  
Th ere 'sw isdo min't:  
Wi thtri flesl igh tasair  
Thebo oki sfl led;  
An dhew ho 'sw il led  
Ma yfre elyh aveas h are.



# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCC.—MAY, 1875.—VOL. L.

## THE CONCORD FIGHT.

By FREDERIC HUDSON.

"The first shot that is fired in America separates the two countries."—LORD CHATHAM.



THE MINUTE-MAN.

I.

ONE hundred years ago, on the 19th of April, a handful of the yeomanry of Massachusetts, hastily gathered together, met a regiment of British regular troops in Concord, fired upon them, put them to flight, and drove them to their intrenchments at Boston. It was the opening event of the

Revolutionary war, and may be ranked in history as one of the decisive conflicts of the world.

Half a century after this bold and gallant affair, in 1825, the corner-stone of a monument was laid in the centre of the village to commemorate the incident, and Edward Everett, in the freshness of his eloquence, delivered one of his splendid orations, which thrilled the heart of every patriot. On the expiration of the next decade, in 1836, a plain monument, with an inscription not to be surpassed in brevity and beauty, was erected on the west bank of the Concord River, at the historic spot where the old North Bridge crossed, where was

"Fired the shot heard round the world."

This is the inscription on the simple shaft standing over the spot where the first British blood was shed in the cause of freedom on this continent:

Here,  
on the 19th of April, 1775,  
was made  
the first forcible resistance  
to British aggression.  
On the opposite bank  
stood the American Militia.  
Here stood the Invading Army;  
and on this spot  
the first of the Enemy fell  
in the war of that Revolution  
which gave  
INDEPENDENCE  
to these United States.

In gratitude to God  
and  
in the love of Freedom  
this Monument  
was erected  
A.D. 1836.

On the inauguration of this modest monument the surviving children and grandchildren of the brave farmers who periled their lives on that memorable morning of '75 gathered around this memorial of the deeds of their ancestors, and united their sweet and grateful voices in singing the following beautiful hymn:



On this green bank, by this soft stream,  
 We set today a votive stone;  
 That memory may their deed redeem  
 When, like our fires, our sons are gone  
 Spirit that made those heroes dare  
 To die, and leave their children free,  
 Bid Time and Nature gently spare  
 The shaft we raise to them and Thee.  
 By the rude bridge that arch'd the flood,  
 Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
 Here, once the embattled farmers stood,  
 And fired the shot heard round the world.  
 The foe long since in silence slept;  
 Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;  
 And Time the ruined bridge has swept  
 Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On the 19th of April, a century after the event thus immortalized by Ralph Waldo Emerson in this epic song, the descendants of those "embattled farmers" meet again, not only around the "votive stone," but around a representative figure of one of the gallant minute-men who stood by that rude bridge, and fired the shot which opened the Revolutionary war, separated the American colonies from the mother country, and gave a free and independent nation to the world.

## II.

Such is an epitome of the Concord fight and its consequences. But what led to the collision in that town? What were the details of that remarkable conflict?

## III.

All the world is familiar with the causes which brought on the struggle for inde-

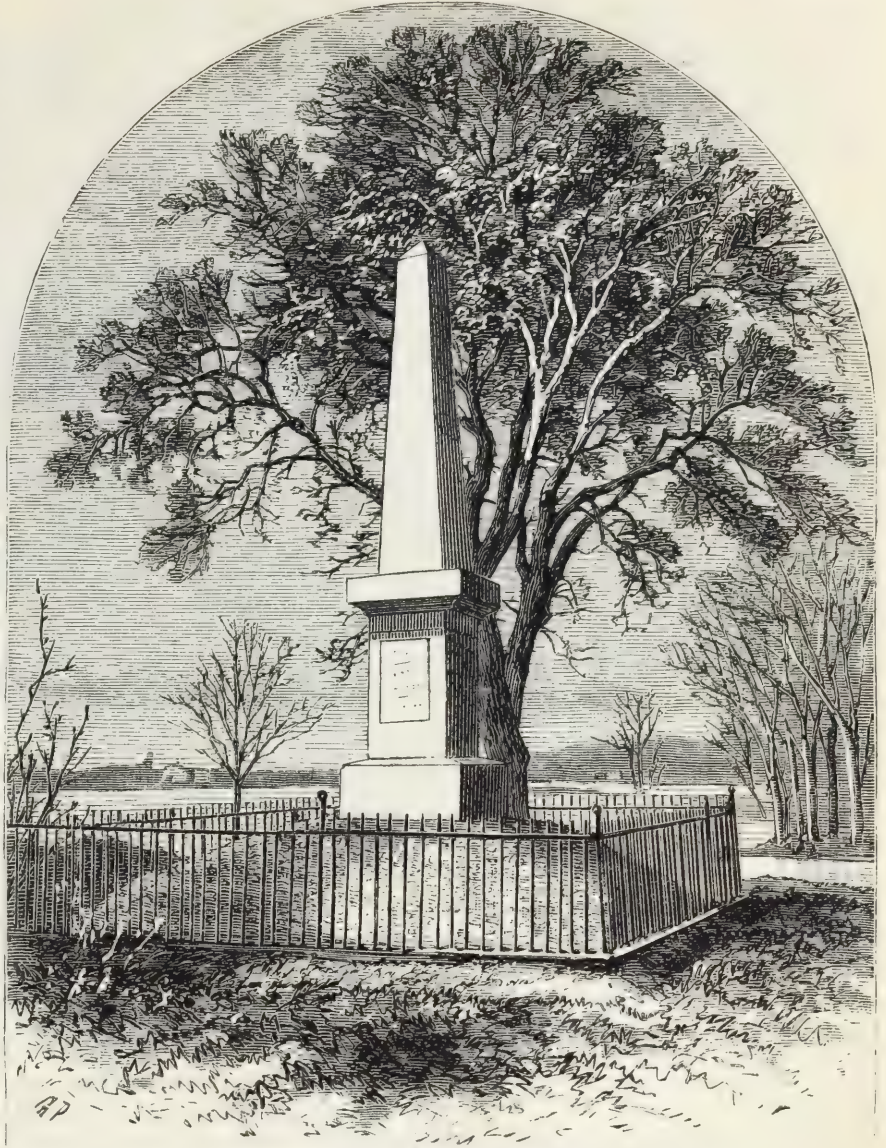
pendence in America. We all know the spirit which animated the people from the seizure of Sir Edmund Andros in Boston, in 1688, to the destruction of the tea in the harbor of that patriotic town in 1774. No one is ignorant of the efforts of Samuel Adams, Joseph Warren, Patrick Henry, Charles Carroll, Alexander Hamilton, Paul Revere, and others, as Sons of Liberty, in clubs, in pamphlets, in newspapers, in pulpits, in the streets, and in coffee-houses, to guide and prepare the people for the impending crisis. All the facts, from the beginning to the end, are fully and graphically detailed in school-books, as well as in more pretentious history. But the immediate cause of the march of the British troops from Boston to Concord, and the particulars of their reception on the route and in that old town, seem to be necessary to enable the reader to comprehend the significance of the movement.



## IV.

After a century of annoyances and oppressions heaped upon the colonists by the mother country, the former were finally aroused to the determination to vindicate their rights. One of the steps taken for this purpose was the meeting of a Continental Congress in Philadelphia in September, 1774, where all distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers, and New Englanders were no more. "I am not a Virginian," exclaimed Patrick Henry, "but an American!" Another step was the assemblage in Concord, in October of the same year, of a Provincial Congress to provide ways and means to resist the tyranny of Parliament, and, with this holy object in view, the purchase of munitions of war was ordered and military organizations encouraged. So, with the spirit of union manifested in the Continental Congress and the practical measures of the Provincial Congress, the colonists prepared for a contest with one of the greatest military and naval powers of the world.

Massachusetts was to receive the first shock of the conflict. Additional troops from England had arrived in Boston, to garrison that town and overawe its inhabitants and those of the surrounding country. There were in that town, early in 1775, ten regiments of the flower of the British army, under the command of Major-General Thomas Gage, and this force was deemed sufficient by Parliament to subdue any rebellious spirit that might show itself in the thirteen colonies. It was believed, indeed, that the moral effect of such a force would be sufficient, and that there would be no further opposition. But the colonists were not to be intimidated. They made their preparations in spite of the threats of the mother country. Military stores were industriously collected, militia companies and minute-men



OLD MONUMENT, LEE'S HILL IN THE BACKGROUND.

were formed and hastily organized into regiments, and the inhabitants of the towns encompassing Boston were constantly on the watch for any movement of the British troops. Minute-men were always on the alert, each with gun and powder-horn, at home, with the plow in the field, at church, or at town-meeting.

Of the few places selected by the Provincial Congress as *dépôts* of military stores, Concord was one. It was a shire town, and its inhabitants were patriotically alive to the vital interests of the country. It was considered necessary to have the cannon, ammunition, provisions, deposited at safe and convenient distances from Boston, to enable the Americans, should an attempt be made to capture these stores, to have timely notice of the movement in order to avert the calamity. The watch over these munitions of war was constant and faithful. Sentinels were stationed at all points on the public roads and at the bridges to warn the country of approaching danger; and the Sons of Liberty in Boston were wide awake



to all suspicious movements of the British military authorities.

This was the state of affairs on the adjournment of the Provincial Congress on the 15th of April, 1775, and thus Concord became a town of great importance.

#### V.

No better place for military stores could have been selected. In all the troubles of New England, in all the wars with the Indians, in all the expeditions to distant points, to Nova Scotia, Canada, Cuba, or elsewhere, Concord always cheerfully furnished her quota of men and her share of the sinews of war. In that town the love of freedom was ardent enough to be engraved on the tombstones which are still standing in her old-fashioned burying-grounds. There, in 1773, the first emancipation proclamation was uttered over the remains of an honest African, John Jack, the opening lines of which tell the whole story of the American Revolution:

"God wills us free; man wills us slaves;  
I will as God wills: God's will be done."

There, in 1774, the Declaration of Rights was formulated. There, later in the same year, as already stated, the patriots of the province, headed by Samuel Adams and John Hancock, met and deliberated on the dangers of the country. There, too, the cannon, the powder and ball, the provisions, gathered with great difficulty, were secretly stored in the barns, cellars, corn-houses, woods, and fields of the prominent men of the place.

These preparations did not escape the vigilant attention of General Gage in Boston. Spies were frequently sent into the country to ascertain the quantity of stores, to gather facts in regard to the state of public feeling, and to obtain information of the roads and bridges. Two of these spies, Captain Brown and Ensign De Berniere, of the British army, visited Concord on the 20th of March, 1775, for this purpose. The ensign, in his narrative of the expedition, said:

"The town of Concord lies between two hills that command it entirely. There is a river runs through it, with two bridges over it. In summer it is pretty dry. The town is large, and contains a church, jail, and court-house; but the houses are not close together, but in little groups. We were informed that they had fourteen pieces of cannon (ten iron and four brass) and two coehorns. They were mounted, but in so bad a manner that they could not elevate them more than they were, that is, they were fixed to one elevation; their iron cannon they kept in a house in town; their brass they had concealed in some place behind the town in a wood. They also have a store of flour, fish, salt, rice, and a magazine of powder and cartridges. They fired their morning gun, and mounted a guard of ten men at night. We dined at the house of Daniel Bliss, a friend of government. They sent him word they should not let him go out of town alive that morning; however, we told him if he would come with us, we would take care of him, as we were three, and all well armed. He consented,

and told us he would show us another road, called the Lexington road. We set out, and of consequence left the town on the contrary side of the river to what we entered it.... A woman directed us to the house of Mr. Bliss. A little after, she came in crying, and told us they swore if she did not leave the town, they would tar and feather her for directing Tories on their road."

These officers remarked to Bliss that the people would not fight; but he knew better, and pointing to his brother, then passing in sight of the house, he replied, "There goes a man who will fight you in blood up to your knees!"

Meanwhile the patriots of Concord were busy in manufacturing fire-arms, gun-carriages, cartouch-boxes, holsters, belts, saddlery, saltpetre, oatmeal, wooden plates, spoons, and various other articles suitable for camp and field; and meanwhile, too, the militia and minute-men had frequent drills to perfect themselves for the approaching struggle. But the British did not give them much time for this necessary instruction in the art of war.

It was important to the British that all these preparations should come to naught; that these stores should be destroyed; that those two patriots, Hancock and Adams, "whose offenses," in the words of General Gage, "were of too flagitious a nature to admit of any consideration than that of condign punishment," should be captured. It was vital to the interests of the crown that a blow should be struck that would crush the patriot cause effectively and forever.

#### VI.

What were the means adopted to accomplish this great purpose?

There were, as we have said, ten regiments of British troops stationed in Boston. On Saturday, the 15th of April, 1775, a detachment of these troops, consisting of grenadiers, light infantry, and marines, were taken off duty on pretense of learning a new military exercise, and encamped on Boston Common. About ten o'clock on Tuesday evening, the 18th, they were quietly embarked in boats and barges, and conveyed, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Smith, of the Tenth Regiment, and Major John Pitcairn, of the marines, to Lechmere's Point, East Cambridge, where they were landed. After having received a day's rations and thirty-six rounds of ammunition, these troops, numbering eight hundred to one thousand men, began their march, in silence and under cover of night, toward Concord. Officers had previously been sent out over the same road to reconnoitre the route, to intercept any messengers from the friends of freedom in Boston, to prevent the spread of any intelligence of this military enterprise, and, if possible, to surprise and capture Hancock and Adams while *en route* from Concord. The main body of the troops were to proceed to that town and destroy





THE MIDNIGHT RIDE OF PAUL REVERE.

the stores there. The utmost secrecy was observed by the British in all their movements.

But the designs of the enemy could not be concealed from the vigilant Sons of Liberty in Boston. In various ways they became known, and in various ways was the intelligence of the movement of the troops communicated with the interior. On the evening of the 18th of April the following message was sent by express from the Committee of Safety, then sitting in Cambridge, to the "Hon. John Hancock, Esquire:"

"Eight or nine officers of the king's troops were seen just before night passing the road toward Lexington in a musing, contemplative posture, and it was suspected they were out on some evil design."

Longfellow has truthfully described one of the ways by which information of the departure of the troops across the Charles River, late in the evening, was conveyed to the towns and villages in the country:

"Listen, my children, and you shall hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere  
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five.  
Hardly a man is now alive

*It was two by the village clock,  
When he came to the bridge in Concord town,  
He heard the bleating of the flock,  
And the twitter of birds among the trees,  
And felt the breath of the morning breeze  
Blowing over the meadows brown.*



Who remembers that day and year.  
He said to his friend, 'If the British march  
By land or sea from the town to-night,  
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch  
Of the North Church tower as a signal-light—  
One, if by land, and two, if by sea—  
And I on the opposite shore will be,  
Ready to ride and spread the alarm  
Through every Middlesex village and farm,  
For the country-folk to be up and to arm.'"

The embarkation of the troops for Lechmere's Point immediately became known to Warren and his alert associates through several channels. William Baker, of Haverhill, then twenty years old, lived with Mr. Hall, who resided in Cole's Lane, afterward Portland Street, and worked in his distillery. Many of the British soldiers were Hall's customers. On the evening of the 18th of April a woman who quartered with the Forty-third Regiment went to the shop for some articles, and, being somewhat intoxicated, unguardedly mentioned that some of the troops were going to Concord that night on a private expedition. Hall, acquainted with the fact of the stores collected there, saw the urgency of advising General Warren of the proposed movement.

Baker offered to convey the information, although it was a hazardous undertaking to pass the sentries without the countersign. Warren being absent from home, Hall requested Baker to go to Adjutant Devens and notify him, in order to have the country prepared for the emergency. This was accomplished, and after two efforts the adjutant privately left town, safely reached Charlestown, and had Deacon Larkin's fast horse ready for Paul Revere. Baker was repeatedly stopped by the sentinels, but as the officers he wished to see lived on the way he usually went to the distillery, and as he was known to most of the sentries as a workman there, his excuses for being out on Hall's errands were accepted. With this and corroborative information, the signal "two, if by sea," was given; and messengers were dispatched to arouse the yeomanry to arms. Paul Revere left "the opposite shore" between ten and eleven o'clock that night, passed through Medford, awoke the captain of the minute-men there, and on his ride he thundered the news at every house on the way.

About the same hour Ebenezer Dorr started from Boston, and passed over the Neck and through Roxbury. Dorr was a leather-dresser; he was mounted on a jogging old horse, with saddle-bags behind him, and a large flapped hat upon his head to resemble a countryman on a journey, to be suspected at the time, and afterward mentioned in history, as a peddler. Colonel Josiah Waters, captain of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, followed on foot on the sidewalk a short distance from him, until he saw the brave messenger safely beyond all the sentinels. Waters had obtained his information from an individual named Jasper, an Englishman, a gunsmith by trade, whose shop was in Hatter's Square. He worked for the British, but sympathized with the patriots. It is related that a sergeant-major quartered in his family had confided to him the plans of the British so far as he knew them. Jasper repeated the facts to Waters, who in turn



EBENEZER DORR.





"THE REGULARS ARE COMING!"

communicated them to the Committee of Safety.

#### VII.

Paul Revere arrived at the residence of the Rev. Jonas Clark, where Hancock and Adams were visiting, in Lexington, about midnight. Sergeant Monroe and eight men were on guard. Revere was refused admittance, as the family did not wish to be disturbed by any noise. "Noise!" exclaimed he. "You'll have noise enough before long: the regulars are coming!" He requested to see Mr. Hancock. Mr. Clark said he must refuse to admit strangers at that time of night, but Hancock recognized Revere's voice, and called out, "Come in, Revere; we are not afraid of you."

Ebenezer Dorr, in his flapped hat, made his appearance soon after, with the annexed dispatch from General Warren:

"A large body of the king's troops (supposed to be a brigade of about 1200 to 1500) were embarked in boats from Boston, and gone over to land on Lechmere's Point (so called) in Cambridge; and that it was shrewdly suspected that they were ordered to seize and destroy the stores belonging to the colony deposited at Concord."

Hancock immediately gave the alarm, and the village church-bell pealed forth its warning notes; and long before the dawn of the 19th one hundred and thirty or forty inhabitants of that town and neighborhood had collected on the common. Among the excited patriots was Jonathan Harrington, the fifer. About one o'clock his mother roused him from his sleep. "Jonathan, you

must get up; the regulars are coming; something must be done!" Hancock was full of resolution and activity. Adams was calm and placid and happy. Hancock occupied much of his time in cleaning his gun and sword, and putting his accoutrements in order, with the determination to act with the militia. It was with difficulty that he was dissuaded from this purpose. Adams clapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Hancock, this is not our business; we belong to the cabinet." It was nearly the break of day before he was persuaded not to throw himself into the hands of the enemy. It was made manifest that one of the objects of the expedition was the capture of Adams and himself. Indeed, the inquiries on the road of the officers who had preceded the main body of the enemy satisfied him of this fact. They were anxious to find "Clark's tavern," as they called the Rev. Mr. Clark's house, where the two patriots were visiting, with Mrs. Thomas Hancock, an aunt, and Miss Dorothy Quincy, the *fiancée* of John Hancock.

"Smooth square forehead, with uprolled hair,  
Lips that lover has never kissed,  
Taper fingers and slender waist,  
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade—  
So they painted the little maid.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Hold up the canvas full in view:  
Look! there's a rent the light shines through,  
Dark with a century's fringe of dust—  
That was a redcoat's rapier thrust.  
Such is the tale the lady old,  
Dorothy's daughter's daughter, told."





MAP ILLUSTRATING THE BRITISH ATTACK AT LEXINGTON.

To insure the safety of these rebel statesmen they were conducted to the house of James Reed, in Burlington, a small neighboring town, and it was while on their way thither that Adams, on hearing the volleys of fire-arms of the British, and beholding the rising sun, exclaimed to Hancock, "Oh, what a glorious morning is this!"

## VIII.

The militia and citizens who had gathered on the common on the first alarm remained till three and four o'clock. They had sent out scouts to ascertain where the enemy were, but a reconnoitring party of the regulars had captured them. Every one on the road was taken and detained and closely questioned. The British were inquisitive as to bridges, guards, and military stores at Concord. Simon Winship was compelled to march with the troops till within a quarter of a mile of the church, where they halted to load and prime. All authentic news was thus kept from the provincials, and it was considered safe to dismiss the militia for a short time. Some went to their homes near the common, and some to Buckman's Tavern. But at last Thaddens Bowman, who had escaped the enemy, arrived with tidings of the rapid approach of the redcoats. About half past four o'clock alarm-guns were fired, and drums beat to arms to recall the mili-

tia. Fifty to sixty armed men were on the common, with thirty or forty unarmed spectators, when the British arrived in sight. Immediately on the appearance of the enemy, Captain Parker, the commander of the militia company, ordered his men to disperse and not to fire. It was deemed useless and reckless to make a stand against such overwhelming numbers; but the boldness of the Americans appearing in arms exasperated the British officers, and they rapidly advanced. One of them was heard to say, "Damn them, we will have them!" The enemy shouted and cheered and rushed furiously toward the provincials. Colonel Smith, Major Pitcairn, and another officer rode forward, and when within five or six rods of the militia, one of them cried out, "Ye villains, ye rebels, disperse! damn you, disperse!" Major Pitcairn said, "Lay down your arms, damn you! why don't you lay down your arms?" and immediately discharged a pistol toward the few men before him, as they were retreating. Colonel Smith, then within a few yards of some of the provincials, brandished his sword and gave the order in a loud voice, "Fire! by God, fire!" The order was instantly obeyed, and a brisk fire was continued by the regulars as long as any of the half a hundred provincials were within range. Eight Americans were killed, and ten wounded. This was the result of this cowardly attack, and it was simply a cold-blooded massacre.

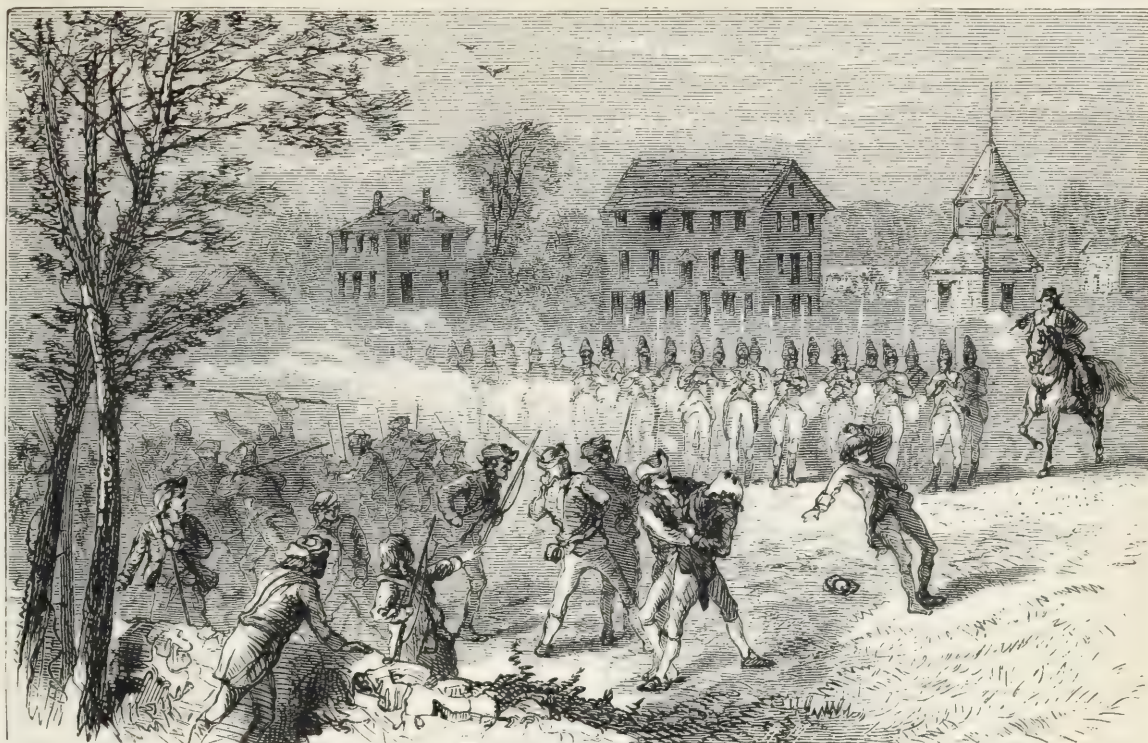
Mrs. Hancock and Miss Quincy remained at the residence of Mr. Clark after the departure of Adams and Hancock, and witnessed the brutal attack of the British. One of their bullets whizzed by Mrs. Hancock's head as she was looking out of the door, and became imbedded in a barn near by. "What's that?" she exclaimed, and immediately retired out of range. Miss Quincy was at a chamber window, a spectator to the tragical scene, the particulars of which she related, nearly half a century afterward, to General William H. Sumner.

On the march from Boston the sound of the alarm-bells and alarm-guns that came across the fields on the still air of that night from the different towns within ear-distance of Colonel Smith's route had admonished him of the necessity of prompt action. Those sounds were premonitions that his march was to be over a dangerous and rough road. While *en route* for Concord, therefore, he dispatched an express to Boston to apprise General Gage of the state of affairs, and urged immediate reinforcements.

## IX.

While these exciting scenes were being enacted, the two patriot messengers, Revere and Dorr, alert and active, had proceeded on their important errand to arouse the inhabitants of Lincoln and Concord. They





THE LEXINGTON MASSAORE.

left Clark's house between twelve and one o'clock in the morning, and were on their way, when they were overtaken a short distance beyond the town by Dr. Samuel Prescott, of Concord, who had spent the previous evening at the house of his intended father-in-law. He was hastening home with the news of the coming of the British. The three rode on in company, giving the alarm at every house. When near the Lincoln line they were surprised by the reconnoitring party of the enemy previously mentioned. Revere and Dorr were immediately captured. Very fortunately for Concord, Prescott escaped, after he had the reins of his bridle cut, by jumping his horse over a wall and taking a circuitous route through Lincoln. Mounted on a fleet animal, he safely reached Concord.

The British officers closely interrogated Revere and Dorr. In reply Revere said, "Gentlemen, you have missed your aim." "What aim?" asked one of the officers. "I came out," replied Revere, "an hour after your troops left Boston. If I had not known that messengers had been sent to give information to the country, and have had time to carry it fifty miles, I would have ventured one shot from you before I would have suffered you to stop me." This intelligence startled the officers. On hearing distant bells, a scout, whom they had previously captured on the road, exclaimed, "The bells are ringing; the towns are alarmed: you are all dead men." They thereupon held a hurried consultation, and started toward Boston. When within a hundred rods of the meeting-house in Lexington, about two o'clock in the morning, they took Revere's

horse, cut the girths and bridles of the others, parted with their prisoners, and proceeded at full speed toward Boston, and joined the main body of the troops on the road.

On his way through Lincoln the intrepid Prescott gave the alarm there, which enabled the minute-men of that town, under Captain William Smith and Lieutenant Samuel Hoar, and the militia, under Captain Samuel Farrar, "a man of great energy of character and strength of mind," to arrive in Concord and report for duty almost as soon as the men of Concord were on the common.

## X.

The British remained about twenty minutes in Lexington. No time was to be thrown away, in Colonel Smith's view of the situation. They re-commenced their march for Concord very soon after sunrise. They proceeded along the six or seven miles of road unmolested, disturbed only by the ominous sound of church-bells and signal-guns that fell upon their ears from the surrounding country as they advanced toward their destination.

## XI.

Concord, meanwhile, had been aroused from her slumbers by the gallant Prescott. The guard on duty at the court-house was Amos Melven. On hearing the exciting news, he discharged his gun and rang out the town bell loud and clear. This was between one and two o'clock in the morning. The Committee of Vigilance, the guard, the minute-men, the militia, the citizens generally, old and young, immediately began to assemble. The first man that made his ap-



pearance was the Rev. William Emerson, armed with his gun. This patriotic promptness of the pastor produced such an impression on the faithful sentinel that in naming his two boys, born after that event, he had one christened Emerson and the other William Melven.

No one was asleep in Concord at three o'clock. All were astir, and wide awake to the approaching danger. The village bell and the alarm-guns aroused Major John Buttrick, who lived half a mile, as the bee flies, across the river. He prepared for the emergency at once, called his son John, a lad of sixteen years and a fifer in Captain Brown's company of minute-men. "John, the bell's a-ringing; jump up, load your pistols, take your life; we'll start immediately for the village." They were there shortly after two o'clock. It was bright moonlight, which enabled every one to move with celerity, and act with promptness and vigor.

The neighboring towns were to be notified of the coming crisis. Special messengers, Abel Prescott and William Parkman among them, were sent forth on this mission. Samuel Prescott, without stopping to rest, started for Acton, where he notified Colonel Francis Faulkner, who immediately fired three guns, the preconcerted signal for an alarm, and at daylight the men of that town were in motion, with Orderly-Sergeant Seth Brooks at their head, till joined by Davis and Hayward. Major Buttrick requested Reuben Brown to proceed to Lexington, obtain what information he could, and return immediately. Another messenger was sent to Watertown on a similar errand. Brown reached Lexington just before the Americans were fired upon, but returned without the result of that sanguinary outrage. "Did the British fire bullets?" asked Major Buttrick. "I do not know," answered Brown, "but think it probable." Many



THE OLD PINE-TREE FLAG.

believed they fired blank cartridges merely to intimidate the people, as it was the general opinion that the only object of the expedition was the destruction of the colonial stores.

The Committee of Vigilance and the militia officers had been engaged on the preceding day in removing some of the stores to Sudbury and other towns, in accordance with instructions from the Provincial Committee of Safety, in consequence of the alarming rumors that had reached them. On the return of Brown from Lexington, orders were given for the safety of the remainder. This occupied the attention of Colonel James Barrett and a large number of citizens the early part of the morning. Colonel Barrett was a member of the Provincial Congress, Superintendent of the Public Stores, and commander of the militia in Concord. Cannon and ammunition were carried to Stow. Some was covered with hay, straw, and litter of all sorts. Stores were sent to Acton and other towns, and quantities were concealed in private dwellings and in the woods. All were changed about.

The road from Boston to Concord entered the town from the southeast along a ridge which commenced on the right one mile below the village, rose abruptly from thirty to fifty feet above the road, and terminated at the northeasterly part of the common. The top was plain, and commanded a view of the village and vicinity. About midway on this hill, in the rear of Reuben Brown's house, a liberty-pole had been erected, on which the flag of freedom, the old Pine-tree Flag, was first unfurled. Over this road the British were to enter Concord,



WRIGHT'S TAVERN.



and all eyes and thoughts were therefore strained in that direction.

## XII.

Minute-men were stationed as guards at the North and South bridges, at a point below Mrs. Jonathan Heywood's, on the Lincoln road, and in the centre of the town. Lieutenant Jonathan Farrar, son of Sergeant Farrar, who was taken prisoner and died at Fort Miller in 1758, was commander of the guard. In case of alarm, it was agreed to meet at Amos Wright's tavern, a building still in existence, and standing close by the immemorial town pump. Near the dawn of day a party of the company of minute-men commanded by Captain David Brown paraded on the common, but were dismissed to meet again at the tap of the drum. Soon after the militia and minute-men of other companies were provided with ammunition at the court-house. They then marched beyond the village, and in sight of the Boston road. There they were joined by a few men of the minute company from Lincoln. One hundred armed men in all had thus assembled in Concord to receive eight hundred to a thousand of the veteran soldiers of England on their approach from Boston! But reinforcements were on the road; the slogan was in the air; the surrounding villages were in arms.

## XIII.

It was a few minutes before seven o'clock when the British were discovered marching toward town. The morning was a lovely

one. The previous winter had been an uncommonly mild winter. Spring opened warmly, and the farmers of the country had already commenced their field operations. Fruit trees were in blossom, and the grass and grain had grown sufficiently high to wave with the wind. The sun shone with peculiar splendor, and the morning was a glorious one. One small band of Americans, consisting of Concord, Acton, and Lincoln men, under the command of Captain George Minot, had taken their stand on the hill near the liberty-pole. "No sooner had our men," said William Emerson, "gained it, when they were met by the companies that had been sent out to meet the troops," who reported that the enemy were nearly upon them, and that the Americans must retire. The glittering bayonets of the king's troops were then seen as they marched up to the bend of the road at John Beaton's—a novel, imposing, alarming sight to the squad of militia collected there to meet this invading force. With such overwhelming numbers in sight, the Americans fell back, and took a new position upon an eminence on the same ridge, about eighty rods in the rear, where the men "formed into two battalions." They did not abandon the liberty-pole till the British light-infantry, who came over the hill as flanking parties, had arrived within a few rods' distance. But scarcely had the Americans formed in their new position when they saw "the British troops at the distance of a quarter of a mile, advancing with the greatest celerity."



"LET US STAND OUR GROUND."





THE PROVINCIALS ON PUNKATASSET.

What was to be done?

Some advised that they should face the enemy there, and abide the consequences. Of this opinion was William Emerson, the beloved pastor of the town. "Let us stand our ground," said he. "If we die, let us die here!" Some one spoke to Colonel Eleazer Brooks, of Lincoln, and said, "Let us go down and meet them at once. Now is our time." "No!" emphatically replied Brooks. "It will not do for us to begin the war." This view of the situation prevailed.

#### XIV.

There was yet no organization of any sort with the Americans. There were scarcely men enough to organize; but Major Buttrick saw the necessity of this as the numbers increased, and he went to Lieutenant Joseph Hosmer, then in command of one of the companies, and requested him to act as adjutant. "My company will be left alone if I do," he said. "It must be so, then," replied Buttrick; "you must go." Hosmer became adjutant, and an organization was commenced.

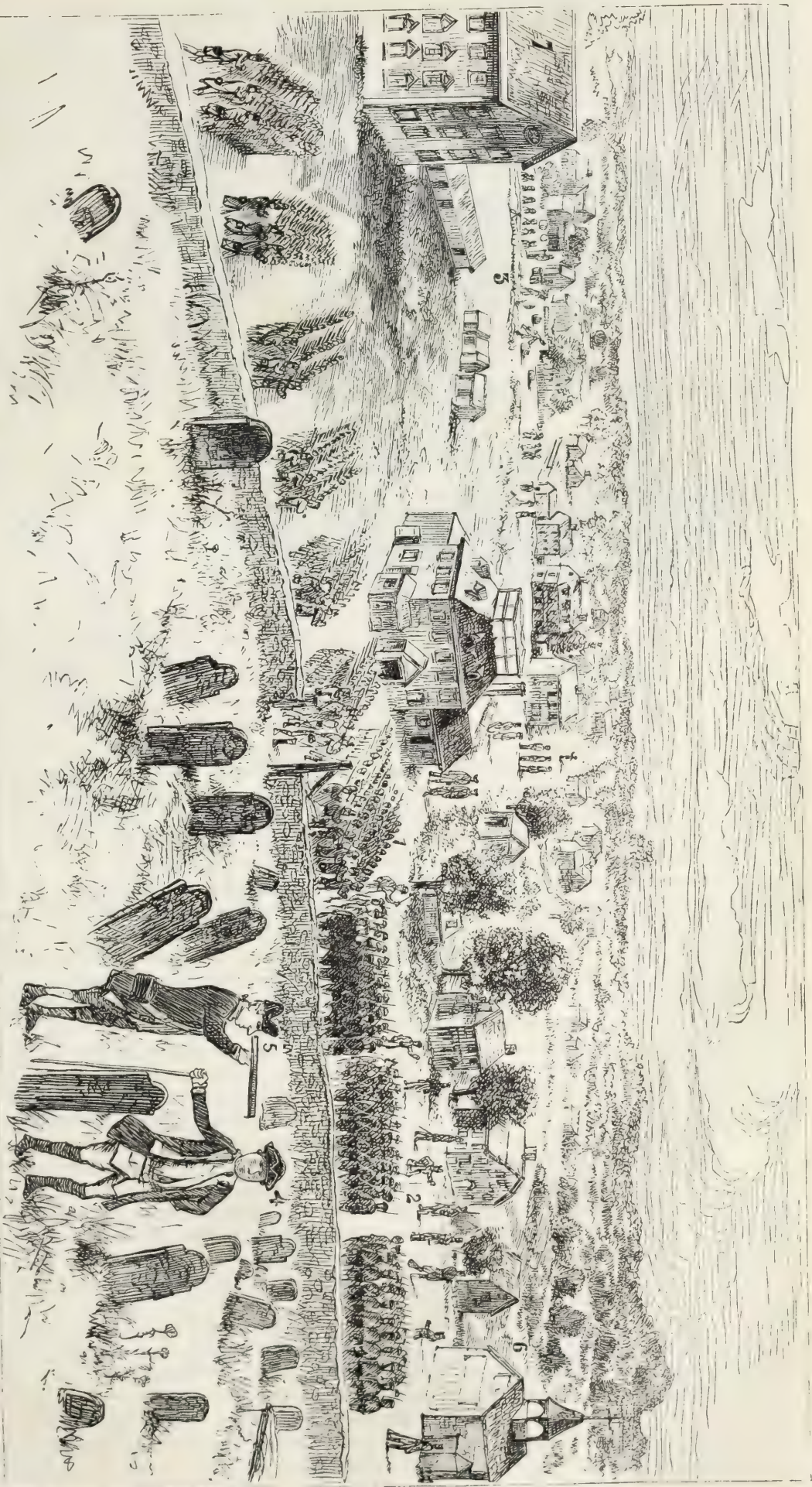
While these movements were being made, Colonel Barrett, who had been incessantly at work in securing the stores, rode up. Individuals were continually arriving with all sorts of reports of the enemy. Some asserted that the British had killed several of the militia at Lexington. Others affirmed the contrary. In the hurly-burly of the time it was impossible to obtain accurate information so necessary for their guidance. In this uncertainty, Colonel Barrett addressed a few firm and impressive words to the men, and charged them not

to fire a shot unless the British first fired upon them. Seeing that the enemy had entered the village a few rods distant, Colonel Barrett ordered the Americans to take a new position, and await increase of numbers. They thereupon proceeded over the North Bridge, and marched, not yet over one hundred and fifty in all, to Punkatasset Hill, about a mile north of the meeting-house. Colonel Barrett accompanied the men as far as the bridge, and thence rode home to give directions respecting the public stores at his house.

While on Punkatasset, smoke was seen rising from the centre of the town, when Major Buttrick said to those around him, "Men, if you will follow me, we will go now and see what they are about." But the smoke subsiding, the Americans remained on the hill, constantly receiving accessions to their number in ones, twos, and threes, each man eager to take his share in the common danger.

Men were stationed on the several roads leading into Concord, to direct the reinforcements to the rendezvous; volunteers hastened forward. Minute-men and militia, the former under Captain Jonathan Wilson, and the latter commanded by Captain John Moore, arrived from Bedford. Numbers came in from Chelmsford, Carlisle, Littleton, Westford, Billerica, Stow, and elsewhere. Those from Billerica came with Captain Solomon Pollard. Some came by the roads, and some across the fields. Thus strengthened, this devoted band marched down from Punkatasset to the high land in front of Major Buttrick's house, where the British on guard at the North Bridge and the vil-





1. Companies of the Regulars marching into Concord. 2. Companies of the Regulars drawn up in order. 3. A Detachment destroying the Provincial Stores. 4. 5. Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn viewing the Provincials, who were mustering on an East Hill in Concord. 6. The Court and Town House. 7. The Meeting-House.

THE BRITISH TROOPS ON CONCORD COMMON.—[FAC-SIMILE OF AN OLD ENGRAVING.]





MAJOR BUTTRICK'S HOUSE.

lage were in sight before them. On their arrival at the cross-road, they were met by the Acton minute-men, Captain Isaac Davis. This company, about forty in number, came by the Strawberry Hill road till they reached the rear of Colonel Barrett's residence. They halted there for a short time to observe the movements of the detachment of the enemy searching the house. Then, partly by a cross-road and partly over the fields north of Barrett's Mills, they marched with a quick step, the fife and drum playing *The White Cockade*, in nearly a straight course to the Widow Brown's Tavern. Thence they took the north road to the high land, where they met Major Buttrick and his men. Captain Davis, a gunsmith by trade, a Harry of the Wynd, was a fine, handsome man, about thirty years of age, brave, patriotic, and beloved.

On leaving Acton, an hour after sunrise, Captain Davis said, "I have a right to go to Concord on the king's highway, and I intend to go if I have to meet all the British troops in Boston." To his wife, as if he had a premonition of his fate, he said, "Hannah, take good care of the children." On his arrival at the scene of action, about nine o'clock, he proceeded at once to Adjutant Hosmer, and, with the fire of battle in his eye, and big drops of perspiration rolling down his manly face from his hurried march, reported his company ready for duty. His men took their position to the right of the other minute-men and to the left of the Concord companies.

Meanwhile the British troops marched into the village. Six companies entered on the ridge of the hill to disperse the minute-men near the liberty-pole. The grenadiers and marines came up the main road and halted on the common. Having taken possession of the Old Burying-ground Hill, the officers made that a post of observation. With their field-glasses they had the whole town in view. They saw that the Americans were increasing in strength. It therefore became urgent with the British to promptly seize the North and South bridges, to prevent, if possible, the entrance of provincials from the neighboring towns.

Accordingly, while Colonel Smith remained in the centre of the village, he detached six companies of light-infantry, numbering about three hundred men, under the command of Captain Lawrence Parsons, to take possession of the North Bridge, the only entrance to the town in that direction, and proceed thence to the places where military stores were secreted, Ensign De Berniere, the spy, to act as his guide. On their arrival at the bridge, three of the companies, commanded by Captain Lawrie, remained on guard. One of these, under Lieutenant Edward Thornton Gould, guarded the bridge, while the others, of the Fourth and Tenth regiments, fell back to the hill in front of the Old Manse and near the bridge. They were, for a time, scattered about in that vicinity, visiting the houses for food and drink, which were freely given them.

Captain Parsons, with the other three companies, proceeded to Colonel Barrett's, one mile and a half distant, to the northwest, to destroy the stores there. They reached his house about eight o'clock, and just after Colonel Barrett had left on his return to the rendezvous. Captain Parsons said to Mrs. Barrett, "Our orders are to search your house and your brother's from top to bottom." She was requested to provide the soldiers with refreshments. One of the sergeants demanded spirit, but it was refused, and the commanding officer forbade its use, as it would render the men unfit for duty, for, said he, "We shall have bloody work to-day: we have killed men in Lexington."





RESIDENCE OF COLONEL BARRETT.

Mrs. Barrett was offered compensation for the refreshments, but she refused to take any, remarking, "We are commanded to feed our enemies." They threw some money into her lap, which she finally retained, saying, "This is the price of blood." She was assured of good treatment, and that private property would be respected. Some musketballs, cartridges, and flints had been concealed in casks in the attic, and covered with feathers. They were not discovered. Several cannon had been buried in the field in the rear of the house, and the field freshly plowed. So they were saved. The soldiers took fifty dollars in money from one of the rooms, although the officers had forced money on Mrs. Barrett for food and drink. On seeing Stephen, a son of Colonel Barrett, who had just entered the house, an officer demanded his name. "Barrett," said he. "Then you are a rebel;" and taking hold of him, said, "You must go to Boston with us, and be sent to England for trial." He was, however, released when Mrs. Barrett exclaimed, "He is my son, and not the master of the house." It was the intention to take Colonel Barrett a prisoner, as he was considered one of the prominent rebels of the province. Another son, James Barrett, Jun., was at the house, but being lame and inactive at the time, he was not molested. The soldiers had collected a few gun-carriages in a pile to burn. These were placed dangerously near the barn. Observing this, Mrs. Barrett reminded the officers of their promise not to injure private property. They promptly ordered the articles to be carried into the road, where they were consumed. Shortly after they were startled by the signal-guns at the bridge, and the troops immediately retreated toward the village.

While the enemy were at Colonel Barrett's, and just before their retreat, two companies, one of militia and one of minute-men, from

Sudbury, arrived within sight of the house. These were under the command of Captains Aaron Haynes and John Nixon; Jonathan Rice was a lieutenant in one of the companies. They were accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Ezekiel How. Nixon was subsequently a general in the Continental army. On the arrival of these patriots within half a mile of the South Bridge, they were informed by Stephen Barrett, stationed there, that they were to proceed to the North Bridge. To reach that point they had to pass Colonel Barrett's house. Noticing the British there, they halted, and Colonel How exclaimed, "If any blood has been shed, not one of the rascals shall escape;" and, disguising himself, he rode on to ascertain the truth, and talked with the British officers. Stephen Barrett, who came along with the Sudbury men, on entering the house of his father was confronted as we have described. The Sudbury militia and minute-men followed in the rear of the British, and joined in the general pursuit from Concord to Charlestown.

With one of these companies was Deacon Josiah Haynes, eighty years of age. He was urgent to attack the British at the South Bridge, dislodge them, and march into the village by that route. Such was the spirit that every where prevailed among the people at that time. This aged patriot pursued the enemy with ardor as far as Lexington, and was killed there by a musket-ball.

On the way to town the British stopped for a few minutes at Widow Brown's Tavern, and three or four officers went in for some drink. Some was taken out to the soldiers on the road. The officers offered to pay for what they had, but Mrs. Brown declined all compensation. After a brief tarry, almost in sight of the scene of action, they resumed their march to the bridge, wholly ignorant of what had occurred there.



## XVI.

Immediately after Captain Parsons started on the above expedition, Captain Munday Pole, of the Tenth Regiment, with one hundred men, was ordered to take possession of the South Bridge, and destroy such public provincial property as he could find in that vicinity. Mrs. Joseph Hosmer, in looking out of one of her eastern windows about seven o'clock that morning, saw the approach of the soldiers soon after they left the common, by the glistening of their bayonets in the bright sunlight. On their arrival at the bridge, Captain Pole stationed a guard there, and a detachment on Lee's Hill as a corps of observation, while the remainder of his command visited the houses in that locality for refreshments, and to search for the stores. They were furnished with milk, potatoes, meat, and bread for breakfast. They entered the house of Ephraim Wood to take him prisoner. He was an active patriot, and held the office of town-clerk. Energetically engaged in the important work of the morning in assisting to secure the public stores, he was fortunately not at home. In searching Amos Wood's house the officers were quite liberal, and gave a guinea to each of the women present, to compensate them for the trouble and annoyance inflicted upon them! One room was fastened, and an officer politely asked Mrs. Wood, "Are there not some women locked up there?" With quick wit, she gave an evasive answer, which led the officer to believe such was the case, for he im-

mediately said, "I forbid any one entering this room." Thus a large quantity of military stores concealed therein remained unmolested.

This detachment were also startled by the signal-guns at the North Bridge, and immediately recrossed the river. They removed the planks of the bridge to render it impassable, and hastened back to the centre of the town.

## XVII.

While these operations were going on at the outskirts of the town, Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn were not idle in the village. There the grenadiers and marines broke open sixty barrels of flour, disabled two twenty-four-pounders, destroyed their carriages, their wheels and limbers, sixteen wheels for brass three-pounders, two carriages with limbers for two four-pounders, and a few barrels of wooden trenchers and spoons. They threw into the mill-pond and into wells about five hundred pounds of ball. The liberty-pole on the hill was cut down and burned. According to Shattuck they set fire to the venerable court-house and town-hall, the quaintly shaped vane on which bore the date of 1673; but the building and vane were saved, and the latter is still blown about by the winds near the spot where it has been the weather guide for two centuries. But tradition states that the building was fired by an indignant patriot, in retaliation for the destruction of some of the military stores of the province; and the tongs which carried the firebrand

into the building are said to be still in existence in Maine, in the possession of a descendant of the patriotic incendiary. Mrs. Martha Moulton, over eighty years of age, and Betty Hartshorne, who lived near where the Middlesex Hotel stands to-day, became alarmed, hastened to the soldiers, and said, "The top of the house is filled with powder: if you don't put out the fire, you'll all be killed." Several of the grenadiers thereupon extinguished the fire, and they worked with some alacrity.

The day was full of scenes and incidents of audacity and patriotism.



EBENEZER HUBBARD'S HOUSE.



Captain Timothy Wheeler had the care of a large quantity of flour belonging to the province, which, with a few sacks of his own, was stored in his barn. This he preserved by a little "innocent evasion." When the troops appeared, he, with affected simplicity, was glad to see them, and offered them bread-and-cheese and cider. After partaking of his hospitality they went to this corn-house, and were about to break in the door, when he requested them to desist. "If you will wait a minute, I will open it for you." On entering the building he said, "Gentlemen, I am a miller. I improve those mills yonder, by which I get my living, and every gill of this flour," putting his hand on a sack really his own, "I raised and manufactured on my own farm, and it is all my own. This is my store-house. I keep my flour here until such time as I can make a



JONES'S TAVERN.

market for it." After a moment's reflection the officer said, "Well, I believe you are a pretty honest old chap. You don't look as if you could do any body much hurt, and we won't meddle with you."

The soldiers then visited Ebenezer Hub-



MAJOR PITCAIRN STIRRING HIS BRANDY.



bard's place, next to Wheeler's. They discovered a quantity of flour in a malt-house near the spot now covered by the Orthodox Church. They beat off the boards of one end of the building, and seized the sixty barrels already mentioned, which they rolled out into the road, and some of them into the mill-pond. Some of the flour was scattered over the road, making it appear as if there had been a slight fall of snow.

Another scene occurred at the tavern of Captain Ephraim Jones. This was situated on the land which the residence of Mr. R. N. Rice now ornaments, near the Public Library. Henry Gardner, the Province Treasurer, had boarded there during the session of the Provincial Congress, and had left in Jones's custody a chest containing some important papers and some money. In an accidental collision Jones had knocked Major Pitcairn down, and was placed under a guard of five men for his carelessness! While thus a prisoner, his house was searched, and the soldiers went to the chamber where Gardner's chest was deposited. Hannah Burns, who lived with the family, met them at the door, and insisted that it was her apartment, and contained her property. After considerable conversation they left her, and the chamber was not touched. Needing refreshments, Captain Jones was released, that he might attend at the bar, but he declared that not a soldier should have a thing without paying for it. But might was right there as elsewhere over the world.

While in the village the British seized and abused several citizens, aged men, who were not armed, some in mere wantonness. Among them was Deacon Thomas Barrett, a brother of Colonel Barrett. In his building there was a gun factory, carried on by his son, Samuel Barrett. The deacon was a man noted for his piety and for the mildness of his manners. Not terrified by the scenes around him, he protested against the violence of the soldiers, and alluded to the unkind treatment of the colonies by the mother country. When they threatened to kill him as a rebel, he calmly said, "You need not take that trouble, for I am old, and will soon die of myself." Touched a little by this remark, they said, "Well, old daddy, you may go in peace."

The historically famous and profane Major Pitcairn, afterward killed at Bunker Hill, called for a glass of brandy at Wright's Tavern, and, while stirring it with his finger, remarked, "I mean to stir the damned Yankee blood as I stir this, before night!" The Yankee blood, it subsequently appeared, was never more stirred than it was during the whole of that immortal day.

## XVIII.

The Americans were not inactive while the British were thus engaged in searching

their private dwellings, insulting and threatening their fellow-townsmen, and burning and destroying their public stores. They were increasing in numbers on the hill near the North Bridge. Several hundred had assembled there, and affairs wore a serious and threatening aspect.

There were a regiment of militia and a regiment of minute-men, imperfectly organized, in the vicinity of Concord. There were also two small companies of horse, one in Concord and one in Sudbury, but the members were on duty on that day with the foot companies. The officers of the minute companies had no commissions. They derived their authority solely by the votes of their comrades in arms. They had no combined military organization. In the emergency like that on the 19th of April, aid and comfort were accepted as they came. Of the few hundred men that were engaged in the opening fight of the Revolution, two hundred belonged to Concord. They were volunteers, and no full list of their names has ever appeared. About one hundred names were collected, and we annex the roll of those we have been able to gather here and there in our researches.

## NAMES OF CONCORD MEN AT THE FIGHT AT NORTH BRIDGE.

James Barrett.	Benjamin Prescott.
John Buttrick.	Ephraim Potter.
John Buttrick, Jun.	David Brown.
Reuben Brown.	William Parkman.
Josiah Brown.	William Emerson.
Purchase Brown.	Ephraim Wood, Jun.
Benjamin Clark.	James Cogswell.
Abel Davis.	John Cuming.
Thaddeus Davis.	Jonathan Farrar.
John Eastabrook.	George Minot.
Benjamin Hosmer.	Jonathan Harris.
Elijah Hosmer.	Nathan Barrett.
Ebenezer Hardy.	Joseph Hosmer.
Joseph Merriam.	William Mercer.
Charles Miles.	John Robbins.
James Russell.	Jonas Brown.
David Wheeler.	Zachariah Brown.
Thomas Davis, Jun.	Joseph Hayward.
Amos Melven.	Thaddeus Blood.
John White.	Joseph Butler.
Francis Wheeler.	John Barrett.
Andrew Conant.	Ephraim Wood.

Among those early on the field from the neighboring towns was Lieutenant-Colonel John Robinson, of Westford, of the regiment of minute-men commanded by the brave Colonel William Prescott. He was accompanied by the Rev. Joseph Thaxter, Captain Joshua Parker, and private Oliver Hildreth. Mr. Thaxter had been preaching at Westford as a candidate. On the first tidings of danger he hastened to Concord, armed with a brace of pistols, and was in front to receive the first fire of the enemy; and he and William Emerson, the pastor of Concord, were the first chaplains of the Revolution.

Major Abijah Pierce, of Lincoln, who had just been elected colonel of a regiment of minute-men, came with only a walking-cane,



and had to wait to obtain a gun by capture from the enemy. In a few hours he was armed and equipped, and ready for active duty. Officers as well as men were armed with muskets in this initial engagement.

Acting Adjutant Hosmer, with characteristic energy, formed the Americans as they arrived on the hill near the bridge, westerly of the residence of the late Stedman Buttrick. This field was about fifty rods from the river. The minute companies were placed on the right, and the militia companies on the left, facing the bridge. They were formed in two lines, and while in position John Buttrick, the young fifer, counted the front line, and stated that there were 250 men. This made the force of Americans at nine o'clock in the morning about 500.

While these preparations were being made, to show the contiguity of the opposing parties, a minute-man of Lincoln, named James Nichols, an Englishman, who was represented as "a droll fellow and a fine singer," said, "If any of you will hold my gun, I will go down and talk to them." Some one took his gun, and he went down alone to the British soldiers at the bridge, and conversed with them for several minutes. On his return he said he was going home. Afterward he enlisted and joined the Americans on Dorchester Heights, whence he deserted to the enemy.

#### XIX.

On the highest point of land where the Americans had assembled, the chief officers and citizens of Concord, with a few from the adjoining towns, held a council of war. There was an animated consultation on that historic spot. There Colonels Barrett, Robinson, Pierce, and Brooks, Major Buttrick, Captains Davis, Brown, Miles, Barrett, and Smith, citizens William Parkman, Ephraim Wood, and others, met and consulted on the course they would pursue. These patriots, requiring even more moral than physical courage to meet the regulars, armed with the power of a strong government, did not long hesitate. Indeed, the aggressions of the enemy soon provoked them to a decision. While these deliberations were absorbing their attention, the British were ruthlessly burning gun-carriages, wheels, the liberty-pole, and other spoils in the village, the smoke from which rose in a cloud over the common, and was plainly to be seen by those on the hill. It appeared as if the enemy had already set fire to the town. The sight sent a thrill of indignation through the ranks of the militia and minute-men gathered there. In the midst of the excitement the energetic Hosmer exclaimed, "They have set the village on fire! Will you let them burn it down?" With this danger in view, and urged by the bold and emphatic expressions of Major Buttrick and Captain

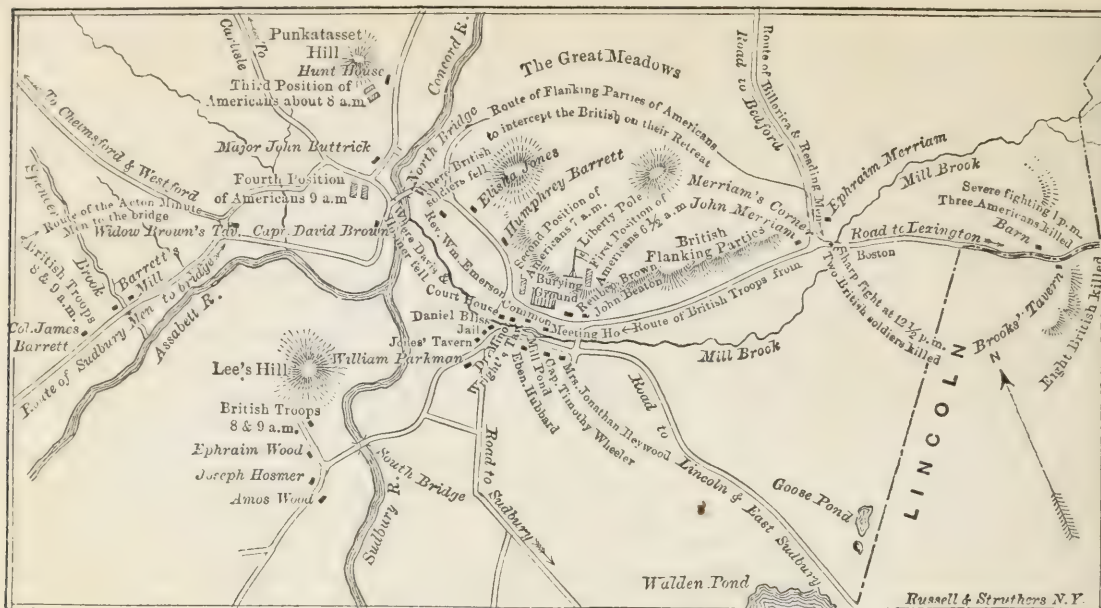
Davis, they immediately "resolved to march to the middle of the town to defend their homes, or die in the attempt."

Although the British force at the bridge was not over 150 to 200 men, there were more than 500 in the village, a distance of half a mile, 100 more under Captain Pole, only a mile further, and the three companies under Captain Parsons, expected to return at any moment from Colonel Barrett's. The British could concentrate over 800 men within half an hour after the first gun was fired. The Americans numbered 500, and, in a military point of view, were merely an "armed mob," suddenly called together for self-protection. The British were well-organized, well-disciplined, experienced soldiers—veterans, indeed, accustomed to war in all its rigor, and sustained in whatever they did by a great nation. But in face of all this array, was there a doubt in the ranks of the Americans? In the excitement of the hour Captain Smith, of Lincoln, full of patriotic impulses, volunteered to dislodge the enemy at the bridge with his single company. Smith had led his men to the field on the first alarm, and leaving his horse at Wright's Tavern in the village, took his position on the hill and joined in the council. Captain Davis, of Acton, animated with the same feelings, exclaimed, "I haven't a man that's afraid to go." This was the spirit shown by the provincials, and it was decisive. It was arranged that in the forward movement Captain Davis, as commander of the first company of minute-men, should take the right, which he did in a gallant manner. It was thought best that the minute-men should have the advanced position, because many of them had bayonets, and it was deemed best to be prepared for a charge and close fighting.

#### XX.

The crisis had come. The council broke up, the officers took their respective positions, as well as circumstances would permit, and Colonel Barrett gave the order to march to "the bridge and pass the same, but not to fire on the king's troops unless they were fired upon." They wheeled from the right, Luther Blanchard and John Buttrick, the young fifers, playing *The White Cockade*, advanced to the scene of action, and placed themselves in an exposed position on the rough, narrow highway. Approaching the road leading from Captain David Brown's house to the bridge, the Acton minute-men, under Davis, passed in front, and marched toward the bridge. In files of two abreast the Concord minute-men, under Brown, pushed forward, and came next in position. These companies were followed by those of Captains Miles and Barrett. The former marched to the battle-field "with the same seriousness and acknowledgment





MAP ILLUSTRATING THE CONCORD FIGHT.

of God which he always felt on going to church." The Acton militia company, under Lieutenant Simon Hunt, followed the Concord minute-men. Those from Lincoln and Bedford fell in under the direction of Colonel Barrett, who continued on horseback in the rear, giving orders to the volunteers as they came in from the other towns. It is impossible to state the precise position of all the Americans as they advanced. The lower road, leading to the bridge, was narrow and subject to inundations, and a wall had been built with large stones, on the upper side, in which posts were placed for a railing, to enable foot passengers to pass over when the river overflowed the road. It can be imagined that this was not a favorable place for the formation of many men in battle array, even if they had been drilled soldiers.

Major Buttrick took command of the Americans in the forward movement. He was accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Robinson. Major Buttrick requested Colonel Robinson to act as his superior, as he was his senior in years and in rank, but Colonel Robinson modestly declined, and said he would go as a volunteer aid. "In the left hand they held their fuses trailed," and marched with Captain Davis and his men. Major Buttrick thus led this small band of patriots in double file to the scene of blood.

## XXI.

The British, somewhat scattered in small groups on the bridge and on the west bank of the river, noticing the advance of the Americans, immediately formed and crossed to the east bank, taking up some of the planks of the bridge as they passed over. The soldiers under Captain Lawrie, who had previously retired to the hill, moved forward and joined their companions on the right

bank of the river. The attempt of the British to dismantle the bridge attracted the attention of Major Buttrick as the Americans were advancing, "two and two, and turning the corner of the cross-road." He remonstrated against the act in a loud and emphatic tone, and ordered his men to march in a quick step. Thereupon the enemy desisted from the destruction. They became alarmed at the menacing movement of the Americans; and it may have occurred to them at the time that whatever obstructions were placed in the way of the Americans would jeopard the safety of Captain Parsons's detachment.

It was, according to Captain David Brown, "between nine and ten of the clock in the forenoon." The British fired two or three guns in quick succession. These were preconcerted signal-guns for the distant detachments of the enemy to return at once. When the Americans arrived within ten or fifteen rods of the bridge, and were rapidly moving forward, one of the regulars, a sharp-shooter, stepped from the ranks and discharged his musket, manifestly aimed at Major Buttrick or Colonel Robinson, the ball from which, passing under the arm of the latter, slightly wounded Luther Blanchard, the fifer of the Acton company, in the side, and Jonas Brown, one of the Concord minute-men. This gun was immediately followed by a volley, which instantly killed Captain Isaac Davis and private Abner Hosmer, of Acton, a ball passing through the heart of the former, and another through the head of the latter, and slightly wounding Ezekiel Davis, a brother of Captain Davis, a ball passing through his hat and grazing his head. When he saw that his fifer was wounded, Captain Davis impulsively stepped to the wall by the road, and was in the act of sighting his gun, when he was





THE RUDE BRIDGE.

hit by the enemy's shot. He sprang two or three feet in the air, fell on the north side of the wall, and expired without uttering a word. Joshua Brooks, of Lincoln, was struck with a ball that cut through his hat and drew blood on his forehead. It appeared as if he had been cut with a knife; and "I concluded," said Private Baker, "that the British were firing jackknives."

Major Buttrick, then in front of Captain Brown's company, instantly jumped from the ground, and partly turning to his men, impetuously exclaimed, "Fire, fellow-soldiers! for God's sake, fire!" discharging his own gun at the same moment. Captain Brown, who never before nor after used a profane word, exclaimed, "God damn them, they are firing balls! Fire, men, fire!" drew up his own musket, deliberately aimed, and fired. One of the dead British soldiers, buried near the old monument, was believed to have been the result of that shot. Major Buttrick's order ran along the line of militia and minute-men, the word "Fire!" "Fire!" came from a hundred lips, and a general discharge instantly followed from the Americans. They fired as they stood, and over each other's heads. The fusillade continued for a few minutes only, when the British broke and fled in great alarm and confusion. Noah Parkhurst, one of the Lincoln men, said to one of his comrades, "Now the war has begun, and no one knows when it will end!"

## XXII.

The fire of the Americans was destructive. Two British soldiers were instantly killed. Five officers, Lieutenants Gould, Hall, Sunderland, and Kelly, and a sergeant and six privates, were reported to have been wounded at the same time. It has never been accurately ascertained how many privates suffered in this engagement. More than a dozen had their wounds dressed in the village by Drs. Minot and Cumings, and, of course, there were surgeons with the expeditionary force. Many of the troops were covered with blood as they passed the houses on their retreat to the village, and were seen in this condition from the windows. The sudden flight of such veteran soldiers showed that the fire of the Americans must have been very severe. Lieutenant Hall was taken prisoner on the road, and died the next day. His remains were delivered to General Gage. Lieutenant Gould was also captured, and committed to the kind care of the Rev. Edward Brooks, of Medford. Money was Gould's hope and guide, for he offered \$10,000 for his liberty. On the 28th of May he was exchanged for Josiah Breed, of Lynn, who was wounded in the afternoon of that day. Lieutenant James Potter, of the marines, was also a prisoner, and confined for some time at Reuben Brown's. The black-handled and brass-hilted sword of one of these officers is now in the curious *bric-à-brac* collection of antiques in the rooms of





SWORD CAPTURED  
AT CONCORD,  
APRIL 19, 1775.

Charles E. Davis, an enthusiastic archæologist in Concord. On the hilt the characters X° RG<sup>t</sup> C° VI. N° 10 are engraved.

Two or three of the prisoners were confined in Concord jail. Sergeant Cooper, one of the party who assisted in the search of Colonel Barrett's house, and one of the prisoners, subsequently married a woman who lived with Dr. Cuming. Another, Samuel Lee, who afterward lived in Concord, always asserted that he was the first British soldier captured in that town. The jail was close by Jones's Tavern, and a sketch of the building was drawn by General Sir Archibald Campbell, who was captured off Boston by a French privateer, and confined in it in 1777, till exchanged for Ethan Allen.

The two soldiers killed at the bridge were left on the ground where they fell, and afterward buried by Zachariah Brown and Thomas Davis, Jun., and the spot marked by two rude stones to point out "the place where the first British blood was shed in a contest which resulted in a revolution the mightiest in its consequences in the annals of mankind;" and the stones have remained there to this day. One of the wounded soldiers, John Bateman, died, and was buried at the end of the ridge on the common.

Of the wounded Americans there is only this additional incident to relate. On feeling that he had been hit, Blanchard went, after the action, to the house of Humphrey Barrett, where Mrs. Barrett, on examining the wound with a mother's solicitude, remarked, "A little more, and you'd been killed." "Yes," said Blanchard, "and a little more, and t'wouldn't have touched me at all," and then immediately rejoined his company.

Several of the minute-men were detailed to convey the bodies of Davis and Hosmer to the house of Major Buttrick, whence they were taken that afternoon to Acton.

On the retreat of the enemy most of the Americans crossed the bridge in pursuit. Many, including the Concord minute-men and the Acton minute-men, the latter under the command of Lieutenant John Hayward after the fall of Davis, went to the eminence in the rear of Elisha Jones's house, now the residence of John S. Keyes, Esq., and stood behind a wall forty rods or more from where the retreating British were joined by a reinforcement from the village. One of the bullets fired by the enemy during the retreat passed through the shed of Jones's house. The shed and bullet-hole have been carefully preserved by the present owner of the place, and they continue to be an object of patriotic attraction to the many pilgrims who annually visit the scene of the fight.

The result of the affair at the North Bridge, in figures, was as follows:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Total.
Americans.....	2	4	6
British.....	4	13	17



OLD JAIL.





HALT OF TROOPS NEAR ELISHA JONES'S HOUSE.

## XXIII.

What was the effect of this repulse on the British?

The fire of the Americans astonished and undeceived them. It was wholly unexpected, for they did not believe the colonists would fight. They did not recover from the shock it gave them, and they continued their retreat to the hill on the north side of the village, on the edge of the common, notwithstanding the reinforcement of grenadiers pushed forward by Colonel Smith to their relief. They reached the main body about the time Captain Pole and his detachment arrived. Shortly after, and in the midst of the utmost confusion and excitement, Captain Parsons reached the bridge from Colonel Barrett's. When his soldiers saw the dead bodies of their comrades on the bank of the river, they were seized with a panic, and "ran with great speed" to the centre of the town. "Their conduct was observed by the Rev. Mr. Emerson and his family, who had witnessed the whole tragical scene from the windows of his house near the battleground." It has been asserted that if the Americans had not become somewhat confused and scattered by the occurrences that had just taken place, this detachment of the enemy would have been captured; but it is as probable that the Americans did not wish to run the risk of having the village burned in retaliation. And what could they have done with so many prisoners?

## XXIV.

This short and sharp action changed the position of affairs in Concord. The British had held possession of the town from seven o'clock in the morning. With the first shot the Americans had assumed the offensive.

It is believed that by half past ten o'clock the British had their entire force concentrated in the village. "For half an hour," said William Emerson, "the enemy, by their

marches and counter-marches, discovered great fickleness and inconstancy of mind, sometimes advancing, sometimes retreating to their former posts." It has been supposed that Colonel Smith was in hopes that the reinforcements he had sent for would join him at Concord. But whatever were his expectations, his delay nearly proved fatal to his entire command. It was finally decided to retreat to Boston. It became clear to Colonel Smith that his only safety was in the immediate evacuation of Concord. The British thereupon arranged for the care of the wounded, and hastily collected their material together for the retrograde movement. One of the officers, in his hurry-scurry, left his gold watch at Dr. Minot's, where several of the wounded had been placed. It was found by an old black servant, who, with honest simplicity, called out, "Hollo, Sir, you have left your watch."

The British, in order to carry off some of their disabled officers, confiscated a chaise belonging to Reuben Brown, and another owned by John Beaton. These stolen vehicles were furnished with bedding taken from the neighboring houses. They also appropriated several horses, and among them was the animal that Captain Smith, of Lincoln, had left at Wright's Tavern. One of the chaises was subsequently recaptured by Lieutenant Hayward and returned to its owner, and the following advertisement, which appeared in the *Essex Gazette* of the 10th of August, 1775, tells us about one of the horses, and describes the stolen bedding:

"Lieut. Joseph Hayward, of Concord, gives Notice that on the 19th of April last, in the Fight, he took from the Regulars in Menotomy a Horse and Chaise. The Chaise was owned by Mr. Reuben Brown, of Concord. What remains in his hands is a mouse-colored Horse, near 13 hands high, old, poor, and dull; a good Bed Quilt, Tammy on both sides; a good Camlet Riding-hood, brown color; one Pillow; and a piece of Bed-Tick. The owner may have them by telling the marks and paying the Charge of this Advertisement."



Other interesting incidents occurred toward the close of the occupation of Concord. About eleven o'clock several of the British soldiers stationed near Reuben Brown's fired at Abel Prescott as he was riding home from Sudbury. Although wounded in his side, he managed to reach Mrs. Jonathan Heywood's house, where his wound was hastily dressed by Mrs. Heywood and her son Abiel, a lad then, but subsequently a prominent physician in Concord. On the approach of the soldiers, Mrs. Heywood and her son gathered all the family silver and threw it into the well, and then sought a place of greater safety. Prescott ran up stairs and concealed himself in a cask in a dark place behind one of those enormous chimneys which half filled every house in those days. He heard the redcoats uttering bitter threats, as they unsuccessfully searched for him. In their disappointment they smashed the windows of the house. Abel was a brother of Samuel Prescott, who brought the first news of the British early in the morning, and they were a pair of noble brothers.

## XXV.

The British left the village at twelve o'clock. They retreated in the same order as they entered, the infantry on the ridge of the hill on their left, and the grenadiers and marines on the road, but with more numerous flanking parties, and thrown out further from the main body. They evidently felt that the return on the home stretch was to be a hazardous one, and Colonel Smith acted with caution. The whole country had been aroused, and it seemed as if "men came down from the clouds."

After the first conflict there was no military order with the Americans. They became almost at one blow an independent people. On the pursuit each man was his own general, chose his own time, his own position, and his own mode of attack. This was a new style of fighting to most of the

British, fearfully telling on their *morale*, and terribly effective and destructive. On arriving at Merriam's Corner, the end of the ridge, at the junction of the Bedford and Boston roads, the retreating enemy were met by the Americans who had crossed over the Great Fields or Meadows from the North Bridge, and the minute-men who had just arrived from Reading, under the command of Major John Brooks, afterward Governor of Massachusetts. These patriots were on their way to Concord when the ball opened. When the alarm reached Reading, the Rev. Edmund Foster ran directly to Major Brooks, and asked, "Are you going to Concord, and when?" "Immediately," was the reply. With the militia company of Reading, under Captain Bachelder, they started. They left their horses in Bedford, and marched to Merriam's Corner, and arrived there shortly before the British flanking parties came over the hill. There they united with the men fresh from the fight, flushed with excitement and the smoke of battle. General Ebenezer Bridge, of Chelmsford, with a few men from Bedford, was also there; and Colonel William Thompson, with a company of militia from Billerica, added their strength to the others. There was also a company from East Sudbury in time for the second conflict. On came the enemy down the road and over the hill, and a sharp and serious engagement was fought there. It was thus described by Foster:

"Before we came to Merriam's Hill we discovered the enemy's flank guard of about eighty or a hundred men, who, on the retreat from Concord, kept the height of the land, the main body being in the road. The British troops and the Americans at that time were equally distant from Merriam's Corner. About twenty rods short of that place the Americans made a halt. The British marched down the hill with a very slow but steady step, without music, or a word being spoken that could be heard. Silence reigned on both sides. As soon as the British gained the main road, and passed a small bridge near the corner, they faced about suddenly and fired a volley of musketry upon us. They overshot, and no one to my knowledge was in-



MERRIAM'S CORNER, ON THE LEXINGTON ROAD.



jured by the fire. The fire was immediately returned by the Americans, and two British soldiers fell dead at a little distance from each other in the road near the brook. Several of the officers were wounded, including Ensign Lester."

There was another spirited affair on Hardy's Hill, a short distance beyond, where one of the Sudbury companies, Captain Cudworth, came up and vigorously attacked the enemy. Colonel John Ford, of Chelmsford, was also conspicuous in this fight. He had been a ranger in the French wars, and knew how to handle his rifle.

There was also a severe action below the well-known tavern with the quaint swinging sign of those days, with a picture of an Indian on one side and of King George on the other, afterward known as the Brooks Tavern, with the effigy of King George changed to that of General Washington. Foster described this conflict as a very severe one to the British. There was "a wood at a distance which appeared to lie on or near the road where the enemy must pass. Many leaped over the walls and ran for that wood." They "arrived just in time to meet the enemy. There was on the opposite side of the road a young growth of wood filled with Americans. The enemy were now completely between two fires, renewed and briskly kept up. They ordered out a flank guard on the left to dislodge the Americans from their posts behind the trees, but they only became better marks to be shot at." One side of this road was in Concord and the other in Lincoln. The result of this action was that eight of the British were killed, and were buried the next day in the Lincoln burying-ground. One from his dress was supposed to have been an officer. Some were killed in the woods, and some near a barn on the Concord side of the road. Of the Americans three were killed—Captain Jonathan Wilson, of Bedford, Nathaniel Wyman, of Billerica, and David Thompson, of Woburn. Over the grave of the latter, where it is mentioned that he was "slain at the Concord battle," is this epitaph:

"Here, passenger, confined, reduced to dust,  
Lies what was once Religion, wise and just;  
The cause he engaged did animate him high,  
Namely, Religion and dear Liberty.  
Steady and warm in Liberties' defense,  
True to his Country, loyal to his Prince;  
Though in his breast a thirst of glory fired,  
Courageous in his Country's cause expired.  
Although he's gone, his name embalmed shall be,  
And had in everlasting Memory."

The British had reached the limits of Concord, where the Concord Fight, pure and simple, ceased, and where the conflict assumed the proportions of a revolution, which rolled on for the next seven years, with Concord men in nearly every battle, till the struggle ended at Yorktown in Peace and Independence.

The total number of killed, wounded, and



SIGN—BROOKS TAVERN.

prisoners in the several fights and skirmishes in Concord was as follows:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Prisoners.
Americans.....	5	3	—
British .....	14	20	3

The number of wounded on the British side is an approximation only. There were probably twice as many as these figures indicate.

#### XXVI.

Over the remainder of the road the British "were driven before the Americans like sheep," and had to "run the gantlet." It was a race for life with them. The highway was lined with Americans, whose accurate aim generally produced the desired result. They were accustomed, as individuals, to the handling of guns; they were sharpshooters; they had been taught from early youth to hit an Indian, or a wolf, or a wild-cat, or a partridge, at sight; they could hit higher game when necessity and patriotism forced it upon them. They made up in courage and accurate shooting what they lacked in military organization and discipline. Most of them were without cartridges and cartridge-boxes; they had to rely upon muskets and powder-horns. With their military drill, the British could, perhaps, load and fire more rapidly than the Americans, but not with the same execution, as the British soldiers fired from the breast and not from the shoulder. With this experience as marksmen, the Americans intercepted the enemy at every point and at every turn on the highway. Shots were fired from behind every house, barn, wall, fence, tree, and corner. After firing from one position the Americans would fall back, run forward across the fields, and repeat the



manœuvre at a lower point on the road. Their knowledge of the country gave them this immense advantage, while the British were compelled to keep together on the highway, which made the retreat a more disastrous one to them. Any one can imagine how terribly they suffered in all these engagements, ambuscades, and skirmishes on that bright and glorious day for America. Several of the enemy were killed near Viles's Tavern. Colonel Smith was wounded in the leg at Fiske's Hill, and Major Pitcairn hit in the arm and unhorsed there. His charger, a fine animal, ran over the fields, riderless, till captured by an American, and, with the accoutrements, was subsequently sold at auction in Concord. Captain Nathan Barrett bought the holsters and pistols, marked with Pitcairn's name, and gave them to General Israel Putnam.

Among the tragic incidents on that long line of battle was one between James Hayward, of Acton, and a British soldier at the foot of this hill. Hayward, on going to the rear of a house for a draught of water, was seen by a Briton, who had gone into the building for plunder. The Briton went to the door to cut Hayward off as he passed the corner. Hayward's eye caught sight of the regular the moment he opened the door; they leveled their guns and fired at the same instant, the Briton remarking, "You are a dead man." "And so are you," said Hayward. The British soldier was instantly killed. Hayward was mortally wounded, the ball of his antagonist passing through his powder-horn, driving the splinters into his body. He lingered eight hours, and in the midst of his sufferings exclaimed, "I am happy to die in defense of the rights of my country."

On the run down the hill an old fellow was alarmed at the sight, and he soon created a sensation in an unexpected quarter. Shortly after the British left Lexington for Concord a note from John Hancock was received at Mr. Clark's, stating where he and Adams were located, and requesting Mrs. Hancock and Miss Quincy to come to them in their carriage, and bring the fine salmon that had been sent to them for dinner. The ladies went over to Burlington with the fish. They had it nicely cooked, and were on the point of sitting down to enjoy it, when this frightened and excited countryman rushed in, exclaiming, "The British are coming! the British are coming! My wife's in etarnity now." Hancock and Adams, supposing that the British were upon them, slipped out of the house and passed over a by-road into a swamp, and thence to the residence of Mrs. Thomas Jones, where they remained concealed till the alarm and danger were over.

On his return to Lexington—indeed, before he had fairly got out of Lincoln—Colonel Smith was met by the militia of Lexington,

the men who had been so barbarously treated by his troops nine or ten hours previously. It was now their opportunity to retaliate, and it was improved. Captain Parker and his men, smarting under the tragical affair of the morning, were there, and gave the enemy a warm reception; but, while the British suffered severely, three more of Parker's company were killed and one wounded in the encounter. But there was now a brief lull in the storm that had raged around the British from the North Bridge to this point; there was a brief respite for the worn-out and demoralized redcoats. The reinforcements which Colonel Smith had so urgently demanded early in the morning had made their appearance.

#### XXVII.

About nine o'clock in the morning a brigade of eleven hundred men, with two field-pieces and a provision train, marched out of Boston to the relief of their suffering comrades in Concord. They were under the command of Lord Hugh Percy. They reached Lexington about two o'clock in the afternoon, and entered that town to the music of *Yankee Doodle*. Percy placed his cannon on two hills, one on each side of the road, near Munroe's Tavern, and checked for half an hour the eager pursuit of the Americans. This movement, and the presence of such a large reinforcement of regular troops, saved Colonel Smith's regiment from annihilation. It was well known before the arrival of Percy that if Colonel Smith could have found any one in authority to whom he could have handed his sword, he would have surrendered his entire command to have prevented further slaughter. This respite was his rescue. According to Stedman, who accompanied Percy, when Smith's distressed soldiers reached the hollow square formed by the fresh troops for their reception, "they were obliged to lie down upon the ground, their tongues hanging out of their mouths like those of dogs after a chase."

When the two field-pieces opened fire upon the Americans, it staggered many of them, as they were unaccustomed to such warfare. -The plunging fire from the bluffs produced a stunning effect on them. Jonathan Harris, one of the Concord minute-men, said that the crashing of the balls through the woods, the falling branches, startled him, and for a moment induced him to think that there was no place like home, and that the sharp sound of the cannonade was fearfully full of panic; but they soon became used to the noise, and were again prepared to follow and harass the British on their stampede down the road after the brief rest given to Smith's exhausted soldiers.

Quite a number of Americans who had pursued the enemy as far as Lexington were compelled to return home for want of am-



munition. They had fired their powder-horns and bullet pouches empty. The case of Hayward, who had the encounter with the Briton, was that of many others—"of a pound of powder which he had taken with him, nearly the whole was fired away, and but two or three of the forty bullets with which he had started remained. This fact shows the extraordinary severity of the pursuit."

Meanwhile the British burned several houses, barns, and shops in Lexington, and many "dwelling-houses were abused, defaced, battered, shattered, and almost ruined." Others were set on fire in Cambridge and along the road-side, and would have been destroyed had not the close pursuit of the Americans prevented such a catastrophe. The unarmed, the aged, and the infirm, who were unable to flee, were bayoneted and murdered in several instances in their habitations. Even "women in child-bed, with their helpless babes in their arms, did not escape the horrid alternative of being either cruelly murdered in their beds, burned in their houses, or turned into the streets to perish with cold, nakedness, and distress."

With the aid of Percy's brigade the enemy were enabled to reach Bunker Hill without being entirely captured or destroyed. There they were covered by the guns of the vessels of war in the harbor. By the time they came in sight of Boston, the force of the Americans had largely increased from all quarters, and some military order began to show itself. One hour more of delay, and both detachments of the British would have fallen into the hands of the Americans. They arrived in Charlestown at seven o'clock in the evening. Smith's regiment had marched thirty-six to forty miles in twenty hours, and endured incredible suffering on their retreat. Percy's brigade were ten hours on the road, and had marched twenty-six miles, and for half that time and half that distance they too were a target for the enraged American sharpshooters. Nearly all the provisions they had they obtained by purchase or plunder, as the provision train sent out with Percy had been captured in Cambridge.

The Americans who joined in the pursuit, beginning at the old North Bridge, and fell in along the road to Charlestown, came from



GRAVE OF COLONEL JOHN BUTTRICK.

Acton, Bedford, Billerica, Brookline, Beverly, Concord, Carlisle, Chelmsford, Cambridge, Charlestown, Danvers, Dedham, Dorchester, Framingham, Lexington, Lincoln, Lynn, Littleton, Medford, Milton, Needham, Newton, Pepperell, Roxbury, Reading, Sudbury, Stow, Salem, Woburn, Watertown, and Westford. "Two companies from Stow, under Captains Hapgood and Whitcomb, marched for Concord at noon, passed the North Bridge, and arrived at Cambridge at sunset." Thirty-one towns! This is the roll of honor represented in the opening fight of the Revolution.

The men of Concord, with Major Buttrick among them, kept in the heat of pursuit until they reached Charlestown Neck, and many of them remained there during the night. None of them were killed, and only a few were wounded. Among the wounded were Captain Charles Miles, who was injured in one hand by a musket-ball, and Captain Nathan Barrett, who received a slight injury.

The total casualties on both sides, be-



tween Concord River and Bunker Hill, were as follows:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Americans.....	49	36	5
British.....	73	172	26

The commanders of the Americans at Concord—Colonel Barrett and Major Buttrick, as well as Captain Davis, of Acton—have been remembered; and their names handed down to posterity in the epitaphs over their graves. That over Colonel Barrett states that “he early stepped forward in the contest with Britain, and distinguished himself in the cause of America.”

On the tombstone erected over the spot where Major Buttrick was buried, not far from where the Americans took their first position in Concord, is the following inscription, written by Governor Sullivan:

In memory of  
COLONEL JOHN BUTTRICK,  
who commanded the militia companies  
which made the first attack upon  
THE BRITISH TROOPS  
at Concord North Bridge,  
on 19th of April, 1775.  
Having, with patriotic firmness,  
shared in the dangers which led to  
American Independence,  
he lived to enjoy the blessings of it,  
and died May 16, 1791, aged 60 years.  
Having laid down the sword  
with honor,  
he resumed the plough  
with industry;  
by the latter to maintain  
what the former had won.  
The virtues of the parent, citizen, and Christian  
adorned his life,  
and his worth was acknowledged by  
the grief and respect of all ranks  
at his death.

Other symbols mark the event. Monuments stand in Acton, Lexington, West Cambridge, now Arlington, and Danvers. Two

brass field-pieces, placed in an upright and conspicuous position in Doric Hall, in the State-house in Boston, and two cannon belonging to the artillery company in Concord, bear this inscription:

“The Legislature of Massachusetts consecrate the names of Major John Buttrick and Captain Isaac Davis, whose valor and example incited their fellow-citizens to a successful resistance of a superior number of British troops at Concord Bridge, the 19th of April, 1775, which was the beginning of a contest in arms that ended in American independence.”

This was the result, officially expressed in a few plain words, of this important military expedition; and the Concord Fight became the opening conflict of the contest which gave independence to these United States. One hundred years have rolled by since that event, and Concord celebrated the centennial anniversary on the 19th of April by appropriately unveiling a statue of a Minute-Man at the plow at early morning receiving the news of the approach of the British. It is a spirited figure, in heroic size, of young America a century ago, and is the inspiration of Daniel C. French, the young sculptor of Concord, who, full of genius, has caught the spirit of the incident, and embodied it in this representative image. It is cast in bronze from cannon presented to Concord by Congress by a resolution passed on the ninety-ninth anniversary of the birthday of the American Revolution. The statue is placed where the gallant Davis and Hosmer fell at the old North Bridge. This spot was marked for years by a bush, which Emerson idealized on the fiftieth anniversary of the fight as “the little bush that marks the spot where Captain Davis fell. ’Tis the burning bush where God spake for his people.” There the Minute-Man will stand.



“BURNING BUSH”—THE TWO MONUMENTS.





## YES, OR NO?

SAY, shall it be Yes? O tell me, Sun,  
 Ere you sink in the west so low—  
 You never are troubled by doubts, not one—  
 Say, shall it be Yes, or No?

The sun goes down to his resting-place,  
 And the stars their faces show:  
 O Stars, that glorify all the space,  
 Pray, shall it be Yes, or No?

But stars have no sympathy, none at all,  
 A-cold in their far-off glow,  
 And they only mock at me when I call,  
 "Shall I answer him Yes, or No?"

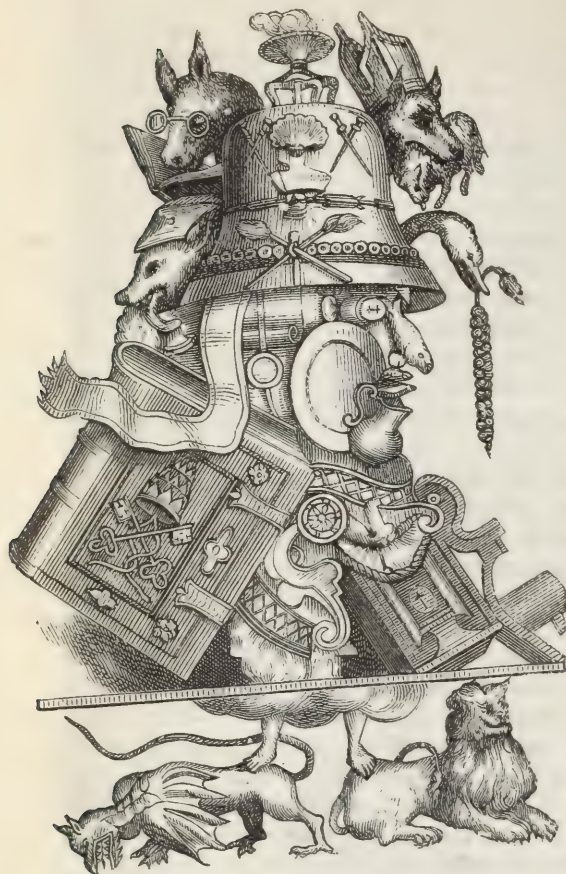
Not even a bird on his homeward wing  
 Would a comforting note bestow,  
 And I listened in vain for his voice to sing  
 An echoing Yes or No.

The bird had a mate in the maple's nest,  
 Who waited his love-song. Lo!  
 There is something astir in my wakened breast  
 That is rather like Yes than No.

And as nowhere outside of yourself, my heart,  
 Is the word that will help you, so  
 You shall look within for the tender art  
 To answer him Yes or No!



## CARICATURE IN THE PURITAN PERIOD.



THE PAPAL GORGON, 1581, REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

THE picture upon this page,\* a favorite with the Protestants of England, Holland, and Germany for more than a century, is composed of twenty-two articles and objects, most of which are employed in the Roman Catholic worship. A church-bell forms the hat, which is decorated by crossed daggers and holy-water brushes. A herring serves for a nose. The mouth is an open wine flagon. The eye is a chalice covered by the holy wafer, and the cheek is a paten or plate used in the communion service. The great volume that forms the shoulders is the mass-book. The front of the bell-tiara is adorned by a mitred wolf devouring a lamb, and by a goose holding a rosary in its bill; the back, by a spectacled ass reading a book, and by a boar wearing a scholar's cap. At the bottom of the engraving the pierced feet of Christ are seen resting upon two creatures called by the artist, "the Queen's badges." The whole figure of Christ is supposed to be behind this mass of human inventions; for in the original these explanatory words are given, "Christ Covered."

It was by this device that Master Bat-

man, at the beginning of the Puritan period, sought to present to the eye a summary of what the Reformation had accomplished, and what it had still to fear. Half a century before, Henry VIII. being still the Defender of the Faith, the various articles used in Master Batman's satirical picture were objects of religious veneration throughout Great Britain. They had now become the despised but dreaded rattle-traps of a suppressed idolatry: From the field of strife one of the victors gathered the scattered arms and implements, the gorgeous ensigns and trappings of the defeated, and piled them upon the plain, a trophy and a warning.

There is no revolution that does not sweep away much that is good. The reformation in religion, chiefly wrought by Wycliffe, Huss, Luther, and Calvin, was a movement of absolute necessity to the further progress of our race. The intelligence of Christendom had reached a development which was incompatible with respect for the assumptions of the papacy and with a belief in the fictions which the papacy had invented or adopted. The vase must have broken, or the oak planted in it must have ceased to grow. Nevertheless, those fictions had their beauty and their use. There was a good and pleasing side to that system of fables and ceremonies, which amused, absorbed, and satisfied the people of Europe for a thousand years. If we could concede that the mass of men must remain forever ignorant and very poor, we could also admit that nothing was ever invented by man better calculated to make them thoughtlessly contented with a dismal lot than the Roman Catholic Church as it existed in the fifteenth century, before the faith of the people had been shaken in its pretensions. There was something in it for every faculty of human nature except the intellect. It gave play to every propensity except the propensity of one mind in a thousand to ask radical questions. It relieved every kind of distress except that which came of using the reason. All human interests were provided for in it except the supreme interest of human advancement.

One must have been in a Catholic community, or else lived close to an important Catholic church, in order to form an idea of the great part the Church once played in the lives and thoughts of its members—the endless provision it made for the *entertainment* of unformed minds in the way of festivals, fasts, processions, curious observances, changes of costume, and special rites. There was always something going on or coming off. There was not a day in the year nor an hour in the day which had not

\* From Malcolm's *Caricaturing*. Plate 2, and page 23. See also *Catalogue of the Prints and Drawings in the British Museum*. Division 1, vol. II., p. 177.



its ecclesiastical name and character. In our flowery observance of Easter and in our joyous celebration of Christmas we have a faint traditional residue of festivals that once made all Christendom gay and jocund. And it was all so adapted to the limited abilities of our race! In an average thousand men, there is not more than one capable of filling creditably the post of a Protestant minister, but there are a hundred who can be drilled into competent priests.

Consider, for example, a procession, which was formerly the great event of many of the Church festivals, gratifying equally those who witnessed and those who took part in it. In other words, it gratified keenly the whole community. And yet how entirely it was within the resources of human nature! Not a child so young, not a woman so weak, not a man so old, but could assist or enjoy it. The sick could view it from their windows, the robust could carry its burdens, the skillful could contrive its devices, and all had the feeling that they were engaged in enhancing at once the glory of God, the fame of their saint, the credit of their town, and the good of their souls. It was pleasure; it was duty; it was masquerade; it was devotion. Some readers may remember the exaltation of soul with which Albert Dürer, the first of German artists in Luther's age, describes the great procession at Antwerp, in 1520, in honor of what was styled the "Assumption" of the Virgin Mary. One of the pleasing fictions adopted by the old Church was that on the 15th of August, A.D. 45, the Virgin Mary, aged seventy-five years, made a miraculous ascent into heaven. Hence the annual festival, which was celebrated throughout Europe with pomp and splendor. The passage in the diary of Dürer has a particular value, because it affords us a vivid view of the bright side of the ancient Church just before the reformers changed its gorgeous robes into the Puritan's plain black gown, and substituted the long prayer and interminable sermon for the magnificent ceremonial and the splendid procession.

Albert Dürer was in sympathy with Luther, but his heart swelled within him as he beheld, on that Sunday morning in Antwerp, the glorious pageantry that filed past for two hours in honor of the "Mother of God's" translation. All the people of the city assembled about the Church of "Our Lady," each dressed in gayest attire, but each wearing the costume of his rank, and exhibiting the badge of his guild or vocation. Silver trumpets of the old Frankish fashion, German drums and fifes, were playing in every quarter. The trades and guilds of the city—goldsmiths, painters, masons, embroiderers, statuaries, cabinet-makers, carpenters, sailors, fishermen, butchers, curriers, weavers, bakers, tailors, shoe-makers, and laborers—all marched by in order, at some dis-

tance apart, each preceded by its own magnificent cross. These were followed by the merchants, shop-keepers, and their clerks. The "shooters" came next, armed with bows, cross-bows, and fire-locks, some on horseback and some on foot. The city guard followed. Then came the magistrates, nobles, and knights, all dressed in their official costume, and escorted, as our artist records, "by a gallant troop, arrayed in a noble and splendid manner." There were a number of women in the procession, belonging to a religious order, who gained their subsistence by labor. These, all clad in white from head to foot, agreeably relieved the splendors of the occasion. After them marched "a number of gallant persons and the canons of Our Lady's Church, with all the clergy and scholars, followed by a grand display of characters." Here the enthusiasm of the artist kindles, as he recalls the glories of the day:

"Twenty men carried the Virgin and Christ, most richly adorned, to the honor of God. In this part of the procession were a number of delightful things represented in a splendid manner. There were several wagons, in which were representations of ships and fortifications. Then came a troop of characters from the Prophets, in regular order, followed by others from the New Testament, such as the Annunciation, the Wise Men of the East riding great camels and other wonderful animals, and the Flight into Egypt, all very skillfully appointed. Then came a great dragon, and St. Margaret with the image of the Virgin at her girdle, exceedingly beautiful, and last, St. George and his squire. In this troop rode a number of boys and girls very handsomely arrayed in various costumes, representing so many saints. This procession, from beginning to end, was upward of two hours in passing our house, and there were so many things to be seen that I could never describe them all even in a book."

In some such hearty and picturesque manner all the great festivals of the Church were celebrated age after age, the entire people taking part in the show. There was no dissent, because there was no thought. But the reformers preached, the Bible was translated into the modern tongues, the intelligence of Christendom awoke, and all that bright childish pageantry vanished from the more advanced nations. The reformers discovered that there was no reason to believe that the aged Virgin Mary, on the 15th of August, A.D. 45, was borne miraculously to heaven; and in a single generation many important communities, by using their reason even to that trifling extent, grew past enjoying the procession annually held in honor of the old tradition. All the old festivals fell under the ban. It became, at length, a sectarian punctilio *not* to abstain





SPAYNE AND ROME DEFEATED.—LONDON AND AMSTERDAM, 1621.

from labor on Christmas. The Puritan Sunday was gradually evolved from the same spirit of opposition, and life became intense and serious.

For it is not in a single generation, nor in ten, that the human mind, after having been bound and confined for a thousand years, learns to enjoy and safely use its freedom. Luther the reformer was only a little less credulous than Luther the monk. He assisted to strike the fetters from the reason, but the prisoner only hobbled from one cell into another, larger and cleaner, but still a cell. No one can become familiar with the Puritan period without feeling that the bondage of the mind to the literal interpretation of some parts of the Old Testament was a bondage as real, though not as degrading nor as hopeless, as that under which it had lived to the papal decrees. You do not make your canary a free bird by merely opening the door of its cage. It has to acquire slowly, with anguish and great fear, the strength of wing, lungs, and eye, the knowledge, habits, and instincts, which its ancestors possessed before they were captured in their native islands. It is only in our own day that we are beginning really to enjoy the final result of Luther's heroic life—a tolerant and modest freedom of thought—for it is only in our own day that the consequences of peculiar thinking have any where ceased to be injurious.

If there are any who can not yet forgive the Puritans for their intolerance and narrowness, it must be they who do not know the agony of apprehension in which they passed their lives. It is the Puritan age

that could be properly called the reign of terror. It lasted more than a century, instead of a few months, and it was during that long period of dread and tribulation that they acquired the passionate abhorrence of the papal system which is betrayed in the pictures and writings of the time. There was a fund of terror in their own belief, in that awful Doubt which hung over every soul, whether it was or was not one of the Elect, and in addition to that, it seemed to them that the chief powers of earth, and all the powers of hell, were united to crush the true believers.

Examine the two large caricatures, "Rome's Monster" and "Spayne and Rome Defeated," in the light of a mere catalogue of dates. The Field of the Cloth of Gold, which we may regard as the splendid close of the old state of things, occurred in 1520, three years after Luther nailed up his theses. Henry VIII. defied the Pope in 1533; and twenty years after, Bloody Mary, married to Philip of Spain, was burning bishops at Smithfield. Elizabeth's reign began in 1558, which changed, not ended, the religious strife in England. The massacre of St. Bartholomew occurred in 1572, on that 24th of August which, as Voltaire used to say, all the humane and the tolerant of our race should observe as a day of humiliation and sorrow for evermore. In 1579 began the long struggle between the New and the Old, which is called the Thirty Years' War. The Prince of Orange was assassinated in 1584, in the midst of those great events which Mr. Motley has made familiar to the reading people of both continents. Every intelli-



gent Protestant in Europe felt that the weapon which slew the prince was aimed at his own heart. The long dread of the Queen of Scots's machinations ended only with her death in 1587. Soon after, the shadow of the coming Spanish Armada crept over Great Britain, which was not dispelled till the men of England defeated and scattered it in 1588. In 1605 Guy Fawkes and the Gunpowder Plot struck such terror to the Protestant mind that it has not, in this year, 1875, wholly recovered from it, as all may know who will converse with uninstructed people in the remoter counties of Great Britain. Raleigh was beheaded in 1618. The civil war began in 1642. In 1665 the plague desolated England, and in the next year occurred the great fire of London, good Protestants not doubting that both events were traceable to the fell influence of the Beast. The accession of James II., a Roman Catholic, filled the Puritans with new alarm in 1685, and during the three anxious years of his reign their brethren, the Huguenots, were fleeing into all the Protestant lands from the hellish persecution of the priests who governed Louis XIV.

Upon looking back at this period of agitation and alarm, it startles the mind to observe in the catalogue of dates this one: "Shakspeare died, 1616." It shows us, what the ordinary records do not show, that there are people who retain their sanity and serenity in the maddest times. The rapid succession of the plays—an average of nearly two per annum—proves that there was a *public* for Shakspeare when all the world seemed absorbed in subjects least akin to art and humor. And how little trace we find of all those thrilling events in the plays! He was a London actor when the Armada came; and during the year of the Gunpowder Plot he was probably meditating the grandest of all his themes, *King Lear*!

The picture entitled "Spayne and Rome Defeated"\* was one of the most noted and influential broadsheets published during the Puritan period. It may properly be termed a broadsheet, since the copy of the original in the British Museum measures 20¾ inches by 13. The Puritans of England saw with dismay the growing cordiality between James I. and the Spanish court, and watched with just apprehension the visit of Prince Charles to Spain and the prospect of a marriage between the heir-apparent and a Spanish princess. At this alarming crisis, 1621, the sheet was composed in England, and sent over to Holland to be engraved and printed, Holland being then, and for a hundred and fifty years after, the printing-

house and type-foundry of Northern Europe. Some of the Pilgrim Fathers of Massachusetts, then residing at Leyden, and still waiting to hear the first news of the *Mayflower* company, who had sailed the year before, may have borne a hand in the work. Pastor Robinson, we know, gained part of his livelihood by co-operating with brethren in England in the preparation of works designed for distribution at home.

Besides being one of the most characteristic specimens of Puritan caricature which have been preserved, it presents to us a *résumé* of history, as Protestants interpreted it, from the time of the Spanish Armada to that of Guy Fawkes—1588 to 1605. It appears to have been designed for circulation in Holland and Germany as well as in England, as the words and verses upon it are in English, Dutch, and Latin. The English lines are these:

"In Eighty-eight, Spayne, arm'd with potent might,  
Against our peacefull Land came on to fight;  
But windes and waves and fire in one conspire,  
To help the English, frustrate Spaynes desire.  
To second that the Pope in counsell sitts,  
For some rare stratagem they strayne their witts;  
November's 5th, by powder they decree  
Great Brytanes state ruinate should bee.  
But Hee, whose never-slumb'ring Eye did view  
The dire intendments of this damned crew,  
Did soone prevent what they did thinke most sure.  
Thy mercyes, Lord! for evermore endure."

This interesting sheet was devised by Samuel Ward, a Puritan preacher of Ipswich, of great zeal and celebrity, who dedicated it, in the fashion of the day, thus:

"To God. In memorye of his double deliveraunce from y<sup>e</sup> invincible Navie and y<sup>e</sup> unmatcheable powder Treason, 1605."

It was a timely reminder. As we occasionally see in our own day a public man committing the absurdity of replying in a serious strain to a caricature, so, in 1621, the Spanish ambassador in London, Count Gondomar, called the attention of the British government to this engraving, complaining that it was calculated to revive the old antipathy of the English people to the Spanish monarchy. The obsequious lords of the Privy Council summoned Samuel Ward to appear before them. After examining him, they remanded him to the custody of their messenger, whose house was a place of confinement for such prisoners; and there he remained. As there was yet no habeas corpus act known among men, he could only protest his innocence of any ill designs upon the Spanish monarchy, and humbly petition for release. He petitioned first the Privy Council; and they proving obdurate, he petitioned the king. He was set free at last, and he remained for twenty years a thorn in the side of those who dreaded "Spayne and Rome" less than they hated Puritans and Parliaments.

This persecution of Samuel Ward gave his print such celebrity that several imita-

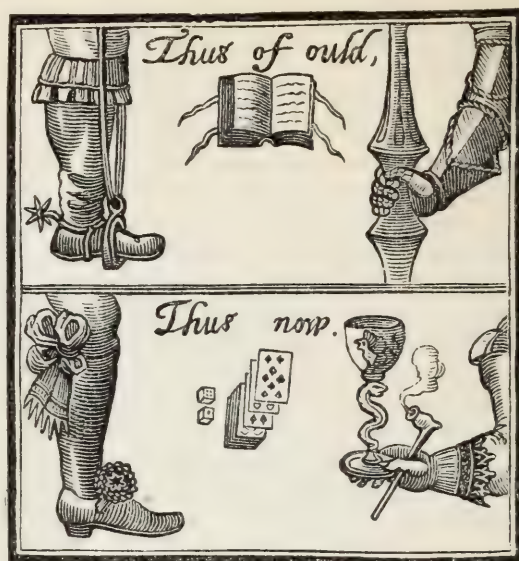
\* From Malcolm, who copied it from the original in the British Museum. See Malcolm's *Caricaturing*. Plate 22.



tions or pirated editions of the work speedily appeared, of which four are preserved in the great collection of the British Museum, each differing from the original in details. Caricatures aimed directly at the Spanish ambassador followed, but they are only remarkable for the explanatory words which accompany them. In one we read that the residence of Count Gondomar in England had "hung before the eyes of many good men like a prodigious comet, threatening worse effects to church and state than this other comet," which had recently menaced both from the vault of heaven. "No eclipse of the sunne," continues the writer, "could more damnifie the earth, to make it barraine and the best things abortive, than did his interposition." We learn also that when the count left England for a visit to his own country, in 1618, "there was an uproare and assault a day or two before his departure from London by the Apprentices, who seemed greedy of such an occasion to vent their own spleenes in doing him or any of his a mischief." Another picture exhibits the odious Gondomar giving an account of his conduct in England to the "Spanishe Parliament," in the course of which he attributes the British abhorrence of Spain to such men as "Ward of Ipswich," whom he describes as "light and unstayed wits," intent on winning the airy applause of the vulgar, and to raise their desperate fortunes. Nor does he refrain from chuckling over the penalty inflicted upon that enemy of Spayne and Rome: "And I think that Ward of Ipswich escaped not safely for his lewed and profane picture of '88 and their Powder Treason, one whereof, my Lord Archbishop, I sent you in a letter, that you might see the malice of these detestable Heretiques against his Holiness and the Catholic Church." This broadsheet being entitled *Vox Populi*, the writer concludes his explanation by styling the ambassador "Fox Populi, Count Gondomar the Great."

Ward of Ipswich continued to be heard from occasionally during the first years of the reign of Charles I. Ipswich itself acquired a certain celebrity as a Puritan centre, and the name was given during the lifetime of Samuel Ward to a town in Massachusetts, which is still thriving. One of his sermons upon drunkenness was illustrated by a picture, of which a copy is given here,\* designed to show the degeneracy of manners that had taken place in England in his day. Mr. Chatto truly remarks that twenty years later the picture would have been more appropriate with the inscriptions transposed.

The marriage of Charles I. with the Princess Henrietta of France, in 1625, was one



FROM TITLE-PAGE TO A SERMON, "WOE TO DRUNKARDS,"  
BY SAMUEL WARD, OF IPSWICH.—1627.

of the long series of impolitic acts which the king expiated on the scaffold in 1649. It aggravated every propensity of his nature that was hostile to the liberties of the people. Under James I. the *élite* of the Puritans had fled to Holland, and a little company had sought a more permanent refuge on the coast of New England. During the early years of the reign of Charles the persecution of the Puritans by his savage bishops became so cruel and so vigilant as to induce men of family and fortune, like Winthrop and his friends, accompanied by a fleet of vessels laden with virtuous and thoughtful families, to cross the ocean and settle in Massachusetts. Boston was founded when Charles I. had been cutting off the ears and slitting the noses of Puritans for five years. All that enchanting shore of New England, with its gleaming beaches, and emerald isles, and jutting capes of granite and wild roses, now so dear to summer visitors—an eternal holiday-ground and resting-place for the people of North America—began to be dotted with villages, the names of which tell us what English towns were most renowned for the Puritan spirit two hundred and fifty years ago. The satirical pictures preserved in the British Museum which relate to events in earlier reigns number ninety-nine in all, but those suggested by events in the reign of Charles I. are nearly seven hundred in number. Most of them, however, were not published until after the downfall of the king.

Several of these prints are little more than portraits of the conspicuous persons of the time, with profuse accounts on the same sheet of their sufferings or misdeeds. One such records the heroic endurance of "the Reverend Peter Smart, mr of Artes, minister of God's word at Durham," who, for preaching against popery, lost above three hundred pounds per annum, and was imprisoned

\* From Chatto's *Origin and History of Playing Cards*. London: 1848. Page 131.



eleven years in the King's Bench. The composer adds these lines :

"Peter preach downe vaine rites with  
flagrant harte :  
Thy Guerdon shall be greate, though  
heare thou Smart."

Another of these portrait pieces exhibits Dr. Alexander Leighton, who spoke of Queen Henrietta as "the daughter of Hell, a Canaanite, and an idolatresse," and spared not Archbishop Laud and his confederates. For these offenses he was, as the draughtsman informs us, "clapt up in Newgate for the space of 15 weekes, where he suffered great miserie and sicknes almost to death, afterward lost one of his Eares on the pillorie, had one of his nostrills slitt clean through, was whipt with a whip of 3 Coardes knotted, had 36 lashes therewith, was fined 1000*l.*, and kept prisoner in the fleet 12 yeares, where he was most cruelly used a long time, being lodged day and night amongst the most desperately wicked villaines of y<sup>e</sup> whole prison." He was also branded on the cheek with the letters S. S.—sower of sedition. Several other prints of the time record the same mark of attention paid by the "martyred" king to his Catholic wife. By-and-by, the crowned and mitred ruffians who did such deeds as these being themselves in durance, Parliament set Dr. Leighton free, and made him a grant of six thousand pounds.

A caricature of the same bloody period is entitled, "Archbishop Laud dining on the Ears of Prynne, Bastwick, and Burton." We see Laud seated at dinner, having an ear on the point of his knife and three more ears in the plate before him, the three victims of his cruelty standing about, and two armed bishops at the foot of the table. The dialogue below represents Laud as rejecting with scorn all the dainties of his table, and declaring that nothing will content him but the ears of Lawyer Prynne and Dr. Bastwick. He cuts them off himself, and orders them to be dressed for his supper.

"*Canterbury.* This I doe to make you examples, That others may be more careful to please my palate. Henceforth let my servants know, that what I will, I will have done,  
What ere is under heaven's Sunne."

A burst of caricature heralded the coming triumph of the Puritans in 1640, the year of the impeachment of the Earl of Strafford. Many of the pictures recorded both the sufferings and the joyful deliverance of the Puritan clergymen. Thus we have in one of



"LET NOT THE WORLD DEVIDE THOSE WHOM CHRIST HATH JOINED."

them a glowing account of the return of the three gentlemen whose ears furnished a repast for the Archbishop of Canterbury. They had been imprisoned for many years in the Channel Islands, from which they were conveyed to Dartmouth, and thence to London, hailed with acclamations of delight and welcome in every village through which they passed. All the expenses of their long journey were paid for them, and presents of value were thrust upon them as they rode by. Within a few miles of London they were met by such a concourse of vehicles, horsemen, and people that it was with great difficulty they could travel a mile in an hour. But when at length in the evening they reached the city, masses of enthusiastic people blocked the streets, crying, "Welcome home! welcome home!" and strewing flowers and rosemary before them. Thousands of the people carried torches, which rendered the streets lighter than the day. They were three hours in making their way through the crowd from Charing Cross to their lodgings in the city, a distance of a mile.

It was during the exaltation of the years preceding the civil war that such pictures appeared as the one given above, urging a union between the Church of England and the Church of Scotland against the foe of both. This is copied from an original impression in the collection of the New York Historical Society.

The caricaturists pursued Laud and Strafford even to the scaffold. The archbishop



was the author of a work entitled, *Canons and Institutions Ecclesiastical*, in which he gave expression to his extreme High-Church opinions. In 1640 the victorious House of Commons canceled the canons adopted from this work, and fined the clergy who had sat in the Convocation. A caricature quickly appeared, called "Archbishop Laud firing a Cannon," in which the cannon is represented as bursting, and its fragments endangering the clergymen standing near. Laud's committal to the Tower was the occasion of many broadsheets, one of which exhibits him fastened to a staple in a wall, with a long string of taunting stanzas below :

"Reader, I know thou canst not choose but smile  
To see a Bishop tide thus to a ring!  
Yea, such a princely prelate, that ere while  
Could three at once in *Limbo patrum* fling;  
Suspend by hundreds where his worship pleased,  
And them that preached too oft by silence eas'd;

"Made Laws and Canons, like a King (at least);  
Devis'd new oaths; forc'd men to swear to lies!  
Advanc'd his lordly power 'bove all the rest.  
And then our Lazie Priests began to rise;  
But painfull ministers, which plide their place  
With diligence, went downe the wind apace.

"Our honest Round heads too then went to racke;  
The holy sisters into corners fled;  
Cobblers and Weavers preach't in Tubs for lacke  
Of better Pulpits; with a sacke instead  
Of Pulpit-cloth, hung round in decent wise,  
All which the spirit did for their good devise.

"Barnes, Cellers, Cole-holes, were their meeting-  
places,  
So sorely were these babes of Christ abus'd,  
Where he that most Church-government disgraces  
Is most esteem'd, and with most reverence us'd.  
It being their sole intent religiously  
To rattle against the Bishops' dignity.

"Brother, saies one, what doe you thinke, I pray,  
Of these proud Prelates, which so lofty are?  
Truly, saies he, meere Antichrists are they.  
Thus as they parle, before they be aware,  
Perhaps a Pursuivant slips in behind,  
And makes 'em run like hares before the wind.

"A yeere agoe 'tad been a hanging matter  
T'ave writ (nay, spoke) a word 'gainst little Will;  
But now the times are chang'd, men scorne to flat-  
ter;  
So much the worse for Canterbury still,  
For if that truth come once to rule the roast,  
No mar'le to see him tide up to a post.

"By wicked counsels faine he would have set  
The Scots and us together by the eares;  
A Patriark's place the Levite long'd to get,  
To sit bith' Pope in one of Peter's chaires.  
And having drunke so deepe of Babels cup,  
Was it not time, d'ee think, to chaine him up?"

In these stanzas are roughly given the leading counts of the popular indictment against Archbishop Laud. Other prints present him to us in the Tower with a halter round his neck; and, again, we see him in a bird-cage, with the queen's Catholic confessor, the two being popularly regarded as birds of a feather. In another, a stout carpenter is holding Laud's nose to a grindstone, while the carpenter's boy turns the handle, and the archbishop cries for mercy :

"Such turning will soon deform my face;  
Oh! I bleed, I bleed! and am extremely sore."

But the carpenter reminds him that the various ears that he had caused to be cut off were quite as precious to their owners as his nose is to him. A Jesuit enters with a vessel of holy-water with which to wash the extremely sore nose. One broadsheet represents Laud in consultation with his physician, who administers an emetic that causes him to throw off his stomach several heavy articles which had been troubling him for years. First, the "Tobacco Patent" comes up with a terrible wrench. As each article appears, the doctor and his patient converse upon it :

"Doctor. What's this? A book? *Whosoever hath bin at church may exercise lawfull recreations on Sunday.* What's the meaning of this?

"*Canterbury.* 'Tis the booke for Pastimes on the Sunday, which I caused to be made. But hold! here comes something. What is it?

"Doctor. 'Tis another book. The title is, *Sunday no Sabbath.* Did you cause this to be made also?

"*Canterbury.* No; Doctor Pocklington made it; but I licensed it.

"Doctor. But what's this? A paper 'tis; if I be not mistaken, a Star-Chamber order made against Mr. Prinne, Mr. Burton, and Dr. Bastwicke. Had you any hand in this?

"*Canterbury.* I had. I had. All England knoweth it. But, oh, here comes up something that makes my very back ake! O that it were up once! Now it is up, I thank Heaven!

"Doctor. 'Tis a great bundle of papers, of presentations and suspensions. These were the instruments, my lord, wherewith you created the tongue-tied Doctors, and gave them great Benefices in the Country to preach some twice a year at the least, and in their place to hire some journeyman Curate, who will only read a Sermon in the forenoone, and in the afternoone be drunke, with his parishioners for company."

By the same painful process the archbishop is delivered of his *Book of Canons*, and finally of his mitre; upon which the doctor says, "Nay, if the miter be come, the Divell is not far off. Farewell, my good lord."

There still exist in various collections more than a hundred prints relating directly to Archbishop Laud, several of which give burlesque representations of his execution. There are some that show him asleep, and visited by the ghosts of those whom he had persecuted, each addressing him in turn, as the victims of Richard III. spoke to their destroyer on Bosworth Field. One of the print-makers, however, relented at the spectacle of an old man, seventy-two years of age, brought to the block. He exhibits the archbishop speaking to the crowd from the scaffold :

"Lend me but one poore teare, when thow do'st see  
This wretched portraict of just miserie.

I was Great Innovator, Tyran, Foe  
To Church and State; all Times shall call me so.  
But since I'm Thunder-stricken to the Ground,  
Learn how to stand: insult not ore my wound."

This one poor stanza alone among the popular utterances of the time shows that any soul in England was touched by the cruel fanatic's bloody end.





"ENGLAND'S WOLFE WITH EAGLE'S CLAWES" (PRINCE RUPERT).—1647.

During the civil war and the government of Cromwell, 1642 to 1660, nine in ten of all the satirical prints that have been preserved are on the Puritan side. A great number of them were aimed at the Welsh, whose brogue seems to have been a standing resource with the mirth-makers of that period, as the Irish is at present. The wild roistering ways of the Cavaliers, their debauchery and license, furnished subjects. The cruelties practiced by Prince Rupert, Digby, and the rest, wherein the barbarous Crueltie of our Civill uncivill Warres is briefly discovered." Beneath the portrait of England's wolf are various narratives of his bloody deeds. One picture exhibits the plundering habits of the mercenaries on the side of the king in Ireland. A soldier is represented armed and equipped with the utensils that appertain to good forage: on his head a three-legged pot, hanging from his side a duck, a spit with a goose on it held in his left hand as a musket, a dripping-pan on his arm as a shield, a hay-fork in his right hand for a rest, with a string of sausages for a match, a long artichoke at his side for a sword, bottles of canary suspended from his belt, slices of toast for shoe-

strings, and two black pots at his garters. This picture may have been called forth by an item in a news-letter of 1641, wherein it was stated that such "great store of pilidges" was daily brought into Drogheda that a cow could be bought there for five shillings and a horse for twelve.

The abortive attempt of Charles II., after the execution of his father, to unite the Scots under his sceptre, and by their aid place himself upon the throne of England, called forth the caricature annexed, in which an old device is put to a new use. A large number of verses explain the picture, though they begin by declaring:

"This Embleme needs no learned Exposition;  
The World knows well enough the sad condition  
Of regal Power and Prerogative.  
Dead and dethron'd in *England*, now alive  
In *Scotland*, where they seeme to love the Lad,  
If hee'l be more obsequious than his Dad,  
And act according to Kirk Principles,  
More subtile than were Delphic Oracles."

In the verses that follow there is to be found one of the few explicit justifications of the execution of Charles I. that the lighter literature of the Commonwealth affords:

"But *Law and Justice* at the last being done  
On the hated Father, now they love the Son."

The poet also taunts the Scots with having first stirred up the English to "doe Heroick Justice" on the late king, and then adopting the heir on condition of his giving *their* Church the same fell supremacy which *Laud* had claimed for the Church of England.

The Ironsides of Cromwell soon accomplished the caricaturist's prediction:

"But this religious mock, we all shall see,  
Will soone the downfall of their Babel be."

We find the pencil and the pen of the sat-



CHARLES II. AND THE SCOTCH PRESBYTERIANS.—1651.

*Presbyter.* Come to the grinstone, Charles; 'tis now too late  
To recolect, 'tis presbyterian fate.

*King.* You Covenant pretenders, must I bee  
The subject of your Tradgie Comedie?

*Jockey.* I, Jockey, turne the stone of all your plots,  
For none turnes faster than the turne-coat Scots.

*Presbyter.* We for our ends did make thee king, be sure,  
Not to rule us, we will not that endure.

*King.* You deep dissemblers, I know what you doe,  
And, for revenges sake, I will dissemble too.



irist next employed in exhibiting the young king fleeing in various ludicrous disguises before his enemies.

An interesting caricature published during the civil wars aimed to cast back upon the Malignants the ridicule implied in the nickname of Roundhead as applied to the Puritans. It contained figures of three ecclesiastics, "Sound-Head, Rattle-Head, and Round-Head." Sound-Head, a minister sound in the Puritan faith, hands a Bible to Rattle-Head, a personage meant for Laud, half bishop and half Jesuit. On the other side is the genuine Round-Head, a monk with shorn pate, who presents to Rattle-Head a crucifix, and points to a monastery. Rattle-Head rejects the Bible, and receives the crucifix. Over the figures is written:

"See heer, Malignants Foolerie  
Retorted on them properly,  
The Sound-Head, Round-Head, Rattle-Head,  
Well-placed, where best is merited."

Below are other verses in which, of course, Rattle-Head and Round-Head are belabored in the thorough-going, root-and-branch manner of the time, *Atheist* and *Arminian* being used as synonymous terms:

"See heer, the Rattle-Heads most Rotten Heart,  
Acting the Atheists or Arminians part."

In looking over the broadsheets of that stirring period, we are struck by the absence of the mighty Name that must have been uppermost in every mind and oftenest on every tongue—that of the Lord Protector, Oliver Cromwell. A few caricatures were executed in Holland, in which "The General" and "Oliver" and "The Protector" were weakly satirized, but as most of the plates in that age were made to serve various purposes, and were frequently altered and redated, it is not certain that any of them were circulated in England during Cromwell's lifetime. English draughtsmen produced a few pictures in which the Protector was favorably depicted dissolving the Long Parliament, but their efforts were not remarkable either with pen or pencil. The Protector may have relished and Bunyan may have written the verses that accompanied some of them:

"Full twelve years and more these Rooks they have  
sat  
to gull and to cozen all true-hearted People;  
Our Gold and our Silver has made them so fat  
that they lookt more big and mighty than Paul's  
Steeple."

The Puritans handled the sword more skillfully than the pen, and the royalists were not disposed to satire during the rule of the Ironside chief. The only great writer of the Puritan age on the Puritan side was Milton, and he was one of the two or three great writers who have shown little sense of humor.

What a change came over the spirit of

English art and literature at the Restoration in 1660! Forty years before, when James I. was king, who loathed a Puritan, there was occasionally published a print in which Puritans were treated in the manner of Hudibras. There was one of 1612 in which a crown was half covered by a broad-brimmed hat, with verses reflecting upon "the aspiring, factious Puritan," who presumed to "overlooke his king." There was one in 1636, in the reign of Charles I., aimed at "two infamous upstart prophets," weavers, then in Newgate for heresy, which contains a description of a Puritan at church, which is entirely in the spirit of Hudibras:

"His seat in the church is where he may be most seene. In the time of the Sermon he drawes out his tables to take the Notes, but still noting who observes him to take them. At every place of Scripture cited he turnes over the leaves of his Booke, more pleased with the motion of the leaves than the matter of the Text; For he folds downe the leaves though he finds not the place. Hee lifts up the whites of his eyes towards Heaven when hee meditates on the sordid pleasures of the earth; his body being in God's Church, when his mind is in the divel's Chappell."

Again, in 1647, two years before the execution of Charles, an extensive and elaborate sheet appeared, in which the ignorant preachers of the day were held up to opprobrium. Each of these "erronious, hereticall, and Mechannick spirits" was exhibited practicing his trade, and a multitude of verses below described the heresies which such teachers promulgated.

"Oxford and Cambridge make poore Preachers;  
Each shop affordeth better Teachers:  
Oh blessed Reformation!"

Among the "mechannick spirits" presented in this sheet we remark "Barbone, the Lether-seller," who figures in many later prints as "Barebones." There are also "Bulcher, a Chicken man;" "Henshaw, a Confectioner, alias an Infectioner;" "Duper, a Cowkeeper;" "Lamb, a Sope-boyler," and a dozen more.

Such pictures, however, were few and far between during the twenty years of Puritan ascendancy. But when the rule of the Sound-Head was at an end, and Rattle-Head had once more the dispensing of preferment in Church and state, the press teemed with broadsheets reviling the Puritan heroes. The gorgeous funeral of the Protector—his body borne in state on a velvet bed, clad in royal robes, to Westminster Abbey, where a magnificent tomb rose over his remains—was still fresh in the recollection of the people of London when they saw the same body torn from its resting-place, and hung on Tyburn Hill from nine in the morning until six in the evening, and then cast into a deep pit. Thousands who saw his royal



funeral looked upon his body swinging from the gallows. The caricatures vividly mark the change. Cromwell now appears only as tyrant, antichrist, hypocrite, monster. Charles I. is the holy martyr. His son's flight in disguise, the hiding in the oak-tree, and other circumstances of his escape are no longer ignominious or laughable, but graceful and glorious.

A cherished fiction appears frequently in the caricatures that no man came to a good end who had had any hand in the king's execution, not even the executioner nor the humblest of his assistants. On one sheet we read of a certain drummer, named Tench, who "provided roapes, pullies, and hookes (in case the king resisted) to compel and force him down to the block."

"This rogue is also haunted with a Devill, and consumes away." There was the confession, too, of the hangman, who, being about to depart this life, declared that he had solemnly vowed not to perform his office upon the king, but had nevertheless dealt the fatal blow, trembling from head to foot. Thirty pounds had been his reward, which was paid him in half-crown pieces within an hour after the execution—the dearest money, as he told his wife, that he had ever received, for it would cost him his life, "which propheticall words were soon made manifest, for it appeared that, ever since, he had been in a most sad condition, and lay raging and swearing, and still pointing at one thing or another which he conceived to appear visible before him."

Richard Cromwell was let off as easily by the caricaturist as he was by the king. He is depicted as "the meek knight," the mild incapable, hardly worth a parting kick. In one very good picture he is a cooper hammering away with a mallet at a cask, from which a number of owls escape, most of which, as they take their flight, cry out, "*King!*" Richard protests that he knows nothing of this trade of cooper, for the more he hammers, the more the barrel breaks up. Elizabeth, the wife of the Protector, figured in a ludicrous manner upon the cover of a cookery book published in the reign of



SHROVE-TIDE IN ARMS AGAINST LENT.—1660.

Charles II., the preface of which contained anecdotes of the kitchen over which she had presided.

Among other indications of change in the public feeling, we notice a few pictures conceived in the pure spirit of gayety, designed to afford pleasure to every one, and pain to no one. Two of these are given here—Shrove-tide and Lent tilting at one another—which were thought amazingly ingenious and comic two hundred years ago. They are quite in the taste of the period that produced them. Shrove-tide, in the calendar of Rome, is the Tuesday before Lent, a day on which many people gave themselves up to revelry and feasting, in anticipation of the forty days' fast. Shrove-tide accordingly is mounted on a fat ox, and his sword is sheathed in a pig and piece of meat, with capons and bottles of wine about his body. His flag, as we learn from the explanatory verses, is "a cooke's foule apron fix'd to a broome," and his helmet "a brasse pot." Lent, on the contrary, flings to the breeze a fishing-net, carries an angling rod for a weapon, and wears upon his head "a boyl-ing kettle." Thus accoutred, these mortal foes approach one another, and Lent lifts up his voice and proclaims his intention:

"I now am come to mundifie and cleare  
The base abuses of this last past yeare:





LENT TILTING AT SHROVE-TIDE.—1660.

Thou puff-paunch'd monster (Shrovetyde), thou art he  
That were ordain'd the latter end to be  
Of forty-five weekes' gluttony, now past,  
Which I in seaven weekes come to cleanse at last:  
Your feasting I will turn to fasting dyet;  
Your cookes shall have some leasure to be quiet;  
Your masques, pomps, playes, and all your vaine  
    expençe,  
I'll change to sorrow, and to penitence."

Shrove-tide replies valiantly to these brave words:

"What art thou, thou leane-jawde anottamie,  
All spirit (for I no flesh upon thee spie);  
Thou bragging peece of ayre and smoke, that  
    prat'st,  
And all good-fellowship and friendship hat'st;  
You'll turn our feasts to fasts! when, can you tell?  
Against your spight, we are provided well.  
Thou sayst thou'lt ease the cookes!—the cooks  
    could wish  
Thee boyl'd or broyl'd with all thy frothy fish;  
For one fish-dinner takes more paines and cost  
Than three of flesh, bak'd, roast, or boyl'd, almost."

This we are compelled to regard as about the best fun our ancestors of 1660 were capable of achieving with pencil and pen. Nor can we claim much for their pictures which aim to satirize the vices.

The joy of the English people at the restoration of the monarchy, which seemed at first to be as universal as it was enthusiastic, was of short duration. The Stuarts were the Bourbons of England, incapable of being taught by adversity. Within two years Charles II. alarmed Protestant England by marrying a Portuguese princess. The great plague of 1665, that destroyed in London alone sixty-eight thousand persons, was followed in the very next year by the

great fire of London, which consumed thirteen thousand two hundred houses. At a moment when the public mind was reduced to the most abject credulity by such events as these, the scoundrel Titus Oates appeared, declaring that the dread calamities which had afflicted England, and others then imminent, were only parts of an awful *Popish Plot*, which aimed at the destruction of the king and the restoration of the Catholic religion. A short time after, Sir Edmundsbury Godfrey, the magistrate before whom Titus Oates made his deposition, was found dead in a field near London, the victim probably of some fanatic assassin of the Catholic party. The kingdom was thrown into an ecstasy of terror, from which, as before observed, it has not to this day wholly recovered. Terror may lurk in the blood of a race ages after

the removal of its cause, as we find our sensitive horses shying from low-lying objects at the road-side, though a hundred generations may have peacefully labored and died since their ancestors crouched from the spring of a veritable wild beast. The broadsheets of that year, 1678, and of the troublous years following, even until William of Orange was firmly seated on



THE QUEEN OF JAMES II. AND FATHER PETRE.

"It is a foolish sheep that makes the wolf her confessor."—1685.



the throne of England, in 1690, have, we may almost say, but one topic—the Popish Plot. The spirit of that period lives in those sheets.

It had been a custom in England to celebrate the 17th of November, the day, as one sheet has it, on which the unfortunate Queen Mary died, and “that Glorious Sun, Queen Elizabeth, of happy memory, arose in the English horizon, and thereby dispelled those thick fogs and mists of Romish blindness, and restored to these kingdoms their just Rights both as men and Christians.” The next recurrence of this anniversary after the murder of Godfrey was seized by the Protestants of London to arrange a procession which was itself a striking caricature. A pictorial representation of the procession is manifestly impossible here, but we can copy the list of objects as given on a broadsheet issued a few days after the event. This device of a procession, borrowed from Catholic times, was continually employed to promulgate and emphasize Protestant ideas down to a recent period, and has been used for political objects in our own day. How changed the thoughts of men since Albert Dürer witnessed the grand and gay procession at Antwerp, in honor of the Virgin’s Assumption, one hundred and fifty-nine years before! The 17th of November, 1679, was ushered in, at three o’clock in the morning, by a burst of bell-ringing all over London. The broadsheet thus quaintly describes the procession:

“About Five o’Clock in the Evening, all things being in readiness, the Solemn Procession began, in the following Order: I. Marched six Whiflers to clear the way, in Pioneers Caps and Red Waistcoats (and carrying torches). II. A Bellman Ringing, who with a Loud and Dolesom Voice cried all the way, *Remember Justice Godfrey*. III. A Dead Body representing Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, in the Habit he usually wore, the Cravat wherewith he was murdered about his Neck, with spots of Blood on his Wrists, Shirt, and white Gloves that were on his hands, his Face pale and wan, riding on a White Horse, and one of his Murderers behind him to keep him from falling, representing the manner how he was carried from Somerset-House to Primrose-Hill. IV. A Priest in a Surplice, with a Cope Embroidered with Dead mens Bones, Skeletons, Skuls, &c. giving pardons very freely to those who would murder Protestants, and proclaiming it Meritorious. V. A Priest alone, in Black, with a large Silver Cross. VI. Four Carmelite Friars in White and Black Habits. VII. Four Grey Friars in their proper Habits. VIII. Six Jesuits with Bloody Daggers. IX. A Consort of Wind-Musick, call’d the Waits. X. Four Popish Bishops in Purple and Lawn Sleeves, with Golden Crosses on their Breasts. XI. Four

other Popish Bishops in their Pontificalibus, with Surplices, Rich Embroydered Copes, and Golden Miters on their Heads. XII. Six Cardinals in Scarlet Robes and Red Caps. XIII. The Popes Chief Physitian with Jesuites Powder in one hand, and a — in the other. XIV. Two Priests in Surplices, with two Golden Crosses. Lastly, the Pope in a Lofty Glorious Pageant, representing a Chair of State, covered with Scarlet, the Chair richly embroydered, fringed, and bedeckt with Golden Balls and Crosses; at his feet a Cushion of State, two Boys in Surplices, with white Silk Banners and Red Crosses, and Bloody Daggers for Murdering Heritical Kings and Princes, painted on them, with an Incense-pot before them, sate on each side censuring his Holiness, who was arrayed in a rich Scarlet Gown, Lined through with Ermin, and adorned with Gold and Silver Lace, on his Head a Triple Crown of Gold, and a Glorious Collar of Gold and precious stones, St. Peters Keys, a number of Beads, Agnus Dei’s and other Catholick Trumpery; at his Back stood his Holiness’s Privy Councillor, the Devil, frequently caressing, hugging, and whispering, and oft-times instructing him aloud, to destroy His Majesty, to forge a Protestant Plot, and to fire the City again; to which purpose he held an Infernal Torch in his hand. The whole Procession was attended with 150 Flambeaus and Torchés by order; but so many more came in Voluntiers as made up some thousands. Never were the Balconies, Windows and Houses more numerously filled, nor the Streets closer throng’d with multitudes of People, all expressing their abhorrence of Popery with continual Shouts and Acclamations.”

With slow and solemn step the procession marched to Temple Bar, then just rebuilt—a vivid reminder of the great fire—and there it halted, while a dialogue in verse was sung in parts by “one who represented the English Cardinal Howard, and one the people of England.” We can imagine the manner in which the crowd would come thundering in with the concluding stanza:

“Now God preserve Great Charles our King,  
And eke all honest men;  
And Traytors all to justice bring,  
Amen! Amen! Amen!”

Fire-works succeeded the song, after which “his Holiness was decently tumbled from all his grandeur into the impartial flames,” while the people gave so prodigious a shout that it was heard “far beyond Somerset House,” half a mile distant. For many years a similar pageant was given in London on the same day.

From the accession of William and Mary we notice a change in the subjects treated by caricaturists. If religion continued for a time to be the principal theme, there was more variety in its treatment. Sects became





A QUAKER MEETING, 1710—AMINIDEL EXHORTING FRIENDS TO SUPPORT SACHEVERELL.

more distinct; the Quakers arose; the divergence between the doctrines of Luther and Calvin was more marked, and gave rise to much discussion; High-Church and Low-Church renewed their endless contest; the Baptists became an important denomination; deism began to be whispered, and became soon the vaunted, faith of men of the world; even the voice of the Jew was occasionally heard, timidly asking for a small share of his natural rights. It is interesting to note in the popular broadsheets and satirical pictures how quickly the human mind began to exert its powers when an overshadowing and immediate fear of pope and king in league against liberty had been removed by the flight of James II., and the happy accession of William III.

Political caricature rapidly assumed prominence, though as long as Louis XIV. remained on the throne of France the chief aim of politics was to create safeguards against the possible return of the Catholic Stuarts. The accession of Queen Anne, the career of Bolingbroke and Harley, the splendid exploits of Marlborough, the early conflicts of Whig and Tory, the attempts of the Pretenders, the peaceful accession of George I.—all these are exhibited in broadsheets and

satirical prints still preserved in more than one collection. Louis XIV., his pomps and his vanities, his misfortunes and his mistresses, furnished subjects for hundreds of caricatures both in England and Holland. It was on a Dutch caricature of 1695 that the famous retort of the Duc de Luxembourg occurs to an exclamation of the Prince of Orange. The prince impatiently said, after a defeat, "Shall I, then, never be able to beat that hunchback?" Luxembourg replied to the person reporting this, "How does he know that my back is hunched? He has never seen it." Interspersed with political satires, we observe an increasing number upon social and literary subjects. The transactions of learned societies were now important enough to be caricatured, and the public was entertained with burlesque discourses, illustrated,

upon "The Invention of Samplers," "The Migration of Cuckoos," "The Eunuch's



FRENCH CARICATURE OF CORPULENT GENERAL GALAS, WHO DEFEATED A FRENCH CONVOY.—1635.





ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS—A BETTER FRIEND TO LADIES THAN TO THE POPE.—HOLLAND, 1686.—BY AN EXILED HUGUENOT.



ARCHBISHOP OF RHEIMS—MITRED ASS.—HOLLAND, 1686.—AFTER THE EXPULSION OF THE HUGUENOTS.

Child," "A new Method of teaching learned Men how to write Unintelligibly." There was an essay, also, "proving by arguments philosophical that Millers, though falsely so reputed, yet in reality are not thieves, with an intervening argument that Taylors likewise are not so."

A strange episode in the conflict between Whig and Tory was the career of Sacheverell, a clergyman who preached such extreme doctrines concerning royal and ecclesiastical prerogative that he was formally censured by a Whig Parliament, and thus lifted into a preposterous importance. During his triumphal tour, which Dr. Johnson remembered as one of the events of his earliest childhood, he was escorted by voluntary guards that numbered from one thousand to four thousand mounted men, wearing the Tory badges of white knots edged with gold, and in their hats three leaves of gilt laurel. The picture opposite of the Quaker meeting reflects upon the alliance alleged to exist between the high Tories and the Quakers, both having an interest in the removal of disabilities, and hence making common cause. A curious relic of this brief delirium is a paragraph in the *Grub Street Journal* of 1736, which records the death of Dame Box, a woman so zealous for the Church that when Sacheverell was relieved of censure she clothed herself in white, kept the clothes all her life, and was buried in them. As long as Dr. Sacheverell lived she went to London once a year, and carried a present of a dozen larks to that "high-flying priest."

The flight of the Huguenots from France, in 1685 and 1686, enriched Holland, England, and the American colonies with the *élite* of the French people. Holland being nearest to France, and honored above all lands for nearly a century as the refuge of people persecuted for opinions' sake, received at first the greatest number, especially of the class

who could live by intellectual pursuits. The rarest of all rarities in the way of caricature, "the diamond of the pictorial library," is a series of burlesque portraits, produced in Holland in 1686, of the twenty-four persons most guilty of procuring the revocation of the wise edict of Henry IV., which secured to French Protestants the right to practice their religion. The work was entitled *La Procession Monacale conduite par Louis XIV. pour la Conversion des Protestans de son Royaume*. The king, accordingly, leads the way, his face a Sun in a monk's cowl, in allusion to his adoption of the sun as a device. Madame De Maintenon, his married mistress, hideously caricatured, follows. Père la Chaise, and all the ecclesiastics near the court who were reputed to have urged on the ignorant old king to this superlative folly, had their place in the procession. Several of the faces are executed with a freedom and power not common in any age, but at that period only possible to a French hand. Two or three specimens are given here.

Louis XIV., as the caricature collections alone would suffice to show, was the conspicuous man of that painful period. The caricaturists avenged human nature. No man of the time called forth so many efforts of the satiric pencil, nor was there ever a person better adapted to the satirist's purpose, for he furnished precisely those contrasts which satire can exhibit most effectively. He stood five feet two in his stockings, but his shoe-maker put four inches of leather under his heels, and his wig-maker six inches of other people's hair upon his head, which gave him an imposing altitude of six feet. The beginning of his reign was prosperous enough to give some slight excuse for the most richly developed arrogance seen in the world since Xerxes lashed the Hellespont, but the last third of





Rex.

Ludovicus.

Ludovicus Rex.

CARICATURE OF LOUIS XIV., BY THACKERAY.

his reign was a collapse that could easily be made to seem ludicrous. There were very obvious contrasts in those years between the splendors of his barbaric court and the disgraceful defeats of his armies, between the opinion he cherished of himself and the contempt in which he was held abroad, between the adulations of his courtiers and the execrations of France, between the rigorously enforced mass-attending of the court and the dissoluteness of manners that prevailed.

The caricaturists of London and Amsterdam made the most of these points. Every town that he lost, every victory that Marlborough won, gave them an opportunity which they improved. We have him as a huge yellow Sun, each ray of which bears an inscription referring to some defeat, folly, or shame. We have him as a jay, covered with stolen plumage, which his enemies are plucking from him, each feather inscribed with the name of a lost city or fortress. We have him as the Crier of Versailles, crying the ships *lost* in the battle of La Hogue, and offering rewards for their recovery. He figures as the Gallic cock flying before that wise victorious fox, of England, William III., and as a pompous drummer leading his army, and attended by his ladies and courtiers. He is an old French Apollo driving the sun, in wig and spectacles. He is a tiger on trial before the other beasts for his cruel depredations. He is shorn and fooled by Maintenon; he is bridled by Queen Anne. He is shown drinking a goblet of human blood. We see him in the stocks with his confederate, the Pope, and the devil

standing behind, knocking their heads together. He is a sick man vomiting up towns. He is a sawyer, who, with the help of the King of Spain, saws the globe in two, Maintenon sitting aloft assisting the severance. As long as he lived the caricaturists continued to assail him; and when he died, in 1715, he left behind him a France so demoralized and impoverished that he still kept the satirists busy.

Even in our own time Louis XIV. has suggested one of the best caricatures ever drawn, and it is accompanied by an explanatory essay almost unique among prose satires for bitter wit and blasting truth. The same hand wielded both the pen and the pencil, and it was the wonderful hand of Thackeray. "You see at once," he says, in explanation of the picture, "that majesty is made out of the wig, the high-heeled shoes, and cloak, all *fleurs-de-lis* bespangled..... Thus do barbers and cobblers make the gods that we worship."

### UNDER THE STARS.

O NIGHT, look down through cloud and star  
Upon our fret and pain!  
Bid all the dreams that Day denies  
Bloom into faith again!  
In tender shades of shadow come  
And take Earth's weary children home!

Sweet teacher, wiser than the schools,  
Thy speechless lessons bring;  
The rebel soul, the aching heart,  
The will like broken wing.  
Make ready for a stiller night,  
And for a dearer Morning Light!



## RAPE OF THE GAMP.



"OARS CAME SPLASHING UP. A COIL OF LINE WAS CHUCKED BEFORE HIS FACE."—[SEE PAGE 833.]

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## MAN OVERBOARD.

NOW the biggest man in the victorious Oxford University boat raged and fretted in his diminutive cabin, smoking many pipes in supreme defiance of Captain M'Leod, and reading this horrid letter of Frank's by his surreptitious lamp, until it drove him wild. Not a word had he written to or heard from the Brownes during his year's exile in America. Poor Martin, in the inno-

cence of his unsuspecting heart, and glowing with delight at some little favor which Janet in her weariness had extended to him, had said to his old tutor, during their last term at Oxford, words which had induced the latter to think she had tacitly accepted his younger rival. And it must be remembered that he had done his utmost to destroy her regard for him. So when the news of Eleanor's death reached him, it only affected him with a tender and most charitable melancholy. Of Janet and Martin he



fervently ejaculated, "Godspeed them both!" and went on his dreary way to a country where he knew that life was cheaply held; for on proposing to insure his own at a first-rate office, it had been courteously declined, "the risks in Mexico at the present crisis, and under the present state of affairs, being so manifold." Nevertheless the seductive secretary hoped they should see him back safe and sound, and that he would wish to renew his proposition after having evaded the dangers of war in such a savage and unhealthy region.

It was the trifling episode of his conversation with Martin which induced him so suddenly to accept this engagement, and to maintain for so long an unbroken silence with his friends in Pedlington. He honestly wished Janet to be free to make and retain her own choice, and feared that any thing approaching to an advance on his part, now that he was free, would seem like claiming her on the score of his generosity and of the previous love passage between them.

But when the stormy year of his campaigning was drawing to a close, he wrote to Frank from Mexico, announcing his return by way of Vera Cruz and New York, and casually remarking that he supposed he should have to congratulate Janet and Martin on his arrival. The letter in his hand was a brief answer from Frank, received through his agents in New York, saying how glad they all had been to see his handwriting again, how much more glad they would be to see his face, and expressing astonishment that he had not written before leaving England, or for so many months since. As to the bit of *badinage* about Martin and Janet (Frank said), of course she could not help poor Martin's persistent folly. But they all liked him well enough, and thought he was really enamored of some poetical ideal, and had chosen Janet to impersonate this. Alas! how often is this indeed the case! Frank proceeded to say that ever since Lyte's articles had appeared in the — *Review*, that periodical had entirely supplanted the *Oxford Chronicle*, and the whole family had grown quite learned in the geography and current military and political history of "The Latin Empire." Then in a postscript Frank added: "The sooner you turn up, my dear fellow, the better. A certain person, who has now arrived at years of discretion, is becoming rather more cracked than discreet; and I really don't know what may not happen if the state of suspense is protracted. She says now that she knows you won't come home, but will stay in New York. I wonder whether you will have stumbled across your old enemy George Baily at New York. Probably not. But it seems he has fallen upon his legs in the United States; and though he is a degraded

man now, I must do him the justice to say that he has scraped together and returned the £500 put by for Hubert, of which he had (to the best of our belief) defrauded the governor. He has had the impudence to write to Blanche and ask her to join him out there. We all oppose the idea; but there is no knowing what a woman may not do in such a case. I suppose you do not know that Nelly is to be married to Fuller on the 1st of February, and that they sail for Canada about a week after the wedding."

It is hardly necessary to say that while the paragraph in the body of the letter which repudiated any idea of Martin's success would by itself have been a source of delight to our returning exile, that passage in the *postscript* alarmed and agitated him. Why was not Frank more explicit? What could he mean? One thing was evident now beyond a doubt. Janet had been constant to him, even under the cruel blow of his departure without a word of encouragement spoken or written, after she had heard of his freedom. But now, at length, Frank feared something from the protraction of her suspense. He was not a man to speak prematurely. What was it that he feared? Was she, in anger or despair, about to throw herself away upon some man whom she did not love? Or was her health giving way under the strain?

Well Lyte remembered that two or three years previously Frank had hinted that this passion was "consuming her." It was during the short conversation which arose between them *apropos* of the bottle of perfume. But in the long interval which had elapsed since then he had persistently tried to starve out that regard of hers, not anticipating his own freedom, and since knowing of his own release had pursued his former plan in order to leave *her* free. But now it appeared that she had never wavered, and was suffering past endurance from his seeming inconstancy. Oh, if she could only read his true heart, and see how she was cherished there! Surely, Bedford Lyte insisted to himself, as some millions of lovers have done before, no woman was ever so singly and purely worshiped as she had been in that secret shrine. Nor was he very far wrong. The man had loved the girl with more devotion than many girls have lavished upon them in this degenerate age. He had proved it, too; though after a fashion little likely to have yielded her much comfort hitherto.

Should he find her thin and wasted, with her beauty half gone, her radiance dimmed? Almost he hoped it might be so, that he might prove how far above such mortal chances was his mature love for her. He thought of Osseo, and Owenee the faithful, and declared solemnly to himself that if his Janet had become "wrinkled, old, and ugly," as did Owenee, he would still be true, as



Osseo was; and doubtless he would have been so. There are some men who *can* only love once, though as boys they might have slipped, as Lyte had done. Yet had he possessed twelve millions of gold doubloons instead of £1200 (to which sum his little savings amounted), he would have given every fraction of it, without a murmur, to save her beauty—so far in his eyes was it beyond every source of actual or possible delight which he had ever known.

As he fumed and fretted, the sea rose higher, and the wind raged more fiercely in fitful and sudden gusts. Every half hour the mate had been shortening sail during the last watch. It was now four o'clock in the morning, and blowing a strong gale. The ship, no longer steady and upright, at times careened over to leeward, then righting again with a heavy lurch, appeared to suffer a strain through her whole body, as though the knees and joists were parting company, and the ocean about to pour in and engulf them.

As eight bells struck, the mate thundered at the captain's door. That mariner enjoyed profound slumbers under the most agitating circumstances, and had already confided to Mr. Lyte that he could sleep "till the crack of doom," if he only once got "soundly off in a gale of wind."

Being aware of this idiosyncrasy on the part of his commander, Mr. Jones (a small but sturdy mariner) pounded away, regardless alike of knuckles and panels.

"What now?" roared the captain from within.

"Blowin' a gale, Sir," bellowed the officer.

"Have you made her snug?" (from within).

"Ay, ay, Sir."

"How's her head?"

"East-node-east" (in Mr. Jones's stentorian conventional).

"How's the wind?" (from within).

"No-ode" (still more stentorian and conventional).

"Then let it blow!" (from within).

This dialogue, rude, and almost horrible as it may seem, in the face of danger impending over the lives of so many persons who were innocent of the craft and avarice which had actuated the owners, rather inspired the passenger with confidence in the captain. Evidently, even when half drunk and half asleep, he could follow up an idea through its legitimate stages, and form a conclusion which, though rash, was based upon the satisfactory evolution of that idea.

But Mr. Jones was equally worthy of respect, and, moreover, was sober. After a pause, during which the plunging and lurching of the ship indicated great difficulty in steering her on the present course, he again thundered at the captain's door.

"What now-ow-ow?" roared the angry commander.

"Blowin' terrible hard, Sir," bellowed the mate.

"So it was last time you came kickin' up a row here," retorted the captain, who supposed he had been asleep for a whole watch (four hours) since the last disturbance. "How's her head?" he continued, yawning terribly.

"East-node-east," as before.

"How's the wind?"

"No-o-ode!" louder than Boreas itself.

"Then let it blow, and—et cætera," dimly audible.

"We'd better heave her to, Sir," roared Mr. Jones.

At this outrageous breach of discipline, Captain M'Leod, looking like the pictures of sanguinary buccaneers in boys' books, with a fiery visage surrounded with fierce black hair, with glaring eyes and glistening teeth, appeared suddenly at his door in a white guernsey and woolen drawers.

"Pray who commands this ship, Sir?" he inquired, gravely.

"Why, you do, Sir," replied the mate, uncovering.

"And you've made her snug, using your own judgment, Mr. Jones? and you tell me the wind is north, and the ship steering her course? That is so, is it not?"

"That's so, Sir."

"Then let the ship continue on her course; and tell the officer of the watch, if any thing is carried away, to clap it on again."

Before Mr. Jones had securely fastened on his sou'wester again, a snort like the battle-cry of a wild boar, from the recesses of the stern cabin, announced that Captain M'Leod, of the *Adriatic*, was again in the embrace of the drowsy god. Then Lyte heard the discomfited mate growling like a grizzly bear, and blundering up the steps which led from the cuddy to the poop deck, and, when he got there, uniting with the second mate (whose watch it was) in new orders for reducing the amount of sail. Not being able to sleep, Lyte went up also. The night seemed to be pitch-dark, and by the mysterious light of the binnacle lamp the men at the wheel looked like two Brobdingnagians. Presently the mate came aft, and stooped over the binnacle to see the compass. He looked like Magog, and the other two like Og and Gog. The wind yelled and shrieked through the rigging. The cries of the men taking up a third reef in the maintop-sail sounded like the inarticulate howling of lost spirits sent to wander on the trackless deep. Every now and then, as the ship surged up the side of a soaring wave, or plunged into some tremendous ocean hollow, a white gleam of surf skimmed up or down the heaving mass, merely serving to make the darkness visible; and when the passenger struggled and grappled his way to the forward part of the poop, he could distinguish,





"I SHOULD BLUSH TO STEP ON ENGLISH GROUND, IF I LEFT THOSE FOREIGNERS TO DIE LIKE KITTENS."  
[SEE PAGE 833.]



partly by sight and partly by sound, and the huge vibrations of the ship, that the crest of every wave, itself an immense body of water, was curling over the weather bulwark, and seething to and fro on the main-deck, always being replenished by another before it could escape at the lee scuppers. After a while, a rift in the clouds allowing a faint glimmer of starlight to appear, Lyte saw the sailors gliding mysteriously, like hobgoblins, down the main rigging, and apparently dropping recklessly into the turbid pool on deck. But really no human being unaided could have got through it, and ropes were strained along from poop to fore-castle, by which the descent and transit either way were made.

Finding after a while that the officer of the watch was clutching hold of something and hanging on beside him, Lyte shouted at him, "Rough-and-tumble kind of work this!" which intellectual remark he had to bellow at the top of his voice about half a dozen times, the officer seeming most anxious to hear it, but unable to do so at first on account of the whizzing and roaring of wind and waves, and the manifold noises of a ship straining in distress.

"We shall ketch it—afore long," was the cheerful reply, which the passenger caught at once, either from the seaman's more judicious selection of time or of his words. After which encouragement, at the imminent risk of his life, Mr. Lyte regained the companion ladder, and blundered back to his little cabin, where he found Tommy still balancing himself on one leg, and with his head still tucked under his wing, as if the ship were upright and motionless in a harbor of refuge.

This sort of thing continued not only without abatement, but rather getting worse and worse, during the morning watch and the whole of the next day, the standing rigging and the bulwarks creaking and grinding in a most detestable regularity of dissonance as the vessel scudded and lurched through a heavy cross-sea. The main-deck was constantly afloat, and though as yet happily the cuddy and state-rooms (in the poop) were high and dry, it is scarcely pleasant to be in mid-Atlantic, in the howling month of February, on board of a ship whose decks and bulwarks form a tank which holds a gurgling, seething pool, ever changing its course, rushing to and fro, hither and thither, with the pitching and rolling of the ship, and dashing with mimic fury of the war without against every obstacle which opposes its movements. Bedford's bones ached worse than they did after rowing either of his two university races, or after running his victorious two-mile race against the champions of Cambridge, London, Dublin, and Durham, in which he gained for himself and his college

undying renown. Why, it was publicly stated, after due reference to *Bell's Life* and *The Field*, that the time in which Lyte accomplished the two miles was fully one-fifth of a second less than in any race on record! The Durham man was beaten by one second and a fifth; the London man by one and two-fifths; the others were nowhere. So terrific had the pace been from start to finish that all the quidnuncs present anticipated a breakdown on the part of Lyte.

Now the hero's running days seemed to have run themselves out. Browbeaten and dejected in aspect, after two or three hopeless and helpless scrambles and tumblings on to the poop and down again, he sat humbly over a novel at the cuddy table, having coaxed the steward for a gravitating lamp, grasping the rack with tenacious digits, entwining his noble legs in the lashings underneath, and barely managing to hold his own, so fickle is human glory!

Captain M'Leod had been restored to a sense of duty at eight o'clock in the morning, when the officer of the ensuing watch again politely suggested heaving to. She was too deep in the *waarter*, he said, being from Somersetshire. She did lurch terrible, and the mastisses wer' in danger, he added.

"Then let her *go off* two points, Mr. Fitzgerald," roared the resolute captain. "Give her the foresail (with a reef in it), and then *let her rip*! Now remember, Mr. Crays—you and your men—her course is due east."

Mr. Crays, in a roar like a savage bear, responded, "Ay, ay, Sir!"

"And you, Mr. Fitz, if she carries any thing away, you clap it on again. And if the wind shifts (which it won't), let me know." And down the mariner stumbled, bestowing upon his sore and studious guest at the cuddy table a sounding smack between the shoulder-blades, inviting him to "keep up his pecker," and, to Bedford's delight (somewhat tempered with apprehension), announcing his determination to "let her rip," *i. e.*, to proceed on her course at all hazards, when more prudent navigators would heave to.

The gale was now blowing steadily from the northwest, and the vessel being steered due east, went more freely with the wind on her quarter. She was running under treble-reefed foretop and maintop sails, a reefed foresail, and a foretop-mast stay-sail. At intervals of two hours, and sometimes less, Captain M'Leod appeared on the poop, with a countenance like "furious Goth" or "fiery Hun," stared savagely at the elements, at the two unfortunates who were steering the stubborn ship, and at the officer of the watch, after which silent protest against nature and art he would disappear. "Sticking to your seat like grim death, eh, Mr. Lyte?" he would say, while passing that unhappy individual at the cuddy table. At



last he dragged Lyte into his stern cabin, and fed him on Bologna sausage, Bourbon whiskey, and Angostura bitters. Cooked meals were out of the question. The cook's galley was an island in the middle of a whirlpool, and that sable functionary himself enjoying sweet sleep and balmy oblivion in the regions below. Nevertheless the steward promised Mr. Lyte a cup of tea in the evening, if he could "only get a bit of fire in the cuddy stove." Alas! they knew not what the evening would bring forth.

The afternoon brought forth not more, perhaps, than was dimly foreboded, but certainly more than was distinctly foreseen. At 2 P.M., while his guest was, at the captain's request, "pitching into" a Bologna sausage, and the good ship *Adriatic* was pitching into the waves with an apparent intention of never coming out again, a tremendous *bang* and a *smash* were distinctly audible in the stern cabin, though the wind was carrying sounds forward.

"Hullo!" observed Lyte, pausing with sausage in air.

*Bang! Smash!* For a few moments the two reports seemed to hush all the previous grinding, grating, creaking, and groaning of casks, barrels, ropes, and timbers which proclaimed the general distress.

"There they go!" rejoined M'Leod, in a sort of oracular response to Lyte's "Hullo!"

Presently a large amphibious boatswain, clad in yellow tarpaulin, and dripping with Atlantic brine, appeared in the doorway.

Grinning hideously, he blurts out, "Fo'es'l carried away, Sir."

"And?" the captain inquired, being fully aware that as yet only the *bang* was accounted for.

"And main-deck swept clean as a whistle. Cook's galley, bulwarks, water casks, barrel, spare spars, and all, clean gone!"

"Pipe all hands to grog, aft, immediately. Tell Mr. Fitzgerald to set the main try-sail, and then set to work and bend a new storm foresail."

"Ay, ay, Sir;" and away went the amphibious one.

Lyte made it a point of honor to ask no further questions. And though M'Leod when drinking freely was not usually communicative, yet being touched by this consideration on the part of his guest, he spoke out. "It must be one of two things," he said: "we must keep on moving pretty fast, and take care *not to get pooped*, or we must heave to. If I heave to, the ship won't ride. She's too deep, as Mr. Green says. I doubt if we could keep her up to the wind."

"What *is* being pooped?" asked the landsman, innocently.

"If they don't get that try-sail set, and bend another foresail, you'll see before long. On'y then you'll never be able to tell the tale. You see, we're pretty nearly running

before the wind. If one of these big rollers comes along faster than we keep moving, it smashes in our poop, and down we go stern foremost."

At this juncture the howling of the brave fellows was heard in midship. They had swallowed their rum, and were setting the try-sail—a service of danger, now that the main-deck was swept clear of her bulwarks, and was open to the fury of every roller through the summit of which they rushed, and whose foaming crest closed in upon them, as if it were claiming them for its own.

Among brave men in danger a sort of freemasonry exists, as undoubtedly is the case also among cowards. M'Leod had strongly taken to his new ally, and had persuaded him to light his trusty old pipe and smoke it in his own sacred cabin.

At 3.45 P.M. another crash, loud though distant, was heard.

"The foretop-mast, by ——!" exclaimed the captain, now springing to his feet and hurrying up on deck. Lyte followed at once. This was a twofold disaster, the foretop-sail and foretop-mast stay-sail both coming down together, depriving the ship of all sail forward, and encumbering her with the wreck. Of course it had been impossible in this stress of weather to bend a new foresail since the former one was carried away, so that now the ship was scudding under only the reefed maintop-sail and the main try-sail, and it was almost as difficult to keep her before the wind as to heave her to.

All hands were immediately summoned, and the wreck cleared away as rapidly as possible under the circumstances. Lyte, seeing a service toward in which he could be of use, scrambled down for his bowie-knife, went along the ropes to the fore rigging, and there worked manfully at cutting away the wreck, though he narrowly escaped being washed overboard more than once, and only owed his life to his own agility and tenacity of grasp.

No sooner was all the topmast rigging cleared away than the forestay-sail was set, and incredible exertions were made by all hands to bend a new foresail. The moon came to the rescue, and though the ship was terribly knocked about and the steering apparatus much strained in the mean while, they had the new foresail set before midnight. Then the captain, at urgent request of the officers (for which Mr. Lyte silently cursed them), hove the ship to, and turned in.

By some obscure mental process it was evident to Lyte that whereas officers and men all liked their captain, all equally distrusted him. The overlading of the vessel, in which M'Leod had no concern, was now acknowledged on all hands; and though



Lyte saw that the man upon whom now chiefly all their lives depended was a drunkard, he also saw that there was a vast reserve of energy about him, drunk or sober, and that he was capable of judicious and energetic action if this could be called into operation at the right moment. Putting together M'Leod's age (about fifty), his robust health, his position, and reputation, it was clear that he could not habitually have indulged too freely while in command of a ship. In all probability the over-lading of the vessel had preyed upon his mind in the present instance, and co-operated with other causes of anxiety, to which he had already alluded in conversation with his guest, to cause the present most inopportune outbreak. Consoling himself as well as he could in this way, and with the reflection that the officers were able and willing, Lyte once more "turned in," and while doing so stroked and coaxed his drowsy little bird, which opened one eye and peeped at him curiously; for he was weighed upon with a kind of apprehension that this would be their last greeting. The small bird manifested a power of sleeping, and a dexterity in poising himself on one leg with his head invisible, which were provoking. It seemed to imply that in causing his master to lose a passage on the finest steamer afloat, and to intrust himself on a ship which exhibited the strongest possible tendency to go to the bottom, he had fulfilled his terrestrial destiny, and had no more functions to perform than becoming an insensate ball of fluff, and maintaining his equilibrium by night and day with a sublime disregard to the laws of gravitation.

Again M'Leod emulated his passenger and bird in the profundity of his slumbers and in his practical defiance of certain sound theoretical maxims. To Bedford Lyte, in those anxious sleepless hours, that versatile ship *Adriatic*, large as she was, seemed to achieve every variety of position except the inverted vertical. To say that occasionally he ascertained his heels to be where a man naturally looks for his head would fall ludicrously short of the actual state of the case. After a couple of hours' violent straining and struggling to maintain a horizontal position commensurate with the limits of his berth, he gave that up, as men have given up trying to square the circle. Jamming himself into a corner to leeward in such a posture that nothing short of an absolute somersault on the part of the *Adriatic* could dislodge him, he recommenced the perusal of his novel by the light of a gravitating lamp. Fortunately for him, it was the inimitable *Tale of Two Cities*, by Charles Dickens; and the capers cut by his berth served as a ludicrous illustration of the lively coffin which hopped, skipped, and

jumped along in pursuit of the fugitive and terrified son of Jerry.

Thus the wearisome night-watches wore away far less tediously than they might have done had the modern delineator of humanity never lived and wrought. Already the first glimmer of wintry dawn was peering through the scuttle, and paling the twinkle of his dying lamp as the ship rolled to starboard—when suddenly the *Adriatic* was convulsed from bow to stern-post, from mast-head to keel, by a prodigious shock. Lyte had scarcely time to notice that she swerved and staggered in a manner quite different to all her former evolutions, when the ocean rushed in upon him in a drenching, blinding flood. Whence it came he knew not; but what mattered that? One thing he knew beyond a doubt: his frail door had flown open under the pressure, and it was surging in his little cabin and out again breast-high.

In this horrible predicament he yet formed and carried out one idea. That the ship was foundering he hastily took for granted, and though a powerful swimmer, he knew that a man unaided can not live long in a heavy sea. He therefore slipped off his pilot coat, dropped it in the pool in which he stood, dragged out his cork jacket from under his bolster and put it on, then floundered and scrambled up on to the poop deck, only observing as he went that the water seemed to be leaving the cuddy faster than it came in.

The captain was already on deck, and pounced upon him instantly. The steering apparatus of the vessel had given way, from the tremendous strain upon it; she had suddenly *broached to*, and had fallen into the trough of the sea, where she lay almost on her beam ends, and exposed to the full fury of the waves, which now beat even over the lofty poop. One of these waves had burst open Bedford's cabin scuttle, and had poured an angry stream of water upon him as he sat pent up against the lee bulk-head. Another had burst open the cuddy doors and sent a tremendous volume of water surging up and down the whole length of the saloon. Meanwhile the two gallant fellows at the wheel, and Mr. Green, the second mate, had been washed overboard and were irretrievably lost; and when M'Leod reached the deck he found himself alone on the poop of a foundering ship.

Now suddenly, to his great joy, having a strong and willing man at his elbow, Captain M'Leod snatched a favorable opportunity and seated Lyte on his buttocks with a coil of the tiller chain twisted round his left wrist, and grasped below with both hands about fourteen inches from the block, and implored him for God's sake, and as he valued all their lives, not to let go till he came back.



Then M'Leod vanished; and before we attempt to indicate Bedford Lyte's fate we may as well say that the captain's enterprise was to dare the perils of the main-deck, and trust to the strength and courage of his passenger to keep a little control of the rudder until he could bring the carpenter aft, and two or three more men, to relieve Lyte from his awful position and resume the steering of the disabled vessel.

The difficulty and perplexity of Lyte's situation are wholly past the comprehension of a landsman. There he sat, sternly tugging and straining at that awful chain, for some long, long minutes, which hung

"Like Joshua's moon in Ajalon."

Great masses of water, breaking over the ship's counter, hurled themselves upon him, drenching him to the skin, blinding his eyes, which he was wholly unable to wipe, and gradually freezing the very strength out of his hands and wrists, to which the cold, slippery chain now clung with a deadly coil. His back, or, rather, only the lower part of it, was planted against a projection not high enough to afford him a fair fulcrum; his feet against the still lower and rounded staple which held the block through which the chain would have run had he abandoned it. Had he done so, the vessel would again have been at the mercy of the ruthless elements, and would in all probability have been sunk in less than a minute. Of this he had a vague but positive apprehension.

Every muscle of his powerful frame was strained to the utmost. The invincible will which had triumphed over so many obstacles, moral and physical, was set more firmly than his sinews. Appreciating blindly the value of the tremendous charge intrusted to him, he had resolved, if need be, to allow his hands and wrists to be dragged into the block, and so to check the outgoing of the chain at the price of a horrible and most painful death. A momentary pang on behalf of the poor little bird which had involved him in this fate pierced his heart. Then came with lightning rapidity a perception that this death was the result of having preferred his birds and his stubborn solitude to a frank confession of his early fault, and that happy though perhaps humiliating confidence which he might have enjoyed with Henry Phelps, if he would only have ventured on that confession. How much had that stupid false pride cost him! And the fault, after all, had been so lightly forgiven. These regrets plunged swift, keen arrows, as it were, into his mind and heart. Then followed a smaller though at the moment a still more cruel pang, that he was not now so placed as to bring all his immense strength into active operation. He thought of the Herculean efforts which he

had made at the critical moments in the great struggle between Oxford and Cambridge, and forgot that instead of pulling an oar in a wager boat he was now saving a three-thousand-ton ship from destruction. He almost cried aloud in his agony: "I could have pulled the chain six inches further out—further out—in spite of these cruel jerks, if I only had a—a—purchase. But now— Oh! I am going. Janet! Janet!"

One of those cruel jerks, the furious action of the sea on the loosened rudder, communicated by the tiller to the chain which he was holding, was just dragging his hands into the hateful block, when a sudden relief, which drew the chain a few inches out again, released him.

"Let go! let go!" shouted a stentorian voice above him. "Let go!" It was Mr. Crays, the taciturn third mate, who, gathering from the captain's orders to the carpenter in what position the passenger was left, had snatched up a huge iron hook and hastened along the ropes which connected the fore-castle with the poop, and had caught a link of the chain between Lyte's hands and the block. The iron hook, which was now inserted in the link, was sufficient to secure the chain from being drawn further out; and now the carpenter arrived, with the captain, bringing a lighted lantern and some necessary implements, and when Lyte had cleared his eyes of the salt-water, he was able to assist them in temporarily refitting the tiller and helm.

Alas! the two helmsmen and the sturdy second mate could never be restored to their footing on deck. But the case was too critical with the living to bestow many vain regrets on the dead. The rudder was itself loose. There was not sufficient daylight as yet for them to form an idea how loose. Of the four swivels by which the rudder is connected with the stern-post, one, two, three, or all four might be loosened or injured in some way. But it was absolutely necessary to bring the ship to the wind and heave to again; for the foresail, the forestay-sail, the maintop-sail, and main try-sail had all been blown to ribbons, and it would be dangerous beyond measure to attempt scudding under bare poles. So they lashed up some hammocks in the fore rigging, put the helm up, and brought her head to the wind again, and then set seriously about considering and repairing, if possible, the injury already received.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### TOBIAS DIGS HIS LAST GRAVE.

BEFORE noon on the eventful day which dawned amidst the perils of our last chapter, the crew of the *Adriatic*, now short of three brave hearts and three pairs of willing



hands, had managed by superhuman efforts to bend a new maintop-sail and a new foresail in place of those which had been carried away by the wind when the vessel broached to and swung helplessly round under that furious assault of the elements. Again the good ship, now crippled and tottering like a wounded man, was put before the wind. The sea still swept onward in gigantic foam-crested rollers, which stretched from north to south as far as the eye could reach. But now again the sun shone propitiously, and the wind, though too strong for a disabled ship, was fair. Again they were steering due east, and careering through the mighty billows at racing speed.

"Why does she lean over so horribly to the right?" Bedford innocently asked the captain, with whom he was breakfasting in camp fashion on Bourbon whisky and Bologna sausage, having in prospect a dinner of "Bologna sausage and Bourbon whisky—for a change," as M'Leod facetiously expressed it.

That mariner regarded his guest with some amusement, not unmixed with admiration. After obliging him to repeat the question, he replied, with a sly twinkle of his keen black eye, "Well, you see, Mr. Lyte, she's got a list to starboard."

"Oh!" responded the landsman. "Ah! Indeed!" And as he munched valiantly at the meats of Bologna (commonly at sea called "Polonies") he murmured to himself, "She's got a list to starboard, has she?" and wisely resolved to use his eyes instead of his tongue for further elucidation of this mystery. It seemed to him as if the vessel were bewitched. As long as she was hove to on the port tack there was some reason for her leaning over, though even then the angle of her masts with the plane of the horizon was rather too small; but now that she was scudding freely before a strong fair wind, there was something awful in the persistent way in which she canted over, and at times he really thought she must topple over on to her beam ends, and heartily wished she had pitched her main and mizzen topmasts overboard after the foretop-mast, as she would then have had less weight to overbalance her.

The steering apparatus was also a source of anxiety which would last as long as the voyage. This the captain spoke of with unreserved gloom, all the more freely because Lyte abstained from asking him a question on the subject, and because he had rendered such signal service connected with it in the crisis of their danger. He spoke of it plainly as "a bad job," and one that could not be remedied at sea more than it had been, because the mischief was under water. The breaking of the chain, of course, had been easily repaired, but no one could reach the bolts and swivels many feet under water at

the stern-post of a moving ship. The elements had become propitious and the gale in part abated since that burst of its fury. "And if it hadn't," M'Leod added, "we might as well have abated our efforts; for all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't have put Humpty Dumpty on the wall again." This was his jocular way of intimating their danger. Nor was he at all careless (as Lyte fancied) about the "list to starboard." But knowing that all his men were tired out, he had sent as many as could be spared below to eat and sleep.

Early in the afternoon the serious work began, the watches having been reorganized to divide the deficiency of the three missing men, and one watch sent back to rest while the other worked.

"Can I help?" asked Lyte.

"I believe you, my boy. Any strong man with a stout heart can do this sort of work, though no honest man likes it."

The temptation to inquire precisely as to the nature of this work was strong upon the passenger, but profiting from experience, he resisted it.

The work soon unfolded its own nature. In the first place, they took off the lid of the main hatch and fastened a broad plank (well soaked) on the precipitous slope which ran sheer off into the sea on the starboard side. Then, one by one, they passed up the cases of clocks and launched them into the deep. The work was simple enough, and would actually have afforded them considerable merriment if the loss of their three messmates, which had so recently occurred, had not oppressed them with a sense of awe and grief.

After two hours' brisk work at the main hatchway, they closed and battened it down again, and went to the fore hatch to relieve the ship equally in that part. While the move was being made, M'Leod withdrew his guest on the excuse of giving him a glass of bottled ale. He also had rum served out to the men, who were behaving splendidly under an unusual strain of labor.

"I don't intend you to work any more this watch, nor to-night, my friend," he then said to Lyte. "Give me a willing horse, and if I work him to death, call me a fool. You have done as much work these last two hours as any two men in the watch."

"I should like to work two hours in every watch, if you don't really object. The exercise would restore my mind and muscle," urged Lyte.

"You won't find shoveling that wheat about good for the lungs," resumed M'Leod.

This was coming very near the point, but Lyte asked no question, and tried to look indifferent.

"The truth is," continued the captain, "we've got to throw the whole cargo between-decks overboard, and then get down to that wheat with our broad wooden shov-



els, and ship half of it over to the port side. If it's wet, we shall have to pitch half of it after the clocks, that is, supposing we float long enough to do it. If it's dry, you'll find it terribly dusty and suffocating work. But I can't afford to refuse your help. We're short-handed, and every hour is valuable. Do you know, Mr. Lyte—it may be soft of me—but I can't help feeling glad that my wife and little girl are praying for our safety every night and morning."

Then after a pause he went on: "I don't like parting with this cargo. It will cost me dear in more ways than one. But what cuts me is the loss of those three men. I once lost a whole boat's crew; but I hardly felt it more than I do this. Mr. Green was as good a man as ever walked the deck of a ship."

Lyte began to find many amiable traits in the character of his rollicking host, of whom it must be recorded that he did not drink to excess again during the remainder of the voyage, and that he acted with singular generosity to the relations of the three men who had been snatched so suddenly from his command.

But to return: it was found possible before night-fall to get at the lower main hatch and remove it. Then, amidst the breathless suspense of the whole ship's company, Mr. Jones and the carpenter went down with a lantern to examine. Would the wheat prove to be dry or wet, that is, had the *Adriatic* sprung a leak or not?

Before many minutes had elapsed—minutes which seemed like hours to all on deck—Mr. Jones passed up the word that the surface of the wheat was dry fore and aft. Crawling along the vacant space on the larboard side, they had felt with their fingers, and encountered no moisture. M'Leod uttered a great sigh of relief. He knew his ship to be tight and strong; but knowing also something of the might of wind and waves, had feared that during the few minutes when she was exposed to their full fury she had received an irreparable injury in her hull. Lyte looked at the burly, roistering fellow, and saw a dimness in his eyes.

"All's well, my lads. Now go to work again," was all he said. But the passenger understood that the lives of so many honest men weighed heavily on this skipper's conscience. For once the men stolidly disobeyed his order, still clustering round with anxious faces. There was but little space below for any one to work; and the wells were long ago choked up with wet grain, so that they could not be sounded nor the pumps used. The question still to be solved was, Would the bulk of wheat prove to be dry underneath?

"Let me go down with a shovel," exclaimed Lyte, confident in his strength, and burning with enthusiasm.

"Or me, Sir!" "Or me!" shouted two seamen, in a breath.

"Mr. Crays will stay here, and hold the line with the lantern," replied the captain. "The rest of you go away and work, like honest lads." Still the sailors closed around stolidly in a circle. "Mr. Lyte, you are too big to *move* down there. Can't you see I have sent down the two smallest men in the crew?" At which speech the sailors grinned, for it was notorious in the fore-castle that Mr. Jones thought himself rather a large man than otherwise.

Lyte was urgently impelled to retort, "Then how—the unmentionable—is the wheat to be shifted, and this horrible *list* to *starboard* to be got rid of?" but abstained.

Mr. Jones and the carpenter set to work with their huge wooden shovels, at first immediately under the hatchway, and burrowed down a little way; but presently, afraid of blocking up their own space for moving forward, Mr. Jones cried out, "You must haul away up there, Sir. We've hardly space to turn round as it is."

"My God!" exclaimed the captain, evidently startled; but, recovering himself in a moment, added, "Two of you bring buckets and lines at once, and give Mr. Jones some elbow-room down there."

It was scarcely sooner said than done. Two of the deck buckets, attached by the handles to two strong Manilla cords, were brought and lowered alternately, one being hauled up and emptied overboard while the other was being lowered and filled. But while the two willing hands had gone for the pails, Lyte heard one of the croakers say, "There was room enough and to spare when we put the lower hatch on in port. It's swelled from below, by ——" Whereupon Mr. Crays, stooping over the hatchway with his hanging lantern, turned upon the speaker with such a withering look of contempt that he sneaked away abashed behind the two front ranks of his companions. That any man in the crew should be mean enough to try and depress their spirits prematurely seemed to Mr. Crays a dastardly act, besides being an infringement of discipline and marine courtesy.

"The man spoke thoughtlessly, Mr. Crays. Hoist away there, my lads," cried the captain, cheerily, with another of those touches of tenderness which Lyte had perceived in his character. This little word of compassion worked like magic in the crew. The buckets were hoisted up, hand over hand, passed from one to another, emptied overboard, and lowered again as fast as they could be filled. Not so easy a task, when we remember that the main-deck was wholly exposed, the bulwarks, etc., having been swept away, and the ship leaning fearfully on one side.

Before ten minutes had passed a consid-



erable depth was reached. "Dry as dust down here, Sir," roared Mr. Jones, whose prodigious voice would have led a stranger to look for a Saxon giant instead of a diminutive navigator of Celtic origin.

"Work away a little to starboard!" cried the captain, more cheerfully.

"Half choked, Sir!" shrieked the mate, in a sudden falsetto, proceeding to sneeze and expectorate.

"Come up, then, and look sharp about it," replied the skipper. "And, carpenter, take two men and get your lights up quickly. Now, boatswain and Mr. Lyte! Plenty of room for you big fellows. Go and drive a passage right through to starboard, and send it all up. We must have space down there, and it has evidently shifted somewhat aft."

So the two half-choked men came up, and the two candidates for suffocation went down. At it they went, working into the compact mass on the right; and by the time that lights were in the foremast-head and the rigging on either side, the "bulk wheat" in the hold was pronounced to be dry right through from top to bottom, from port to starboard, and the *Adriatic* free from all suspicion of a leak.

A great cheer for the good ship burst spontaneously from the crew; another for the captain, and another for Mr. Lyte, who was "fit to be a seaman, every inch of him," as the sailors generously admitted.

"And now, my lads, what say you?" asked the skipper. "Bring three more lanterns on the poop nigh to the binnacle, so that the men at the wheel may join us, and we will read the burial service at the gangway over our three lost comrades. Good men and true they were. Then all hands to the capstan to grog, and to-morrow we'll right the good ship *Adriatic*."

A deep murmur of applause broke forth as honestly as the cheers had done. Whether the astute skipper had added a touch of popularity to his pious proposal by the suggestion of grog after prayers is not for this chronicler to question; but certain it is that this truly religious service for the dead was celebrated not only without levity, but with some groans, many tears, and much reverence.

While the men were in the act of dispersing after their grog, a cry of "Sail on the lee bow!" ran along the decks. Strange as it will seem to those who read the sequel, it was the passenger who first gave the notice. When all hands (except Mr. Crays, who remained at the wheel) repaired to the capstan on the quarter-deck, after all had been some minutes at their devotions, Lyte, bethinking himself of the look-out and the pleasures of a secluded pipe, made his way to the fore-castle. No sooner had his sight accustomed itself to the misty light of the

moon, rising in a clear white fog, than he became conscious of a large moving object, apparently not more than five hundred yards distant. His notice was soon taken up by a dozen voices, and ran from prow to poop; and before long he followed his own information, feeling an intense interest in the strange vessel, and being anxious to see what measures the captain would take with regard to her.

Telescopes and flag signals were useless in the doubtful light; but when the stranger saw the *Adriatic*, she fired off five rockets in succession as a signal of distress, but kept on running before the wind, only reducing her sail so as to let the *Adriatic* come alongside. The latter was keeping the wind about four points on her starboard quarter, to counteract in some measure her inclination to that side, so that she was bearing right down upon the stranger, drawing nearer to her every moment, as the moon rose higher above the mist, and revealed them more clearly to each other. They were both forging fast through the water, so M'Leod took in his foresail, that he might come up with the other more easily.

Mr. Jones was on the fore-castle with one trumpet, and special orders to speak first, M'Leod on the poop with another trumpet, and Lyte at his side, Mr. Crays steering, and all the rest of the crew in the lee rigging. "What do you make her out to be, Lyte?" asked the captain.

"A steamer in distress, running before the wind because she can't help herself," replied the passenger, without hesitation.

"You're right, too. You ought to have been a seaman, as the men say."

"I feel a terrible interest in her," said Lyte.

"That's quite another matter. I don't," retorted the captain. "In another two or three minutes you'll be asking me to lower a boat and lose another four men out of my crew, to try and bring some women on board at night, and with this heavy sea running, and only to drown the women after all."

"It's a beautiful night," pleaded the passenger; as indeed it was, with a strong fair breeze, and the moon shining more brightly every minute.

"I tell you a boat would be capsized in this sea before you could get her away from the ship's side," answered M'Leod.

Lyte was resolved not to provoke him by argument at a moment so critical to the fate of many persons. So he merely replied, shortly, "I suppose you know best." But it had not escaped his keen observation both that M'Leod thought the strange ship to be in danger, and that he was harassed with a slight doubt as to the extent of his duty toward those on board.

"She may not be in danger, after all?" he said, as a feeler.



But M'Leod answered, contemptuously: "Large steam-ships don't scud before the wind under canvas only, and let off displays of fire-works for fun whenever a sail overhauls them. I see some ladies on the poop, and look at the people swarming like bees in the rigging and on the fore-castle. I fancy she's an emigrant ship outward bound, with her screw damaged, and perhaps her rudder too, and driven out of her course. How awkwardly they steer! Why, she's standing across our bow as if she wanted us to sink her. Bring her up a point or two, Mr. Crays! Keep your eye on that strange craft, and take us within speaking distance, but give her an easy berth. Use your own judgment when I'm busy."

"Would Muster Lyte lend I a hand?"

Pleased at the distinction, the landsman immediately took his station on the platform beside Mr. Crays, where their two tall, powerful forms stood out in bold relief at the helm of the huge ship, and appeared to the gaze of many an anxious spectator on board the disabled steamboat like the twin deities to the fainting Romans at the battle of Lake Regillus. It happened also that both the men wore rough dark pilot coats and pantaloons, and were in all external respects singularly alike, except that the amateur sailor wore an old blue flannel cap, and the professional one a black cap with a gilt band round it.

"We shall forge ahead too fast for her. Boatswain, down with the main try-sail!" cried the skipper.

The unfortunate steam-ship, seeing them shortening sail, now imitated this measure, but lowered a much larger sail in proportion to her size than the *Adriatic's* main try-sail, in consequence of which the latter was going through the water much faster than the former when she overhauled her.

As though to compensate for the brevity of this personal maritime interview, Mr. Crays (assisted by Lyte) steered the *Adriatic* with such skill that you might almost have thrown a ship's biscuit from one deck on to the other.

"Ship a-hoy-oy-oy!" roared little Mr. Jones from the fore-castle, as soon as he came abreast of the steamer's poop. You would have thought from the noise he made that the unfortunate vessel was disappearing on the horizon.

In reply to this Boanerges, Lyte distinctly heard the silvery laughter of young women on the strange poop. How it thrilled through him, and reminded him of the gently flowing Peddle, and the nymphs whose laughter had made music on its rippling surface! He turned his head a little from the people in misfortune, whom he was powerless to assist, but listened acutely.

The strange captain was on a narrow gallery which ran from the poop to the top of

a roundhouse on the main-deck, and so on to the fore-castle. As the *Adriatic* passed him he moved along this gallery, taking no notice of Boanerges, but speaking rapidly and distinctly, though with a German accent, to Captain M'Leod; thus he kept up the colloquy at last from the very bow of his vessel, having commenced it nearly on the poop.

"This is the *Hanseatica*, bound from Bremen to New York, touching at Southampton. We are nine days out. We have sprung a leak; have twelve feet of water in the vessel. It is gaining every hour. The screw is broken. And the rudder is so loose the ship will only go straight before the wind."

All this he got through distinctly, and with every word audible, by the time that the poop of the *Adriatic* had reached his roundhouse. Then he paused with a polite gesture, hoping that in such an extremity the Englishman would offer to take him and his company on board.

"Curse the Dutch idiot!" muttered M'Leod between his teeth. Then spoke loud and harshly: "We are dismasted, as you see, and have thrown half a valuable cargo overboard, and now have to shift our lower-deck cargo. All our water is washed overboard, except a little in the iron tank; and our bulwarks and cook's galley, as you see. Moreover, three of the best men in my crew were washed off the poop and drowned."

"Mein Gott! I am sorry," cried the courteous German, who must indeed have been sorry at this useless tirade, while the *Adriatic* was rushing past, and he was already at his last footing on the prow of his sinking ship.

"Will you not at the least take our ladies on to your ship?" he screamed.

"Send 'em," roared M'Leod.

"I can not. Mein Gott! I can not. Both my quarter-boats is washed away."

"Jolly-boat," shouted M'Leod, pointing with his brass trumpet to a huge boat which was suspended upside down over the fore hatch.

"It is broke in many bits. *It is rotten!*" screamed the German, as he stood alone on his black prow, wringing his hands, and looking a very impersonation of helpless agony.

The *Adriatic* was now fast forging ahead.

A yell of anguish and dismay, shrill enough to split the welkin, and piercing the ear like poisoned arrows, arose from the decks of the doomed steam-ship.

"By the God that made me, Mr. M'Leod, I for one can't stand this," Lyte said, calmly, relinquishing the wheel to Mr. Crays, and flinging off his coat.

"What do you propose to do, Sir?" M'Leod asked, sternly.

"What *can* I do?" asked Lyte, half fren-



zied. "I can go and die with them, if I can't help them to keep their pumps at work till they fall in with a ship commanded by a man with a human heart. Anyhow, I am going to swim off to them at once. I should blush to step on English ground if I left those foreigners to die like kittens."

"That vessel will sink to-morrow between ten o'clock and noon," M'Leod coolly replied.

"Then I'll sink with them, and may our blood be on your head and on the head of your wife and child, you unmanly man! Good-by, Mr. Crays. Here goes!"

And having by this time kicked off his boots, away he flew like an arrow into the boiling surge, cleaving the sea before his head with pointed fingers; and rising again some yards away, he turned and swam with the sea, merely uttering a shout now and then when soaring at the top of a wave—an old cry which he remembered being used by the German sailors at Hamburg and Bremen. Of course he had no intention of swimming any distance, knowing well that the crew of the *Hanseatica* had seen his plunge, and would bring the vessel near him and fling him ropes, perhaps with a life-buoy attached.

The astonishment of M'Leod was literally boundless. Up to the very moment when his guest flew off the taffrail he believed that Lyte was merely acting a part to coerce him into lowering a boat that night against his own judgment. Being an obstinate Briton, he chose not to be coerced, but would have endeavored to restrain Lyte from such a rash act had he really credited his intention. First he would have told him (what was simple truth) that he had not the least intention to desert the forlorn *Hanseatica*, but that, arguing from her captain's statement that she would float till noon to-morrow, he had resolved to take her passengers and crew off to-morrow shortly after daybreak, unless in the mean time a vessel bound westward should come upon the scene, and so do some of them a still greater service by taking them to America. This was the more prudent plan also in behalf of his own crew, as the sea was abating every hour, and the labor would probably be unattended with danger to-morrow; also in behalf of the owners of the steam-ship, as it would be more easy for them to secure the insurance moneys from the underwriters if it could be proved that she was actually about to founder when deserted. Then, if his headstrong guest had refused to listen to reason, M'Leod was not sure but what he might have yielded, and let the obstinate fellow take the life-boat and the boatswain and four volunteers, and go and fetch the ladies. But no men or low trollopes of women would he have on board till he had

made arrangements for stowing them away where the clocks had been.

Now, however, he did not hesitate for an instant. In less time than it has cost me to explain his negative conduct, the skipper had proved his activity and the sincere regard which he had acquired for Bedford Lyte. Even in this last altercation Lyte had enhanced this regard, not using a single coarse or mean expression, and nobly abstaining from claiming service on the score of the tremendous service which he had rendered to the ship and all on board of her.

In less than five minutes the life-boat, with the four best men as oarsmen, and Mr. Crays as cockswain, and the boatswain in the bows, was cleaving the moon-lit waves. The *Adriatic* had shortened sail, and was dodging to and fro warily with men on the look-out all over her rigging. The *Hanseatica* had tried to pick up the swimmer, and failed, owing to her defective rudder; but as he was beginning to wish for his cork jacket while swimming in her wake, and hoping she would throw him a life-buoy, oars came splashing up; a coil of line was chucked before his face; he laid hold, drew it short, and was pulled under the gunwale of the *Adriatic's* life-boat. Two stalwart arms were protruded, he made a spring upward with all his might, and they caught him under the armpits and hauled him in.

"How be you, Muster Lyte?" asked Mr. Crays.

"Jolly, thank you, Crays. I began to feel tired, though, when you came up. It's awkward swimming in a sea with these clothes on."

"You are to drink this now, Sir." (*This was whisky and bitters.*) So he drank it without making any wry faces, and then *did* begin to feel jolly.

"Now thank you all, my merry, merry men," he cried. "But easy, lads, easy! Where are you rowing to? I'm going on board the What's-her-name. You don't think I took that header for nothing."

"We be to putt you on board of she, and leave you there for the night, or to fetch off the saloon ladies to the *Adriatic*, or to take you back as we be, whichever you do choose, Muster Lyte," said Crays, categorically.

"I vote for fetching off the ladies," said Lyte; "but, in that case, how about the rest of this ship's company, passengers and all?"

"Why, Muster Lyte!" exclaimed Crays, reproachfully, "you didn't go for to think that our skipper, whom we've sailed with this thirteen voyages or more, was going to leave all them poor creeturs to perish! He know'd about how long the lobsided old thing would float. He wanted to hold off and on till daylight, and then fetch 'em off comfortable when this sea had gone down a bit more. It's well enough now when you *be* at sea,



but it's orkard alongside o' ships, partickler at night."

After this oration Lyte paused, and then said: "I see I have done our good captain wrong in thinking he was going to desert these foreigners. But I'll give £5 apiece to every man in this boat's crew for saving me from drowning (which you've done, lads, and no mistake), and £5 apiece to each if you'll come now and fetch off the ladies from the *Hanseatica*."

"Hooroar! hooroar!" they shouted; and again the life-boat danced over the waves, and soon drew alongside the lee of the steamship, which contrived to luff up a few points in order to *make* a lee-side for the protection of the gallant little boat. Only Mr. Crays and Mr. Lyte went on board, the latter of whom the captain, Overbeck, received at the gangway, and clasping the dripping hero in his arms, squeezed the water out of his scanty garments, and poured words of gratitude and devotion into his ears. He had seen the dispute on the retiring poop of the great ship, had seen the gallant plunge, and heard the swimmer's German shouts from the summit of the waves. He had endeavored with his own hands to cast lines to the swimmer as the *Hanseatica* passed him in its wayward course, and was in the act of lashing together some spars to be cast astern for his support, when the life-boat appeared rowing straight to the scene of his struggles. This good man insisted upon taking Lyte into the roundhouse, and clothing him in dry garments from his own chest, before he would conduct him to the saloon. Meanwhile he sent to the ladies, requesting them to hasten their preparations for departure, and promising himself to bring any valuables which they might have to leave in his own box to the *Adriatic* on the following morning. "For me," he said to Lyte, "if I am permitted to bring a few articles for those charming young creatures, my own chronometers and sextants, and half a dozen shirts, I am more than satisfied. You are my benefactor, and your captain is not so hard of heart as I thought him to be. Oh, it is too terrible to think that he might have sailed away had you not plunged into the mighty ocean!"

On board the poor crippled, helpless steamship an absolute panic had prevailed for a few minutes among passengers and crew when the *Adriatic* forged ahead without any apparent intention of rescuing them from their fate. All their four sea-worthy boats had been carried away or dashed to pieces by the fury of the sea. Even upon the poor old inverted jolly-boat a topmast had fallen and staved it in. The other topmasts were overboard, the rudder was half torn from the stern-post, the engines were wholly incapacitated for work, and worse than all, the ship had sprung a fearful leak, and the

steam-pump being unavailable, it was found impossible to prevent the water from gaining upon them every hour, though one gang relieved another without cessation at the hand-pumps. Even without further accident (and to what chances and risks were they not exposed?) it was scarcely possible to keep the ship afloat another twenty-four hours.

The crew consisted of thirty-two hands, all told. There were some seventy-five steerage passengers on board, men, women, and children—Germans and Danes. In the saloon were two German gentlemen, merchants, and an Englishman escorting his wife and her two sisters. Only the latter group and the superior officers of the vessel were allowed on the poop deck. They (the cabin passengers) sat there while the *Adriatic* was careering past them. She was for about a minute not more than fifty yards distant. Only one short, thickset, fierce man, with a brass trumpet in his hand, stood at the taffrail of her poop. He wore a maroon worsted jacket, like the bar-keeper in a London gin-palace. This was Captain M'Leod. Behind him stood two broad-shouldered, splendid men, looking like twins, and taller even than they were from the little elevation of the platform on which they stood to turn the wheel. The only peculiarity about either of these two was a faded blue flannel cap which one wore; but his back was turned upon the steam-ship.

The two Germans sat pale and mute, but gazing with agony at the *Adriatic*. The Englishman, a fine, tall, bearded soldier, rose and waved his undress military cap. "Help! help! you Englishmen; for the love of God! You won't leave women to sink in this cursed ocean. Help!" But the wind swept his words away, and the two captains, bawling at each other through their speaking-trumpets, overbore the sound of his voice. Seeing that he had spoken in vain, and hurt as much at the hardness of the hearts that could resist such an appeal as at the fate impending over his charge, he looked down at his beautiful young wife with a face upon which despair was slowly creeping. A smile was only fading out of her bright young face. She and her younger sister were not old enough to appreciate danger. They had just been laughing at Mr. Jones's stentorian greeting. The elder sister, who was going "out" to meet her husband, seemed more sad and indifferent to good or evil than frightened.

No sooner had the *Adriatic* passed them fairly than the expression of the Englishman's face underwent another change, which his wife quickly discerned. "Why, George dear, what has happened now? Are we all going up to heaven in a balloon? Tell me quickly. Nothing can surprise me any more."



"Nelly, my love! Janet! Don't you see him?" he said, pointing ecstatically to the stern of the *Adriatic*. They turned instantly, and gazed with wide-open blue eyes and envious black curling lashes.

"Don't you see him, my darlings? It's Lyte! It's my dear old Bedford, the truest man and best friend in the world. Don't you know his cap? the old university blue, in which he won every race he rowed. Look at him. He has left the wheel. He's pitching into that brute of a skipper in the taster's jacket and the penny trumpet. He's taking his coat off. See! can't you see, girls? He's going to thrash him. Won't he give it him? That's all."

The two German gentlemen, who were not familiarly acquainted with English vernacular, could not quite follow Captain Fuller's free and easy diction; but being highly interested in his sudden hilarity, and charmed with any prospect of a change, to which they thought this source of interest might conduce, came and craned over the taffrail, staring also with wide blue eyes at the dumb-show on the poop of the retreating ship.

Janet's heart leaped and bounded within her so furiously, or rather so gleefully, that she had much ado not to leap overboard herself. "Hold me tight, Nelly," she exclaimed. "Blanche dear, you hold me tight on this side. Don't let me jump over into the horrid sea. I can't quite see him, my eyes are so full of tears. I am crying for joy. It is my 'Sir,' you know, Nelly, my own 'Sir.' Is it really *him*? Is that his old broad back turned to us, with no coat on and a blue shirt? I remember his broad back in church. They won't let him jump into this nasty rough sea to come to me, will they? But he taught Bertie to swim. *He* can swim. He can do every thing. You know he can, Nelly. And why don't you say so? *Every* thing!" Thus the innocent prattled in her joyous bewilderment, while Bedford Lyte was waging his hot and hasty war of words with M'Leod.

Presently Fuller started, seeing his friend apparently mounting the rail for that headlong and fearful plunge into the mighty sea. "Look at him. Was there ever such a trump? He is going to swim off to us."

"A trump! Was is das?" remarked the Hamburger. "Perhaps das is Herr Van Tromp!"

"Hullo! There he goes! Hurrah! God bless him! Was there ever such a good pluck'd one? Eh, mein herr? what do you think of that? That's the way an Englishman bathes—likes deep water and plenty of sea-room."

But Janet was frightened now, and well she might be; for, remember, this was transacted by moonlight, and if an envious cloud or mist had obscured that luminary, both ships would inevitably have lost sight of

the solitary swimmer. Even in her full effulgence none but the most daring and powerful swimmer could venture on such a plunge into such a sea. Yet, as some men have dived from the yard-arm of a full-rigged ship, the feat was far from singular.

The ships as yet were not very far apart; and at first it seemed easy enough to steer the *Hanseatica* two points out of her course to pass close to the swimmer, drop him a noosed rope to slip under his arms, and so lift him on to the deck. In order to make sure of his new friend, Captain Overbeck took in yet another large sail, which reduced the pace of her progress by one-third. Alas! shortly after this was done, and they had arrived almost abreast of poor Bedford, they found that the vessel had lost all steerage-way from the slowness of her movement, and were unable to force her near enough to assist their benefactor. But while their futile efforts were being made, a joyous sight greeted Fuller's eyes.

"I told you so, girls!" he exclaimed, though he had omitted to tell them any thing of the kind. "Look, there comes the life-boat. A beauty she is, too, and well manned. I thought the bold buccaneer would be afraid to let Lyte drown. His college would have come down upon the skipper, and had him hanged. You can't drown a man of that stamp like a poor devil of a Dutch emigrant. See how splendidly they steer—right toward him!"

"Why do they twist about so, then?" asked poor little Janet, who was picking up a little courage now that she saw a fine handsome boat rowed by four men, steered by a giant, and with an amphibious monster in the bows sent out on purpose to pick the gentleman up after his moonlight bath. She thought no longer of their own peril, but of his, and expected to see the boat going straight as an arrow, or a skiff on the placid river Peddle.

Fuller explained to her that it was necessary to meet each roller as it approached with the pointed bow of the boat. All she cared about just now was "Sir's" safety; and lo! now it was secured. She could see him distinctly drinking something out of a flask, then, after the oars had all been still a while, a loud hurrah! and then the boat came dancing over the waves swiftly toward the *Hanseatica*. She hid her face in her hands and listened. There once more were the well-remembered sounds, the swing, the pulse, the splash of unseen oars, coming to her from the unseen world, bringing life and joy to her heart, bringing her lover, who was come, having risked his own life to save hers, to make her one with him, and keep her safely forever. Yes, he did love her still. She could not, would not, doubt it.

Now while Bedford was being dressed by Captain Overbeck, Fuller ascertained from



Mr. Crays that he had no anticipation of finding any friends on board this ill-starred ship, and that he expected to find none but Germans in the Bremen steamer. So they agreed to hide and let him see Janet first alone. Fuller knocked at the captain's door, and whispered a communication which induced that officer to withdraw at the door of the saloon. Finding himself alone there, and the state-room doors around all closed, Lyte called out, "Ladies! please not to be longer than you can help."

Then a door at his elbow was opened, and Janet was standing alone in the doorway. She wore only a plain black velvet frock. But her eyes were dancing with the light of love. Her lips were just parted, like the carmine petals of a fuchsia disclosing a milk-white calyx underneath. There still hovered about her a fragrance of dewy rose-leaves, and her glorious hair was massed in all its profusion on her comely head.

"Am I dreaming?" he asked.

There were two lamps hanging up over the table in the middle of the saloon. One of these threw a subdued light upon her, and she assuredly was a real woman—really his own Janet, only grown far more beautiful than his imagination had pictured her in its wildest dream.

"Are you really Janet?" he asked.

There was something so reverential in his admiration for her beauty that it consoled her for the disappointment of finding that he had not come solely or specially to rescue her.

"Did not you know I was here, Sir?" she asked, timidly.

It was the first time she had ever called him "Sir."

"I had much less hope of seeing you than of being in paradise to-day, dear. Indeed, this is a foretaste of paradise, seeing you again after so many years. I never used to speak to you like that in the old days; and now that I would do so, perhaps you will not let me."

"You took away my dear old Gamp, you know," she replied, archly. "And it is not *me* you have come to save to-night." So saying, she peeped up slyly at his puzzled face.

"I can not honestly say it was, dear," he urged, with provoking conscientiousness. "Yet I felt strangely drawn toward this vessel, and I fancied I heard you laugh when little Boanerges hailed it. I could not look toward the deck when I thought I could not help the people on it; but in two minutes I had determined to help them, or die in the attempt."

He saw nothing of her now but her golden hair glistening in the light of the dim lamp. It almost touched his breast as she stooped and murmured, lowly, "Do you love—me—Sir?"

"Look at me, darling," he said, clasping both his arms round her little waist.

"I'm afraid," she whispered. "Oh no, I'm not. There!" and lifting her face, she looked modestly and sweetly into his "dear sad eyes," as she used to call them.

"Do I love you?" he repeated. "Well, dear, I have loved you so truly and so intensely for five or six years that I may honestly say this most blessed moment is the climax of every moment of time for all those years. But may I hope that you will forgive me all my harshness, and that you will love me a little?"

"I want to be your little wife," she whispered.

Then he at last, after so many years of waiting, of self-denial, self-control, and resignation, yielded to that impulse which is common to all men so situated. Nor did she affect a false modesty, but allowed him to feel that she considered herself in a manner his already. She knew the man so well at length, his honor, loyalty, and integrity, that she already experienced the repose of love. She could lean upon him in all things, or, if need be, could lie in his arms like an infant. He was strong enough physically, intellectually, and morally for her to repose in him with a perfect trust.

"What in the world were you going to New York for?" he asked her, as they returned to the *Adriatic*.

"To find my Sir, and give him back his fortune," she saucily said.

"Or?" he urged.

"Or his little girl."

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus the formal courtship of Janet Browne and Bedford Lyte was, after all, of brief duration, and under disadvantageous circumstances, yet was it perhaps as pregnant with joy as many elaborate and luxurious wooings. The remainder of the voyage to the British Channel was a series of incessant hardships and apprehensions, for the rudder of the *Adriatic* became less and less trustworthy every day. They were crowded with guests, for whom they could neither provide water enough to drink nor decently cooked food to eat. The beds, fortunately, had been brought from the Bremen vessel and placed between-decks. Moreover, these people were for the most part angry, discontented, and more dirty even than a scarcity of fresh-water rendered necessary. Three strong men died for want of water, and even the ladies could only have a short half pint each per diem.

Instead of proceeding to Canada by way of New York, Captain and Mrs. Fuller returned to their sister's wedding, which took place at the rectangular "dry-dock" church in the ensuing March. Having thus had more time to think of his future plans, and a deep repugnance to subjecting his wife a



second time to the terrors of the ocean, Fuller sold out of the regiment in Canada into which he had exchanged, and took his wife to live at his own place in Oxfordshire, where Bedford and his wife often visit them. Janet struggled hard to have her nuptials celebrated at the dear old church near the abbey, where he and she had long ago worshiped together, and even then innocently loved each other. But on this point Mr. Browne was adamant. Where he worshiped, there should his children be baptized, confirmed, receive communion, and (if girls) be wedded. So they yielded, on condition that the Rev. Cyprian Key should marry them, which he did. Lyte suggested that an ecclesiastic of the Browne family should "assist," by way of making peace, but the only available one had tried to lecture Mr. Browne on his anticipatory death-bed, and he could "bear the sight of" that divine less than before. So this amiable proposition was frustrated. The old proverb that "it's an ill wind which blows nobody good" was curiously exemplified, as we have seen, in the case of the *Hanseatica's* loss, and the gain which accrued to Nelly and Janet. It also proved a benefit to poor Mrs. George Baily, who received letters in England informing her that her husband had died in New York rather before the date on which she had expected to arrive.

The poor little English tomtit fulfilled its last mission in obliging its master to cross the Atlantic in a ship which was destined to rescue his bride from a watery grave. It only survived until the night before the wedding, when, at midnight, while roosting on the rail at the foot of Lyte's bed, it suddenly, and contrary to custom, lowered its second leg, grasped the rail with both feet, and finding its hold to slacken even so, fluttered to Bedford's pillow, and died in the hand that projected from under his drowsy head. On his bridal morn Bedford wrapped the remains of his faithful and most serviceable friend in a parchment scroll, wherein were written certain words of the great Master as to the Divine care for such humble creatures, and carried the parcel to Tobias Graves, with orders to bury it decently in a coffin of zinc, soldered, and cased with oak, in consecrated ground.

Mr. Browne still thrives at Pedlington in a green old age. His gentle wife still watches over him and all her scattered brood with unfailing tenderness. Frank, who as yet has been too fastidious to marry, devotes much of his superfluous energy to tormenting sister Joan, who is developing the fruit of an acidulated temper on the apex of her Roman nose. Albert has withdrawn to the cheerful village of Tiddenden, where he reads melancholy effusions, and endeavors to relieve the firm of his annuity by perilous evolutions on (and off) a bicycle.

We may conclude this simple chronicle by remarking that about a year after the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Bedford Lyte, the former's only relative died, and, to recompense him for previous injuries, left him an ample property, saddled with the condition that he should invest 12,000 or 13,000 in land. He therefore purchased a pretty cottage and model farm on the Thames, near his friend Captain Fuller; and Blanche, until her second marriage, with Maynard Martin, Esq., of Plumstead Manor, in Kent (her junior, some say), used to divide her time chiefly between Mrs. Fuller, of Watermead, and Mrs. Bedford Lyte, of Abbey Cottage.

THE END.

## RELIGION AND DOCTRINE.

By JOHN HAY.

HE stood before the Sanhedrim;  
The scowling rabbis gazed at him.  
He recked not of their praise or blame;  
There was no fear, there was no shame,  
For one upon whose dazzled eyes  
The whole world poured its vast surprise.  
The open heaven was far too near,  
His first day's light too sweet and clear,  
To let him waste his new-gained ken  
On the hate-clouded face of men.

But still they questioned, Who art thou?  
What hast thou been? what art thou now?  
Thou art not he who yesterday  
Sat here and begged beside the way;  
For he was blind.

—And I am he;  
For I was blind, but now I see.

He told the story o'er and o'er;  
It was his full heart's only lore:  
A prophet on the Sabbath-day  
Had touched his sightless eyes with clay,  
And made him see who had been blind.  
Their words passed by him like the wind  
Which raves and howls, but can not shock  
The hundred-fathom-rooted rock.

Their threats and fury all went wide;  
They could not touch his Hebrew pride.  
Their sneers at Jesus and his band,  
Nameless and homeless in the land,  
Their boasts of Moses and his Lord,  
All could not change him by one word.

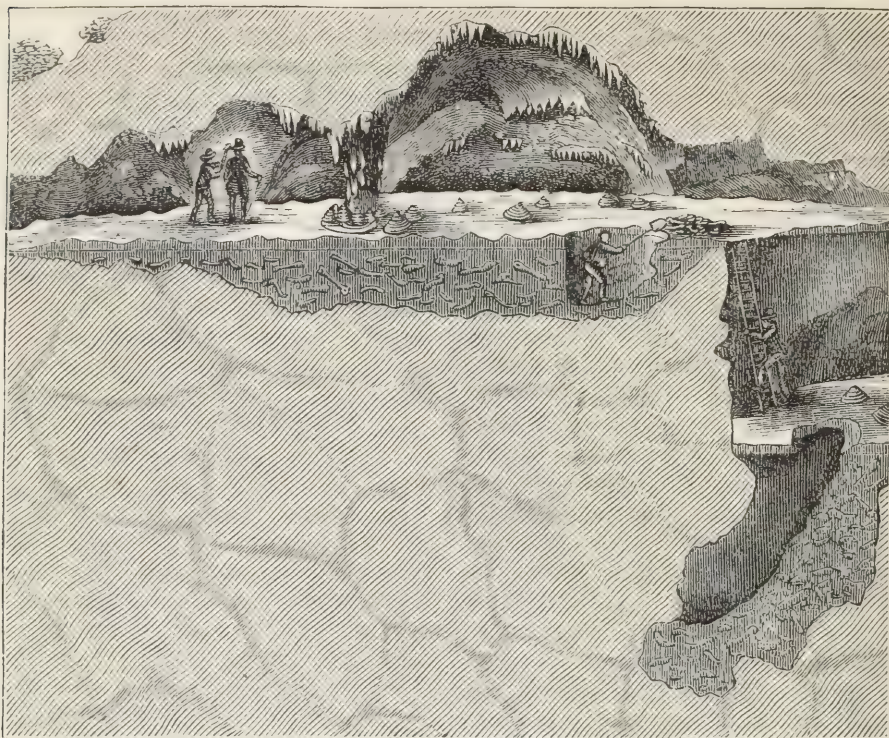
I know not what this man may be,  
Sinner or saint; but as for me,  
One thing I know, that I am he  
Who once was blind, and now I see.

They were all doctors of renown,  
The great men of a famous town,  
With deep brows, wrinkled, broad, and wise,  
Beneath their wide phylacteries;  
The wisdom of the East was theirs,  
And honor crowned their silver hairs.  
The man they jeered and laughed to scorn  
Was unlearned, poor, and humbly born;  
But he knew better far than they  
What came to him that Sabbath-day;  
And what the Christ had done for him  
He knew, and not the Sanhedrim.



## THE STONE AGE IN EUROPE.

By CHARLES RAU.



SECTION OF A PART OF THE CAVE OF GAILENREUTH, BAVARIA.

## II.—THE CAVES.

THE exploration of caves in England, France, Belgium, Germany, and other parts of Europe has been even more fruitful in important results illustrative of the former condition of man than the examination of the river gravels treated in the preceding article. Caves, it is well known, mostly occur in limestone rocks of various geological formations, and differ very much in extent and shape. Thus, the so-called grottoes are short cavities with wide external apertures, owing in many cases their origin to soft materials, such as marl, that have been carried off from beneath the harder rocks which now form their roofs, while the real caverns are frequently of surprising dimensions, extending for miles under the ground, and containing large chambers or halls, connected by galleries often so low that visitors must creep on hands and feet in order to pass through. Sometimes these chambers are not situated in the same plane, but have to be reached by ladders from above or from below. The entrances to the caves, though in most cases nearly horizontal, or more or less inclined, are sometimes quite perpendicular, forming natural shafts. Some caves, like the celebrated Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, contain small lakes or navigable waters, harboring curious fishes, in which, owing to the eternal darkness that surrounds them, the organ of sight has remained undeveloped.

Limestone rocks are remarkable for being traversed by many fissures and cracks, presenting natural conduits through which the atmospheric water is carried into the interior of the mountains. This water possesses the quality of dissolving to some extent the lime with which it comes in contact. In reaching the caves, it trickles from the roofs and the sides, and, having evaporated, deposits its contents in the shape of thin layers of carbonate of lime wherever circumstances favor that process. The incrustations adhering to the roof, which gradually have acquired the form of icicles, are called *stalactites*, while those on the floor appear like conical or columnar elevations, designated as *stalagmites*. Often these pendent and rising formations have met, presenting pillars or buttresses, or have assumed other strange shapes, in which the tourist, who views them by the flickering light of a torch, imagines to recognize curtains, cascades, organs, statues, altars, and other odd figurations which his fancy may suggest. How many thousands of years were required for building up these sometimes colossal accumulations of calcareous matter can not be determined, considering that the increment may not progress in an invariable ratio even in the same cave; but in order to show how slowly the deposit sometimes increases we will mention that in the celebrated cavern of Adelsberg, in Illyria, names and dates traced in the thirteenth and fourteenth cen-



turies can be deciphered even at present, the incrustation formed since that time not having acquired a thickness sufficient to hide those inscriptions.

In caves where these calcareous formations have been progressing—for in some they are wanting—the floor is covered with a stalagmitic crust of variable thickness. Below it there occurs in many cases a more or less stratified layer of yellow or reddish earth, in some instances of considerable thickness, which frequently rests upon a basis of pebbles, differing in material from the rocks of the neighborhood, and evidently brought from distant places. The earth or mud just mentioned is often of little consistency, and almost loose, but sometimes strongly impregnated with lime, in which case it forms a cement of considerable hardness. This substance has been designated as *bone earth*, because the bones of extinct and living animals are abundantly found in it, and likewise, though more rarely, those of man, together with rude articles of his workmanship. Land and fresh-water shells of existing species are sometimes mingled with these remains. In general the bones lie indiscriminately scattered throughout the earth, in a manner altogether different from their relative position while belonging to the living organism, insomuch that the jaws are separated from the skulls, and that the different parts of a skeleton have rarely, if ever, been found in their proper places. Many of the bones retain their original sharpness of outline, which seems to indicate that they were still covered with the fleshy parts when introduced into the cavern; others, on the contrary, are worn and rounded by friction, thus exhibiting the unmistakable marks of their having been drifted by water. There is also a great difference in the chemical condition of the bones, some of which appear quite fresh, having retained their animal matter, while most of them are more or less void of it, and sometimes so far decayed that they crumble into dust upon being handled. Some bones, finally, have been gnawed and cracked by wild beasts.

The osseous remains of European bone caves are chiefly those of bears and hyenas, intermingled with the bones of wolves, foxes, gluttons, horses, oxen, stags, mammoths, and other extinct or still living mammals. From the great preponderance of the bones of carnivores, it has been suggested that the caves served formerly to those animals of prey as dens, into which they introduced their victims, torn or entire, to feed their young; and there is ample evidence that this was the case to some extent. Hyenas evidently have inhabited certain caves and reared their young in them. Bears likewise retire to caves, chiefly during hibernation, but, according to Vogt, are not in the habit of introducing bones. Yet such occupations

of the caves by bears and hyenas, even through many generations, can not account for the astonishing number of bones found in some of them. In the cave of Gailenreuth, in Bavaria, were discovered within ninety years the remains of at least eight hundred cave-bears; and from the amount of bone earth in another Bavarian cave Dr. Buckland has calculated that five thousand five hundred animals of the same species were there entombed. Large collections of bones, moreover, are found in caves with entrances so high that no living animals could have had access to them. The rolled stones, finally, which, as we have mentioned, often underlie the bone earth or are mingled with it, certainly were not brought to their places by wild beasts. It must be assumed, therefore, that the bone caves owe their deposits in a great measure to the agency of water. The surface of Europe, as we have shown, was subject to great changes at those remote periods when the now lost animals were still in existence, and we have alluded to the causes by which floods, more or less extensive, were produced. When the then higher levels of the water-courses and their increased swiftness are taken into consideration, it would seem to require no great stretch of fancy for imagining in what manner pebbles, mud, shells, and bones, fresh as well as decayed, were introduced into the caves, even into such as are now found high above the bottoms of valleys. In some caves containing no pebbles the mud may have been gradually deposited by the melting of snow. Caves, doubtless, were the first dwelling-places of primitive man. They afforded him protection against the inclemency of the weather, against the attacks of wild beasts and of enemies of his own race. Occasionally he also deposited there his dead. Hence the human remains found in bone caves may be, in a number of cases at least, relics left by the former occupants. Some, however, believe that human bones and tools were mostly washed into the caves, like the animal remains and other materials there deposited.

A satisfactory solution of the question how bone caves were filled is by no means easy, and geologists therefore are not quite agreed on that point. Several causes, such as a successive occupation by animals and man, or *vice versa*, together with the action of water, may occasionally have co-operated in the formation of the deposit in the same cave. This view, we must expressly state, applies only to bone caves proper; other caves undoubtedly served as the regular habitations of man, who has left there abundantly the tokens of his occupancy, as we shall have occasion to show in the sequel.

After this condensed general description of bone caves, we will now proceed to lay



before the reader a few of the most important facts resulting from the cave researches which have been carried on with uncommon zeal, especially within late years, in various countries of Europe.

In 1828 M. Tournal discovered in the cavern of Bize, Department of the Aude (Southern France), human bones and teeth, together with fragments of rude pottery, in a layer of mud and breccia containing land shells of living species and the bones of mammals, such as the aurochs and the reindeer, the latter of which is not known to have lived in historical times in France, and whose remains usually occur in that country associated with those of the mammoth. Bones of an antelope, a stag, and a goat were also met in this cave. The human remains were found to be in the same chemical condition as those of the accompanying quadrupeds. M. Tournal concluded that these remains had not been suddenly washed in by a flood, but had been gradually introduced at successive periods. At the same time M. De Christol gave an account of his discoveries in the cavern of Pondres, near Nismes, in the neighboring Department of the Gard, where he had discovered some human bones with those of an extinct hyena and a rhinoceros in a deposit of mud and gravel which filled the cave up to the roof. He also found there fragments of two kinds of pottery, the rudest lying near the bottom of the cave, below the level of the extinct mammalia. The conclusions arrived at by Messrs. Tournal and De Christol, that man had co-existed with those animals, was disputed by contemporary savants, and Sir Charles Lyell himself, after having examined a number of caves in Germany, "came to the opinion that the human bones mixed with those of extinct animals, in osseous breccias and cavern mud, were probably not coeval. But of late years," says this eminent geologist, "we have obtained convincing proofs that the mammoth and many other extinct mammalian species very common in caves occur also in undisturbed alluvium (or drift), imbedded in such a manner with works of art as to leave no room for doubt that man and the mammoth co-existed."

Among cave explorers the late Dr. Schmerling, of Liége, occupies a prominent rank. After having devoted many years to a careful examination of the caves in the valley of the Meuse and its tributaries, he published in 1833 the results of his investigations, but unfortunately died before his merits were duly appreciated by the scientific world. Many of the caves—he examined more than forty—never had been visited by explorers, and he found their floors incrustated with an unbroken stalagmitic covering, under which the bones of extinct and living animals and those of man oc-

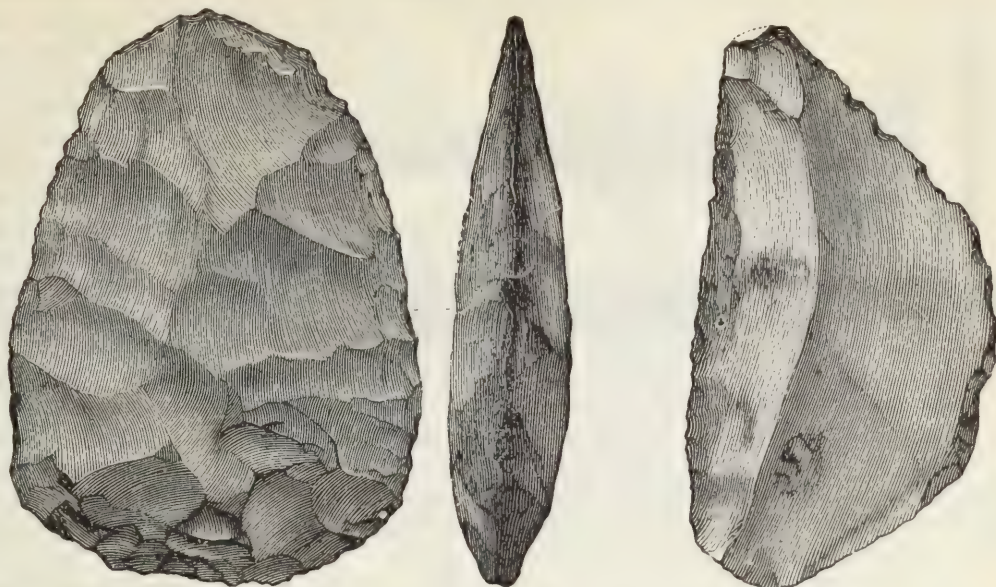
curred in the bone earth. The human bones lay scattered about like those of the animals, and corresponded in appearance and chemical condition perfectly to the latter, which were sometimes broken and rounded, and never exhibited traces of having been gnawed. Dr. Schmerling therefore came to the conclusion that these caves had neither served as burying-places nor had been the dens of wild beasts, but that streams communicating with the surface of the country had introduced their contents. The animal remains found by him were those of the cave-bear, cave-hyena, mammoth, rhinoceros, horse, reindeer, red deer, roe, wild-cat, wild boar, fox, wolf, weasel, beaver, hare, rabbit, hedge-hog, mole, dormouse, field-mouse, water-rat, shrew, and some others. Together with these were dispersed through the cave mud land shells of living species, and in rare instances bones of freshwater fish, snakes, and birds.

The most important remainder of man discovered by Schmerling is the skull of the Engis cavern (now totally quarried away), which was found imbedded five feet deep in a breccia, associated with the remains of the rhinoceros, reindeer, and horse. This skull, now preserved in the museum of Liége, has attracted much attention on the part of anatomists, and has, like that found in 1857 by Dr. Fuhlrott in a cave of the Neanderthal, near Düsseldorf, elicited much comment concerning the physical and mental condition of prehistoric man. We shall have occasion to speak of these two skulls at the close of this article.

Dr. Schmerling found many rude flint flakes or knives, evidently made by man, dispersed through the mud of the caves, and in one cave, that of Chokier (now obliterated), he obtained a polished needle-shaped bone implement perforated at the lower extremity, which occurred in a matrix containing the remains of a rhinoceros.

The Belgian savant clearly pointed out that man once lived contemporaneously with several extinct species of quadrupeds; but his views, being contradictory to the then prevalent opinions of geologists, did not meet with approval at the time of their publication, and his reputation as a clear-sighted investigator dates from a period when neither distrust nor applause could any longer affect him. The energy displayed by Dr. Schmerling is worthy of particular mention. He had to be let down, says Lyell, day after day, by a rope tied to a tree, so as to slide to the foot of the first opening of the Engis cave, where the best-preserved human remains were found; and after having thus gained access to the first subterranean gallery, he was compelled to creep on all fours through a contracted passage leading to larger chambers, there to superintend by torch-light, week after week





FLINT IMPLEMENTS FROM KENT'S CAVERN (HALF SIZE).

and year after year, the workmen who were breaking through the stalagmitic crust, as hard as marble, in order to remove piece by piece the underlying bone breccia, nearly as hard. Thus he remained for hours, with his feet in the mud and with water dripping from the roof on his head, in order to mark the position and guard against the loss of each single bone of a skeleton. And at length, after having found leisure, strength, and courage for all these operations, he looked forward, as the fruits of his labor, to the publication of unwelcome intelligence, opposed to the prepossessions of the scientific as well as the unscientific public. Such has been the fate of too many discoverers.

About the same time, when Dr. Schmerling was carrying on his explorations of Belgian caves, the Rev. J. MacEnery, of the Catholic clergy, found in Kent's cavern, near Torquay, Devonshire, in the red loam below the stalagmitic covering, not only bones of the mammoth, woolly rhinoceros, and other extinct quadrupeds, but also a number of flint tools, some of which resembled the oval-shaped kind common at Abbeville. Mr. Godwin-Austen published in 1840 an account in which he stated that he had exhumed in Kent's cavern, from the undisturbed loam below the stalagmite, works of man, such as arrow-heads and knives of flint, with remains of the elephant, rhinoceros, ox, deer, horse, bear, and a feline animal of large size; and that all these must have been introduced before the stalagmitic flooring had been formed. In 1864 a systematic exploration of the cave was begun, and is still successfully progressing, under the superintendence of Messrs. Pengetty and Vivian.

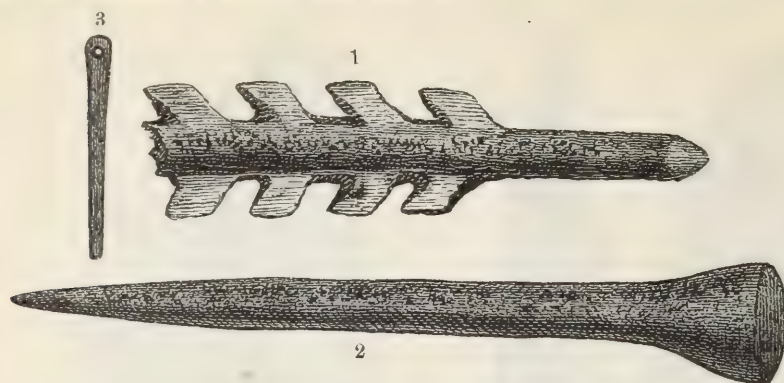
There occurs *above* the thick and almost continuous stalagmitic floor of Kent's cavern a black mould, in which numerous rel-

ics, belonging to different times, have been found, such as stone implements of the later period, bronze articles, bone instruments, pottery, in part distinctly Roman in character, marine shells, numerous mammalian bones of existing species, and some human bones, on which it has been thought there are traces indicative of cannibalism. The red cave earth *below* the stalagmite contains abundantly bones of extinct animals and implements fashioned by the hand of man; and in a part of the cave there extends, immediately underlying the stalagmite, a thin layer of black soil inclosing charcoal, numerous flint implements, and bones and teeth of animals. According to Mr. Evans, the principal forms of the tools are these: tongue-shaped flint implements, and others of flat ovoid form, with an edge all round; flakes of flint of various sizes and wrought into different shapes, including the so-called scrapers;\* the cores from which flakes have been struck; and stones which have been used as hammers or pounders. Besides these a few pins, harpoons, and needles of bone have been discovered.

With the exception of the hippopotamus and the musk-ox, the fauna of Kent's cavern comprises all extinct species already enumerated as occurring in drift gravels, together with a number of quadrupeds still existing in Europe, like the reindeer, stag, wolf, fox, glutton, and various rodents; yet the dog, roe, sheep, goat, common ox, pig, and rabbit are wanting. Mr. Evans concludes, from the number and character of the tools, which bear in many cases the distinct traces of their use, from the presence of charcoal and charred bones below the stalagmite, and from various other circumstances, that the cave was, during the accu-

\* This class of implements will be described in another article.





BONE IMPLEMENTS FROM KENT'S CAVERN (NATURAL SIZE).

1. Fragment of harpoon-head. 2. Pin. 3. Fragment of needle.

mulation of the bone earth, at all events from time to time, the habitation of man.

The Brixham cave, also situated near Torquay, was accidentally discovered in 1858, and a committee of prominent geologists procured the means for a thorough exploration, which was conducted by Mr. Pengelly. The cave chiefly consists of a succession of galleries of no great width, which were either entirely or partly filled with gravel, bones, and mud. At the top there occurred a layer of stalagmite from one to fifteen inches thick; next below was loam or bone earth, of a red color, from one foot to fifteen feet in thickness; and at the bottom lay gravel containing many rounded pebbles. This stratum being probed in some places was found to exceed the thickness of twenty feet. The layer of bone earth inclosed numerous mammalian remains, constituting a fauna almost identical with that of Kent's cavern. No human remains were found, but a number of worked flints of antique forms occurred in the lower part of the bone earth, and some of them even in the underlying gravel. In the loam was discovered, in close proximity to a flint implement, the left hind-leg of a bear, every bone being in its natural place, which proves that the parts of the limb were still connected when it was brought to the cave. According to Mr. Pengelly, the deposit in the cave is probably owing to the transporting agency of water, in which case a valley seventy-five feet in depth, which now runs in front of the cave, could not then have existed, but must have been subsequently excavated.

Space does not permit us to describe other English caves—for instance, the Wokey hyena den, near Wells, which, it seems, was tenanted at different times by hyenas and men, and has yielded some oval-shaped flint implements of the Abbeville type; nor can we attempt to enlarge on the bone caves of the European continent, considering that other classes of caves will yet be brought to the reader's notice. Cave researches, we may state in this place, are progressing with constantly increased energy in Europe, giving rise to a literature of monographs and

larger works that has already reached an almost bewildering extent. The results, however, present only local differences, while, on the whole, the conclusions arrived at are the same, namely, that in times anteceding any historical record or tradition tribes of savage men lived in certain districts of Europe contemporaneously with various species of animals which have either be-

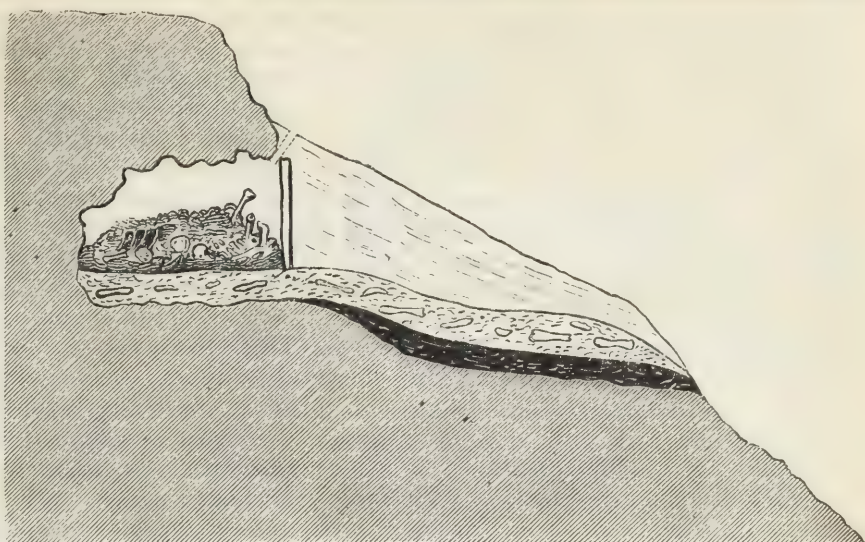
come entirely extinct or have migrated to other parts of Europe, or even to other continents.

The various animal remains and those of man discovered in the bone earth of a cave may not always belong to the same epoch, especially in cases where water has been the means of their transportation. A flood, it may be argued, will sweep from the surface any thing not too heavy to be carried away by it; in places it will tear up the ground, and disentomb bones of animals that died long ago, or will remove, perhaps, remains of man, together with implements made by him, or with the bones of animals that perished either long before or long after the time of his existence. Thus it may have happened that remains of various periods became commingled in the mud of the same cave. In such cases the state of preservation of the bones themselves affords the best guidance in judging of their relative antiquity. The human bones found by Dr. Schmerling in the Belgian caves resembled in color, weight, and chemical condition perfectly those of the extinct and still living mammalia associated with them, and hence the explorer concluded, and no one now doubts, that these human and animal remains belong to the same period. Various other circumstances must be taken into consideration. The bones of extinct animals found in caves are often split lengthwise, evidently not by animal agency, but by that of man, who thus opened them in order to extract the marrow, a method still practiced by modern savages. At other times these bones bear striæ or cuts that could not have been produced by the teeth of wild animals, but must be ascribed to flint knives employed in detaching the flesh. The flint tools themselves, which occur commingled with the bones in caves as well as in river gravels, are quite peculiar in shape and workmanship, differing in many respects from those of the later or neolithic phase of the Stone Age; and the animal remains sometimes found with these more finished instruments invariably belong to a fauna identical with that of historical times. We shall



have occasion to bring forth yet stronger evidences.

The prehistoric tribes of Europe, as we have observed, sometimes buried or deposited their dead in caves. Such a primitive place of sepulture was a small grotto in a limestone hill near Aurignac, in the Department of the Haute Garonne, Southern France. It is situated about forty feet above the valley, through



SECTION OF THE GROTTA OF AURIGNAC.

which a rivulet flows, and in front of it there extends a small terrace somewhat sloping toward the valley. The entrance to this grotto was formerly hidden by a talus of small stones and earth, which the rain probably had washed down the slope of the hill. Sportsmen, however, knew that there was at this place a hole into which the rabbits escaped when pursued by dogs. One day in 1852 a laborer, employed to repair the neighboring road, introduced his arm into the rabbit-hole and drew out from it a large human bone. Suspecting that the hole communicated with a cave, he set to work digging a trench through the talus, and after a few hours' labor he found himself opposite a large slab of rock, placed vertically, which closed the opening of the grotto. Having removed the slab, he looked into a small vaulted recess filled with human bones, among which were several entire skulls. This unusual occurrence created some excitement in the community, and the Mayor of Aurignac, Dr. Amiel, therefore ordered all the bones to be re-interred in the parish cemetery; but, being a physician, he first ascertained, by counting the corresponding bones, that they constituted the skeletons of about seventeen individuals of both sexes and all ages, and, further, that the adults must have been persons of small stature. Unfortunately these human remains are lost to science, for in 1860, when M. Edward Lartet, a distinguished paleontologist, visited Aurignac with a view to investigate the particulars of the discovery, the village sexton was unable to indicate the place where he had interred the bones. M. Lartet, not discouraged by this failure, determined to search the remaining deposits outside and inside the vault, and hired for this purpose workmen, whom he superintended during their digging operations. When these were finished, his observations resulted in the conclusion that the grotto had served as a place of sepulture, while on the small ter-

race in front of it funeral banquets had been held by the relatives and friends of the departed. His views were based on the following facts:

Outside of the grotto there extended over an area of six or seven square yards a layer of ashes and charcoal from six to eight inches thick, which thinned off toward the vault, not actually reaching it. This layer rested on the natural rock formation, and indicated the fire-place where the repasts were prepared and eaten. It contained broken, burned, and gnawed bones of extinct and recent quadrupeds, also rude hearth-stones, reddened by heat, and numerous works of art, but no osseous remains of man. Above this stratum lay a deposit of rubbish with similar contents and a few scattered cinders. M. Lartet identified the bones of no less than nineteen species of carnivorous and herbivorous animals, those of the latter being most numerous. There were remains of the cave-bear, brown bear (?), badger, polecat, cave-lion, wild-cat, cave-hyena, wolf, fox, mammoth (two molars and a heel-bone), woolly rhinoceros (a young animal), horse, ass (?), wild boar, gigantic Irish deer, stag, roebuck, reindeer, and aurochs. The fox, horse, reindeer, and aurochs were represented by many individuals, and seem to have chiefly served as the food of those savage feasters. The bones containing marrow had been split open by man for its extraction, many of them being also burned. The spongy parts were wanting, having been gnawed off by wild beasts, doubtless by prowling hyenas, which fed on the remnants of the meals. The bones of a young rhinoceros had been broken and gnawed in this manner. On many bones could be perceived the cuts produced by the flint implements used in removing the flesh. These remains were almost exclusively obtained from the deposits extending before the entrance of the grotto. The bones found *inside* of it, in a layer of loose earth or rubbish, generally



exhibited no traces of having been gnawed or scraped, the only exception being a *calcaneum* or heel-bone of the mammoth, of which animal no remains excepting this bone and two molars were found. The rubbish in the grotto yielded nearly all the bones of a cave-bear's leg, close together and uninjured, also the artificially shaped and perforated tooth of an animal of the same kind, teeth of the cave-lion, and some tusks of the wild boar. Hence it was inferred that those ancient hunters were in the habit of entombing trophies of the chase and food with their dead, in accordance with a custom that was and still is common among many tribes of savages.

The articles fashioned by man which were obtained from the deposits in the vault and outside of it consisted of numerous flint flakes or knives, sling-stones, chips, a flint core or nucleus from which flakes had been split, and one of those flat round stones with cavities on both sides supposed to have been used in making flint tools. Among other instruments, further, may be mentioned arrow-heads without barbs, made of reindeer's horn, and a well-shaped and sharply pointed bodkin cut from the horn of the roe-deer. Lastly, there were found with the skeletons in the vault eighteen small perforated disks, made of a kind of cockle-shell or *Cardium*, which doubtless had originally been strung together for the purpose of ornament.\*

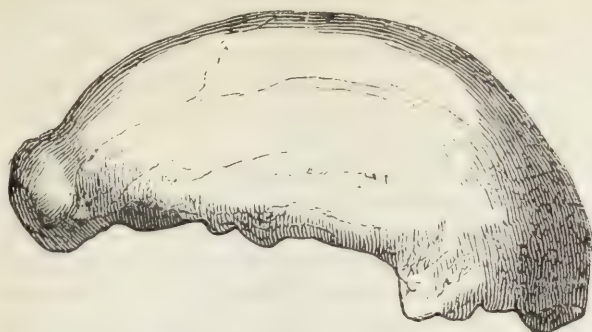
What we have just stated is a *résumé* of the account given by M. Lartet after his first exploration of the Aurignac grotto. He subsequently revisited that locality and continued his researches, in the course of which he obtained results not altogether in keeping, as it appears to us, with his former experiences. The number of skeletons found in the cave, the stone slab by which it was protected, and various other circumstances plainly indicate its use as a burial-place; and there can be no doubt that the terrace in front of the cave was often resorted to by savage hunters, who feasted there on the spoils of the chase. Yet the burials may be of much later date than the feasts. "It is very much to be regretted," said Sir John Lubbock ten years ago, "that M. Lartet was not present when the place was first examined; for it must be confessed that if he had seen the deposits before they were disturbed, we should have been able to feel more confidence that the human skeletons belonged to the same period as the other remains." In 1870 M. Cartailhac, of Toulouse, paid a visit to Aurignac, "in order to see the celebrated grotto, and to collect such objects as might have been left there." In examining the cave he noticed a difference in the color of its walls, from

which he judged that the lower deposits must have been of a yellow color, and covered by a layer of much lighter tint; and while minutely searching the crevices of the cave, he found in the darker ground a tooth of the rhinoceros, one of the reindeer, and fractured bones of the cave-bear. The level of the higher deposit, on the other hand, yielded some small bones of living wild animals and of man, and also a pierced disk of *Cardium* and a fragment of pottery. The lower deposit of the cave, it would thus appear, corresponded with that outside of it, while the layer inclosing the human skeletons was formed at a subsequent time. However that may be, the chief result of M. Lartet's discoveries remains intact: he has furnished another proof that man was the contemporary of extinct animals, which served him for food, and that consequently the age of mankind reaches back to a very remote period.

Among the thus far discovered human remains referable to the far-distant epoch under notice, the Neanderthal skull, already mentioned, and that of the Engis cavern have chiefly excited the interest of the learned, and have caused much speculation concerning the physical and intellectual qualities of the primeval inhabitants of Europe. The first-named skull, or rather skull fragment—for it consists only of the upper portion of the cranium—belonged to a skeleton which was found in 1857 in a small grotto in the Neanderthal, or Neander Valley, not far from Düsseldorf, Rhenish Prussia. Quarrying operations led to the clearing of the grotto, situated about sixty feet above the bed of the small river Düssel, which flows through the valley. It contained a horizontal layer of hard loam intermixed with rolled gravel, a drift deposit identical with that occurring in all caves of the Düssel Valley, and in which the bones of extinct quadrupeds are sometimes found imbedded. In this gravelly loam of the Neanderthal grotto the workmen found, two feet below the surface, a human skeleton, which they threw out in an unceremonious way, and which would have been lost to science but for the interference of Professor Fuhlrott, of Elberfeld, who rescued from total destruction the upper part of the skull, the thigh and arm bones, a collar-bone, a part of the pelvis, a shoulder-blade, and several fragments of the ribs. These remains are undoubtedly of the highest antiquity, possessing the same qualities which characterize the bones of the mammoth, cave-bear, etc., occurring in the neighboring districts, and inclosed by the same kind of loam that contained the skeleton. Professors Fuhlrott, Vogt, and other anthropologists therefore conclude that the Neanderthal man lived together with the mammoth and other extinct animals of the drift period. The body

\* Quite similar flat shell beads were formerly made by the aborigines of North America.





THE NEANDERTHAL SKULL (SIDE VIEW).



THE ENGIS SKULL (SIDE VIEW).

probably had been washed into the grotto during high water. The skull was first described anatomically by Professor Schaaffhausen, of Bonn. He pointed out its enormous ridges above the orbits of the eyes, behind which the frontal bone is considerably depressed, its elongated, elliptical shape, narrow and low forehead, and unusual thickness. The other bones of the skeleton were found to correspond in length to those of a European of middle stature, but they were much stouter, and exhibited a greater development of the muscular ridges. On the whole, Professor Schaaffhausen comes to the conclusion that the individual to whom the Neanderthal skull belonged must have been distinguished by slight development of brain and uncommon strength of bodily frame. According to Professor Huxley, the skull in question is the most ape-like of the human crania yet discovered, and Professor Vogt expresses himself to the same effect by stating that it has more of the simian or monkey type than any other known race skull. Yet Huxley is far from regarding the Neanderthal bones as the remains of a being intermediate between man and apes. At most, he says, they demonstrate the existence of a man whose skull may be said to revert somewhat to the pithecoïd or ape type. Both Huxley and Vogt detect in the Neanderthal skull an approximation to the cranial formation of the Australian.

The Engis skull, likewise fragmentary, but more complete than the one just described, was found, as we have stated, five feet deep imbedded in a breccia, in juxtaposition with remains of the rhinoceros, reindeer, and horse. This skull, it will be noticed by a comparison of the accompanying drawings, indicates a far higher type than that of the Neanderthal. According to Huxley, "there is no mark of degradation about any part of its structure. It is, in fact, a fair average human skull, which might have belonged to a philosopher, or might have contained the thoughtless brain of a savage."

In our first paper we alluded to human bones found by Messrs. Bertrand and Rebourg in the valley of the Seine, at Clichy,

in the suburbs of Paris, in the same drift beds in which flint implements of the oldest or paleolithic types had been discovered. The remains, among them a skull, occurred seventeen feet below the surface. The skull, which exhibits marked traces of inferiority, being narrow and slanting from the front to the back, is supposed to be that of a woman.

Among the latest discoveries of remains of prehistoric man are those made by M. Rivière, who found in 1872, in one of the caves of Mentone, near Nice, France, the almost entire skeleton of a man above middle size, imbedded twenty feet below the surface of the deposit. The attitude of the skeleton, says M. Rivière, was that of repose, as if the man had been surprised by death during sleep. The bones and the surrounding earth were of a reddish color, produced by oxide of iron. Many pierced shells and teeth of the stag covered the skull, doubtless forming originally a chaplet or some other head ornament. A bone implement lay across the forehead, and two spearheads of flint were placed below the occiput. Remains of the urus, cave-bear, cave-lion, cave-hyena, woolly rhinoceros, wolf, stag, chamois, and others, together with many marine and land shells, were found in the deposits above the skeleton; also chipped flint implements in great number, but neither ground tools nor pottery. The skeleton, now in the collection of the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, shows no marked approximation to the simian type, excepting, perhaps, the *tibia*, or shin-bones, which are more flattened than in the European of the present time. Professor Vogt draws attention to the extreme scarceness of remains of extinct animals in this cave, conjecturing their presence might be owing to a secondary deposit.

In 1873 M. Rivière discovered in another cave of the neighborhood a second human skeleton, less complete than the one exhumed by him in the preceding year, but likewise stained by oxide of iron, and decked with shell ornaments. A few unpolished flint implements lay near this skeleton.

Later in 1873 and in the following year he further succeeded in finding in caves near



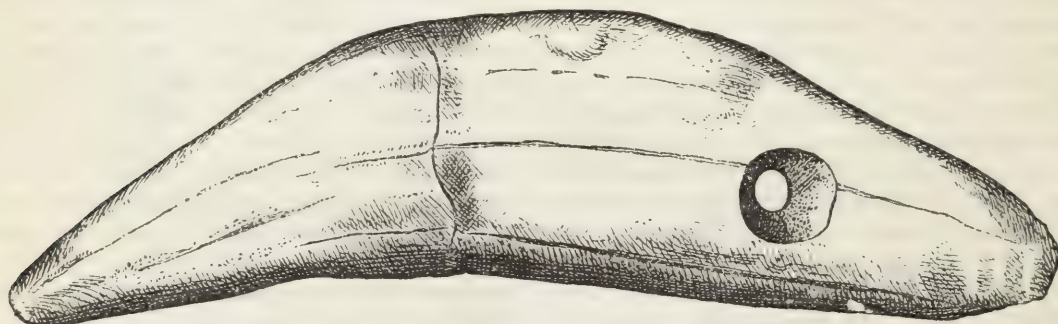
Mentone three additional skeletons, two of them belonging to children, the other to an adult individual. The head of the latter was surrounded with pierced sea-shells and teeth of the stag, originally constituting an ornamental head-dress. There were also found the remains of a necklace and of bracelets of shells and teeth. Curiously enough, this skeleton, too, was stained with oxide of iron, like those previously discovered by M. Rivière, who thinks that the covering of the corpse with micaceous specular iron formed one of the funeral customs of the people who deposited their dead in these caves. With this skeleton, which belonged to a vigorous individual of good stature, and resembled in its details that first discovered by M. Rivière, were found a tooth of a cave-bear, bones of ruminants, pachyderms, and rodents (not specialized in the report before us), and a number of shells of edible marine mollusks; also implements of bone and stone, the latter merely chipped, and mostly consisting of sandstone, limestone, and other materials, but rarely of flint. No implements or ornaments accompanied the skeletons of the children.

Sir Charles Lyell is of opinion "that the time of inhumation of the remains of ele-

phant, rhinoceros, and cave-bear in subaerial breccias at different altitudes in the cliffs of the neighborhood will have to be critically ascertained before their geological bearing on the age of the human skeletons can be finally settled."

Generally speaking, the fauna of the caves thus far treated in these pages is analogous to that of the river drift, and the same peculiarities characterize the drift implements and those occurring, commingled with osseous remains, in the mud of caves. The bone and tool bearing strata of the drift and the older cave deposits, therefore, may be assumed to belong to one period, provided that this term is taken in its broadest and most expanded sense.

In our next article we shall lead the reader once more into caves, but into such as served as the regular habitations of human beings who were, to all appearance, somewhat more advanced and lived at a later period than the earliest European tribes, of whom we know now at least that they existed. The merit of having established a fact of such importance belongs to that indefatigable class of investigators whose aim it is to bring light into the darkest recesses of hoary antiquity.



PERFORATED TOOTH OF A LION. FROM THE LOWEST DEPOSIT OF A GROTTO NEAR SORDE, ON THE RIVER OLBON, SOUTHERN FRANCE (NATURAL SIZE).

## PSYCHE.

### I.

WHEN trembling Psyche softly crept  
Where her unknown, mysterious Love  
Concealed in shrouding darkness slept,  
And held her lamp the couch above,  
Eager to prove what hidden spell  
Of beauty held her charmed heart,  
To teach her eyes its power as well,  
New sweetness to her life impart,  
And point with fresh delight the keenness of Love's  
dart,

Her dazzled eyes, one moment's space,  
Beneath the trembling golden light,  
Saw all the beauty of that face,  
So fair it made a day of night—  
That glorious shape like sun-lit snow  
Beheld, with sudden glad surprise,  
Then—startled by the lamp-light's glow,  
Flashed into hers those angry eyes,  
And Love had fled for aye back to his native skies.

### II.

Ah, dearest! trying hard to pierce,  
With wistful, questioning blue eyes,  
The secret of the universe,  
That deepest of all mysteries,  
The nature of another's soul,  
And what it hath akin to thine,  
A vision of the unknown whole  
From what thou knowest to divine,  
And by thy love's sweet light to read this heart of  
mine:

Forbear, dear love, to ask to see  
All that my inmost spirit holds,  
For still a veiling mystery  
The godlike form of Love infolds;  
And while our pulses beat as one,  
And all my being bends to thine  
As turns the flower to the sun,  
Still leave my heart one hidden shrine,  
Where, sacred and unseen, reposes Love divine.



## AMERICAN HUMOR.

BY THE HON. S. S. COX.

PART II.



FUNNY PARAGRAPH MAN.

**I**N the previous article on this theme I considered our humor in its general phases, and especially in its exaggerations.

I now come to consider the distinctive and peculiar qualities of our humor.

We have not a little humor, especially among the more cultivated portion of our people, common to all men—a translatable humor, quite as enjoyable in French as in English. But we have veins of our own as rich and varied as our mines. I propose to prospect for a few of these veins. In all of them the salient quality—exaggeration—appears.

But *first*, there is a little silvery vein which runs through our newspapers, and which Prentice, of Louisville, first worked successfully. It consists in adroitly garbling a brief extract from an opponent's article, and diverting the meaning into a dash at some frailty of the opponent. The manner in which this is done is humorous, though the matter generally has the pungency of sarcasm and wit. Near akin to this species of humor is that which has recently become a part of our newspaper paragraphs. It consists in giving a comic account of a catastrophe, and then by a sudden and serious turn, leaving a suggestive hiatus, making a conclusion which connects the premises. A woman undertakes to foment a fire by taking observations with a kerosene lamp near it. The comment is: "Wet day, or there would have been a larger funeral."

Mr. Jones was observed by his wife through the window to kiss the cook in the kitchen. Comment: "Mr. Jones did not go out of the house for several days, and yet there was no snow-storm."

A young man in Pennsylvania attempted to stir up several rabbits out of a hole with the butt end of his gun the other day. Twenty-three shots have been picked out of his shoulder, and the doctor is still

probing. The young man thinks the rabbits must have escaped.

A woman put her tongue to a flat-iron to see if it was hot. That household is remarkably quiet these days.

A dear good fellow at the South telegraphs to his affianced in Maine. "To —: Your life is a rich bouquet of happiness, yourself the sweetest flower. If Northern winds whisper Southern wishes, how happy you must be! Good-night. Happy dreams, sweet love. Frank." Four doctors are in attendance upon the telegraph operator.

"If George had not blown into the muzzle of his gun," sighed a rural widow, at the funeral of her late husband, "he might have got plenty of squirrels, it was such a good day for them."

"He handled his gun carelessly, and put on his angel plumage," is a late obituary notice.

At Middletown, New York, a youth showed his father's pistol to little Dicky Snell. "Eight years of age," was the inscription they put on his little casket.

A good little boy tried to lift himself up by a mule's tail. The doctor thinks the scar on his forehead is permanent.

A man in Memphis undertook to get a mule off the steamboat by twisting his tail. The man landed. Another mistook the head-lights of an engine for a fire-bug. He subsequently joined the temperance society.

A young man fixed himself up for hunting; he would call on a young lady, and let her see how nice he looked; he stood near the fire, with a pound of powder in his coat pocket. He was seen going through the roof, with a pensive smile.

A young man in Louisville thought a circular buzz saw was standing still; he felt it. Several fingers are preserved in the best of spirits.

A young lady, aged only seventeen, raised a large family. She used a keg of powder in the cellar.

A well-dressed person saw a beautiful damsel at a window in New York city. It was New-Year's, and he rang the bell. He may thank the beautiful snow at the foot of the steps that only his hat was mashed!

An anvil was dropped upon a colored clergyman from a third-story window. He complained of an injury to his—hat.

There is another kind of humor, which Artemus Ward, the showman—shrewd and simple, exaggerative and satirical—originated. It never fails to be copied by the press and read by the million. His visit to the President elect was an overdrawn picture of the gang of ravenous office seekers pressing on the "honest old dispenser." He, like Nasby, Billings, and company, hid under bad orthography and worse grammar the neatest nonsense and the broadest satire. While he had not so keen and critical a sense of the dialect or patois as Russell Lowell shows in the character of Hosea Bigelow—while he had not the pointed wit of Holmes or Saxe, whose verses are a fit frame for their exquisite artistic humor, yet Artemus, next to Mark Twain and Bret Harte, hit the very midriff of American humor. I have no time to recall illustrations. They occur to all. His interview with the Prince of Wales in Canada, his amusing attempt to buy the Tower of London, which so shocked the pompous old warder, are samples. How the world was startled to know that it continued to "revolve around on her axle-tree onst in twenty-four hours, subjick to the Constitution of the United States!" "If you ask me," said he, "how pious the muchly married Brig-





ARTEMUS WARD AND HIS BETSY JANE.

ham Young is, I treat it as a conundrum, and give it up." But who can forget how he won his Betsy Jane? The situation of the lovers was embarrassing, to say the least.

"We sot thar on the fense, a-swingin our feet two and fro, blushin as red as the Baldinsville skool-house when it was fust painted, and lookin very simple, I make no doubt. My left arm was ockepied in ballun-sin myself on the fense, while my rite was woundid luvinyin round her waste."

The reasons why the two sympathized are amusingly simple:

"Thare was many affectin ties which made me hanker arter Betsy Jane. Her father's farm jined our'n; their cows and our'n squenchd their thirst at the same spring; our old mares both had stars in their forrerd; the measles broke out in both famerlies at nearly the same period; our parients (Betsy's and mine) slept reglarly every Sunday in the same meetin-house; and the nabers used to obsarve, 'How thick the Wards and Peasleys air!' It was a surblime site, in the spring of the year, to see our sevrul moth-ers (Betsy's and mine) with their gowns pin'd up so thay couldn't sile 'em, affectshunilty Biling sope together & aboozin the nabers."

A portion of this humor seems to emanate from a pure love of the superlatively grotesque. We hardly know how to analyze such ultimately funny nonsense as that, for instance, of the "Fat Contributor's" account of the "one twin"—a human parenthesis with one bracket gone—always pawing round, even in sleep, for his missing brother.

The humor of Mark Twain rises to a higher style. I refer to the elegance and drollery of his *Innocents Abroad*. Never has there been a more tear-compelling, juicier piece of serio-comic weeping and wailing than

Twain's mourning over the supposed grave of his ancestor Adam. I omit his story of the Seven Sleepers, his discussion of the oyster's love of enterprise and of the beautiful, whose shells he found on the heights above Smyrna. In an article like this, intended not to make a laugh, but only to show why we laugh, it is out of place to quote redundantly. I can only refer to his recent speech before the Accident Insurance Company, in which he expressed his satisfaction at observing cripples—they advertised the company—and then the further satisfaction which injured humanity, after insurance, took in the loss of legs and arms! But I can not refrain from one familiar quotation. I refer to his lament in memory of his blood-relation:

"The tomb of Adam! how touching it was, here in a land of strangers, far away from home and friends! True he was a blood-relation; though a distant one, still a relation! The unerring instinct of nature thrilled its recognition.

The fountain of my filial affection was stirred to its profoundest depths, and I gave way to tumultuous emotion. I leaned upon a pillar and burst into tears. I deem it no shame to have wept over the grave of my poor dead relative. Let him who would sneer at my emotion close this volume. Noble old man—he did not live to see his child; and I—I—I, alas! did not live to see him. Weighed down by sorrow and disappointment, he died before I was born—six thousand brief summers before I was born. But let us try to bear it with fortitude. Let us trust he is better off where he is. Let us take comfort in the thought that his loss is our eternal gain."

This is the humorous sublime! It is the lachrymosely comic magnificent!

This is only equaled by the *Heathen Chinee* of Bret Harte. This poet-humorist of the Sierras, producing the patois of the miner and the hunter of the Pacific slope, and drawing an economical lesson out of the game of euchre by the aid of Ah Sin, the pensive and child-like Celestial, has in it all the facetiousness of Dickens and of his Sairy Gamp in Truthful James, all the mischievous deviltry which Bill Nye could furnish, and all the roistering rowdyism of a scene in *Harry Lorrequer*. Besides, it has in it a moral which an Oriental story-teller would envy. It brings together the Orient and Occident of cunning fun. Withal, it has the element of exaggeration, without which no American humor seems to be possible.

*Second.* For another source of our daily fun we are indebted to Shillaber. His Mrs. Partington, however, is but an American edition of Sheridan's Mrs. Malaprop. We love the old lady the more when we hear her say, like a good housewife, that she gets up every morning at the shrill carrion of the



chandelier! But her mischievous nephew, Ike, is purely indigenous. His mischief is the very essence of Young America, without its father. Ike is yet to grow into the full stature. He stands as the juvenile embodiment of a peculiar vein known among us as practical jokes—what the boys term “sells,” and from which springs their expression, “Well, he’s sold.” This is almost a monomania with some. Even such players as Sothorn have not disdained to play its pranks. It is the result of that proverbial shrewdness which seeks to slyly lead a green one on, in the most natural way in the world, until the catastrophe is ready, when the pitfall is opened, and the victim drops or rushes in with a curiosity only equaled by the surplus fund of experience which he receives. Barnum’s book has many examples of these “sells.” Yankee tricks, which in the eye of ethics are but another term for swindling, are illustrations. The raciness of the joke hides the rascality of the job; and we applaud the successful humorist, first because we can not but admire his shrewd calculations on the simplicity of human nature, and next because we are glad to see our fellows learning the ways of the world in such an amusing way. In trading, he is the very incarnation of the keenest shrewdness. He will be sure to do business under the most ad-



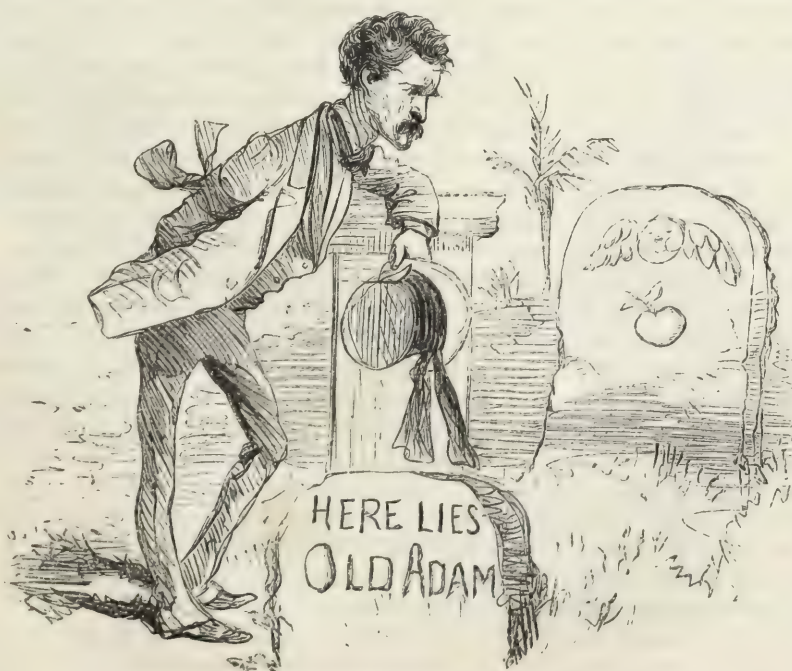
THE HEATHEN CHINEER.

verse circumstances, and secure a profit also. This propensity is portrayed in the story of Sam Jones; that worthy, we are told, called at the store of a Mr. Brown, with an egg in his hand, and wanted to “dicker” it for a darning-needle. This done, he asks Mr. Brown if he isn’t “going to treat.” “What, on that trade?” “Certainly; a trade is a trade, big or little.” “Well, what will you have?” “A glass of wine,” said Jones. The wine was poured out, and Jones remarked that he preferred his wine with an egg in it. The store-keeper handed to him the identical egg which he had just changed for the darning-needle. On breaking it, Jones discovered that the egg had *two* yolks. Says he, “Look here; you must give me another darning-needle!”

The Dutchman was a victim to a practical joke who lost five dollars to the Yankee on a bet that the Yankee could eat the

Dutchman. Jonathan began the work of mastication at the extremities, and was soon saluted by the roar and kick of the Dutchman. “Oh, mein Gott! Dunder und Blitzen! stop dat bitin’. Take your fife dollar. It hurts!”

Sometimes these jokes pay, sometimes not. The Yankee skipper whose vessel was mistaken by an Englishman for a Russian, and who didn’t run up his bunting until the Englishman was about to broadside him, and who gave as a reason “that he wanted to see how spry Bull would clear for action,” came near paying dearly for his joke.



MARK TWAIN AT THE TOMB OF ADAM.



The best humor is always more or less exaggerative. Falstaff's monsterring of his courage, and Captain Bobadil's plan, with nineteen men besides himself, of annihilating an army of forty thousand, are illustrations of English exaggeration.

It was both a humorous, useful, and a witty exaggeration, that of the English comedian Mathews, who recently presented his compliments to the human race, begging leave to state that, as much as he loved them, he found it impossible to provide for the necessities of London alone. No better answer could be returned to the indiscriminate begging in big cities.

No bit of humor has been so loudly received before the foot-lights as that in Boucicault's last play of *Shaughraun*, where the fiddler relates how he avoided the pledge not to drink more than a thimbleful. There was no other thimble in the house except a tailor's thimble, and it never got full! This was thoroughly Celtic, but, I doubt not, as well relished in New York as in Dublin.

But if there be one quality of American humor by which more than another it can be characterized, it is the universal tendency to exaggeration. Why there should be fun in such efforts is not the inquiry. Whether it be owing to the doctrine of natural depravity, which likes a lie, or whether to vanity, which would blow the bellows for its own dilation, or to an honest intention to amuse without the intention to deceive, I care not. This tendency to spread one's self to intensity is an American trait, and the great source of our fun. We go our whole length on every occasion, and as much more as we can stretch. Our language is never meek; it is superlative.

When the cholera was devastating New Orleans daily, ay, hourly, a waiter ran into the bar-room of the St. Charles Hotel, and gave this order in the rapid style of such characters: "Two brandy cocktails for No. 24, a gin flip for No. 26, and a coffin for No. 29. Two first in a hurry; t'other can wait."

In one of the railroad disasters on the Baltimore road, a survivor, in answering the query as to what was passing in his mind as the car was rolling over, gave a characteristic answer when he replied, "Oh, y-y-es, I perfectly remember saying, 'Lord, have mercy on us; and don't be too long about it, for there's not a minute to spare!'" In the very article of death the ruling passion of "put it through, on the fast line," but echoes the enterprise of our people. Scott and Vanderbilt must ride more than a mile a minute, or there's something wrong. Yes, and they ride themselves, to show it can be done safely. It would seem as if all veneration for the solemnities of life had departed from us. We act as if there were no future world—we certainly act as if we believed there was no Satan and no retribu-

tion. Our little boys, behind their cigars, and down on the "old man," the "venerable author of their being," as he is sometimes called, for some parental injunction; the proprietor of the newly organized city of Pumpkinville—away out West—dilating on the unrivaled advantages by water, by rail, and by plank-road of his magnificent site; the Fourth of July or Centennial orator telling the masses of Blatherville about the voice of one freeman being equal to a thousand Austrian bayonets, and sweeping the periphery of creation to gather immense symbols of our everlasting glory; the poet just fledged, and trying his feeble pinions on the thunderous symphonies of that almighty heft of water at Niagara; the young attorney addressing his first jury, and never in the course of his extensive practice having met such outrageous injustice as that attempted on his client; or our biggest statesmen behind their Senatorial desks, and down on all mankind for their outrage on and presumption toward this great nation—all find expression in the sacrilegious, audacious, and reckless verse sung by our boys:

"If you want to live well,  
Go to a crack hotel,  
And call for de best accordin'.  
When de bill begins to swell,  
Tell 'em all to go to— Well,  
We leave for de oder side o' Jordin."

Hear one of our urchins sing that in *fortissima* style, with a *crescendo*, and you will understand the rollicking independency which obtains among us. The utter disregard of sacred things is not common alone to our boys. In the Reign of Terror in France, while the men were cutting off human heads and carrying them around Paris on pikes, the boys were imitating them by guillotining cats and carrying around their heads on sticks; so in America the prevailing irreverence among our men finds its counterpart among our *gamins*.

Our youths outdo the children of all other nations in their lack of reverence for the aged and for their parents. I am almost ready to believe the story of a particularly smart child who left home at the age of fifteen months because he heard that his parents intended to call him Obadiah! This irreverence has got into our recent poetry. Colonel John Hay understood this. He shows it in the story of the *Prairie Belle* and her heroic engineer. I do not refer to the dialect of the Western boatman, nor the grotesque picture of the steamer—

"the oldest craft of the line,  
With a nigger squat on the safety-valve,  
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine"—

nor to Jim Bludsoe's exclamation above the roar of the flames,

"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank  
Till the last galoot's ashore,"

but I refer to the audacity, suitable to the





WOULDN'T BE NAMED OBADIAH.

time and the country, with which he ushered his hero into heaven, with all the "cussedness" which made him stick to his post until his ghost went up in the smoke of the burning boat. This audacity is specially noticeable in the pretty and touching story which Colonel Hay has versified in his *Little Breeches*. The father finds his little son, after long searching in the prairie snows, sitting upright in the sheep-fold chewing tobacco.

"How did he git thar? Angels."

And then he breaks out into the exclamation:

"I think that saving a little child,  
And bringing him to his own,  
Is a derned sight better business  
Than loafing around the throne!"

This fills the American idea of unrest. It means business. Such ideas attract not merely because they are humorously dialectical, not because they glorify the paternal instinct, but because of their utter irreverence. Yet this is not more irreverent than Lowell's verse about an unholy Democrat and the Mexican war:

"You hev to get up airy  
Ef you want to take in God."

Its counterpart is seen in the juvenile performance of a lad who, kneeling by his pious mother, with folded hands and his head full of the music of the day, repeated the well-known child's prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake—  
Pop goes the weazel!"

For sacrilegious audacity we give the following: An American company in the Mexican war was drawn up in line in one

of the churches of the City of Mexico. Suddenly the cry of "Temblor! temblor!" was heard, and while the Mexicans were rushing wildly out of their houses, and in greatest consternation dropping on their knees, beseeching the protection of the Holy Virgin, this American company at every horizontal quake would be dashed against the church walls. What are they thinking of? With ready exaggeration they liken their situation to one of the surf-boats they had used at Vera Cruz. At every surge the cry goes round, "Shove her off, boys!" "Steady, men; keep your places." "Now she rises!" "Shove her off!"

Again does our assertion hold good in the case of the youth who was told the story of the two-and-forty children who were torn by the bears for mocking the prophet. Instead of heeding the moral, he went right out and saluted the first baldheaded individual with, "Go up, baldhead! Now bring on your bears!"

In Cincinnati, when the Prince of Wales went to the Opera-house, a boy put his head into the carriage window, and astonished his hearers by singing out, "How are you, Wales? How's your ma?"

Not long since a good man addressed one of our Sabbath-schools at Zanesville, Ohio. He told them of the better world in tones so pathetic, and with tears so sincere, that he seemed to touch chords of finest feeling in their gentle young bosoms, and concluded his discourse by requesting them to sing "Jordan." Instead of "Jordan's stormy banks," he was astounded to hear, in one unbroken chorus, that

"Jordan am a hard road to trabel."

The comic wonder elicited by this irrev-



"GO UP, BALDHEAD!"





CHURCH MUSIC.

erent audacity has not yet subsided in the vicinity where it occurred.

One would suppose that in a Christian country, that stream, consecrated by such holy memories, would not be polluted by the ribaldry of our youth. Jordan! whose banks are hallowed by the foot-print of prophet and saint; whose waters rose up that Israel might bear over that beauteous type of our covenant with Heaven; whose wave mirrored the clear heaven, and the peaceful dove descending upon the baptized form of the Redeemer, emblematic of the Father's pleasure! Jordan! the sanctity of whose name, though the twelve stones erected by grateful Israel have long since mouldered, and though the spot where the body of our Lord was laved by its waters has no monument for its identity—though the Bedouin roams in its valley, and its calcined soil no longer smiles with cultivation—is still dear to the Christian of every clime, as with wistful eye he gazes upon that fair and happy land where his possessions lie, and with the power of grace struggles through its swelling flood to that other

bank, where the world hath no temptation and the tomb no terror, where immortality with the dear ones who have gone before becomes a presence and a transport! Jordan! whose flow makes music with the dying song of praise, whose light silvers the darkness of the Valley of the Shadow, and fills the fading vision with the glory of answered prayer, and the soul with the reality of that country beyond, where the Good Shepherd forever infolds his own in the sweet pastures by the still waters. Jordan! ay, and what other consecrated association is not broken up by the plow-share of riant, defiant, independent Young America!

Said I not truly, that our humor stops at no sacrifice for its fun?

Our religious music in fashionable churches is assuming this fast, not to say sacrilegious, tone. Doesticks goes into a church, where the organist receives a big salary to draw a large house with his music. The organist struck up *Old Hundred*. At first it went as it ought to; but soon the organist's left hand got unruly among the bass notes; then the right cut up a few monkey shines on the treble; *left* threw in a large assortment

of quavers; *right* led off with a grand flourish and a few dozen variations; *left* struggled manfully to keep up, but soon gave out, dead beat, and after that went back to first principles, and hammered away religiously at *Old Hundred*, in spite of the antics of its fellow; *right* struck up a march, marched into a quickstep, quickened into a galop; *left* still kept at *Old Hundred*; *right* put in all sorts of extras to entice the left from its sense of propriety; *left* still unmoved; *right* put in a few bars of a popular waltz; *left* wavers a little; *right* strikes up a favorite polka; *left* evidently yielding; *right* dances into a jig; *left* now fairly deserts and goes over to the enemy, and both commence an animated hornpipe, leaving poor *Old Hundred* to take care of itself. Then a crash, a squeak, a rumble, and an expiring groan; and the overture is finished, and service begins.

Here is the fashionable echo to the boy's song of *Jordan*, told humorously by an almost forgotten writer—in fact, the forerunner of the large class who rely on exaggeration's artful aid for their fun. I do not



discuss here the moral quality of our humor. We are so constituted that while we reprehend the lack of veneration and the exaggerative tendency of our humor, we can not help but laugh at its fun.

A few years ago the letters of Doesticks, from which I have quoted, ran through the press, a gross exaggeration. So wild were they that they could not last long, but their ephemeral success shows the keen delight of our people in this limitless superlative humor.

His description of the American tragedian's voice ought to be recalled :

"Imitating by turns the horn of the City Hall Gabriel, the shriek of the locomotive, the soft and gentle tones of a forty horse-power steam saw-mill, the loving accents of the scissors-grinder's wheel, the amorous tones of the charcoal man, the rumble of the omnibus, the cry of the driver appertaining thereto—rising from the entrancing notes of the infuriated house-dog to the terrific cry of the oyster vendor—causing the 'supes' to tremble in their boots, making the fiddlers look around for some place of safety, and moving the assembled multitude to echo back the infernal roar."

This is an etching in broad limning of an exaggeration, and was enjoyed because the subject was commensurate with the description. Shakspeare himself had contemporary players who suited this description. Nor are such characters limited to the stage. They are to be found in the pulpit, and even in so sedate a body as Congress.

Our habits and fashions as well as our talk are all on the extensive scale, and a faithful description of them would provoke laughter. But that is not enough. The description must be overdrawn. To illustrate. It is some time since ladies had taken to hoops. They had completely usurped the sidewalks in the cities. A cynical old bachelor meets two fair ones promenading, and thus enters upon his description :

"At forty paces distant they seemed like miniature pyramids of silk; at twenty paces we smelled Cologne-water and other essences; at ten paces a little lump like a bonnet was discernible at the top of the skirt pyramid; at three paces distant we heard the imbedded voice of a female in the dress; at two paces we discovered four ringlets of slim appearance, resembling cat tails dipped in molasses, two eyes of weak and absurd expression, lips like unto thin sandwiches, and cheeks rouged with *mienfun* (Chinese coloring). Positively this was all that could create in us the impression or imagination that the above things (dry-goods, etc.) formed a woman."

This exaggeration has its cause. Our national success has kindled it. Within the century what have we not done? Moved the Indians west of the Mississippi, and by treaty, etc., given them missionaries and whisky, money and schools, and our Interior Department is trying to civilize all that the War Department can not murder; we have made our land the principal cotton and the great grain growing country of the world; we have increased our numbers twelvefold, our annual income twentyfold, and our conceit, pride, and humor—manifold!

True, we made no figure at the great World's Exhibition in 1851, nor at Vienna in 1873, for our greatness was too large for transportation. I remember well the poor display we made in 1851. We had India rubber of every conceivable form, and daguerreotypes without number, the one emblematic of the conscience, and the other of the vanity of our people. *Punch* laughed at our eagle floating over the vast expanse of nothing, but it did not affect our complacency. Our isolation from Europe, our independency, added to our surprising progress, have impressed us with the idea that we are the model people, and this impression will make us so as surely as thought precedes action. This self-esteem is no doubt carried to a laughable length, and we ought not to be unduly sensitive when "chaffed" about it, for without it we should never have declared or won or enjoyed our independence.

Before the Declaration of Independence we went our length in begging, as loyal subjects of a beloved crown, for our English rights. History says that our humble petitions were presented on knees to the royal head, who scorned us. But we were no sooner scorned than we "went our length" the other way. The Declaration of Independence is a splendid exaggeration in itself. "When in the course of human events," it begins. It could not say "American" events. "The laws of nature and of nature's God" is its transcendent invocation. "All men are created free and equal," though a million of ebony evidences were then existing to the contrary. "All government derives its powers from the consent of the governed," when, as Garrison used to demonstrate, if that were true, no government could exist for a moment.

With such a chart and with such a grand initial momentum, need we wonder at the magnitude of our ideas, the magniloquence of our orators, and the exaggerations of our humor? Our large lakes, our long rivers, our mountain ranges, our mammoth conifera, our vast mineral treasures, our wide prairies, our great crops, our growing cities, our enlarging territory, our unrivaled telegraphs, our extensive railroads and their equally extensive disasters, our mechanical skill and its infinite production, our unexampled civil unpleasantness and its results, would call for an aggrandized view of our political and social position, and, as a consequence, for a broad, big, Brobdingnagian humor.

Think of what we have had these past years—the horse distemper, the Boston fire, and the "tidal wave" election, all dispensations of what Mrs. Malaprop would call an unscrupulous Providence!

There is such a unity in the human mind that it can not be high-strung on one sub-



ject without being similarly keyed up on another. There is a sympathy running through the American mind of such intensity and excitement in relation to our physical growth and political prominence that our humor must become intensified. Our rivers in their spring floods typify our humor with their rush, their whirl, and their overflow of all bounds.

A half century ago the *Edinburgh Review* examined our census, and found enough of honest triumph for America in her actual position, and hoped that we might spare that dazzling galaxy of epithets by which we undertook to persuade ourselves that we were the greatest, most refined, most moral, and most enlightened people on the earth. It hoped we would cease sending our statesmen up every morning to Pisgah's heights to enjoy a prospective subjugation of the whole globe. We were even then advised to drop our superlatives. As well advise an American to refuse his daguerreotype to be hung at a county fair! We are great, but intensely conscious of it. No wonder that Dickens returned home to laugh at the infinity of "remarkable men" every where introduced to him. At every village he was pointed out General A, or Colonel B, or Esquire C, with the information volunteered, "One of the most remarkable men in the country, Sir."

This extravagance pervades our dialect and our opinions. Our dialect has not only swollen to a laughable bulk, but the wildest perversions of good words have resulted from it. One of our scholars published in 1848 a dictionary of Americanisms; it contains over 400 pages. We naturalize outlandish words with more speed than we naturalize aliens. What with the Dutch of New York, the Scandinavians of the Northwest, the Welsh of New York and Ohio, the French of Louisiana, the Germans of Pennsylvania, the Minoreans of Florida, the Spanish of the Mexican war, the Mennonites of Russian proscription, the Indian terms ingrafted on our stock, the provincialisms of New England and of the West, and the broad-vowelled Africanese of the South, we present not a few heterogeneous elements to begin with, which our writers and speakers are not loath to aggrandize. No sooner is the horse distemper prevalent than it is named "epizootic," and then reduced to and employed as a verb by the negro minstrelsy of our cities. It was only the other day, after the election, that a New York editor saluted me as a "Tidal Waver!" Our war gave us at least three words which are thoroughly at home in our midst, "skedaddle," "gobble," and "bummer."

The metaphorical and other odd expressions belonging to the West and South—a list of which Mr. Benjamin gives in his lecture on Americanisms, and which Mr. Bart-

lett has collected in his dictionary—originate in some funny anecdote, which makes its way up through many mouths until it obtains the imprimatur of the *Congressional Globe* and the currency of the metropolitan press. If the history of our lexicography were written, it would be a comic one; for where no anecdote could be found as the root of our new and odd phrases, their origin would be traced to the necessities of uneducated but original geniuses, who make words for their ideas precisely as they make a new ox-yoke or a threshing-machine, which words soon become popular from the oddity of the thing, and in time find places beside the dignified Latin and homely Saxon of our tongue.

John Bull growls at what he calls new-fangled terms from America; and he calls on his children to tolerate no longer that which, commenced in humorous aberration, has continued till it has become a nuisance. In the United States, he says, if a half dozen newspaper editors, postmasters, and dissenting ministers, two or three revolvers, a bowie-knife, a tooth-pick, and a plug of tobacco, get together, the meeting is called a monster mass-meeting. If Joel Wainright blows out General Ruffle's brains on the New Orleans levee, it is not a murder, but a "difficulty." Our civil war even is called the "late unpleasantness." If any thing is big, it is forthwith called mammoth; so that one might suppose Anak and all his sons were nephews of Uncle Sam. Some English author waits patiently to hear of our plesiosaurus pumpkins, or ichthyosaurus hedgehogs, leviathan lap-dogs, behemoth butterflies, and great sea-serpent Congressional speeches! He gives seventeen synonyms for the word "money," thirty-two for the word "drunk," and thinks it time to stop this importation of slang.

We ought to welcome this genesis of new words, since our exaggeration has emasculated and disrobed so many of our old English words of their meaning. The word *powerful* is powerless to convey any significance; *magnificent* is tawdry; *mighty* is weak. All through the South the expression "mighty nice" or "mighty weak" is as common as that vulgarity in England, "awfully jolly." There is no end to our superlative language. *Desperate*, *all-killing*, *all-fired*, etc., are gentle terms; *first-rate* is generally acknowledged to be fifth-rate; a *roarer* is as gentle as a cooing dove; *tip-top* is from fair to middling; *splendiferous* is only tolerable; *old hoss*, when analyzed, is found to be the tenderest appellation of a biped juvenile without hoofs; and an *institution* is any thing the institutor pleases—an eating-saloon, a free-love club, a shoe-peg factory, a steam fire-engine, a water-cure, a six-barreled pistol, a barber's shop, or a sausage-stuffing machine. Some years ago a New Orleans paper call-



ed the negro an institution. I heard a sanguine young father denominate his baby an institution. The generalizing mind of America sees in the baby the germ of future republics, and he dare express it. Not long since a New York paper offered a reward for a new set of terms to express what used to be expressed by many of these familiar words.

As illustrative not only of this tendency to coin new phrases, but fresh and exaggerative metaphors, I might quote from Lowell several of our oddest expressions. The backwoodsman prefers his tea "barfoot," meaning without cream and sugar; a rocky piece of land is heavily mortgaged; hell is a place where they don't cover up their fires o' nights; a hill is so steep that, in the language of the stage-driver, lightning couldn't go down it without being shod; the negro is so black that charcoal would make a white mark on him; the weather was so cold that a fellow who had been taking mercury found his boots full of it.

Our unlettered people have the same strain: "mean enough to steal acorns from a blind hog;" "cold as the north side of a grave-stone in winter;" "quicker than greased lightning;" "handy as a pocket in a shirt;" "he's a whole team and a dog and tar-bucket under the wagon." Sometimes this tendency is subdued in the quaintest way. An American was asked if he had crossed the Alps. He said he guessed he did come over some "risin' greound!"

Another advised a man with big feet, who wanted a boot-jack, to go back to the forks in the road and pull his boots off!

Our editors, with their accounts of meetings, their rallies to the indomitable who yet are conquered every other year, and their grandiloquent fustian, but minister to the people who sit to them for a likeness. The ware is suited to the demand. As is the court, so is the bar; as is the public, so will be their organs. None know better than the editor himself the ridiculousness of his rhetorical gasconade. Your editor, cigar in hand, cool as the arctics, sits down in his sanctum and writes a rally for the election. He calls on his political friends: "Once more to the breach!" He hears "the shouts of victory and the lamentations of the vanquished." He puffs his cigar. "Victory must perch on our banners. Down with corruption! Freemen, keep your council-fires burning brightly!" He takes another puff, italicizes the manuscript, and writes on. "Push on the columns! Rout them! Overwhelm them! Let the welkin ring with the soul-stirring tidings that the country is saved!" He knocks off the ashes, and the "devil" cries for "copy." The breathless patriot besprinkles it with notes of admiration, and placidly smiles as he passes it over.

The American acts upon the principle

which physiologists have remarked, that there is something besides the nutritive quality requisite in food, that a certain degree of distention of the stomach is required to enable it to act with its full powers, and that it is for this reason hay and straw must be given to horses as well as corn and oats, in order to supply the necessary bulk.

The opinions of our people are always aggrandized, not only by intense language, but by superadding to them other ideas, until they tower up beyond all verisimilitude. The sober hue, the faithful outline, the correct perspective and mellow shading which give relief by contrast, are discarded for the glare and distortion which suit our humor.

Pick up a Southern paper. The editor wishes to say that the Mississippi is very low. How does he say it? "The cat-fish are rigging up stern-wheelers!"

Another wishes to give an idea of the altitude of his Shanghai: "He is so high that he has to go down on his knees to crow."

A strange genius, describing a lake in Minnesota: "It is so clear that by looking into it you can see them making tea in China."

An Illinois enthusiast wishes to give you his idea of heaven: "It is an endless prairie of flowers, fenced in with pretty girls."

A Mississippian brags to a Yankee about a big tree he chopped at for ten days, took a walk around it on Sunday, and found a man who had been chopping on the other side for two weeks! This was before the mammoth conifera of the Pacific were discovered. We know now that the only mistake in this description is in the location.

A horse traveled so fast that his rider fancied he was passing through a grave-yard, from the rapid succession of mile-stones.

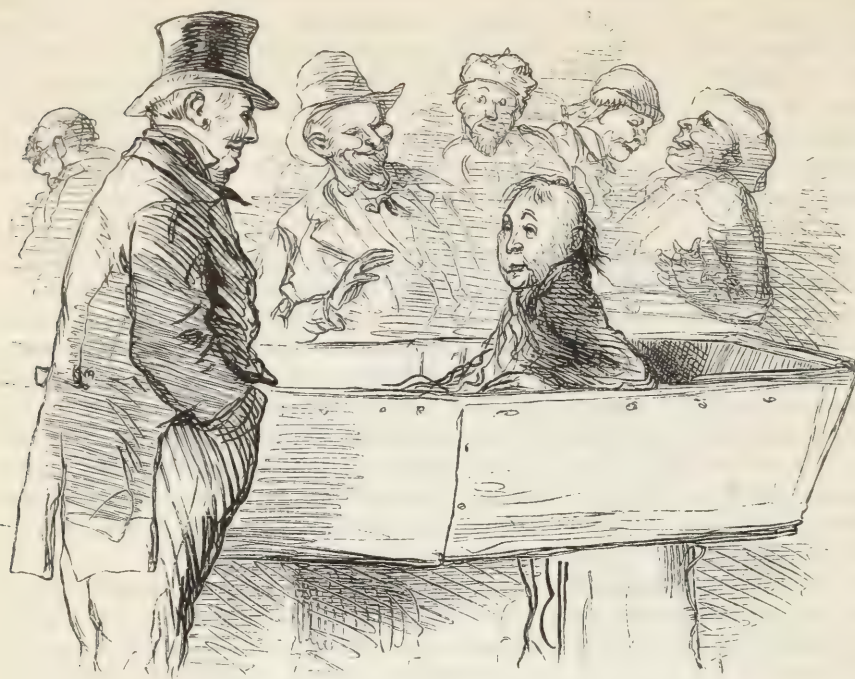
Many years ago I was one of a party in Washington city, when South and North vied with each other in convivial life. Another of the party was General Dawson, member from Western Pennsylvania, whose homestead was Albert Gallatin's old home. He was an admirable story-teller. I recall somewhat sadly, now that he is gone, how well he illustrated the laziness of a class of Virginians. The story was a part of his Congressional canvassing. On one occasion he got across the Pennsylvania line into a little village of Virginia. He was in the midst of a group around the tavern. While treating and talking, a procession approached, which looked like a funeral. He asked, who was to be buried?

"Job Dowling," said they.

"Poor Job!" sighed the general. He was a good-natured, good-for-nothing, lazy fellow, living on the few fish he caught and the squirrels he killed, but mostly on the donations of his neighbors. "So poor Job is dead, is he?"

"No, he ain't dead, zactly," said they.





"GO ON WITH THE FUNERAL!"

"Not dead—not d— Yet you are going to bury him?"

"Fact is, general, he has got too infernal all-fired lazy to live. We can't afford him any more. He's got so lazy that the grass began to grow over his shoes—so everlastin' lazy that he put out one of his eyes to save the trouble of winkin' when out a gunnin'."

"But," says the general, "this must not be. It will disgrace my neighborhood. Try him a while longer, can't you?"

"Can't; too late—coffin cost \$1 25. Must go on now."

About this time the procession came up and halted, when the general proposed, if they would let Job out, he would send over a bag of corn. On this announcement the lids of the coffin opened, and Job languidly sat up: the cents dropped from his eyes as he asked,

"Is the corn shelled, general?"

"No, not shelled."

"Then," said Job, as he lazily lay down, "go on with the funeral!"

Perhaps nothing can better illustrate the colossal audacity of our thought and humor than the career of our most illustrious showman.

It matters little what the idea is, only

let it be strongly expressed. Give the American his theme, allow him creation for the range of his figures, and if he does not, in the language of one of his tribe, "stand one foot on the Georgium Sidus—a star which rolls in unfathomable space—and the other upon the terrestrial sphere, and bring down the forked lightnings to enlighten your benighted understanding," it will be because you do not stop to hear him out.

A country editor describes a rival

town in this copiousness of imagery. He said that "it takes several of their pigs to pull a blade of grass, and they are so poor that the foremost seizes the spear in his mouth, the balance having taken each other by the tail, when they give a pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, and if it breaks, the whole tumble to the ground for want of sufficient strength to support themselves. It takes three or four of them to make a shadow."

Need I refer you to the sermon of the Baptist preacher in Mississippi? Is it not in every one's memory? It will not cut. Its humor was so contagious that it seemed to sweep over the American heart as if the sainted brother himself stood before us as



THE GREAT AMERICAN SHOWMAN.



he "played on a harp of a thousand strings—spirrits of just men made perfect!"

What but a sense of humor in both speaker and auditors could possibly have carried off such a speech as that alleged to have been made by the great Webster?

"Men of Rochester, I am glad to see you, and I am glad to see your noble city. Gentlemen, I saw your falls, which I am told are one hundred and fifty feet high. That is a very interesting fact. Gentlemen, Rome had her Cæsar, her Scipio, her Brutus, but Rome in her proudest days had *never* a water-fall one hundred and fifty feet high! Gentlemen, Greece had her Pericles, her Demosthenes, and her Socrates, but Greece in her palmiest days *never* had a water-fall one hundred and fifty feet high! Men of Rochester, go on. No people ever lost their liberties who had a water-fall one hundred and fifty feet high!"

In fine, not to reproduce illustrations all too familiar, there is an extract, which I quote, which sums up the case in the "most unparalleled" style. It was intended as a humorous reply to some gasconade of a rival journal by an imaginative editor:

"This is a glorious country! It has longer rivers and more of them, and they are muddier and deeper, and run faster, and rise higher, and make more noise, and fall lower, and do more damage, than any body else's rivers. It has more lakes, and they are bigger and deeper, and clearer and wetter, than those of any other country. Our rail-cars are bigger, and run faster, and pitch off the track oftener, and kill more people, than all other rail-cars in this and every other country. Our steamboats carry bigger loads, are longer and broader, burst their boilers oftener, and send up their passengers higher, and the captains swear harder than steamboat captains in any other country. Our men are bigger and longer and thicker, can fight harder and faster, drink more mean whisky, chew more bad tobacco, and spit more and spit further than in any other country. Our ladies are richer, prettier, dress finer, spend more money, break more hearts, wear bigger hoops, shorter dresses, and kick up the devil generally to a greater extent than all other ladies in all other countries. Our children squall louder, grow faster, get too expansive for their pantaloons, and become twenty years old sooner by some months, than any other children of any other country on the earth."

Connection between the ideas is not essential, nor the quantity of meaning conveyed. A drop of idea will diffuse itself through a sea of verbosity; and the more cloudy the idea, the greater the intensity. Take that very dim idea of our manifest destiny, what involutions of verbiage hath it not been lost in? With what complacency the American sees the nations march before him, empires tremble, and crowns fall at his invincible feet! In the imagery of Young America, he takes a seat on the topmost ridge of the Alleghanies, one foot on the Nevadas and the other on Chimborazo, smokes a long nine with the man in the moon, hears the Antilles roar responsive to the Rocky Mountains, invokes the spirit of General Jackson, hears the tramp of the coming generations, and don't care a Continental—cuss! That was a characteristic exaggeration which a Western drover attempted at the Crystal Palace to a company who were looking at the statue

of the infant Ptolemy Lagus, fed and shielded by an eagle: "It's a cussed Yankee lie! Ptolemy Lagus! Don't I know? I tell ye it's the American eagle feeding young Sam with gravel stones to give him grit!"

The days of our spread-eagle oratory, I fear, are nearly over, at least in our legislative bodies. Before the war we had rhetorical flags and emblematic birds in profusion. The last effort in Congress which I recall was that of a Louisiana member during the first years of the war, who made a pathetic apostrophe to the escutcheon of his State above him, on the painted glass. How touching his appeal to the female pelican and the little pelicans feeding from her breast may be imagined, when I say it was received with titters, which enlarged into laughs, and the laughs into guffaws. The like has not been attempted since. Congress, at least, is growing fond of facts; and, when humorously applied, is not afraid to roar. But the day of Crockett and Mullins has about departed. I recall, however, a recent speech by a member of the Missouri Legislature which combines this spreading elocution with considerable unique and grandiose jocoseness. His theme is the 8th of January. Some one objected to posting up a hundred bills announcing that the glorious day had arrived. The objection was on the score of economy. Here is his retort:

"The gentleman is suddenly seized with the 'retrenchment gripes,' and squirms around like a long red worm on a pin-hook. [Laughter.] Gentlemen keep continually talking about economy. I myself do not believe in tying the public purse with cobweb strings, but when retrenchment comes in contact with patriotism, it assumes the form of 'smallness.' Such economy is like that of Old Skinfint, who had a pair of boots made for his little boy without soles, that they might last the longer. [Laughter.] I reverence 'the day we celebrate.' It is fraught with reminiscences the most stirring; it brings to mind one of the grandest events ever recorded in letters of living fire upon the walls of fame by the strong right arm of the god of war! On such occasions we should rise above party lines and political distinctions. I never fought under the banner of Old Hickory, but, 'by the Eternal,' I wish I had. [Laughter and applause.] If the old war-horse was here now, he would not know his own children from the side of Joseph's coat of many colors—Whigs, Know-Nothings, Democrats, hard, soft-boiled, scrambled, and fried—Lincolmites, Douglasites, and blatherskites! I belong to no party; I am free, unbridled, unsaddled, in the political pasture. Like a big bob-tailed bull in fly-time, I charge around in the high grass and fight my own flies. [Great laughter.] Gentlemen, let us show our liberality on patriotic occasions. Why, some men have no more patriotism than you could stuff in the eye of a knitting-needle. Let us not squeeze five cents till the eagle on it squeals like a locomotive or an old maid. Let us print the bills and inform the country that we are as full of patriotism as Illinois swamps are of tadpoles. [Laughter.]"

Of course it will not be denied that these instances are rare, but they are as characteristic of our people as Mulberry Sellers and his "millions." We have orators who are witty, who do not need this extrava-



gant wing for their flights. We have political orators who are quite sharp enough to make the speech Sheridan did to the shoe-makers of Stamford when asking their votes; and yet I doubt if they are not too sharp to risk such a fatal result of wit as he experienced. He was denounced by the irate shoe-makers for saying: "May the trade of Stamford be trampled under foot of all the world!"

I once stood beside an American in the Crystal Palace in London in 1851 when the great organ in the western transept struck up *Yankee Doodle*. He said that he felt as if two Bunker Hills were rising in his bosom! He could not express himself otherwise, though the remark was palpably false.

There is something humorous in a lie, especially if it be a whapping one. It displays spirit and invention, and the size of it challenges our admiration, as it were a Colossus. Impudence is at the bottom of it, and self-complacency helps it along. Americans lack neither of these requisites. The coolest man in the world is the imperturbable whittling Yankee. In this he copies and goes beyond the Norseman, who had the same misty and grand way of saying things. The jokes of the Sagas were broad and immense. One of the old Scandinavian poets says that his hero had so big a beard that the birds made nests in it; and he makes the North Wind say that the distance was so great that when he attempted to blow an aspen to it, he couldn't blow a puff for days afterward. Our idea of the American eagle must be one with the Giant of Edda, who sits at the end of the world in eagle shape, and when he flaps his wings, all the winds come that blow on man. In the same spirit the American bounds his country on the east by the Atlantic Ocean, on the north by the aurora borealis, on the west by the setting sun, and on the south by the Day of Judgment.

These exaggerations are not therefore peculiar to America; they are composite; they are not merely made up of Norse poetry, but there is in them a strong flavor of Celtic imagery, and we know that the Celt is of the Orient, all radiant with the superlative. The search into the origin of our language and of our people would do much to solve the problem of the origin of our humor, as of our institutions.

In conclusion, no one can doubt who surveys the surface or pierces the heart of American society that we have a humor peculiar, grotesque, composite, shrewd, and exaggerative. Not to become didactic, but for the practical application of this analysis of our humor, let me make a few suggestions:

First. Our humor lacks refinement. I venture to say that three-fourths of our humor

will not bear rehearsal in the presence of women. Gentlemen, so called, even in the company of ladies, group together in a corner to chuckle over some "good one" which Smith or Jones has just heard, and thinks too good to be lost; or ladies, perhaps, will have their companions dragged off by the button-holing process to the hall, and soon after their ears are greeted by vociferous laughter. Indecency and Fun are old cronies. Horace, Ariosto, Montaigne, Sterne, Beaumont and Fletcher, and even Hogarth, prove it. We have in our list of patents a contrivance for cleaning smut out of wheat. If we would have superfine brands, we should employ it in our humor.

Secondly. Our humor needs moderation. This it may have without losing its peculiarities. To accomplish this we must study moderation in our business and our pleasures. We wear out too soon. More moderation in our business, our thoughts, and our amusements would instill more veneration into our youth, give more emphasis to age, and inspire more awe of the sacred relations we sustain to our land, our race, and our God. The *otium* known in Roman days, when Cicero and Sallust could retire from the forum and the baths of the imperial city to their sequestered villas at Baiæ, the repose which the gentler amenities of interchange give to the mind, find no counterpart in our midst. Our summer resorts are themselves strung on extremes. We leave our homes to travel for relief, and are glad to hurry back to the partial tranquillity they give.

With all our greatness, we should be great in a better sense. Action is sublime, but godlike is—repose! Our enjoyments in this life ought to antedate the future life. The clouds of unrest and fear, if they can not be dispelled in this our sphere, can be fringed with luminous beauty. Why should we care so much for the fleeting things which so warp our spirits and worry our life? If we think of it, our star is but a sand grain in the vast spaces, and our little life but a watch tick in the eternal years of God. Let us while we may, if not for our own, yet for the solace of others, gather the roses of hilarity, but not with such rude clutching as to destroy the plant or dissipate the fragrance.

There are those in our midst so tinctured with Puritanic austerity as to prefer frowns to dimples, who see nothing but levity in mirth, who find no manhood in the cheerful heart. There are others who dive deeper into the philosophy of life, and, like the old philosopher, are ever ready to weep at the sorrows and even the joys of others. There are meditative men, who find thoughts too deep for tears in the flowers of the field. Far be it from me to detract from the respect which such grave intellects ever receive



from the loftier intelligences of their time. To an Omniscient mind, holding in its grasp the infinite relations which every object, act, and thought sustain, perhaps our sincerest laughter is fraught with tears. But God has limited our vision. We see but in part; hence we see fragments, oddities, and incongruities; and Man alone of all the animals is made a laughing creature, to enjoy them when they come within the range of his vision.

Others, from similar generalizations, find motives for laughter in every thing, as if, in the eye of pure reason, short-sighted men were continually playing fantastic tricks, at which, as the Germans boldly aver, God laughs almightily.

But he who always laughs is reckoned not less foolish than he is reckoned mad who always wails. Nature in her hill and dale, her night and day, her cloud and sunshine, teaches that wise alternation which is the golden mean between these extremes of mood. Let the earnest endeavor alternate with the cheerful heart. Let heroic performance follow the jubilant soul.

Thirdly. While we moderate, let us enlarge the domain of our humor. Need and greed are our presiding spirits. If we can not exorcise them, let us at least turn from them more frequently. The brawn and muscle of America toil for us day after day, with how little cheer. These are the builders of our greatness. Why can not they have, as Thebes had, Orphic music as they build? They deserve aureoles of joy around their sweating brows. Intellect and work have been too long divorced. The division of labor has been carried from economy into the social conditions of life, so that we hear of a class of thinkers and a class of operatives. Let the workman think and enjoy; let the thinker work and enjoy. Our liter-

ature seems to look to the fashionable city avenues for its success, and holds the mirror up to its denizens as if they were the essence of American manhood.

Our humor needs to be democratized. Our genteel laughter needs crossing with that of hearty toil. The one is becoming a "barren simper, a sniff and titter and snicker from the throat outward, producing some whiffling, husky cachinnation, as if laughing through wool"—a slow, formal unpuckering of its mouth under cambric, and half gurgling its enjoyment. Compare it with the laugh of labor, as Carlyle would describe it, "bursting forth like the neighing of all Tattersall's, tears streaming down the cheeks, foot clutched in air, long, long continuing, uncontrollable—a laugh not of the face and diaphragm only, but of the whole man, from head to heel."

There is no national platform like good humor. If the rich would make the poor forget their repugnancy, if the high would smooth the harsh prejudices of those below, let them cultivate good humor. The joke is a great union element. If velvet paw can only shake horny hand over a joke, velvet paw and horny hand are a community at once of equal franchises.

If our humor were thoroughly crossed and largely diffused, the treasons, stratagems, and spoils of politics would lose their terror; certainly sectional asperities and public discussions would lose their wrinkled front. From the forum, the street, the office, our humor would be transplanted to the gardens of home. Thus purified around the hearth-stone and at the daily meal, it would unshadow our brow, and, along with those rarer blooms of domestic love, spread forth from its rich treasury of hue and aroma its graces to make the world less mournful.





## THE JUDGE'S DAUGHTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A SACK OF GOLD."

## I.

JUNE the tenth—and to-morrow will be Dorothy Cotterell's eighteenth birthday. Advanced age! The gate of ivory and pearl takes as yet only the most delicate tints from childhood's imagination, and beyond the enchanted portal, womanhood for Dorothy.

She is standing in the open doorway of the Cotterell mansion, and she gives a little elastic jump of irrepressible delight at the prospect of soon being so old. She is tall and slender, fair as her English sisters, but with the transparent purity of complexion due to a severe climate. She wears a canary-colored slip, with the waist two inches deep, as prescribed by rigid fashion, her slippers are daintily laced, and her blonde hair is gathered up on top of her head with an enormous shell comb.

Summer has come, royal if transitory, bathing the glad earth with sunshine which exhales the fragrance of balsam, the breath of flowers, and the mingled odors of the forest's veiled censers. Below, the river Penobscot rolls swiftly down to sea, and the schooner *Betsy* rides at anchor off Lake's Wharf.

Jacob Lake comes hastily up the tiled path, after loitering irresolutely at the gate. Dorothy must confide in somebody this summer morning, and she smiles bewitchingly on fascinated Jacob. Why not? Jacob may not presume to her good graces, but she can smile down on him, for she is the Judge's daughter, and known to all the land. Across this gulf Jacob Lake, humble, plain, and mean, devours her with his hopeless gaze; he sees not the canary slip, the dainty shoe, the monstrous comb, but the pliant, graceful form, the rounded white arms, limpid blue eyes, audacious and tender, the tendrils of silky curls framing the oval face, and the tempting mouth with delicately curved red lips. Yes, and he adores the foot within the slipper with the most slavish homage of man. The light in Jacob's pale eyes grows fierce, even cruel, but he droops the fat lids submissively.

"You will be glad to hear I've made my fortune on that cargo of steel from England, Miss Dorothy."

She bends her head like a lily swayed by the breeze.

"Yes, I am glad. You must not think too much of money, though, Master Jacob."

"I only think of it for what it will bring," he protests, eagerly.

But Dorothy does not care to hear what money will purchase for Jacob. Her lip curls slightly; she is tired of playing with her mouse.

"Here is a damask rose for you," she says, languidly, taking care that her slender fin-

gers do not come in contact with his coarse palm.

"To-morrow is my birthday, and my father will not tell me what my gift is to be. Oh, I forget!"

She darts away *sans cérémonie*, and disturbs an old woman among the jam pots of her pantry. This old woman is chiefly noticeable for a black silk poke-bonnet, which she dons when she rises at dawn, and doffs only when she retires. Hence there is mystery to the youthful mind in the bonnet of Serena, Judge Cotterell's housekeeper and Dorothy's nurse.

"Guess her head runs up to a p'int!" chorus wondering childish voices; and every baby born for the past forty years at Indian Point has stared at the grim head-gear, ornamented with a stiff bow on top, like a door-knocker. Rumor is divided, Serena being reticent on the subject, between the theory that she fears draughts and that she never intends to be taken by surprise and scalped by Indians. However, here she is among her jam pots, golden gooseberry, luscious plum, and aromatic quince, stored by this queen bee for the sterile winter, absorbed in calculating the ravages made by Judge Cotterell's guests on her last autumn's harvest. Dorothy does not mind the bonnet. She knows that within the rim there is a frilled cap inclosing a face like a dried walnut, all nose, and two twinkling kindly eyes leading straight down to the best heart in the world.

"Serena dear, remember your promise. You have always said I should know about my mother when I was eighteen, and see her room."

"No, I didn't; and if I did, it was only to kinder keep ye quiet. I sha'n't show ye or tell ye nothin'. La, child, what's the good? Let the dead rest."

Of course Serena has risen and taken a key from the carved chest with brass handles. She always protests while yielding.

Dorothy's face grows tender and wistful as she crosses the threshold of a chamber kept locked all her life. The Cotterell homestead is the finest house on the river, and the builder is justly proud of his polished stairway, wainscoting, embrasured windows, and high chimney-pieces carved with patient skill. Nay, more, our most gracious sovereign, George III., gazes across the parlor at Queen Caroline on the opposite wall; there is massive plate on the buffet in the dining-room, where a corpulent punch-bowl seems always to exhale the steam of Jacob Lake's rum from the West Indies, and the cellar is known to be well stocked with Burgundy and port. Dorothy has been mistress of it all, free to trip down unexpected steps, and trace bewildering passages leading to room within room, like the boxes of a Chinese toy; but she holds her breath as



she crosses the unknown for the first time. There is a pervading scent of lavender, and in the very gloom some faint pulsation of a vanished presence. Dorothy gazes in awed silence at the high four-post bed, shrouded in chintz hangings, the cedar chest like a coffer, and the bureau quaintly inlaid in brass, surmounted by curious ornaments—bubbles of tinted Venetian glass, feather-work, and shells. A Louis Quatorze gold watch swings from a hook, with the hand pointing to twelve o'clock, and a pair of satin shoes with high heels stand beside the bed. There is nothing as pathetic as a shoe of the dead. A sob rises in Dorothy's throat; all her heart goes out to the shadowy mother.

"Don't let him find ye here," whispers old Serena. "She told me to give ye all when ye could understand. Here's the chest and her diary. I will watch for the Judge."

The nurse goes out and closes the door softly. The Judge must not know; Serena is thoroughly aware of his idiosyncrasies by this time. He is a genial host, a scholar, having belonged to the king's Council, a devoted father, but stern in his rule. The Judge serves God by rising at four o'clock of the bleak winter morning, reading his Bible aloud until such time as shivering, drowsy Dorothy is standing at her place at the breakfast-table on the stroke of six.

"People will rise to eat, when they will not to serve the Lord," he says, solemnly.

After the meal Dorothy falls asleep on her knees while her father prays, and ten chances to one Serena pinches her into a state of wakefulness at the right moment to arise. Suspicion is never allayed in the Judge's mind on this question of morning's duties; he makes a careful tour of his kingdom, peering into kitchen and barn; then, having set the machinery well in motion, he retires to his study, reclines in his leather arm-chair, spreads a silk pocket-handkerchief over his face, and takes a refreshing nap to atone for his exertions.

Well does Serena remember the day when two babies lay in her arms, the boy Samuel, the girl Dorothy, and a strange light of revelation came into the dying mother's eyes as she said to her husband,

"I know all at last. As sure as there is a God above, you will be punished through my children."

The old housekeeper has seen too many leaves fall from the tree to be much awed by death, but a tear rolls down her cheek at the thought of Samuel. How they watched over that boy, the Judge and the minister! she thinks, gazing out on the river.

"He nigh upset original sin in their doctrines: there was no sin in him. He was just a saint from his cradle. Deary me! the Lord takes away our idols. I s'pose

there never was a father who schemed and planned such a future as the Judge did for his only son. It was all to be a man in the future of his country. The minister must pray day and night that Samuel should escape all the snares of the devil; and all the while holy angels were leading him straight to heaven."

Serena takes a pinch of snuff from a silver snuff-box, rubs her long nose violently, as if to dispel grief, and suddenly begins to chuckle irrelevantly.

"Plenty of the old Adam in our Dorothy, though! My! if he didn't try to break her will at two years—taught her a verse of Scripser, and she wouldn't say it!"

The vision of little Dorothy seated on a stool in the study, obstinate and silent, while the Judge exhorted her, threatened, even cajoled, so that she yield to his authority and lisp the desired words, fills Serena with glee even now.

"Poor mite! What does a man know about babies? I took her at night, and she cried herself to sleep on my neck. He never tried to break her will again, mind ye."

An hour passes, and Dorothy still kneels before the chest of which she is heiress. Satin petticoats, brocaded gowns, yellow lace, and wondrous scarfs are heaped about her, but she rests her cheek on a little red book. Sunshine pours through the window which Serena has opened. Dorothy's hair is fluffy gold, and there is a sheen of splendor on the rich fabrics of a past generation. The faded characters of the diary have furnished her a clew to her mother's own youth. Dorothy's fancy supplies the fresh coloring even as the sunshine enters the dead chamber with revivifying touch. Left dependent on the charity of a haughty aunt in Norwich, and drawn as by a magnet toward the aunt's handsome son, Cousin John Moncrieff. Dorothy sees it all with a thrill of sympathy. Poor and beautiful, sent away to New England in order that John may be induced to wed a country heiress. How will beauty transplanted fare in the household of a kinsman—a colonial secretary—attract the admiration of sedate, mature Judge Cotterell? England has faded to a cloud across seas; John is lost; hope is dead. Here the chain breaks.

To Dorothy the very pages are eloquent with a love never fully expressed—the flower messages of Cousin John, the pathos of his song, the meaning in his eyes; yet she may never know that Judge Cotterell, on the eve of his marriage, dispatched a missive in answer to one of John's, begging for tidings, hungering for the pale bride so soon to be the older man's very own. Tempted and fallen in this cruel emergency, the latter could not give her up, and on her death-bed she denounced him for his duplicity.

At noon the Judge returns home, and



Dorothy, flushed, bewildered, even guilty, meets him, yet the chamber door is discreetly locked again. A tall, thin man, with aquiline features and silvered hair, scrupulously elegant as to dress. His small-clothes, silk stockings, and silver shoe-buckles become his station; but a brown coat with long skirts can not conceal his stooping gait, and the ruffles at his wrist fall over hands wrinkled by age.

"To-morrow is your birthday," he begins, flecking a grain of snuff from his linen. (Just as if Dorothy did not know!) "I intend to take you to Boston."

Dorothy is speechless from delight and excess of surprise.

"Serena has been preparing your wardrobe."

At midnight Dorothy slips into her mother's chamber, and hastily selects a dress, a box of trinkets, and a large Moorish fan to carry with her. While she is thus employed, Serena enters the young girl's room with a bundle in her arm. She unfolds several garments wrought with all the skill of needle-work, then places them in a damask cloth.

"One can never tell what may happen!" she sighs, mournfully, laying the bundle in Dorothy's chest.

The *Betsy* sails at noon, and the event brings all Indian Point to the wharf, where there is bustle of preparation, and Captain Pettigrew is the hero of boyish hearts. Just as Judge Cotterell is about to embark with his daughter, the minister approaches. The Rev. Nehemiah Gibson is a small, pale man, with a piercing eye and a calm dignity of bearing. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." The whole country-side is full of the marvelous efficacy of the Rev. Nehemiah Gibson's prayers, which amount to prophecy. Does he not bring the rain from heaven and the fish into the nets by his invocations? Did he not keep alive his wife, the shrewish woman who mocked at piety, by his supplications, until, spent by her infidelity, he committed her to her Maker, and that very day she sickened and died?

He takes Dorothy's hand with scarcely suppressed emotion. Such education as the Judge's daughter can boast has come from this theological source. She can read her Testament in Latin and Greek.

"The Lord be with you, my child. But if you yield to the temptations of a great city, the worldly pomps and vanities, you will surely receive your punishment."

Dorothy bows her graceful head in reverent acquiescence, but she does not heed the words that chill many a by-stander. The mirage of the future spreads before her eyes, colored with the rainbow prism, and there is a melody welling up from her heart unheard by other ears.

Blow, summer breeze, and inflate the sail which bears us out into the beautiful unknown world!

"It's a long voyage, and full of peril," sighs old Serena, ambition and fear tugging at her heart-strings.

Jacob Lake is pale, and gnaws his lip in jealous dread. The minister stands, a small black figure with folded hands, gazing steadily after the receding vessel, in his wonderful eyes the look of one who sees far beyond.

And so the schooner *Betsy* glides gently down the stream.

## II.

Province House is illuminated with innumerable clusters of wax-lights, which shed a lustre on the carved pilasters, blazoned escutcheons, and the polished floor of the ball-room. The court-yard is thronged, and coaches pause before the gate for fair ladies to alight, while the soldiery guarding the portal check the familiarities of the crowd, who may only gaze on that Aladdin's palace, the Governor's residence, from afar. Boston is the most prosperous town of the colonies, and to-night his Excellency entertains Admiral John Moncrieff, just arrived out with the fleet.

The guest of the evening has landed from the flag-ship, has courteously exchanged greetings with the company, and stands at the upper end of the ball-room. He is an elderly man, with silvered hair and an imposing presence, in the rich naval uniform, on his breast many orders and medals. Perhaps the most graceful youth in the company is his son, Captain Clarence Moncrieff, now doing garrison duty here.

Memory haunts the father, giving a sombre tinge to his first impressions of this New World. Here fled his cousin years ago to escape him, pale Dorothy, who must ever be held a priceless treasure, because never attained. The chilled silence he scarcely dares to break by a single inquiry. Did his mother know what fate might have befallen Dorothy? Will he see her to-night, a staid matron?

The son is startled by the nervous clutch of his father's hand on his arm, and no less by the change in his features. John Moncrieff has turned pale, furrows line his brow, his eyes are fixed on the doorway, and from his lips escapes the exclamation—almost a cry, in its pained surprise—"Dorothy!"

A girl stands in the door, slowly wafting a large Moorish fan as her glance rests calmly on John Moncrieff. Her dress resembles a tulip, being a superb brocade with stripes like the blended hues of the rainbow; frills of lace veil the round arms, a slender pointed waist reveals the symmetry of the form, and the yellow hair is piled high over a cushion. She is accompanied by a lady attired in the pale blue and pink of the Pom-



padour reign, her black eyes and blooming cheek forming a charming contrast with her powdered tresses and coquettish costume. A look is exchanged between the ladies of the provincial court, which says, more eloquently than words,

"One of Mrs. Shackelford's whims. How that woman plots to attract all eyes!"

To John Moncrieff the present has vanished. Already he has stepped on the golden bridge which spans time, and on the other bank is the love of his youth, in the tulip-shaded gown, wafting *his gift*, the perfumed Moorish fan.

"Father, you must open the ball with our hostess," warns the Captain.

Thus is the present thrust sharply upon him. Oh, the years! the long years! She can not be Dorothy, but a phantom mocking him as he steps ashore, for he is old, and his son stands beside him. He turns again to the girl, who appears frightened, as if moved by some indefinable sympathy; then, with an effort, he recovers himself.

"Go to that young lady and apologize for my conduct. I was startled by a resemblance."

Admiral Moncrieff opens the ball with the Governor's lady. Clarence Moncrieff threads his way through the crowd to Dorothy's side; Mrs. Shackelford smooths away any obstacle in his path; and he is left to make his speech to Dorothy in his own fashion. Dorothy is dazzled with light and sound; each lady is a goddess of beauty to her inexperienced eyes, each officer a hero of romance. Is she really the Judge's daughter, and does Indian Point still exist? She looks at Clarence Moncrieff through her long eyelashes, and forgets the conduct of the great officer in the apologies of his son.

The favorite of his regiment and the pet of all womankind is bending over Dorothy, and the face into which she looks is as softly rounded as her own, youth having imprinted a dimple in the chin, smiling about the mobile lips, and laughing perpetually in the frank, boyish eyes. She has just consented to dance the minuet, and laid her hand timidly on the scarlet sleeve of her partner's coat, when the voice of Judge Cotterell says:

"You have not my permission to dance."

Dorothy turns pale, and glances around helplessly for her chaperon. That lady shows no false colors; she claims the stern Puritan's escort, and presents him to the Governor. Judge Cotterell is far too well bred to drag away guilty Dorothy, and thereby make a scene. He remains for an hour conversing affably with the dignitaries; but Dorothy's light feet have become lead as she meekly waits by his side.

For the first time in their lives Judge Cotterell and John Moncrieff meet. Even now there is a grave between them, and they

do not speak, if aware of each other's identity. As they leave the gay scene, Dorothy again encounters the long, wistful glance of the Admiral. Impulse would lead her to kneel before this stranger and kiss his hand, and opposed to this reverence is a rebellion in her heart against her own father. Mrs. Shackelford yawns slightly in the coach—pleasure is a cup of which she sips nightly. The chalice has never before been held to Dorothy's eager lips. The Judge utters no word of reproof.

Still in a dream, the girl stands in her chamber, with the dawn stealing in the window. At that moment Clarence Moncrieff is going home to barracks, singing a buoyant song, and will propose as a toast at mess, "The sweetest of little Puritans." Dorothy has sinned: what will be the retribution?

Judge Cotterell had gone to Concord to visit an old friend of the bench, when Mrs. Shackelford claimed shy Dorothy with, "I shall take you to the ball, *mon enfant*. Never mind papa; I alone am to blame."

"I must wear my mother's dress," says Dorothy, eagerly.

Mrs. Shackelford assents, and directs her maid to make for her also a costume of old date, and the whim shall pass as her own. There is much merriment over the absurdity of the fashions of a past day as they assume their toiles, and then Pleasure touches Dorothy with her magic wand.

The cold dawn comes in the window, but her cheeks still glow. A damask cloth has fallen on the chair with a slip of paper attached to the inner side, as careless Dorothy tossed it down after choosing the wrought garments it contained. Old Serena prepared for all emergencies. Her child had started on a long and dangerous voyage. Who may tell in the providence of God if she shall ever return? The girl reads:

"Dorothy Cotterell's grave-clothes."

Yes, she has worn the garments of death.

### III.

On a September morning Captain Clarence Moncrieff vaults into the saddle and rides forth from the fort. He is mounted on a black horse of powerful build, with restless, uncertain eyes, and small, vicious ears. The sole amusement of the young officer, banished to this wilderness, is to scour the country on the back of a horse whose value is enhanced by the reputation of having already killed two grooms. The boy-knight can not resist teasing *Bucephalus* with the spur and curbing bit as the animal bounds forward.

The old story of garrison life has been enacted down here on the coast; one regiment has marched out, glad to welcome release from monotony; the other has entered with many a shrug of disdain, prepared



to do battle, or be conquered by *ennui*. Our Captain was loath to quit the gayeties of Boston for a post where a fishing hamlet extends along the shore, and the gulls wing their flight over the wide expanse of bay.

The forest paths are crisp with the fallen leaves; here and there a vine twines like a scarlet flame about the gray trunk of a tree; the air is keen with last night's frost, and sets the blood dancing in the horseman's veins. Thought is busy; he is volatile, ardent, impetuous, as becomes his years. His fancy is curiously haunted by a pair of limpid blue eyes, and a smiling, rosy mouth. Moreover, a flavor of mystery piques his interest. Why should his father grow pale at sight of this beauty so quaintly attired, and then forbid all mention of her, all search for her home and station? Where is she now? What is she doing? Does she ever think of him, of what he said that night, and might have said, had not the stern father appeared just then? He has traversed many miles while absorbed in meditation, and finally reins up Bucephalus where two roads branch, and a pure spring bubbling from the moss tempts the thirsty steed.

Beyond is Indian Point, and near at hand a house bordering on the forest, with gambrel roof and dormer-windows visible through the trees. His ride is without purpose; he prepares to return down the stream.

At the moment when Bucephalus springs forth from the fort, Dorothy Cotterell, occupant of this veritable house with the dormer-windows, is moved by certain bitter words of Jacob Lake's to linger before the mirror in the best parlor.

"You are very much changed since your visit to Boston," he exclaims, hotly, and Dorothy prefers to accept the words literally.

Life at Indian Point is not as happy as it once was. The girl has tasted her apple of wisdom, and is not the same. Or has another petal simply unfolded, blushing with the still veiled loveliness of the perfect flower? Jacob Lake is miserable; his money does not buy him peace, and, gourmand that he is, his fond mother's most delicious buttered short-cake is set aside untasted. A fatality that he dares not resist draws him onward to a brink he fears to contemplate; there is a primitive, savage, animal layer of humanity beneath Jacob's smooth submission. The Judge is morose, the minister vigilant and sorrowful; old Serena alone is cheerful.

Resting her elbow on the frame, Dorothy gazes dreamily into the depths of the mirror, a small Venetian glass incased in carved wood. The parlor is clearly reflected before her, the paneled wall, wide chimney-place

ornamented with Dutch tiles, and furniture with slender legs; but Dorothy beholds again the ball-room, the stranger who turned pale at sight of her; and lapsing deeper into reverie, loses herself in visions of the hero who has since furnished romance to her thoughts. Ah, the handsome face and graceful form! When shall she admire the like again? The house is quiet; the Judge is out; Serena has been summoned away by illness; and her handmaiden has slipped down to the village for a gossip. Every door is wide open, inviting the warm noon-day across the threshold. Suddenly the mirror reflects a bronze face: an Indian is peering over Dorothy's shoulder. The transition is startling; Dorothy springs to her feet, and confronts an old woman wrapped in a blanket, carrying a bundle of herbs, the merest pretense for begging. "Me tired," she says: "tea very good. Me tell you fortune in cup tea. The priest no let me, though."

Dorothy smiles re-assuringly; the old woman crosses herself.

"You shall have your cup of tea, and tell my fortune," says Dorothy. "Wait; here is a half crown to quiet your conscience."

The neighboring tribes are peaceful, but, to the grief of the Rev. Nehemiah Gibson's soul, the Roman Catholics have ravished these sheep from his fold. Dorothy is surprised to find the handmaiden missing and the house deserted, but gets the tea herself. Lives there a girl who does not know that the Indians are wonderful fortune-tellers? While she is thus employed, the woman listens, stealthily approaches a window, and utters a peculiar note, like the cry of a bird. Then she sips her beverage gravely, and begins to croon to herself, swaying her body. Dorothy watches her half fearfully. The magical moment arrives when the cup is reversed on the saucer and turned thrice. Dorothy leans forward with parted lips to watch proceedings. A strong hand grasps her shoulder, and a voice hisses in her ear, "Fire-water!"

Terrified Dorothy is in the power of an Indian. The blood-shot eyes glare at her threateningly, and the horrible face is close to her own. Her voice deserts her; the very beating of her heart is stilled. She gazes stupidly at this fearful antagonist, all the while conscious that if she falter she is lost. She even turns mechanically to the old woman, who impassively looks on.

"He no hurt. Give him fire-water," is her crafty suggestion.

"What do you want?" comes from pale lips at last.

His response is to drag her toward the wide yawning cellar. She utters a shuddering cry at his touch, and he places a hand over her mouth. The old woman has already closed the kitchen door, barring es-



cape. Despair nerves Dorothy to wrench away the fingers which close her mouth, and she simulates the courage requisite to ask, "Would you like brandy?"

The Indian grunts acquiescence, and releases his hold. The captive darts into the cellar.

In the mean while the black horse, Bucephalus, instrument of fate, after slaking his thirst at the cool spring, has just raised a slender head, when a girl rushes forward and flings her arms about his neck, panting, "The Indians! save me!"

Wicked Bucephalus stands like a rock until his master loosens the clinging arms. The fair head droops on his shoulder, and he studies the upturned face of the beauty of the ball.

Piercing shrieks ring out on the air. The Indians have vanished like shadows; but the little handmaiden, returning from her gossip in guilty haste, sees Dorothy push aside the cellar grating and flee, pursued by an enraged red man. She gives the alarm with the full power of healthy lungs.

All too brief the moment of delicious proximity when the young knight holds fainting Dorothy in his arms. Gentleman though he is, the temptation is irresistible to whisper caressing words in her insensible ear, to rest his cheek against the soft white one on his breast, to restore warmth and color to the blanched lips with his own. Is there not a faint responsive thrill?

Jacob Lake is witness of this scene, and the savage depths within him stir with as yet inarticulate wrath. All the neighborhood is aroused. There is an electric bond of sympathy linking together our frontier towns. Dorothy is saved, and her protector, Captain Moncrieff, rides back to the fort with that kiss lingering on his lips.

#### IV.

The meeting-house of Indian Point is small and weather-worn, for it stands on the loftiest hill, and points its slender spire to heaven in the sight of all the country round. Winter has come, although there is as yet no snow, and the settlement has made all necessary preparations to defy the north wind. Every house is banked with cedar branches, the meal chest is full, the smoke-house stored, the cellar fragrant with spicy apples, the garret with aromatic herbs.

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," seems to belong to all nature on this November noon. Even the river's life is calmed beneath a thin crust of ice, and the forest path is an avenue of splendor, where every branch and twig wear a diamond of icicle.

Captain Moncrieff's motive in taking a Sunday ride is as transparent as crystal. Ostensibly he comes to worship in the Indian Point meeting-house, in reality to catch

a glimpse of Dorothy. Bucephalus steps daintily along, as if taking a roguish pleasure in his mission. The interior of the meeting-house is severely plain. An aisle separates two rows of high stiff pews; the pulpit is attained by a steep flight of steps; and from the gallery proceeds the twanging of Jacob Lake's bass-viol leading the high-pitched choir. The walls are white, and there are little windows up under the roof, suggestive of the times when we carried our muskets to service and watched through these loop-holes. Now we live in peaceful days under the rule of our gracious sovereign. Indian Point tenaciously holds the belief that no one ever caught cold in serving the Lord. Hence the absence of fire, except in the foot-stoves of the good wives, which the children use as sleds to coast down hill after service. The minister has already given out his text, when a stranger enters. A rustle of curiosity pervades the meeting; Jacob Lake snaps one of the strings of his instrument; Judge Cotterell offers the new-comer a seat in his pew with grave courtesy, where Dorothy and old Serena are already placed.

Nothing can exceed the propriety of Captain Moncrieff's demeanor; he has worshiped in minster and cathedral, rich with the ornamentation of generations, and here he sits in a small whitewashed tabernacle, with the difference: Dorothy sits beside him, stealing glances at him through long silky lashes, of which he is subtly aware. The Rev. Nehemiah Gibson pursues his way through the mazes of theological discourse; there is magnetic power in the mellow voice, and when his glance rests casually on Captain Moncrieff, a shaft of light seems to pierce the young man's soul.

Meeting over, Indian Point lingers to exchange greetings. Dorothy looks appealingly at her father, and colors high. Thus prompted, the Judge invites the young officer home to dinner—an invitation accepted with such gay alacrity that Serena ignores her dearest crony, Dame Tompkins, and hastens down the hill to inspect the larder. Oh, the golden moments slipping into golden hours, while the Judge entertains his guest with an opinion on the state of the colonies at the present time. Dorothy, most demure of maidens, is simply a spectator, and Captain Moncrieff tosses back to the Judge the ball of conversation with the artful suggestions of a good listener. Such diversions are, indeed, made as to urge the young lady to play on the spinet—an accomplishment of which her father is justly proud—but this may not be on the Sabbath, unless Dorothy confine her sweet voice to the limit of psalm tunes. The Judge as guardian dragon never quits his post. At last Serena brings her poke-bonnet to bear on the situation. Something ails the favorite hound; Serena



fears that he is rabid. The Judge hastens out only to discover that the hound is frantic because his teeth are glued together with a lump of molasses candy. How can a sensible dog have been induced to swallow candy? Serena is innocently surprised.

The two young people stand in the deep embrasured window which overlooks the ice-incrusted river.

"Do you remember the ball?" he softly inquires.

"Oh yes." Dorothy's gaze is obstinately fixed on the floor, and the bloom in her cheek deepens and pales beneath his scrutiny. He ventures to take one of her slender hands; the fingers cling instinctively to his own, instead of shrinking as from Jacob Lake's palm.

"May I come again?"

Dorothy raises her eyes slowly to his, and he is answered.

"Love me, sweet."

In the hall a far different scene is being enacted. The Judge has suddenly grown pale, and puts his hand to his brow as if smitten with a sickening fear.

"Moncrieff! that is the name. Why have I not thought before? Can it be—"

"His son?" supplies Serena. "Of course it is. You can't help yourself; it's nater."

While the gentlemen exchange farewells, and the genial warmth of the younger is irresistible, Dorothy runs down the steps to whisper in the ear of the black steed,

"Bear him safely for my sake."

Wicked Bucephalus curves his neck and tosses his head coquettishly, as if proud of his charge.

Down in the Lake house the head of the son and heir rests on the kitchen table, with his arms stretched abroad in the abandon of misery.

"Mother, that officer is at the Judge's with his fine speeches. Curse him!"

## V.

It is late in the month of February, and intensely cold. If outward circumstances could chill the ardor of lovers, the bitter wind, the sullen black waves of the fretted bay, and the succeeding twilight, awful in its white stillness, might deter Captain Moncrieff from leaving the sheltering fort. But Dorothy waits for him, the heart of the mate flutters in anticipation in the nest, and he spurs Bucephalus out into the night. Fairies have been at work on his pathway, spirits of snow and frost have heaped the hollows with drifts, powdering the branches with glittering draperies which form arches above his head, and the moon, small orb of a steel-blue heaven, imparts to the snow crust a silvery radiance. The black horse and rider move noiselessly through the realm of dreams, the earth lying shrouded in profound sleep. Our young knight is ra-

diantly happy; the raillery of the mess can not deter him from taking the forest path; and that very day he has written to his father, who is at New York, claiming consent to his marriage with Dorothy Cotterell, of Indian Point. Well may our knight be radiant; he has held the charmed key which unlocks gates of brass; all obstacles have melted away; even Judge Cotterell has given a reluctant consent, nature being too strong for him, as Serena predicted. This very night all preliminaries must be arranged; the wooing shall be brief; our young knight is imperious; and Dorothy already bends, lilywise, in sweet submission to his will in most things. The smooth flank of Bucephalus feels the insulting sting of the spur; horse and rider fly through the silvery stillness of night, phantoms of a dream. Other phantoms are also abroad, it would seem. A shadow has haunted our preoccupied soldier these three miles, now darting ahead, now lingering behind warily. It has no shape, this lurking thing which should belong only to darkness, and evidently feels itself so out of place in the crystalline splendor of the luminous forest that it skims behind trees, and finally vanishes among the rocks ahead. Every thing shall be adjusted to-night, the old Judge charmed into acquiescence, and he will hold lovely, winsome Dorothy to his breast at last.

His fingers are stiffened by the piercing cold. He changes the bridle from one cramped hand to the other. As he does so a shapeless thing starts out from the projecting boulder, and whoops in the horse's ear. Bucephalus rears on his hind-feet, clears the shape in one bound, and plunges along the path, mad with fear, dragging his unseated rider by the stirrup. O silvery night and luminous forest! can no power check the steed's winged feet, and raise the beautiful fallen head?

Jacob Lake enters his house an hour later, his teeth chattering and his arm broken—it may be by the blow of a horse's hoof. His mother confronts him with a terrible suspicion in her eyes.

"Where have you been?"

"In the woods. It's all over with me, and I don't care who knows," is the sullen response.

Mrs. Lake is a capable woman. She binds the injured arm. She saddles a horse with her own hands, and having equipped her son for a journey, says,

"Ride down to the shore and catch the first coaster for Newfoundland. I will send for you when it is safe to return. Here is your father's wallet. Go!"

The Cotterell mansion beams with light and warmth. The kitchen is one ruddy glow from the open fire, where the logs blaze and the crane supports an iron pot that emits savory odors. Serena is in her glory here.



A huge tin kitchen basks on the hearth, containing a giant turkey on the spit, well basted with sausages. From the Dutch oven, with its crown of fiery coals, emerge biscuit and johnny-cake. There is still flame enough to reveal the low rafters overhead, the blue paint of the doors, the knots in the pine floor, and to illumine Dorothy, in a gown of crimson Salisbury flannel.

"Surely he is late, Serena!" she says, anxiously.

The old woman is silent. Last night she saw a winding-sheet in the candle. The clock ticks slowly. Dorothy flutters from the fire-place to the little window. Her ear catches the trampling of hoofs. She must

be first at the door. At last! Light streams forth from the open portal, staining the snow deep red, and there stands the black horse, quivering in every limb, spent, unnerved, drooping, and dragging a senseless form.

In the best parlor, decked still with garlands of evergreen, the fire crumbles to ashes and darkness, as Dorothy, speechless and tearless, lays her head on an irresponsible breast, while her father stands with bowed head.

The night is very still, a snow-clad earth meeting the horizon line of cloudless heaven, and in the pure moonlight gleam the white tombstones of Judge Cotterell's once pale bride and only son.

## THE REPUBLICAN MOVEMENT IN EUROPE.\*

By EMILIO CASTELAR.

[Seventeenth Paper.]

### III.—THE GERMANIC PEOPLES.—(Continued.) RELIGIOUS IDEAS.—XIII.

FROM the monastery of Blaubeuren, where Strauss passed through his second grade of instruction, he went to the University of Tübingen, where he was to conclude his course. The city is small, but beautiful and cultivated. The Neckar caresses its feet, and an old feudal castle crowned its brow. One of its lords, in extreme prodigality, gave it some liberties in return for having paid his royal debts. Time has divided it into the new and old city, and has impressed that character of youth and age which lends to cities such beauty. The mountains which surround it and the forests which cover them give a delightful amenity and purity to its atmosphere. When Strauss arrived at this university two tendencies were dominant. First, the spirit of conciliation which verged upon rationalism, and then a supernatural system which was not far from orthodoxy. By a felicitous concurrence of circumstances, the masters of the seminary were transferred to the university. The ancient orthodoxy was proscribed, and the new theology of Schleiermacher admitted. That profound worship of reason, that prudent neglect of miracles, the happy concordance between science and faith, the arms borrowed from dialectics, the pantheist spirit scattered through its dogmas—all the ideas of the master soon appeared to him as a wide and universal peace signed between revelation and reason. But he soon found that it was only a transitory truce. At this juncture, in this critical state of mind, there fell into his hands Hegel's book on phenomenology, his masterpiece, his treasure, the *résumé* of his doctrine, full of new ideas, of original points of view, of relations never

before noticed between the idea and being, between the laws of logic and those of the universe, between the philosophy where all thoughts have birth and history where thought becomes real, between the heart and religion, religion and science, phases of the spirit, points in the incalculable line of the idea, a philosophical series, a luminous ladder by which being may ascend from the bottomless abyss of its primal essence, close to nonentity, up to the plenitude of life, the consciousness of itself in the absolute.

And as the philosophical idea grew stronger, the theological grew weaker. It seemed to him that Protestantism was rapidly on the way to the denial of its fundamental and primary principle, that is, that the free and intimate conviction of the individual ought to accept beliefs without at any time yielding to outside suggestion, a principle which was giving way to an idolatrous adoration of the dead letter. Only one aristocracy of thought has preserved the reason sufficiently serene, the conscience sufficiently enlightened, the will sufficiently free, to not be petrified in tradition and to follow the open path of its inner calling, by those interior suggestions which Socrates called the voice of God in life. The national literature has preserved the German spirit from retrogression and decay, which might have gone even as far as the Catholic reaction. Fortunately a superior man brought about the Evangelical Union, depriving the dogmas and principles which separate the two communions of all their obligatory character and force, by which he gave a greater space to free thought than existed in the old orthodoxy. The load of dogmas and miracles and traditions which had caused the ship of the church to careen was thrown overboard, and she was given thus more

\* Continued from the March number, page 425.



freely to the winds of the age. Christ Himself was not the second person of the Trinity, Son of God, leaving His divine mansion to take upon Himself our poor human nature, and after His terrestrial existence, broken by the Cross and the sleep of death in the grave, reunited by the resurrection, and ended by His ascension to heaven, after His earthly life mingled anew with the eternal; but He was a man, naturally perfect, though subject to the narrow conditions of individual and national life, needing to be aggrandized by the accretion of ideas, by the current of time, by the light of the human conscience in its progressive transfigurations.

But to this effusion of the spirit there had succeeded a narrow orthodoxy, the child of reaction. The torn banners of tradition had been dusted and thrown again to the breeze. The literary tribunals fell under the inspection of the ferule of the pietist aristocracy. The preparatory studies of philosophy and philology were abolished to avoid pagan temptations. The student of theology must not ask what ideas are true, but what ideas are edifying. The mania of sacerdotal supremacy became popular. The priests proposed to direct the will of the king rather than to enlighten the conscience of the people. Fanatical intolerance became the characteristic of selfish and ambitious natures. They were all poisoned by the dead body in their brain—their own murdered conscience. It is necessary to take counsel of one's self, to study reason, and not to fall, as in former ages, into the error that what is really within us exists outside of us and in distant heavens, and that the idea of our own making is a supernatural inspiration. Led by these sentiments, which were for him rules of conduct, Strauss proposed to study the truth independently of all tradition, to say what he believed to be true without regard for any sort of prejudice; and in this spirit he began his great work of the *Life of Jesus*.

We are not to believe, however, that he was always the rationalist which his writings reveal. Educated in religious tradition by his pious mother, grown up in the halls of the seminary, his first years are those of tranquil belief. But the century contained many temptations, and the serpent of doubt glided into the paradise of innocence. It was the day of mesmerism, when electricity shone like a new spirit diffused over the planet; when every sort of legend was accepted in regard to this universal agent; when people believed in the transparency of bodies, in the angelic transfiguration of creatures, the material view and the tangible experience of souls, the voyage to the moon, to Uranus, where Goethe, transmigrated there, received the newcomers; the close communion between all worlds; the effusive embrace of all beings

until they arrive at the fullness of life, eternity identified with God. It is therefore not surprising that from religious traditions and Christian piety Strauss passed first to the doctrine in which nature took on a magic aspect, to the doctrine of Jacob Boehm, and thence to another doctrine in which nature took on an idealist character—the doctrine of Schelling. It was a peculiarity of such spirits at that time to fix themselves to no idea; to knock at the door of every school in their search for truth; to crawl to the foot of every altar in search of consolation; to pass from system to system like butterflies from flower to flower, to drink their essence, to rise from nature to God, and to fall from the bosom of God into the void; to question the gods of all religions to see if they could give strength to the fainting will and conscience: a state like that of the Grecian school, a spirit of compromise like theirs, where antiquity united the Pythagorean numbers and the Homeric gods, the ideas of Plato to the experiments of Aristotle, the Verb of Plotinus to the universal spirit of the Stoics, believing that they were thus uniting their forces for the continuation of life, but in reality tracing their testament, the epilogue of their faith, for the impending hour of death.

The doctrine of Boehm had great temptation for men like Strauss; that relation of the spiritual with the physical world, of the morality of human actions with the development of cosmic life; that resurrection of the Pythagorean numbers, and of their combinations with ideas and things; the virtue of the Seven which extends from the spiritual works of God to the days of creation, to the primal qualities of being, to the branches of the apocalyptic candlestick. Because in nature every thing is the expressive symbol of some superior idea, every thing is thus animated in universal matter, as in universal movement, by the Divine breath and Divine speech which first created the Son, then the Holy Spirit. And as there are three persons in the Trinity, there are three worlds in the universe; two commanded by Michael and Ariel, where the good angels live, pure, beautiful, transparent, in scenes of light, seeing every day fresh miracles in the creation of suns and the flowering of beings in perpetual spring, listening to the uncommunicable music of Divine actions, a holiness which the third world can never possess, governed, as it is, by Lucifer, and inhabited by us, where the ambition of passing fixed limits and rising to higher spheres and more celestial life has given birth to evil, which disturbs and corrupts and ruins every thing; evil mingled, however, with good, because while among the good angels every thing is holy, and among the evil angels every thing is perverse and diabolical, among men every



thing is good and evil at once, like the light which vivifies and burns, like love which creates and wastes; from which sad combination we shall not escape, except on the day of the second coming of Christ, bringing redemption to Lucifer and to men, redemption of matter and of spirit, all transformed, blessed, and saved in the immensity of the primitive heavens, in the presence of the Eternal Father.

Two causes led the doctor to extraordinary and supernatural beliefs: first, his assiduous reading of the writings of Schelling, the magian of nature; and second, his intercourse with Kerner, the magnetizer, the poet, who pretended to cure the sick and drive out devils from the bodies of the possessed, and who cultivated a singular prophetic and somnambulist in Prevost, reduced by her infirmities to a sort of soul without body, or body without flesh and blood, composed entirely of nerves, which placed her in direct communication with the pure spirits exhaled like odors from the earth and other planets through the medium of death, and wandering in the infinite to return among us occasionally through the conjurations of magic and the effluvium of magnetism.

But all these fancies were mere pastimes of youth. The books of Hegel determined his vocation as a theological critic. The teachings of philology decided him to apply to the Bible the scalpel of his calm reason, tempered in his profound knowledge. A journey to Berlin fixed his tendency toward philosophy and religious criticism. From that time heresy entered into his mind and took complete possession of his understanding. He became suffragan vicar in a village of Suabia. There he passed some time trying to learn if there could be any compatibility between the religious ministry and the profession of his rationalist pantheism. In reality he was not born for a philosopher, and had not taken from his master, Hegel, any thing more than the dialectic method. But his learning was rich in itself and brilliant in its manifestations, and he soon came to be professor in that same university where he had been scholar. Clear in his study of the most difficult problems, precise and accurate in his expositions, brilliant in style, always perspicuous and serene, Strauss was above every thing else a consummate man of letters.

I believe that there can be no more critical and painful situation in the world for a man of clear intelligence and honest mind than that of exercising a ministry so elevated as the priesthood: of ardent faith in his motives and pure virtue in his measures, of abnegation and sacrifice in his ends, wholly devoted to giving faithful believers ideas of God and His providence, sustaining them in the combats of life and of passion, infusing

into their souls the hope of immortality—and suddenly finding that the foundation of this ministry, the belief in the religion of which he is the preacher and apostle, is slowly dying, drying away in the inmost recesses of his being. Under these circumstances the priest appears, therefore, to the eyes of the world, if he forsakes his ministry, a criminal apostate, and to his own eyes, if he remains in it, a mountebank and impostor.

Several Catholic poets have powerfully described the conflict of certain priests who, after being united to the Church, and having entered into their profession and made their eternal vows, binding them to chastity and renunciation of the pleasures of love and the joys of the family, meet in the world with a woman, perhaps destined by Providence to complete and beautify their life, and thus pass through all the circles of hell—hopeless love, unreasoning jealousy, a dropsical thirst of feeling without satisfaction, of infinite desires without alleviation on earth; torn by ardent passions, insufferable remorse; victims of the strife between the voice of the heart and that of the temple; excited by the very scenes to which they give consecration, the celebration of marriage between beings happier than themselves, the baptism of children born of sacred loves, the enchantments of the family in which the priests appear to bless the felicity which never can be theirs, until, in this tremendous conflict, they either fail and fall, forsaken of God, or die martyrs to their religion and their duty.

But there is another torment, greater still, of those who are born and brought up in pious families, with their eyes on the sacred books and their thoughts on the revealed faith; who grow up in the shelter of the seminary, where the faith inspired at home passes to be a conception broadened in the intelligence; who attain their maturity in learned universities, where these sentiments and conceptions become universal ideas, felt and believed by the whole being, sentiment as well as reason, and who eagerly embrace the priesthood in virtue of these convictions; and while they exercise it, doubt enters into the paradise of the soul, corrodes the mind, illuminates with its flashes the depths of the understanding, presents the sacred books as a history more or less human, hardly capable of resisting criticism, the dogmas, the material of their preaching, like symbols of dead ideas, the holy temple like a sepulchre of extinguished ages, all religion like a light which is passing to shadow; and in this situation fate compels them to the alternative either of deceiving the world in opposition to their consciences, or of destroying themselves forever in the face of the world if they are faithful to their duties and listen to the interior voice of the soul, which counsels them to pre-



fer to any thing in heaven or earth fidelity to what they think and believe to be true.

Strauss found himself in this situation, and also his school-mate, Dr. Marklin, of whom Strauss has written an interesting biography. His sufferings were even more intense than those of Strauss. The more he fought with himself, the less could he accustom himself to preach what he believed false. The idea that the divine had only been united with the human in one historic character, in Christ, and had been revealed solely to one distinct people, the Israelites, and in one historical moment, at the advent of Christianity—this idea tormented him indescribably. The immortality of the soul and its individuality, the basis not only of Christianity but of the whole spiritual doctrine which it takes from Socrates and Plato, was invincibly repugnant to him, and appeared to him a natural consequence of a low conception of life and the haughty selfishness of man. In vain he read and reread the celebrated discourse of Schleiermacher upon the Dead, and tried to imitate the art with which this learned preacher pointed his Spinozist ideas of life and death without appearing in open contradiction with the Christian symbolism and dogma. In his distress Marklin came to Strauss and confided to him, in the deepest confidence, all his sorrows and bitterness. The congregation to which he preached was a large and intelligent one, and soon began to see the conflict in the conscience of their favorite preacher.

Strauss was much more tranquil, though not less changed. He had shed, like trees in winter, the religious ideas of infancy and youth. The dreamy mysticism of Boehm and the mystic naturalism of Schelling had run the same course with the religious ideas; all were dried up. The electric spark does not pass through our nerves with such rapidity as those ideas had passed through the fibres of the quick intelligence of the young vicar. The thought of Hegel opened unknown vistas to his reason. The essence of religion and the essence of philosophy are the same, except that that which in philosophy presents itself as idea, in religion presents itself as image. From this belief the passage to another profound conviction was inevitable, that which converts religion into philosophy, accommodating as far as possible the ancient dogmas to the new principles. Thus his soul remained in complete serenity. He had abandoned faith, and did not think of abandoning the priesthood. He had entered into modern science, and did not trouble himself about the death of the old religion. He lived in a comfortable village, and his congregation gave him no care. He followed the external practice and the religious observances of the very faith he was undermining with his pen and

destroying with his books. This situation might appear to him a safe one, but it was not clear or moral. The vicar of error, the priest of a lie, the preacher of sophistry, he lived quietly and satisfied with himself, contented with his ministry and with his work. He therefore advised his scrupulous colleague not to torment himself like the personage of the ancient comedy. If the existence of the god of darkness was repugnant to him, being a relic of the Persian theogony and the Oriental dualism, he proposed to him to substitute for the classic word "devil" the vulgar word "evil." His conscience accepted these doctrines in the profound conviction that it was necessary to hold in reserve the highest ideas for the aristocracy of intelligence, and to leave only a part, and a small part, of the truth for the people. Such a theory is contrary to all science and all morality. Truth is eternal in all spheres, and should be the heritage of all intelligences. To give to some truth and to others error, to keep the former upon the eminences where the sun comes and the others in the valley of death and darkness, is to create castes; the one born to pleasure and the other to pain; the former called to the pure idea, the latter solely to sentiment, as in the nations governed by the ancient theocracies of the East. And this fundamental error can only lead, through successive applications, to the establishment of a religious theocracy permitted to think, and a populace permitted only to believe; an aristocracy destined to direct, and a populace destined to obey; an aristocracy to guard the sacred books, the hieratic language, and a populace guarding only its ignorance and its slavery; an aristocracy issuing from the head and the thought of Brahma for the holy religious ministry, and a populace issuing from his feet to live perpetually in the fields, with manual labor for their only occupation, and ignorance for the only horizon of their souls. Such theories were a horrible retrogression in science, and assisted a not less detestable reaction in politics. Nevertheless, the man who entertained them passed from his humble village vicarage to the place of professor of theology in Tübingen, a position also essentially religious. In Tübingen he wrote with the greatest care his most important work, which has given to his name imperishable fame, the *Life of Jesus*. When paganism was approaching its decadence, and the temples were being deserted, and faith was nearing extinction among the ancient peoples, and the humanitarian sentiment of the Stoics was making its way not only into the conscience but into the laws, and the Judæan and Alexandrine ideas of Christianity were breaking the barriers of faith as the Germanic people further on were to break down the barriers of the empire, there arose again into great vogue,



freezing the veins of the ancient believers and of those who still adored the Hellenic altars, the ideas of the Greek philosophy, long ago divulged, which interpreted dogmas materially, and regarded the gods as men, raised to apotheosis in the gratitude of ages, from Zeus, who presided over creation and swelled the clouds and brandished the lightning, to the humble Pan, dispersed in the life of the fields and forests. A terrible anguish was awakened by these interpretations among those who had intrusted their hopes, their lives and deaths, the inspirations of their hearts, the light of their science, the bones of their ancestors, the cradle and the education of their children, to the gods of paganism, to those who had triumphed with Themistocles and Scipio, those who had sung with Pindar and Virgil, had carved the marbles with the chisel of Phidias, who had spoken with the mouth of Demosthenes and Plato, and on whose lips, parted by the serene smile of immortality, had dwelt for ages the great inspirations which sustained life and thwarted death among the greatest and most glorious people of history.

Something like this happened when Strauss's book appeared. Devoured by some, read by a few, its circulation was impeded by the mass of theological and critical science which filled it, and the tiresome method in which it was composed, bringing forward the contradictions between the gospels in reference to the same narrative, especially when the subject was supernatural and miraculous, noticing the insufficiency of the rationalist explanation and the falsity of the orthodox explanation, and then proceeding to his own, which tended principally to show that the person of Christ and the life of Christ have arisen gradually in imaginations excited by the new faith, and extended among the Christian churches with all the literary accessories and artistic tints of the genuine legend. The common opinion at once inferred that Strauss denied the existence of Christ. No such audacity had been attempted in the eighteenth century. We can imagine, then, the painful impression produced, if not by the restricted reading, by the wide publicity of the book. He had suppressed Christ from history, the Redeemer of man who had broken the fetters of the slave, the Lord of Heaven who had illuminated the conscience of generations, the eternal and perfect Model of morality in life, the Crucified, who from His cross opens His arms as if to embrace the human race, and who is the line of separation between two ages—the old age of religious feudalism, of privilege, of policy, of the absolute empire, and this age of ours which through countless struggles and failures and continual reactions has realized the three great essential ideas, lib-

erty, equality, and fraternity, which have issued from the stream of blood poured from the veins of Christ upon the sublime altar of Calvary.

Strauss himself mentions the incidental causes which determined the publication of his book. At that time, in 1835, there were three explanations given of the gospels. Some believed all the miracles as certain and complete—a belief which his reason rejected. Others believed that every thing in the gospels had come to pass naturally, but that omissions of the apostles had given to the narrative a legendary and miraculous aspect—an interpretation which appeared to him forced. Others regarded all these narratives as mere phantasmagoria and imposture—a charge repugnant to his conscience. The method followed with the ancient dogmas appeared to him a useful one in the interpretation of the Christian ones. No one to-day believes that the pagan dogmas are strictly true, as Herodotus believed, nor that they have a natural and historical explanation, as Euhemerus believed, nor that they are due to the perversion and the inspiration of Satan, as the fathers of the church thought in their zeal. We all regard them as myths born of the pious faith of the people and the rich fancy of poets, who neither wished to deceive nor believed themselves deceived. Thus the candid, innocent faith of the early apostles and the early Christians originated the evangelical narratives, and are a sufficient explanation to-day of the ease with which they were believed and propagated through the world.

Strauss says that thirty years at least intervened between the death of Christ and the writing of the gospels. The one which might appear the most legitimate, the fourth, as dictated by a person who was an actual witness of the life of Christ, appeared uncertain and visionary in the opinion of Strauss, having some resemblance to the Alexandrian ideas, with a certain Gnostic character, giving him to suspect that it had been the work of a forger resolved to represent himself as the disciple whom Jesus loved, the apostle St. John. Christ at his first appearance was a disciple of the ascetic John the Baptist, becoming afterward the Messiah through the universal hope and the ingenuous faith of those times. But Christ raised the moral law above the Mosaic, as Socrates had raised the voice of the human conscience above the voice of the pagan gods. Christianity thus had its birth in the religious hope of the coming of the Messiah, and in the belief that this Messiah was Jesus. At a time when the Messianic hopes were at their height, the Messiah appeared naturally and logically.

But in truth none of these interpretations satisfactorily explain one most important



fact. Why did Christ and Christ alone appear as the Messiah? Why did those around Him see in Him and in no other this supernatural character? Why is this especial moment of history and no other the providential moment of redemption? Why did this Messianic hope, narrow and national, which had arisen among a privileged people, become the human hope common to all peoples? An ebullition of ideas served as the soul and motive power of the life of Jesus, according to Strauss; but the ideas would not have grown of themselves if they had not been personified in a man. Why was there no other? Why had this man not come before? Why did He not come later? Two great historical characters have been often compared, Socrates and Jesus; but what a difference! Socrates was a philosopher, and Christ a Redeemer. Socrates inhabited the region of ancient thought, Greece, and the wise, learned, and cultivated city of Athens. Christ dwelt in a region little known and esteemed, the ancient Judæa, and the conquered city Jerusalem. Socrates had for his pupils the most brilliant men of history—Xenophon, soldier and historian of the first rank, Plato, the most poetic of philosophers and most philosophical of poets; Christ, the obscurest disciples. Socrates and Christ both gave their lives for their idea. The first lived four centuries before the second, in an epoch of greater faith, and yet he left no trace in history, because while Socrates remains confined to the heights of science, as a single master who excites and originates a single movement in philosophy, Christ takes possession of Greeks, of Jews, and Romans. He descends to the slave gang and rises to the throne of the Cæsars. He unites the idea of Rome with that of Athens, the idea of Jerusalem with that of Alexandria. He transforms the ancient world and educates the new. He takes the systems of philosophers and popularizes them. He pauses before the barbarians, subjugates and transforms them, raising altars which last ages of ages, as well in Asia, home of all the gods, as in young America, where have sprung forth the most advanced institutions of the latest times; and no one can yet foresee the epoch in which His name shall cease to be the initial letter of the highest civilization on the planet.

The truth is that spirits which are closed to great historic inspirations can never comprehend this miracle. He alone reduced the most abstruse and divine ideas to the simple food of the people. He alone descended from the heights of metaphysics to the hovel of the slave to bring him the sentiment of his moral dignity and certainty of redemption. He alone preached the essentially democratic dogma of religious liberty. He alone could in His sermon on the mount

touch even the intelligence of the oppressed and the humble. He alone could fuse all castes together in humanity. He alone could bring together in the religious law all peoples, giving them as one Father, one King, and one Lord our God who is in heaven.

Strauss neglected in his work the point which should have been most essential—the origin of Christianity, the supreme and critical epoch in which the doctrine arose. Liberty and the republic had died in Rome. The philosophers of Greece had been converted, with the Stoics, into practical moralists. Jerusalem, which always endeavored to preserve its God apart from the world, experienced the desire of the Sadducees to give Him in communion to all nations and make Him known to all the world. The deserts were filled with saints, with ascetics and hermits, who clamorously demanded the dew of Heaven for their desolate, thirsting souls. In Egypt, wherever there passed a conqueror, a tribune, or a poet, the people asked if this was he they hoped for. Alexandria brought together the ideas of the East and West, as if to form a new dogma. The Ebionites and Essenes were scattered about Jerusalem, making public profession of poverty, with the presentiment of the rich renovation of the spirit. The Gnostics brought in vague echoes of the Oriental religions, reflections of the early twilight of the religious conscience. And all this crisis was collected and personified in a youth of the most benighted region, the most oppressed people, the divine Youth who annihilated religious caste and gave His life for the two grandest ideas of future civilization, for the moral liberty of our souls and religious equality before God for all men.

Beside this work of redemption, of what importance are historical accidents? Strauss had written his book for theologians and not for the laity; but the laity read it as well as theologians, professors and the profane, and it produced a great scandal. His chair at Tübingen was violently taken from him, in contempt of that liberty of thought to which the Germans have always been so devoted. Thousands of pamphlets and books were written to refute him, to abuse and execrate him. The most furious demanded that he should be expelled from Germany. The most moderate reproached him, as my friend Mr. Cherbuliez gracefully mentions, with not having written in Latin. The party of Zurich wished to make him some compensation for all these annoyances by offering him a professorship in that city, which had always been an open school to the Germans. A petition, signed by more than forty thousand of the inhabitants, prevented the theologian from accepting this tranquil retirement, and overturned the government which had offered it to him. The more violent grew the vehemence of the



opposition, the sturdier grew Strauss in his assertions. In the first edition of the *Life of Jesus* he says nothing clearly as to his ideas in regard to the legitimacy of the fourth gospel, in the second he throws doubt upon this legitimacy, and in the third he resolutely refutes it. At first he showed a certain serenity and self-possession. Afterward he gave himself up to all the wrath of those times of the Reformation when Henry the Eighth, in his peculiar Latin, in a certain noisy controversy, called Luther *Cacatus*.

The truth is that Germany in respect to this book contradicted its proverbial liberty of thought. In the course of the contest Strauss completely deserted his religious faith, and renounced historical Christianity. In his work on dogmatism this transformation is most clearly seen. He studies in it the fundamental dogmas and beliefs which have sprung from the Bible and gospels, as they have been developed in the fathers of the church, transformed in modern philosophy, converted into rationalist ideas and universal laws, drawing from all the conclusion that one sole personality, no matter how superior it may appear, could never unite the attributes given by the church to Christ, and that only the human race in its totality could unite and concentrate them; that the individual sins, and that humanity is immaculate; the individual errs, and humanity is infallible; the individual withers, decays, and humanity is progressive; the individual dies, humanity is immortal; the individual succumbs often in his contest with error, and humanity accomplishes the miracle of subjugating contrary forces in history; the individual is limited, and humanity is the daughter of the invisible Father, God, and the invisible mother, nature. It is the reunion, like the Word, of the finite with the infinite, of the accidental with the eternal; it descends to the abyss and is transfigured to the heavens, like the Christ of tradition, because body and spirit, organism and ideas, rise above nations, above races, continents, and seas; above the world, above the planets even, to be identified with the eternal, through means of its luminous and absolute ideas.

#### "NOBODY BUT JANE ROSSITUR."

TO be, as he was, more than half in love with Marjorie was only to share the condition of a dozen other young gentlemen of his own age and tastes. The only wonder was that he was not wholly in love with her, the young men who were wholly in love with her being so greatly in the majority. It was so natural—indeed, so unavoidable—that Marjorie should win love and admiration, that swains without number should sigh

at her little feet, that she should be praised for almost every thing she did or said, that even women should like her, though she was such a formidable rival. General adoration was the gift her fairy godmother had certainly bestowed upon her in her baptism, wherein she had been made the prettiest, the most charming, the most fortunate, of young maidens. As to her being fortunate, she had always been favored by fortune. Her life had scarcely known a cloud. She had been born a beauty; she had been born an heiress—a sort of princess, indeed; she had been an only child, with no younger or older sisters or brothers to divide her triumphs or the affections showered upon her. Then, again, she had inherited a grandmother, a positive fairy of a grandmother, rich, generous, affectionate—a grandmother who had been a beauty herself, and who adored the girl for reproducing her own charms, springing from the ashes of her own lost youth, a consoling, graceful young phenix. Grandmamma Marchmont had, in fact, taken possession of Marjorie from her earliest years. She had controlled her education, chosen her companions, selected her dresses and finery—indeed, had made her her chief object in life. When she had not been with the child at her parents' home, she had been enjoying her at her own delightful house. The one establishment had been as much home to Marjorie as the other.

So it was quite to be expected that, having regulated all else appertaining to her, she should make up her mind to regulate the most important event of her existence. It was nothing more than natural that she should look round among the lovers, and, after mature deliberation, decide that though all were well enough in their way, the prince for her princess was not among them.

"When Marjorie is married," she said to herself, with dignity, "she must be not only married, but mated. There must be no inequalities."

But she was far too gracious and lofty an old lady to be at all in a hurry about the matter. There was not an atom of vulgar haste about her. She let the lovers come and go, and gave both herself and Marjorie time. She looked about gravely still, and even while weighing each suitor in the balance and finding many wanting, would rather have perished in unimpaired stateliness than have slighted the least among them.

It was not until Marjorie Marchmont was twenty that Tyrrel appeared—Mr. Steven Tyrrel—who up to that time had been improving his opportunities upon his father's fabulous estate upon one of the most fabulously wealthy and beautiful of the West India Islands. I use the term "fabulous" because the usual description of both estate and island sounded more like a bit of tropical romance than any thing quite real and



to be relied upon. But it was to be relied upon, nevertheless; and taking all things into consideration, Mr. Steven Tyrrel was as fortune-favored a young man as Marjorie Marchmont was a young woman. The whole Marchmont family were at grandmamma's sea-side house when he first appeared among them. They had been there about a week when he came, with a letter of introduction from his mother, whom the old lady had known as a girl, and who had been a favorite with her; and on reading this letter and examining the bearer, the charming, dignified old woman felt that her previous discretion had not been in vain. This tall, slender young fellow, with his large dark eyes, with his romantic tropical style of beauty, with his graceful air and almost peculiarly novel grace of speech and manner, was at least as faultless physically as her young princess, and in the matters of birth and fortune she knew that the balance was an even one.

He remained with them, and proved a very pleasant addition to their circle. Naturally he began by admiring Marjorie. She was a pearl-skinned, dove-eyed beauty, and he had seen very few fair women. He seemed to regard her with a gentle, deferential wonder. In fact, there was about the young man a kind of grave *naïveté* indescribably attractive in its way. He had not lived the ordinary society life of the generality of young men. He had not learned to be worldly. He had been something not unlike a prince in his far-away home, and a certain half-unconscious princely way of following his own impulses clung to him. But his impulses were never ignoble ones. Sometimes they were whimsical, often they were very unlike the impulses of other people, and now and then they were a trifle astonishing to sober experienced persons, but they were never selfish or unchivalric ones. He had no small motives, no petty vanities; indeed, for so well-favored and lucky a young fellow, he was quite a wonder in his unconsciousness of himself and his numerous gifts.

"Is he a rajah, or a pasha, or the shah-in-shah himself, Miss Marjorie?" said a worldly-wise old friend of the family, after his first meeting with him. "What a gorgeous young potentate he is, to be sure, and how he throws the rest of us into the shade! Even that young hero, Malcolm, whose costume and beauty are usually dazzling, pales beside him, and sinks into comparative insignificance. Does he wear a turban when he is at home, and a crooked cimeter blazing with diamonds, and has he shown a dignified desire to execute any of your waiters yet when they have dared to be inattentive?"

"Grandmamma's waiters never are inattentive, Mr. Ruysland," said Miss Marjorie, with the prettiest possible, but at the same

time the most uncalled-for, of blushes. Really, you know, there was no reason why she should color and thus evade the light satire of her old friend.

Mr. Sidney Ruysland was an old friend. He had known Marjorie Marchmont from her childhood, and had been very fond of her even in the days of her pinafores and primers, and so, perhaps for this reason, felt himself privileged to be fond of her now. He himself did not belong to the order resplendent, and though he was rather a favorite of the elder Mrs. Marchmont's, she never regarded him as upon the aspirant list. He was very much older than Marjorie, being, indeed, one of those old young men one occasionally meets in good society, and who are often exceedingly agreeable, because they have left the follies of youth in the background. He was rather tall, rather pale; his fine forehead was slightly bald. He had a soft voice and a good manner, and was prone to clever satire.

There was no commonplace envy in his feeling toward the new arrival; he might regard the youth and physical beauty and Fortunatus purse with some private wistfulness, but he was amiably ready to admire their possessor and congratulate him upon his good luck.

"Why should we depreciate Aladdin?" he said. "Let us rather admire him, since the genii have found him worthy to own their magic lamp and the many good things accompanying its possession. In our secret heart we may wish that we also were lamp-owners; but since we are not—" And he shrugged his shoulders, and looked at Marjorie with a resigned smile.

As I have said, Mr. Steven Tyrrel followed the example of many less illustrious young men in falling half in love with Marjorie. He showed his admiration in divers ways. He sang with her and danced with her; he obeyed all her gentle behests, and placed himself entirely at her service when they were together at any party of pleasure; he laid at her feet certain rich offerings, which he presented in his mother's name, and altogether he was on the verge of drifting pleasantly into a natural though not dangerous emotion, when there appeared on the scene of action the commonplace young woman whose name forms part of my title.

She came in autumn—Jane Rossitur—and she came unexpectedly: at least her arrival was an unexpected event to Steven Tyrrel; the rest seemed to take it quite as a matter of course. Returning by the shore one morning after taking his usual plunge in the sea, he came suddenly upon Jane Rossitur sitting on an upturned boat, her lap full of shells and sea-weed, and her hat lying on the sands at her feet. Almost immediately she heard him, and turned her head over her shoulder toward him, and



then he saw what manner of young person she was, and his first mental exclamation was the following incongruous one:

"How unlike Marjorie Marchmont!" though perhaps it was not so incongruous after all, considering the fact that his mind had been wandering toward Marjorie as he strolled along. She was as unlike Marjorie Marchmont as day is unlike night, as winter is unlike summer, as—well, as unlike her as it is possible for two girls to be unlike each other. She was not a beauty at all; you would never have thought for an instant of calling her "pretty," and there were very few persons, and these only persons of sensitive and poetic temperament, who would have seen that she was what she was—a sweet, strange creature. She had a soft, clear, dark skin, a rare color, not a noticeable feature but her translucent green-gray eyes, and she was slight and odd and small. Just this was Jane Rossitur; and just this much Tyrrel saw in the moment that she lifted her face as he passed; and perhaps because the accidental encounter was a surprise, her quiet look impressed itself upon him. It was odd that a young lady should be out and apparently enjoying herself so very early in the morning.

He certainly did not think of the possibility of her being a new arrival at the house, and so when he saw her again she was a surprise to him once more. A visit to the neighboring town kept him out all day, and when he returned in the evening dinner was over, and the ladies were taking tea in the drawing-room. Ruysland was there and two or three of his colleagues, and the first object that met Tyrrel's eyes as he walked into the room was the stray young woman sitting at a side-table behind the tea-service, and talking serenely to old Mrs. Marchmont. So very calm and composed was her air that she really looked as if she might have been pouring out tea in the same place every evening for the previous six months. She had done it before, it was evident, and expected to do it often enough again, and every body was used to seeing her do it. Even old Mrs. Marchmont, who was usually so punctilious, seemed to forget at the moment that to Tyrrel at least she was a stranger.

"I dare say Mr. Tyrrel will take a cup of tea, Jane," she said.

Tyrrel bit his lip, feeling awkward enough; but the cup of tea was poured out and handed to him with such undisturbed self-possession that he was set at ease almost immediately. He even recovered himself sufficiently to undertake a fresh examination of the girl. But he only saw what he had seen before—a dark soft skin, a rare color, and eyes with an actual tint of green in their clear gray. And as to her dress—well, to tell the truth, he recognized it as

one of Marjorie's, and saw that it had been furnished and trimmed to suit the more insignificant figure; and may I add that he quite warmed toward the wearer in consequence of the discovery.

He made his way to Marjorie as early as possible, and put his question to her very frankly. Who was the young lady who had poured out his tea—the strange young lady whom he had not met before, and to whom Mrs. Marchmont had forgotten to present him?

Marjorie opened her large pretty eyes in some surprise. She glanced round the room questioningly. A strange young lady? There were no strangers here. Oh dear! to be sure! How stupid and rude they must have appeared to him! She begged pardon. He must mean Jane Rossitur—there was nobody but Jane Rossitur, and somehow they were all so used to her that they felt as if every one who came to the house must know her as well as they did themselves. How annoyed grandmamma would be when she remembered her neglect!

Tyrrel held Marjorie's fan in his hand, and he opened and shut it slowly.

"Nobody but Jane Rossitur," he repeated, half to himself. "I wonder how she likes being 'nobody but Jane Rossitur?'"

A look of alarm fell upon Marjorie's fair face. She would not have said an unkind or slighting thing for the world; it would have cut her to her gentle, generous heart if it had ever occurred to her that she had been cruel to her poor relation; but the fact was that Jane Rossitur was not the individual to make an important personage of herself.

"Oh, please don't misunderstand me," she said, in genuine distress. "I do not think we are unkind to her. I am sure Jane herself knows that—that we do not mean to be. It was very careless of me to speak in that way, but, you see, she is quite one of us. You must let me introduce you at once. You will like her very much. She is very nice indeed."

That was the beginning of it, and my task it is to show what the end was, and how oddly and inconsistently the elder Mrs. Marchmont's really well laid plans were upset. How is it that people are invariably inconsistent? that "the best laid schemes o' mice an' men gang" so "aft a-gley?" How is it that the matches we regard as being made in heaven are so rarely consummated on earth? Flora, who was so plainly made for Browne, marries Smythe, to the discomfiture of all her relatives; Jones, who was born to make Amelia happy, elopes with Miss Robinson, who is neither so rich nor so beautiful; Adonis falls at the feet of a commonplace creature, whose rivals declare her to have no merit whatever; Aurelia, the dazzling and statuesque, surrenders her youth



and beauty to little Carrots, who is (her lovers say) an odious, vulgar little dandy totally unworthy of her.

But to return to my story. In the plenitude of his good fortune and happiness Tyrrel was quite moved by the presence of a girl who was a poor relation, who poured out tea for the visitors as if she was used to no other excitement, who was obliged to be grateful for Marjorie's cast-off gowns, who was, in fact, "nobody but Jane Rossitur." He heard all about her before that first evening came to a close. She was a very distant relation indeed—a fourth or fifth cousin, whose family was not even respectably well off. Her father was a dubious sort of individual, and her mother was a silly, characterless woman, whose half dozen daughters were none the better for her existence. Old Mrs. Marchmont, who had no patience with the stock, had educated Jane for a governess or companion, and during her holidays, or when she was out of situation, the girl came to her patroness and made herself as useful as possible. If there had been no Marjorie, it is not unlikely that her position might have been a different one, but the old lady's passion for the girl who was a beauty left the girl who was not a beauty rather out in the cold, though she was not by any means unkindly treated.

When Tyrrel came and took possession of her, Jane Rossitur accepted his attentions a little shyly at first. She was not used to such honor, and at the outset would almost rather have been left alone. But it would have been impossible that she should resist such genuine friendliness long. There was something winning in the young fellow's beauty, and the eagerness in his dark eyes touched her. She forgot her troubles and annoyances, and began to be happy. She laughed and talked and brightened, her oddly colored eyes sparkled, and she made a witty speech or so. Sidney Ruysland glanced across the room at her and smiled.

"There are all sorts of possibilities in that girl, and Tyrrel is just the youngster to draw them out. Look at her eyes!" he said to Marjorie.

Marjorie looked as she was bidden.

"They are very queer and big and bright," she said. "What color are they?"

"Olive-green at present," was the answer.

"And a rare tint it is. Eyes of that color have always that rare shape, too, and those long black lashes. I wonder how it is that nature so seldom bestows them upon a woman who is actually a beauty? Perhaps it is a merciful dispensation. It would be too much all at once."

"Are they so very pretty, then?" asked Miss Marjorie, demurely. "I must tell Jane that you think so. I do not believe she has ever been specially proud of them."

She was a beauty herself, you observe,

but it was not exactly pleasant to bear even this pin scratch from some sources. Her own brown velvet orbs were lovely indeed, but just at this moment she could not help wishing innocently that they had been olive-green instead.

After that night matters took a whimsical turn. Jane Rossitur was surprised to find that she had always one companion. She did not find it easy to understand such a state of affairs either, being better used to that probably wholesome if natural neglect to which ordinary and portionless girls are usually fated when in the presence of those more fortunate. Instead of joining pretty Marjorie's court, the enchanted prince contracted a habit of attaching himself to her own humble service. He took his tea standing near her side-table, he made her talk, he met her in her morning walks, he showed the gentlest possible consideration for her in every trifle.

"Indeed, if I was any body but Jane Rossitur, I should think he had fallen in love with me," she said to herself once, half indignantly. In truth, her sentiments during the first few weeks of their acquaintance were of a rather undecided and mixed description. When he was with her, his deference, his sweet temper, his almost boyish way of appealing to her, his charm of manner, invariably softened her heart, and caused her to relent in her resolutions, but when she was alone, and thought the matter over sensibly, she felt a little irritated at times. Life had been such an easy matter to him, she told herself, that he was full of caprices, and his fancy for her was nothing but a caprice. He knew that he could turn from herself to Marjorie when the whim seized him, and so for the time he was amusing himself with her. Then, again, perhaps his inexperience had something to do with it. He did not know that such a fancy would attract attention.

But she had not hit upon the truth at all. Caprice had nothing to do with the matter, unless it was the caprice of fate. The heart of the young man had simply been appealed to in a new way. Marjorie's rose and white and gold and brown had aroused in him an admiring wonder, but Jane Rossitur had touched a finer chord. She might be nobody but Jane Rossitur, but Jane Rossitur in her turned gown had an individuality of her own.

"I like to talk to her," said the prince to Ruysland. "I like to watch her. I am never tired of her. Sometimes when her eyes shine so, and the color comes into her cheeks, as it does when she is pleased, I think I should like to take her little hand and kiss it."

Mr. Ruysland did not look at all displeased or shocked, though he was a fastidious gentleman enough. He smiled with a placidity



which might almost have been interpreted into approval of his companion's enthusiasm.

"To take her little hand and kiss it," he said. "Ah! I don't wonder. I have experienced the same temptation myself, though it was not Miss Rossitur who tempted me; and I suppose I ought to blush at the confession, since the days of roseate youth are past for me."

"It is a temptation that is hard to resist," said Tyrrel, ingenuously, and he even sighed slightly, for he was by no means blind to certain difficulties that appeared in his path now and then, and puzzled him greatly. He was not sufficiently conscious of his own importance to see that they only meant that Jane Rossitur was a very sensible, sensitive, proud young woman, and knew her place.

There came a time, however, when he received a suggestion at least. This was on the night of Marjorie's birthday. Marjorie's birthday was celebrated with great pomp and ceremony, and always had been. In her childhood it had been a fête day, of which she was the small heroine, and upon whose happy occurrence fabulous dolls and much-gilded books and numerous stores of bonbons were brought to light; in these days it was pretty much the same thing, but the gifts were more imposing, the birthday party was not over and the guests in bed at twelve, and the cake was not the great attraction of the festivities. Marjorie had her party on this occasion, and the usual gifts were laid at her charming feet with the usual lavishness, and she had her wonderful birthday toilet, which almost made a young goddess of her, and in the fullness of her heart she gave Jane Rossitur a very pretty dress indeed, and gave it with a very pretty, affectionate speech. And in this dress Jane Rossitur made her appearance, and awakened in Tyrrel new enthusiasm. The stuff of which the costume was made was of Indian manufacture. It was thin silken gauze, black, and with a fanciful figure embroidered upon it with gold thread; it floated like a dusky cloud, and it had an odor of strange flowers and fragrant woods; and with a bouquet of scarlet and white in her hand, and a trail of some scarlet-budded vine in her hair, Jane Rossitur looked even less like the generality of girls than usual.

"You are looking very well indeed, Jane," commented old Mrs. Marchmont. "That Indian gauze was a happy thought of Marjorie's. It seems to suit you exactly. She said it would the moment she caught sight of it lying in my trunk. My brother Felix brought it from Madras years ago, and there has never been a complexion among us that it was precisely the thing for." And yet notwithstanding this gracious praise, and the fact that she must have known the jus-

tice of it herself, Tyrrel had a fancy that Jane did not look quite as bright this evening as was customary with her. When on first seeing him she looked up and smiled and nodded, he imagined that there was a sort of shadow in her eyes; and amidst all the gayety of the festivities, the dancing and music and general high spirits, this little shadow was there still, though she was evidently doing her best to add to the entertainment of the guests. The gayety of said festivities was at its height when the dowager stopped Marjorie on her way across the room, with a question.

"Where is Jane?" she asked.

"I am not sure," Marjorie answered, "but I fancy she is somewhere with Mr. Tyrrel, grandmamma."

"With Mr. Tyrrel! It really appears to me that she is very fond of Mr. Tyrrel's society of late. It does not look well."

"Ah! grandmamma," said Marjorie, opening her pretty eyes and blushing most incomprehensibly, "I am sure it is Mr. Tyrrel who is fond of her society. I have thought so often. And—and why should it not look well?"

"My dear," returned the dowager, grandly, "you don't understand. You know nothing of the world; but Jane Rossitur ought to have more sense. *You* are a child."

"I am a year older than Jane, grandmamma, and Jane is twenty, though, of course, I know Jane is far more clever than I can ever hope to be. Jane is *very* clever" (naïvely).

"My dear, that is nonsense" (majestically). "Run away to your dancing; but if you see Jane, send her to me."

If she had known the whole truth, it is likely that she would have been even less pleased than she was. She was not the first person who had missed Jane Rossitur from the bright throng. Mr. Steven Tyrrel had missed her first, and having missed her, had, with his usual ingenuous impulsiveness, gone to look for her. He made his way through several rooms below without finding her, and then he thought of the library, which had not been thrown open to the guests. If, as he fancied, she was a little depressed and out of spirits, she might have run up stairs to have a few quiet moments in the library. So he insinuated himself up the staircase, where dangerous young women, whose intentions were strictly business-like, sat in picturesque poses, ostensibly because it was so nice and cool, really for private reasons of their own, which might include the one that a pretty girl, sitting upon a low, unconventional seat in a quiet nook, and lifting her eyes to meet a tall companion's, is ten times more effective than a young lady in a crowd, who can scarcely venture to be charmingly confidential at all, for fear of the scathing observations of Mrs. and the Misses Grundy, who have been



blooming as wall-flowers all through the evening's entertainment.

Opening the door of the library, Tyrrel found what he was in search of, and found something more too. There was no light in the room but moonlight, and the moonlight, streaming in through the window, fell softly upon the gold and black drapery of a small figure crouching rather desolately and suggestively in a large cushioned chair, and hiding its face upon the arm.

Jane Rossitur looked up quickly. She made a very transparent effort to recover herself. She had no fancy for being detected in any self-indulgent weakness.

"Oh, it is you, Mr. Tyrrel," she said, rising in a moment. "I suppose I am wanted, and Mrs. Marchmont sent you to look for me. I was a little tired, and came here to rest in the dark."

Tyrrel came to her side in positive trepidation. She stood up, pretending to smile at him coolly, but the moonlight convicted her. There were tears glistening upon her cheeks and lashes. He could not stand it at all, and her proud effort to seem careless made it all the worse.

"Miss Rossitur," he said, with a rueful solemnity that was half reproachful, "you have been—yes, you have been crying."

This accusation, made in such an unexpected manner, had an odd effect upon Jane Rossitur. With the moisture still undried upon her cheeks, she laughed—laughed in defiance of it; but it was a queer, short, hysterical little laugh, it must be admitted, and the next moment she found it necessary to dash away a fresh drop with her hand.

"Crying!" she answered. "Well, yes; but you might have pretended not to know. Girls cry for every thing: I think we like it. I may have been crying because my dress was not becoming."

"But you could not have been" (with all the enthusiasm of inexperience): "you must know how—how beautiful it makes you."

"Beautiful!" she echoed, her laugh a dubious one again. "You have been talking to Marjorie, Mr. Tyrrel."

"No," he protested; "I do not say such things to Miss Marchmont."

"Then" (rather curtly) "don't say them to me."

He was dumfounded. He had never seen her in so strange a mood before. She was excited and unstrung, and her voice trembled even as she made this abrupt speech. And yet he could not see how he had hurt her.

"I beg pardon," he said, humbly; and then she surprised him more than ever, for she sat down in her chair again suddenly, and he saw the tears running down her cheeks.

"I do not know what you think of me," she exclaimed; "and I can not say I do not

care, for I do care. You are always so good to me that I care very much. Please give me credit for not always being so foolish. I can scarcely say how it happens that I am so nervous to-night. Yes, I can," she broke out, vehemently, "and I will tell you, and try to shame myself. It is not that I am nervous; it is—it is all envy."

"Envy!" more bewildered and disturbed still.

"Yes, envy. I am envious, and it makes me wretched. You do not know how wicked we women can be sometimes. I despise myself when I think of it, but I am envious of Marjorie—even pretty, soft-hearted, generous Marjorie, who is the best friend I have."

She clasped her hands upon the chair arm and looked up at him quite appealingly.

"Don't answer me," she said. "Just let me tell you. I want to tell somebody who will not be too hard upon me. She is so pretty, you see. She always has been so pretty and bright and good and rich. She has every thing fortune can bring, and it is so natural that people should fall down and worship before her. I do not think she has a fault; she is unlike less fortunate people even in that. She has been adored and caressed and admired since she was a day old, and yet it has not spoiled her. It would have been the ruin of me. And all to-day I have been watching her and admiring her and seeing others admire her, until I could not help thinking it was scarcely fair that she should have every thing and I nothing. I am not pretty or rich, and I am sure I am not good. I am not even very respectable. I am not liked very much by any body. I am nobody but Jane Rossitur."

As I have already said, he had been just drifting into an easy, summery sort of affection for Marjorie, when Jane Rossitur crossed his path and stopped him; but I am afraid that I must confess that even had this affection been a stronger sentiment than it was, he could hardly have met Jane Rossitur's penitent, uplifted eyes at this moment unmoved. He had actually fallen madly in love with the girl, and was prepared to do any thing unexpected and impassioned. "Nobody but Jane Rossitur!" He made a quick step toward her, flinging out both his dark, slight, nervous hands in a strange, graceful gesture of appeal, his eyes burning, and how soon all might have been over there is no knowing; but just as he moved, the door was pushed open, and Jane moved too.

"Jane," said an incisive old voice. "Yes, you are here. My dear, I want you down stairs." The dowager had come to find them.

When Jane re-appeared in the dancing-room, Marjorie was the first to see her, and Marjorie's fair face fell.



"Oh," she exclaimed, *sotto voce*. "How sorry I am!"

"Sorry?" repeated the ubiquitous Ruysland. "And why?"

The brown eyes dropped in some pretty confusion. "I am sorry that I let grandmamma leave the room. If I had only known in time!"

Ruysland looked amused but mystified.

"May I ask—" he began.

"Ah," said Marjorie, "don't you see I am afraid she has spoiled it all? Mr. Tyrrel and Jane were together in the library."

He was a daring fellow, this Ruysland. A light flashed into his eyes as he bent over her.

"What!" he said, "are you so generous, Marjorie?"

"Generous!" she echoed. "Why should you call me generous?"

"I thought," he ventured—"I thought that the prince was for the princess only; and here I find him bestowing his princely smiles upon a lesser light, and the princess deigns to look on and smile."

"I," faltered the royal young person—"I—you have made a mistake. I do not want the prince, Mr. Ruysland, thank you. It is you who are generous to give him to me without asking his consent." But though she spoke almost proudly, she did not raise her eyes, but kept them down, as if she rather feared to trust herself.

It was very odd, thought Tyrrel, that Jane's time was so fully occupied during the next few days. He could not get a word with her unless in Mrs. Marchmont's presence. The old lady seemed always near her, and always on the point of giving her something to do. Jane herself was grave and silent. Tyrrel even found her a little unresponsive. She seemed to hold herself under restraint, and kept her eyes fixed upon her work whenever it was possible. Certainly she was changed from the impetuous, frank creature she had been during that brief interview in the library. Tyrrel grew restive and dissatisfied. He wanted to see her in such a warm and girlish mood again; he wanted to finish what he had begun, and there was always their majestic old hostess between them. So it went on for a week, and then one morning at breakfast Mrs. Marchmont spoke to the girl across the table, with a gracious air.

"As you go to-day, Jane," she said, "you had better not tire yourself with packing. Barnet will attend to your things. You will be tired enough by the time you reach your journey's end."

"To-day!" exclaimed Marjorie. "How is it you did not tell me, Jane? What a mysterious way of doing things, grandmamma!" And her face wore a pretty look of surprised vexation.

"Mrs. Maxwell's letter only reached us by

this morning's delivery," said Mrs. Marchmont. "They have been called away unexpectedly, and she wishes Jane to accompany them; so there is no time to lose."

Jane said nothing. She drank her coffee composedly, and after breakfast disappeared immediately, thereby driving Tyrrel to the verge of distraction. She might be going to the other end of the world with these people—and to-day! If she went without giving him the opportunity to speak, he felt that he should never forgive Mrs. Marchmont, for he should be sure the fault was hers, though he could not have told why. He was standing by the window, staring out at the dull sky, and raging inwardly, when a hand touched his shoulder lightly. It was no less a person than pretty Marjorie, with her cheeks on fire.

"Mr. Tyrrel," she said, softly, but in a great hurry, "Jane has gone out to walk on the beach. She can not have gone far." And having made this significant remark, this odd young beauty beat a retreat that looked as if she was frightened.

Ten minutes after, Mr. Tyrrel had made his way along the shore to a certain corner where a certain boat was turned upside down, and a young person was sitting on it alone, and gazing absently seaward. This young person recognized him with a start when he stood close by her.

"You almost frightened me," she said, smiling.

"You have quite frightened me," he answered, impulsively. "What does this mean?"

She still smiled, but not bravely. He looked down at her in such piteous reproach.

"Nothing new," she answered. "I have only found another situation, and am going to Lausanne for a few years."

There was a full minute's silence, in which he gazed down at her, and she pretended to be occupied with the fringe of her shawl. Then suddenly he sat down by her side and caught both her hands at once.

"Janie," he said, and the little word sounded quite passionate. The rare color on her fine dark skin deepened to coral tint. Perhaps nobody had ever made a diminutive of her name before. "Janie" was an actual revealing.

"Well?" she said, her voice belying the willfulness of her words. "What do you want?"

"A great deal," he answered—"everything: love and happiness. You, Janie, and nothing less, dear."

It was so impassioned and tender that she was overcome. She was a proud young woman, and had been very determined to hold herself aloof at the outset. She had rebelled against his kindness, and had once or twice tried not to be agreeable; but he had fallen in love with her, nevertheless. In love with *her*—nobody but Jane Rossitur.



She could no more have doubted him than she could have doubted that her own heart was beating.

"I thought it was Marjorie," she whispered. "It ought to have been Marjorie."

"It is *you*," he cried, "*you* only." And he lifted her hands and kissed them eagerly again and again. "Janie, let me see your eyes."

When they returned home Jane had a marvel of a West Indian ring on her finger, and Tyrrel marched at once into the parlor to have an interview with old Mrs. Marchmont. Jane went up stairs to her bedroom, and in ten minutes Marjorie came knocking at the door. When it was opened to her, she stood on the threshold, radiant—almost more radiant than one would have fancied she need be.

"Come in," said Jane, tingling all over.

She came in, and gave Jane a gentle yet half-excited embrace.

"You are not going to Lausanne?" she said.

"No, I think not."

"Oh, Jane, what—what a darling you are!"

And then next minute Jane found herself seated on a chair, with the princess at her feet, and the blonde head hidden upon her lap.

"He has been in love with you from the first moment he saw you," Marjorie was saying, "and I shall always like him for it. I was afraid at the very beginning, before you came, that—at least not that, exactly, but—

Well, you know how grandmamma sets her mind upon a thing, Jane, and—and I did not want him to—"

"Did not want him to do what, dear?" interposed Jane, a faint light breaking in upon her.

"I," faltered Marjorie—"I have always been fond of—of Mr. Ruysland, but he thought that Mr. Tyrrel might make me care for him in the end, and I was half afraid of grandmamma, and now you have made it all easy. Last night Mr. Ruysland proposed to me, and I said yes, Jane."

Mrs. Marchmont received two shocks that day, but she was too thoroughly a well-bred and well-poised old dowager not to bear them with dignity when they came.

"You have disappointed me, Marjorie, my dear," she said to the royal young culprit, in her most majestic manner, "but I suppose old people must make up their minds to being disappointed by the young. You must marry whom you please, of course. The days of forced matches are over."

"Oh, grandmamma dear," cried Marjorie, in her sweetest tone of appeal, "you are not angry with me? Sidney—"

"Don't call him 'Sidney' before me yet, my love," was the stately reply. "It is not pleasant to me. But you may kiss me; and I am not angry, only disappointed."

But she never quite forgave Jane Rossitur, even after that young woman was Jane Tyrrel, and had ripened into a social power, and was unanimously voted the most bewitching and unique young woman of her day.

## THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE REPUBLIC.

[Seventh Paper.]

### AGRICULTURAL PROGRESS.

THE early colonists of the United States were largely agriculturists, or became so within a very few years after their arrival. A hundred and fifty years before our Independence, agriculture had already a promising foot-hold in several places within our present domain; a full century before the same date in our history the settlements were quite widely extended, nearly all the useful domestic animals and cultivated plants of Europe had been tried on our soil, and most of those we now have were already in successful use.

New and peculiar problems were presented to the new settlers. In the New World they found every thing new. The wild plants were new to them, and the good or bad qualities of each could only be learned by experience, for whether a plant was to be a valuable forage plant or a pestilent weed could not be foretold. Their crops as well as their flocks were subject to ravages by new enemies. Emigrants from near-

ly every part of Europe brought with them the useful plants they had known at home. But from whatever country they came, and wherever they settled here, they found a climate unlike any they had known before. In the North they encountered a most trying climate, where an almost arctic winter was followed by a semi-tropical summer; the severity of the winter prevented the success of some of the crops which flourished well during summer, while the drier air, clearer sky, and more fervid sun of summer proved unpropitious to others. The warmer parts, too, were unlike the warmer parts of Europe. As a consequence, the adaptability of each crop to our climate had to be tried for itself in each locality. This great experiment went on until one by one these questions were settled. Some crops, after repeated failures, were abandoned, and others found their appropriate localities. Hemp, indigo, rice, cotton, madder, millet, spelt, lentils, lucern, sainfoin, etc., were tried and failed in New England, as did other crops



in the Southern colonies. Not only the plants of Europe, but many from Asia and the East Indies, were tried, including such spices as cinnamon, also various commercial plants. Some of these crops, on experiment, failed entirely. Others flourished after a fashion, but proved unprofitable; others flourished with peculiar luxuriance, and with characters unchanged; and still others, under the new conditions, assumed new characters or excellences. Before the war of the Revolution these trials had been made along or near the coast from Maine to Texas, and so completely had this century and a half of experiments solved the great problems of adaptation, acclimation (and often naturalization), that not a single important species of domestic animal has been profitably introduced since, and but one plant, *sorghum*, since added is of sufficient importance to be recognized in our official statistics.

The agriculture of most civilized countries is based on the rearing and use of certain domestic animals, and these in turn depend on the pastures and meadows. The only exception to this is where the cultivation of commercial plants greatly predominates over all other crops. The forage grasses used in Europe were practically indigenous there, and were such as ages of cultivation or use had adapted to the conditions there found. In Great Britain, and perhaps also throughout Northern Europe, the actual cultivation of their native grasses only became common toward the close of the last century. Before that they knew little or nothing of seeding lands to grass, and their pastures and meadows were fostered rather than cultivated. Such cultivation, however, had sprung up in the colonies much earlier, and from dire necessity. Of nearly 300 species of grasses now known to be indigenous to some part of the United States, very few indeed seem well adapted to cultivation. Perhaps more than nine-tenths of the forage of to-day in the cultivated parts of this country is furnished by plants introduced. How and why the artificial production of pastures and meadows and the cultivation of the true grasses sprung up in the American colonies north of the Chesapeake, how the grasses which we derived from Europe, half wild, were caught and tamed, as it were, and sent back for cultivation, is an interesting chapter in the history of American agriculture in colonial times, but it requires more space than we can give it in this review, and is only alluded to because of its relation to stock-raising, to be noticed later.

Agriculture as an *art* had reached nearly as high a point a hundred years ago as it occupies to-day, but agriculture as a *science* has nearly its whole history in the century we are to consider. Science belongs to no

particular nation; and thus it is that we can not consider the agricultural progress of the United States entirely independent of that of other lands: it forms too intimate a part of the agricultural progress of the age.

The century is especially characterized in history by mechanical invention and by the growth of the so-called natural sciences, these two being intimately related; and it is through them that all the greater changes have occurred.

The mechanical progress of the century has been so fully treated in previous papers that its relations to agriculture will in this be treated only incidentally; but all improvements in tillage, in planting, in harvesting, in preparing for market, and in transportation are related to the subject under consideration.

The "Centennial of Chemistry" was celebrated in both Europe and America the last year. The specific branch of that science, agricultural chemistry, belongs properly to this century only. Through its influence have come more philosophical theories of the rotation of crops, of the nature and use of manures; and the whole commerce in and manufacture of "commercial fertilizers" is the direct result of this science. It has, moreover, thrown great light on the nature of the soil and its tillage, on draining and irrigation, on the nutrition and fattening of animals, and the production of wool, flesh, butter, and cheese. Moreover, chemistry, in its extensive applications in various manufacturing processes, has introduced new uses for agricultural products as raw material.

The biological sciences have aided in their way. The laws of vegetable and animal growth are better understood, and by the application of this knowledge old varieties and breeds are improved with more ease and certainty, and new ones are made at pleasure for specific uses.

In noting our agricultural progress along the three ways indicated, that produced by mechanical invention comes naturally first, but the three classes of improvements are parallel, and each blends with the other along nearly the entire course.

The first and most obvious aid of mechanical invention has been to lessen the amount of human labor required to produce a given amount of agricultural product. For many of the processes new machines have been devised, and in those cases where old kinds of implements or tools have remained in use, they have been improved in quality, and usually cheapened in price. The simpler tools of a century ago were made mostly on the farms where they were to be used, or by the neighboring mechanic. They were usually heavy and costly to use, that is, costly in labor. With the specialization of labor,



and the use of special machinery for the purpose, the manufacture of agricultural implements has become a great industry, the last national census enumerating over 2000 establishments, the value of whose products for that year amounted to over \$50,000,000, the value of the product in 1850 having been less than \$7,000,000. The value of the farming implements in use on the farms in 1870 was about \$337,000,000, while in 1850 it was only about \$152,000,000. These figures of manufacture and use at these two periods indicate extraordinary progress in agricultural operations in those twenty years.

This will be more apparent if we consider, in a general way, the different processes. First, as regards the implements of tillage, we may say that either old ones have been improved or new ones devised. Scarcely one remains in its old state. Some of the improvements economize power, others material, and others time; and what the aggregate cheapening of labor in tillage actually is it is impossible to say. A single laborer can certainly till more than twice the acreage, and with some crops three, four, or five times as much. Beginning with the improvement in hoes and simple tools, then passing to iron or steel plows, cultivators, horse-hoes, pulverizers, crushers, etc., the entire process of tillage has been modified, and animal power performs much that was then done by human muscle. Steam tillage is on trial, or at least steam plowing is, but is not yet common enough to be considered more than a limited experiment.

Drilling machines for planting certain crops were used to a limited extent before the Revolution. In Eliot's "Fifth Essay on Field Husbandry," published in 1754, he says:

"Mr. Tull's Wheat Drill is a wonderfull Invention, but it being the first invented of that Kind, no Wonder if it be intricate, as indeed it is, and consists of more Wheels and other Parts than there is really any Need of. This I was very sensible of all along, but knew not how to mend it. Therefore I applied myself to the Reverend Mr. Clap, President of Yale College, and desired him for the regard he had for the Publick and to me that he would apply his mathematical Learning and mechanical Genius in that Affair; which he did to so good Purpose that this new modelled Drill can be made for the fourth Part of what Mr. Tull's will cost."

We find that a drill for spreading manure was soon afterward devised, and various drills have been in use ever since. The history of the above drill has been repeated in numerous machines. The more intricate and expensive affair of Europe has been simplified and cheapened here, and thus brought into quicker use. The threshing-machine and reaper were both undoubtedly invented in Great Britain, but in America they were simplified, cheapened, and, to use an Americanism, were made *handier*, hence more practical. Although drills thus

early came into use, nearly all the planting was done by hand until less than forty years ago, particularly for the cereals. Now drills or sowers of some kind are in almost universal use on the larger farms.

The improvement for harvesting has been much greater than for either tillage or planting. Previous to 1850 the scythe and sickle were the almost universal tools for cutting, and the common use of the modern reaper and mower dates back but about twenty years. Labor has always been dearer here than in Europe, hence the sickle was never so much used as was the scythe. As to what its capacity was here we have no precise data. Experiments and estimates published by the Highland Agricultural Society in Scotland in 1844, and approvingly quoted by standard authorities on British agriculture later, give "the average quantities of ground reaped by seven persons, on an average of ten hours' work," as one to one and a half acres of wheat, and two to three acres of oats and barley. (A *bandwin* of reapers consists usually of seven persons, who cut, bind, and stook the grain.) By the use of the cradle in this country, one and a half acres of wheat was not a large day's work to be cut by one man, raked, bound, and stooked by two others, but this was doubtless above the average. With hay, two acres per day is a reasonably large amount. At a recent meeting of a certain State Board of Agriculture, in a discussion concerning hay, the belief was concurred in that "hired labor with a scythe mows much less than one and a half acres per day per man on average." It is safe to say that a man with team of horses and modern mower or reaper will average about six times as much as with a scythe. Under the best conditions more is done (we hear of fifteen or twenty acres sometimes), but the *average* would be not far from this estimate. With our hay crop nearly every step in the process has been changed. The horse-rake came into general use before the reaper, the tedder and horse-fork later. A century ago all the processes were by hand labor; now the only labor performed in the old way is pitching on the load, loading, hauling, and stowing or stacking, and each of these is done with improved tools.

To obtain the most profitable yield of hay or grain, it must be cut and secured at just the right time, hence with most crops this has always been considered the most critical period, and the labor then required brings the highest wages. If cut too early, it is immature; if too late, it deteriorates or wastes. Moreover, it is then especially subject to damage by unfavorable weather. Taking all these into account, it is seen that the actual gain to agriculture by the use of the various harvesting machines can not be measured by merely noting the relative



areas operated on by a man in a given time by the old methods compared with the new.

With the great crops of cotton, Indian corn, potatoes, and tobacco there has been no such great advance. With cotton, the nature of the crop and the prolonged harvest forbid hope for much improvement, and a similar condition exists in the case of tobacco. With potatoes and Indian corn there have been many attempts, with but very moderate success as yet.

Intimately connected with the harvest is the preparation for market; and in this the progress, as a whole, has been even more marked than in either of the processes already noticed. The most illustrious example is seen in the cotton crop. In no other case has the cultivation of a great staple by people of European civilization depended for its success upon the solution of a simple and single mechanical problem. We hear of cotton being planted in our colonies as early as 1621, and again, in the Carolinas, in 1666, and during the century after the last date it is often spoken of. It was tried over and again along nearly the whole extent of the colonies. Eliot, in his "Second Essay on Field Husbandry," published in 1749, tells of his experiments with it in Connecticut. It appears to have been, however, a rather rare garden plant until just after the close of the Revolutionary war, when it was introduced anew, and soon after that its field cultivation began. But its production was entirely limited to the means of getting it ready for market. Hand labor was expensive; and so long as a laborer could prepare but a single "pound per day" there could be no great breadth of culture, no matter how fertile and cheap the soil, how favorable the climate, or how complete the means of tillage. The invention of the cotton-gin in 1793 placed it on the same level with other field products. Since then the rapid increase of its production is one of the marvels of the century. A single generation saw the crop grow from nothing to be the great commercial plant of the world, constituting, some years, five-sixths of our entire agricultural exports. The relations of this growth to the civilization and prosperity of many countries, and especially its relations to our own social and political history, furnish perhaps the most romantic chapter in the history of agriculture.

Threshing-machines for our cereals were practically unknown here before the present century. We infer from the journals of that day that they came into somewhat common use in Great Britain between 1810 and 1820; their universal use there was still later by some years, the flail continuing to be a common implement down to 1850.

The dearness of labor and other reasons caused the flail to be used relatively less in

this country than in Europe, yet it was not a rare implement by any means down to 1830 or later. Grain was, however, usually trodden out with horses, or threshed by dragging over it a great roller armed with large wooden pins. This was an approved implement, and received the official recommendation of at least one agricultural society as late as 1816, and the writer has seen it in use as late as 1835. In the better farming regions of the Middle States, early in the present century, eight to twelve bushels of wheat per day were considered a good average for a man to thresh with a flail. Threshing was largely done in the winter, and where horses were used to tread out the grain, twenty-three to thirty bushels per day for three horses and a man and boy were common results. The average was perhaps not much above the lowest figures here given. To illustrate: in a specific case in 1826, on one farm in a prosperous and old farming region, 1300 bushels of wheat were threshed, the grain winnowed, and the straw drawn from the barn to a neighboring field, in twelve weeks, two men and five horses performing the work. This was considered, in that neighborhood, good work. Before 1825 threshing-machines were in very rare use in this country, but between that and 1835 their use spread rapidly, and before 1840 comparatively little of the cereal grains was threshed by other means. For cleaning the grain the hand fan was in extensive use in 1776, but fanning-mills came in common use long before threshing-machines did. The first threshing-machines merely threshed, next separators were added, and then "cleaners;" and now the grain is threshed and cleaned for market by one operation. Horses were the universal power applied until quite lately. Now steam-power is extensively used, particularly in the Western States and in California. Horse-power, however, is still in general use.

What the possible capacity of the modern thresher is, when working under the most favorable conditions, although an interesting question, is not the one we have to consider here, but rather what is the average of good work, or work that can be commonly hoped for by good farmers. The larger machines are mostly employed in doing custom work, and time is lost in passing from farm to farm, and in the delays which are unavoidable in work affected by so many conditions. A steam-thresher, under such conditions as they have in California, will thresh, in actual practice, from 40,000 to 100,000 bushels of grain in a "season" of three months. With such a machine, operated by a gang of eighteen hands, whose combined wages last year (1874) would amount to forty-three dollars per day, 2000 bushels of wheat per day is fair work. A recent agricultural journal states of the act-



ual practice that the "full capacity of such a machine is 1500 sacks a day, the average work about 1000, holding over two bushels each." This means that the grain is threshed, cleaned, put in sacks, and the sacks piled up ready for removal by cars or team, and amounts to over a hundred bushels per day per man. Vastly larger figures are cited for short periods under exceptionally favorable conditions. The agricultural papers of the same State mention incidentally, as a local news item, a horse-power machine which averaged 1500 bushels of wheat per day for thirty-one successive days, moving on twenty-eight different farms in that time, and of another (also horse-power) which, the last year (1874), threshed and cleaned 80,400 bushels in fifty-two days, of which 11,300 bushels were threshed in five and a half days.

The effect of these improved methods is best seen by noting the total saving of the several processes. A hundred years ago, to cut a hundred bushels of wheat required about three days' work (which could not be delegated to other power); to bind and stook it, four days; to thresh and clean it, five days, which, with the other processes between the standing grain and the merchantable product, would amount to some fifteen days' actual manual (and mostly very hard) labor for each hundred bushels. The average was doubtless more than this, that is, a day's labor would not get more than six or seven bushels of grain through these processes.

The president of an agricultural society in California in 1866 stated that on his farm that year 40,318 bushels of grain (three-fourths of it wheat) were harvested, threshed, cleaned for the market, and stored in the granaries in thirty-six days, including all delays, with an average of twenty-two hands. This is an average of about fifty bushels per man per day for the entire crop. Much larger figures are reported in other cases of later date; but the exact data are not at hand.

While such progress has not marked the gathering and preparing of *all* the crops, yet it has extended to so many of them that all the more laborious processes have been revolutionized.

It must be borne in mind that mechanical invention has not only aided agriculture, but that in turn it has been stimulated by the wants of agriculture, and some of the most profitable patents have been in this direction, and we get a vivid idea of the demand and supply of new methods and appliances in the fact that the Patent-office issues about twelve hundred patents per year relating to agriculture.

It is through the aids of mechanical invention, including the means of transportation, that what is known as "the Great

West" has been so rapidly settled and its crops made accessible to the world.

That soils became exhausted by cropping, and that the exhaustion could be checked by manuring, were facts well enough known from remote antiquity: the philosophical reason why was left for agricultural chemistry to discover. So soon as chemical analysis became established on a reasonably sure foundation, and chemistry began to assume the character of an exact science, practical applications to agriculture began to follow. Chemical experiments relating to this art had been made earlier by Arthur Young and others, but agricultural chemistry, as the science we now know it, began with Sir Humphrey Davy. He first lectured before the English Board of Agriculture in 1802. He experimented on guano, phosphates, and various other manures, and analyzed them. He lectured again before the Board of Agriculture in 1812, and these lectures furnished the basis of his *Elements of Agricultural Chemistry*, published in 1813. This work was extensively read, and was translated and printed in several languages. During the next thirty years there were numerous experimenters, and it was a period rich in discoveries in chemistry. Sprengel made many analyses of the ashes of plants about 1832, and then came the works of Johnston, Milder, and others; but it was left to Liebig to bring order out of the great mass of experiment and theory which had accumulated, and to really place agricultural chemistry on its present foundation. His *Chemistry in its Applications to Agriculture and Physiology* appeared in 1840, and soon after Boussingault published his *Économie Rurale*. Johnston published his *Lectures on the Applications of Chemistry and Geology to Agriculture* in 1844, since which time works on this department of science have been particularly numerous. While the science has had most of its development in Europe, America has not been without its workers, and the later researches of Professor Johnson have been republished in Europe in the English, German, and Russian languages.

"The art of manuring" was a favorite theme in olden times, and it was an art brought to high perfection; but it followed experience only. With the aid of chemistry the art assumed the features of a science. Manures known before were used to better advantage, rare ones brought into greater prominence, and new ones devised. The introduction of turnips and clover into extensive cultivation in England about the time of the American Revolution, and the great rise in rents soon after, produced a radical change in the systems of rotation and tillage, and the discoveries in chemistry came in at just the right time to supplement this. Bones had long been used, but



their special merits were pointed out by Davy, and soon their use became very extensive. Then followed the manufacture of superphosphates. To show what great and speedy changes were wrought through these means, and where mechanical invention had but little to do with it, a single illustration may be given. A light-house, known as the Dunston Pillar, was built on the Lincoln Heath, in Lincolnshire, about the middle of the last century. This was said to be the only land light-house known. It was built to guide travelers over the barren and dreary waste, and it long fulfilled its useful purpose. This pillar, no longer a light-house, now stands in the midst of a fertile and wealthy farming region, where all the land is in high cultivation. For twenty-five years no barren moors have been in sight even from its top. Turnips and phosphates were the principal means through which this great change came. The abundance of fertile soil and its cheapness, and the cost of labor, in this country, while inducing the use of improved implements and machines earlier than in Europe, hindered rather than accelerated the use of chemical aids. It was easier to break new land, particularly if it was prairie, than it was to renovate the old. For a long while bones were extensively exported from this country to England, but for the last twenty-five years the use of fertilizers has been increasing, until now it has reached immense proportions.

The history of the use of guano is somewhat similar to that of the phosphates. This material has been in use as a manure on the western side of South America for centuries, and from time to time its merits were spoken of in European publications.\* Its use, however, remained local until it was prominently brought into notice by the modern agricultural chemists. How early it was brought to Europe can not now be ascertained. Sir Humphrey Davy experimented with it as early as 1805; but it was not until after the recommendations of Liebig that it began to be an article of commerce. A few casks were imported into England in 1840 "as an experiment." It was followed by 2000 tons the next year, and in sixteen years its aggregated sales in Great Britain were reported at 100,000,000 of dollars. Its use began in this country somewhat later, the aggregate imports previous to 1850 amounting to less than 30,000 tons. At present it is a vast commerce, regulated by special national treaties, employing hun-

dreds of ships and millions of capital in its transportation.

Along with the importation of guano and the development of beds of mineral manures and their preparation, comes the manufacture of "commercial fertilizers," one of the most rapidly-growing of our industries. This manufacture is of very modern growth in this country, but at the last census more than four millions of capital were employed in the manufacture, and the value of the product amounted to \$6,000,000 for that year. The official estimates place the present product several times higher. Gypsum, which was not included in the above estimate, was used sparingly in colonial times, but to most farmers it was then an unheard-of substance. It was prominently brought into notice by Benjamin Franklin, after his return from France, but its rapid spread kept pace with that of the cultivation of clover between 1810 and 1830. At the last census there were 321 mills, the value of the ground product amounting to about \$2,500,000, a part of which, however, is applied to other uses in the arts.

From the nature of the case, the actual value of these new aids to American agriculture can not be shown statistically. For obvious reasons, their greatest effect is as yet seen only in the older States and in the South. Throughout the North, where the farm-yard is, and perhaps always will be, the great source of farm fertilizers, these commercial manures come in as an auxiliary; but farther south, and in those regions where the cattle roam the fields throughout the year, preventing farm-yard accumulations to any considerable extent, the case is quite different. As cotton and tobacco, the two great commercial crops, have been heretofore cultivated, exhaustion was inevitable. The history of a region comprised, of necessity, first the settlement, then its rise and wealth during the increasing growth of the crop, then a period of prosperity of longer or shorter duration, regulated by the original fertility of the soil, and finally the inevitable decline. In actual history, many great plantations became so completely impoverished by cropping with tobacco that they were abandoned and returned to forest again, and more to sparsely peopled, impoverished places. The exhaustion by cotton-growing was similar, although not always so complete. The necessity of new lands for this crop when it was "king," and the relations of this necessity to political events, are familiar to every student of our history, while its relations to fertilizers was generally ignored. Here, as in Southern Europe, "great political and social events had their foundation in the dunghill."

The theory and largely the practice of

\* In *The Art of Metals*, written "in the kingdom of Peru, in the West Indies, in the year 1640," translated and published in London in 1674, it is said that "out of the Islands of the South Sea, not far from the City of Arica, they fetch earth called *Guano*," etc. And then follows a description, and the statement that it is used for manure, and that the fields are "put in heart thereby for 100 years after."



tobacco and cotton cultivation are now changed, and we see no reason why, by the new methods, the profitable fertility of the soil may not be maintained indefinitely. Official reports in Georgia estimate that "the planters of that State pay over \$10,000,000 for fertilizers" annually; and single towns in the Connecticut Valley, where tobacco is the leading crop, in addition to the home fertilizers, pay from \$30,000 to \$50,000 a year for those from outside sources.

To follow up this subject in its relations to the price of real estate, to vegetable or "market" farming near our cities, to other manufactures whose waste products are utilized, to the great question of the use of sewage and its relations to public health, would lead us entirely beyond the limits of this paper.

Draining and irrigation, although strictly mechanical processes, have been the subjects of much chemical investigation. Thorough under-draining was practiced to some extent long ago, but has only come into extensive use during the last sixty or seventy years even in Great Britain. In this country its use is more modern. Noah Webster, in an agricultural address published in 1818, speaks of "the art of draining wet lands, which is now in its infancy in this country." John Johnston, a Scottish farmer still living near Geneva, New York, was the first in the United States to use tiles, about 1835, making the tiles by hand after Scotch models. The few under-drains made earlier, as indeed many made since, were of stone. John Delafield, a neighbor of Mr. Johnston, and a man noted for his interest in agriculture, imported a tile machine in 1848, the first one in this country. The practice is now common enough, but there are no statistics to show the amount of land drained.

Irrigation has only come into any considerable use in those Western regions where the rain-fall is insufficient for all the purposes of agriculture. It is as yet carried on, for the most part, on a small scale and by private capital. Vast schemes are discussed or projected, but we must leave their results to the future.

We have already alluded to the class of improvements introduced through or aided by the biological sciences. We have already said that a hundred years ago all our *species* of field crops, except sorghum, were already in cultivation here. While this is true, the number of *varieties* of these crops then was less. A neighborhood would know perhaps three or four varieties of each species, rarely more. About that time many farmers began to grow more kinds, in order that if one failed because of a bad season, others might succeed. Old varieties were slowly improved by careful selection of seed, but the occurrence of new ones de-

pended on accident, or on causes not then understood. Late in the last century and early in this the facts relating to the production of new varieties of cultivated plants began to be studied by new methods, and, through the observations and experiments of botanists and gardeners rather than by farmers, the laws came to be better understood. As a result of this knowledge, varieties are now multiplied almost at pleasure, and the kinds in cultivation, or at least known, amount to hundreds or even thousands for each species. As an example, we may mention potatoes. Deane, in his *New England Farmer*, a dictionary which professes to contain "a compendious account" of "the Art of Husbandry as practiced to the greatest Advantage in this Country," published at Boston in 1790, says, "No longer ago than the year 1740 we had but one sort, a small reddish-colored potato, of so rank a taste that it was scarcely eatable." He then enumerates twelve varieties known up to the date of writing, which had originated in various countries, some in the Old World. The paucity of kinds was often spoken of by writers before the Revolution. Guided by the knowledge since gained, a single American experimenter claims to have produced and tested 6000 different varieties. Other crops have a similar but not quite so striking a history. Several hundred varieties of wheat were grown and tried by one farmer in the Genesee Valley all in thirty years. This has given so ample means of selection, of choosing just the best kind for each soil and condition, that there is doubtless a great actual increase in production due to it, but its most obvious effect is to give us a choice as to quality. With fruits this application of science has had even more remarkable results than with grains.

Although but few field *crops* have been introduced since 1776, this is not true of field *weeds*. Some which actually came earlier only became numerous and troublesome later, and others were then introduced. Several local traditions exist in the New England and Middle States of weeds introduced by the British armies and their allies during that war, which have spread and maintained a foot-hold ever since. On the other hand, it is questionable if science has aided in the suppression of weeds except in a very general way.

Columbus, on his second voyage to America, brought various kinds of domestic animals with him, and importations have been frequent nearly ever since. In our own colonies there were many importations, and from several countries, from the north of Europe direct and from Southern Europe by way of the Spanish-American colonies. The live stock in existence at the time of the Revolution was the mongrel progeny of



these numerous importations. There is no question but that the domestic animals introduced from Europe rapidly deteriorated here. Various travelers have borne testimony to this, and indeed it was to be expected. The pastures of Europe were such as fostering care for ages had made them, and, as already said, of peculiarly nutritious grasses. The early colonists found only crude grasses, and no natural meadows better than the salt-marshes near the coast or the coarse sedges by some of the streams. The pasturage in the forests was meagre. In the winter, straw, corn stalks, or in places wild marsh hay and the *browse* of the woods, were all the miserable animals had. Spring usually found the flock or herd reduced in numbers, poor, and weak. Too often the farmer's first work of the spring morning was to assist the weakened creatures to rise to their feet, and several native plants had reputation for strengthening cattle so that they could get up alone when weakened by the winter's starvation. The colonists early learned to plant grass seed from Europe, and to plant corn for the animals. Turnips, so valuable in the north of Europe, were of little value here. In the South they did not flourish well; in the North they grew well enough, but being very watery in their nature, and the winters being so cold, they froze very readily, and thus their value was greatly diminished. Maize was made to take their place, and sometimes beans were sparingly cultivated; but with this crop, again, we had to learn by experience and disappointment. The field bean of Europe did not thrive well here. It struggled for cultivation for more than a century, and was finally abandoned as a field crop. Other kinds of beans, however, partially took its place. Clover was introduced from England quite early last century. Eliot speaks in its praise as early as 1747, but for some reason it did not come into common use until sixty or seventy years later. It is, therefore, no wonder that all kinds of live stock deteriorated, that they fell an easy prey to the wolves, and that they only began to thrive successfully after so long experiment and so bitter experience. It must be remembered, too, that the laws of breeding were not then well understood; but special attention was given to this practical question during the last half of the last century. Sebright published about 1773, and Bakewell's experiments were then in full progress; and although he died without giving the secret of his successes to the world, the results were seen and many of the conditions known. In this period the breeding of all kinds of animals received special attention, and while the more scientific problems were being solved abroad, the colonists here had solved those of forage, acclimation, and adaptation.

Several of the more valued breeds of neat cattle were established early in the Old World, and improved during the period spoken of. Pedigrees began to be carefully looked after. The first volume of the *English Short-horn Herd-Book* appeared in 1822, but its pedigrees began at about this period, or a little earlier. Only thirty animals are recorded that flourished in 1780 and earlier; and while the blood of unrecorded animals afterward came in, for present purposes the pedigrees of all the thousands of thoroughbred short-horns date back to about that time, theoretically at least. Precisely when the first importations of this breed were made to this country is uncertain. It is now believed that they occurred very soon after the Revolutionary war, and there are traditions of several importations before 1800. Soon after that date importations began in earnest, and have gone on ever since. The first volume of the *American Short-horn Herd-Book* was published in 1846, the thirteenth last year, and in them are recorded some 33,000 pedigrees. Certain strains of this breed have thrived peculiarly well here, and the sale of one herd, September 10, 1873, at New York Mills, was doubtless the most extraordinary cattle sale that has ever taken place any where. At this sale 109 head sold for about \$382,000, or an average of over \$3500 per head, the higher prices being \$40,600 for a cow, and several sold for over \$20,000 each, a calf but five months old selling for \$27,000. The Devons were also introduced early, and previous to 1840 were imported more abundantly than the short-horns, and have perhaps had as wide an influence on the improvement of American cattle as the last-named breed, or even a wider. Now all the more distinguished breeds of Europe are successfully bred here, and some five or six of the more numerous or important have American herd-books now published.

The effect of all this has been to enormously elevate the quality of American cattle; and so completely has the mongrel or "native" stock been improved through these that in certain agricultural societies where premiums are offered for the best "natives" it is found that all that are offered as such are, in fact, "grades," having had an infusion of better blood within three or four generations. Even the Spanish cattle of Texas and California are being rapidly changed and improved through and by these better breeds.

The history of American horses is in most respects similar to that of the cattle. There was at first deterioration, but in a less degree, then a slow improvement through selection and better feeding, then a more rapid improvement through better breeding and the importation of better stock. The race of trotters is peculiarly American. It



originated here, and is here found in its greatest development. It appears to have followed and been caused by the introduction and improvement in light carriages. The thorough-breds of Europe, the race-horse and the hunter, are essentially *running* horses. For American uses trotters were needed; various causes tended to make them popular, and in the last fifty years the breed has been made. It has a large infusion of the English thorough-bred in it, yet few noted trotters are thorough-breds. The gait and speed are in part the result of training, and are in part hereditary. There has been a constantly augmenting speed and a great increase in the number of horses that are fast trotters. But a few years ago the speed of a mile in two and a half minutes was unheard of; now perhaps 500 or 600 horses are known to have trotted a mile in that time.

There is no question but that, as a whole, the quality of American horses has greatly improved in the hundred years. It was believed that the great increase of railroads would diminish the number required, but, as a fact, the reverse is true.

American sheep before 1776 were all coarse-wooled and mostly very inferior animals. In Europe the fine-wooled breeds were shut up in Spain, and various causes prevented the exportation of the English improved coarse-wooled breeds. Eliot, in his "First Essay" (1747), says: "A better *Breed of Sheep* is what we want. The *English Breed of Cotswold Sheep* can not be obtained, or at least without great Difficulty: for Wool and live Sheep are contraband Goods, which all Strangers are prohibited from carrying out on Pain of having the right Hand cut off." Before 1800 there were a few importations of improved coarse-wooled sheep, and very many importations since. Merino sheep were carried into Saxony from Spain in 1765, into France about 1776, and England about 1790. Three merinoes were brought into the United States in 1793, but the person to whom they were presented not knowing their value, they were eaten for mutton. In 1801 or 1802 a few more came, and there were several small importations from Spain and France before 1815. The Saxon merino was introduced in 1824. Various causes led to wild speculation more than once in fine-wooled sheep in the United States, but they have increased now to many millions, and some of the most noted flocks of the world have been or are here. Individual animals have sold as high as \$10,000 and even \$14,000. Both for fineness of fibre and weight of fleece the American wool is celebrated, and the finest fibre yet attained was from sheep bred in Western Pennsylvania about 1850. Since that time weight of fleece rather than excessive fineness has been bred for. The great pastures of Texas

and California at home, and of Australia and South America, are now in competition in the markets of the world, but the wool produced in some of the older States, particularly in the Ohio Basin, is especially sought after by the manufacturers of the finer goods.

The statistics of live stock in the United States as given in the last census are confessedly very imperfect, hence no numbers are here quoted except the aggregate value, which was estimated as amounting to upward of \$1,500,000,000.

Incidental to this branch of our subject, we may mention an American invention, the cheese-factory system. This was first put in operation in 1851 by Mr. Jesse Williams, in Oneida County, New York. Down to April, 1860, twenty-one factories had been started. Then the increase was so rapid that by the end of 1866 there had been 500 factories erected in the State of New York alone, and the capital incidentally employed in the farms and stock amounted to at least \$40,000,000. In 1870 there were over 1300 factories in operation in the country, producing about 55,000 tons of cheese. The system is still growing here, and has extended to foreign countries.

The great improvements that have taken place in transportation, which make it possible for the wheat of Iowa and California to compete in the English markets with that raised on the Atlantic sea-board, and which place Iowa in competition with New England, have operated to *specialize* farming. The large farmer of to-day raises fewer kinds on his farm than did the small farmer of the last century. This specialization allows the use of the higher appliances and the use of capital as the former system could not. The true farms have doubtless grown in size, on the average. The early settlers of necessity could till but small farms. The tax lists of Long Island for years between 1675 and 1685 show that in nine English towns the average land-holding was about twenty-two acres, and in the five Dutch towns about thirty-seven acres, or for the whole fourteen towns it was twenty-five and one-third acres, and at that time over ninety per cent. of the tax-payers were land-holders. The national census of 1870 enumerates 2,660,000 farms, only six and a half per cent. of which were of less than ten acres, and more than half of the whole number contained over fifty acres. The cash value of the farms, implements, and live stock was placed at upward of \$11,000,000,000, and the total estimated value of all the farm productions at about \$2,448,000,000. Of the 12,500,000 persons "engaged in all classes of occupations," 6,000,000 were engaged in agriculture. We have absolutely no statistics



of the agriculture of the colonies at the time of the Revolution; therefore the actual figures of progress can not be given, and we refrain from estimates.

Agricultural newspapers, societies, schools, and literature hardly had an existence before 1776. Less than forty newspapers were then published in the colonies, none of them agricultural. In 1870 there were ninety-three agricultural and horticultural newspapers and periodicals, with an aggregate annual issue of 21,500,000 copies.

Agricultural societies were organized just after the Revolution; exhibitions or "fairs" began between 1810 and 1820. It is believed that there are now 2000 agricultural societies, clubs, and boards of agriculture organized and in operation. Their annual "reports" amount to very many volumes. A few tracts and essays, which altogether would make but a single small volume, were the entire special agricultural literature the colonies produced. The agricultural literature of to-day is confusing by its quantity and variety.

Agricultural professorships were established in Europe some time last century, and the first agricultural school began in 1799. In this country, Samuel L. Mitchill was made "Professor of Chemistry and Agriculture" in Columbia College, New York, in 1791, but there is no record that he gave special instruction in agriculture. In various colleges professors of general chemistry treated more or less of agricultural chemistry. After special preparation for the office, John P. Norton was appointed "Professor of Agricultural Chemistry and Vegetable and Animal Physiology" in Yale College in 1846, perhaps the first actual professor of agriculture in an American college. His instruction began in 1847, since which time numerous other similar professorships have been established.

Agricultural schools and colleges were talked of for many years, and a few made an actual or nominal beginning before 1850, and several before 1860. In 1862 Congress appropriated certain lands to establish or aid schools in the various States, "without excluding other studies," to "teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts." Stimulated by this, and aided by private and State aid, about forty schools are now in existence, trying in various ways to fulfill the purposes for which they were established. The most of them are recent, and they are mainly important, in this account of progress, because of what they indicate rather than what they have yet accomplished. A few of the older ones have, however, already had considerable influence, and all are ready for the coming century's work.

WILLIAM H. BREWER.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

VOL. L.—No. 300.—58

## KATY.

SHE had lived with us so long—as length of service counts here—that we felt as if we owned Katy; and we did, if ownership comes by right of discovery.

It was as if she had been left on our doorstep, like any other foundling, and we had taken her in, cared for her, and loved and trusted her for six long, faithful years; living in the hope, as I used to tell mother, that the bond might "continue the same unto my life's end, Amen," like the pious desire in the catechism.

She came to our door one dark, wet night in March, half sick, utterly hopeless, asking for work. She had been in the country but a few weeks; came with her mother to spy out the land, and get things "sittled like" before sending for the remainder of the family.

"Siven childer, miss, an' no father to one o' thim," she said.

They had exhausted their small stock of money, and not being able to replenish by picking up gold on the highway, as they expected to do, Mrs. Brice was forced to white-wash and do general charring, and Katy came to us—a chance blessing.

I shall never forget her pathetic tone, when she said, "I work stronger than I look, miss."

It was bright and warm in the hall, making the outside darkness blacker by the contrast, and I hadn't the heart to say no.

Mother insisted it was the soft eyes and sweet voice that won me, more than any promise held out by Katy's self-commendations. And it may be, for she was neat and pretty in her seventeen-year-old freshness. Besides, we wanted just such a trim little maid. And I was justified; for she prospered in the brightness of our quiet life, and repaid a thousandfold our trust in her. I really had come to look upon her as much of a fixture in the family as mother or myself; so I was pretty well stunned one morning when a faint, meek voice, which I should not have known for Katy's only that she was busy in the corner, her back toward me, dusting the little fineries in her nice, dainty way.

"I want to be married, Miss Mary."

"Why, Katy Brice! I am ashamed of you," I said, severely. "Perhaps others may want to be married, but I don't think it modest to say so."

"But, ye see, miss, I have the chance," with an emphasis that, in another, might have passed for sarcasm, for I was sufficiently Katy's senior to stand in her estimation as an "ould maid," reasonably beyond such youthful frivolities.

"But what upon earth put marriage into your head? Don't you have trouble enough?"



"Yes'm," said meek Katy. "But Jerry Burke an' me are sort o' coosins, an' I'm wake like, ye know, Miss Mary. An' Jerry he thought we'd best git married. He's forehanded, an' has a bit of money in the bank; an' he says I'll not have to work so hard, an' it will be me own house-work; an' so it will, ye know, miss."

"Yes. And you believe all this blarney," said I. "He won't let you wash your hands in cold water. I dare say not, if, according to the story, you choose to find fire to warm it."

But it was all lost on Katy, the only response being, "Would the mistress object, do ye think?"

"Much good it will do her if she does! But have you any other wise reason besides being 'wake,' you foolish girl?"

"Well, ye see, Jerry an' me we mit at Bridget Mooney's last Saturday was two weeks. Me mother knew his father in the ould country; in Limerick it was. She seed Jerry when he was a lad, an' she thinks he's a nice boy; an', ye see, he likes me. Wud you and the mistress come to the widdin', then, miss? It's but a step to St. Mary's, an' it don't look like stormin' the night."

And this was the whole story! Our modest little maid had in two weeks been wooed and won, and was to be married "the night."

We excused the bride elect from further duty on her wedding-day, and she set about her trousseau, and preparing for the entertainment after the ceremony.

"Jerry bought a fine cake at the baker's, just round the corner. I've it up stairs in me bidroom, miss. Wud ye come up an' see if ye think it's nice? An' wud the mistress let me cut a bit of mince-pie, just for Jerry? He's that fond of it!"

I gave an unlimited order on the larder, and a set of spoons that had served us as faithfully as Katy; and then, with a sinking heart, went to carry the news and the invitation to mother.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself to encourage the child in such folly! You are old enough to know better, if she isn't. Send Katy to me. I'll stop this nonsense!" was the pleasant reception that awaited the story that had been softened and cushioned to meet the occasion.

But when was wise counsel ever taken, or when did intermeddling avail in a love affair? Certainly not this time, for at the hour appointed we crossed the street to St. Mary's, and found the bridal party in a dimly lighted passage in the rear of the church, awaiting the convenience of Father Rooney, who, as informed by the sexton, "was havin' dinner company, and couldn't come to wunst," and we bided his time. I looked around at my companions. Here was Katy's mother, a stalwart Irishwoman, clad

in the blanket-shawl and alpaca hood dear to the mothers of Erin. She was offering good advice to a friend suffering from "cowl'd," and giving the rules for making a posset, which she called "fite fay." As it was Mrs. Brice's panacea for most bodily ills, and had been advised for my taking many times, I recognized the delectable compound as white whey.

Katy herself was bright and neat in a green stuff dress that had been dedicated to St. Patrick a few months before. Her hair, "done by the drisser" in a multitude of puffings and frizzings, was surmounted by a white tinsel wreath that glittered in the light of one gas jet, and did its best to spoil the looks of our little maid, who, in her plain print dress and natural wavy hair, always looked refined and pretty.

The party of the first part was sitting in a dark corner with two or three of his friends, and I could not make him out clearly until we were summoned to await his reverence at the altar, and it was too late to snatch Katy from her doom. He was by no means a young "boy," being at least fifteen years beyond our twenty-three-year-old Katy. He was coarse and stupid and shamefaced, with his hair plastered down almost to his red-rimmed, sheepish eyes, and with an upper lip so short that his teeth were always on view. Indeed, in every way and altogether a bad subject. I looked on and listened in a half-dazed way to the very brief service that gave Katy her sentence for life. Once before I had witnessed a marriage in St. Mary's. Then it was a matter of daylight and candles, flowers and incense, gorgeous vestments and many priests and much ceremony. We were bowed by obsequious ushers through the wide front doorway. But we were poor folk, and this was another affair. One impatient priest, anxious to get through with the bother and return to his guests, was accounted sufficient for us.

The good father had evidently been having a jovial time over his dinner, and wasted but little of it on us. As a matter of habit, he gave a brief preachment of good advice after the ceremony, culminating in, "And if you have children (God grant you may!), mind your duty to the Church," etc. After which a hasty blessing, the lights turned out, and we groped our way back through the dark passage as we came in.

I recrossed the street with a heavy heart, the wedding train slowly filing down the basement steps to eat the pink and green sugared cake, the mince-pie for the groom's special delectation, and to drink a pitcher of beer from the "widdy's" in the next street, a contribution from a thoughtful guest toward the general hilarity.

The rejoicings were of a quiet and orderly sort, as they were likely to be with Mother Brice to the fore; and at ten o'clock Katy



came up stairs to say good-by, and, with tears and smiles mingling, took mother's lecture, consisting of equal parts of good advice and solemn warning.

"Oh, you foolish girl! how do you expect ever to get along with that great lazy-looking fellow? I am disappointed in you, Katy. But go along; be good-natured, keep your house clean, and remember we are your friends."

"Yes'm," said Katy. "Thank ye, ma'am. Indeed, I feel as if it was goin' from home I am. God keep ye in good health, Miss Mary!" and Katy vanished from our sight.

The revelers below followed, and we could hear the laughing and chaffing that broke in upon the quietness of the night as they followed Mr. and Mrs. Burke to their new home.

We saw but little of Katy during the year following her marriage, and the wear and tear of trying to make good her place in the household had, I fear, hardened my heart toward all of her kind, and nearly blotted out all remembrance of our bright little Irish girl, when a modest knock at the sitting-room door one morning was followed, in response to my invitation to "come," by what seemed to be a ghost of our Katy. It was not only the change, but the character of it, that shocked me. The beautiful hair, that seems to thrive best under neglect—the wavy, glossy Irish hair, so long and abundant—was uncombed and twisted in a rough ball on the back of her neck, with locks straggling to her waist. But worse than all else was the pervading and reckless untidiness of her dress and person. The inevitable blanket-shawl was secured by a hair-pin, and the whole toilet finished off by a soiled woolen hood. Father Rooney's pious nuptial wish had been fulfilled, and Katy's misery was crowned with a baby in every way a repetition of its mother's unwholesomeness and squalor. Before I could give expression to my astonishment, Katy's sweet voice, which had alone escaped the general wreck, broke in with,

"An' how have ye been since, Miss Mary?"

"You may well say 'since,' you poor child, for you look as if every thing gone before might be blotted out," said I. "And now tell me the trouble."

"Well, ye see, miss, Jerry is out of work, because of the strikes, an' he have been mostly since. Men are so wake, ye know, miss! An' then it wasn't pleasant an' warm most times when he'd come home, an' wid me sick and poorly. Ye cudn't expect but he'd rather stay at the corner, where his friends made him welcome, an' it was light an' cheerful like. The boys all like Jerry, an' treated him finely. An' ye cudn't blame him for stayin', cud ye, miss?"

"You mean he is a poor shiftless fellow, who drinks up all he earns, and leaves you

and the baby to freeze and starve. That's about the English of it, isn't it, Katy?"

"Jerry don't mean to be bad, Miss Mary. But oh, men are so quare! An' I came to see if you or the mistress cudn't do somethin' for the poor lad. They are puttin' men to work at the Cintral Park, an' I hear, if I can git a letter to one of the owners, maybe I'd git a job for Jerry. I'm doin' it unbeknownst, for I don't want him to be disappointed if I fail. Cud ye git me a line from one of yer friends, do ye think? Ye see, I'm not strong, an' I've sich an imprisonment about me heart! An' oh! Miss Mary, I'm so tired wid waitin' an' hopin'!" And poor Katy utterly broke down, and sobbed as hysterically as a fine lady.

I took the baby with a shudder I could scarcely hide, and seating its mother in the big Shaker chair, called for something to strengthen and revive the poor girl, making an effort at the same time to turn her mind from her troubles.

"What is the baby's name, Katy?" I asked.

"Anastasia. Do you like it, Miss Mary? I wanted to call her for you, but, ye see, she fell on St. Anastasia's Day, an' Father Rooney said it would bring her good luck. Poor baby! It is a big name for a little one; but I can call her 'Stasia, ye know. But will ye git me the letter, if ye please, miss? Maybe if Jerry cud git work he'd be pleasanter and stay at home more. I don't think he means to be bad; but men can't bear trouble."

Mother, who had administered a warm and comforting drink to Katy, had refrained from any reference to her own foresight, although I knew the trouble she had to keep quiet, for "I knew how it would turn out," and "I said so at the time, you remember," are my dear mother's weak points. She did permit herself to fire this small shot:

"I am afraid, Katy, you didn't better yourself when you changed situations, and left us to do house-work for Mr. Burke."

Katy looked at mother for a minute as if recognizing the spirit of the remark, and then, with a deep sigh,

"But ye can niver tell how things are goin' to be till ye try thim. Bridget Mooney told me it was bad luck to marry a man if the first letter of his name was the same as yer own. Bridget said,

'If ye change the name and not the letter,  
Ye change for worse and not for better.'

An' maybe Bridget was right. But if Jerry's name had been Kelly, I don't think it wud have differed: do you, ma'am?"

Katy and the baby both refreshed, she began to get herself in shape to go back to her forlorn home, encouraged and brightened by the promise of a letter from somebody "to one of the owners of the Park" that



was to do such wonders for that hopeless scamp of a Jerry. Two or three months passed without our hearing whether he had been appointed on the Park staff or not, for we respected Katy's unwillingness to reveal her exact whereabouts.

"Fifteen hundred an' something Third Avenyer. I disremember the rest of it, Miss Mary, an' anyways. I wudn't like ye to come," she said, in reply to inquiries in that direction. So, as I said, for two or three months we did not hear from Katy or her troubles. At the end of that time, however, I was summoned by her successor to "come to the kitchen a minute, wud ye, plaze," and, going, found our poor Katy Burke, so wasted and pale I might have passed her without recognition. Her face was half hidden in a shawl, which covered her head in lieu of the woolen hood, her dress torn and soiled; and with a voice broken and tremulous, she said:

"Don't be frightened, miss, but I came in sich a hurry. I'd no time to look for me things. I wanted to tell ye—for I don't know what may befall me—that I think I'm gittin' poorly. The wakeness grows on me greatly, an' me heart bates that quick like! I look strong, Jerry says, but I can't do a turn of work, me breath troubles me that much. And then the poor little 'Stasia! An' oh, dear Miss Mary, there's another to come soon!"

"Well, well, Katy, don't cry. If we get married we must take what is sent," said I, in the egotism of my spinster philosophy. "Never mind now. We will see to 'Stasia, and send something to keep the little girl warm. And now come up stairs and see mother; she will comfort you more than I can."

"No, please, miss; not to-day. Ye see, Jerry has had trouble again. The boy is doin' nothing, an' he falls into bad ways. The drink crazes him, or he wud niver have hurt me. I'm sure he didn't intind it; but I don't want the mistress to see it."

Katy had been sitting in the shade, but now I saw "it" meant a severe cut on the cheek, and a livid mark under the right eye.

What could be done? If we had been rich, it would have been an easy thing to pension Katy and take her away from her hard fate. Indeed, I said as much to her.

"Leave Jerry, Miss Mary! Ye can niver think it! What for? Poor lad, it is hard for himself as well!" she cried, horror-stricken at the thought. "Yankee gintlemin don't bate their wives much, an' ye're not used to it; but I'd niver think of leavin' Jerry for that! No, no; he'll git work, an' then he'll drop his bad ways, an' stay home an' be good to 'Stasia an' me. He knows how to be good when he leaves the drink. It's no trouble to Jerry to be good. Oh no, Miss Mary!"

"True, loyal wife," I thought; but I said, "You are a foolish girl, Katy Burke, to look for any good in a man who abuses you as Jerry does. I would like to see a man offer to—"

"Well, miss," interrupted Katy, "there's no danger; it isn't for the likes of ye. But it is hard when ye're tryin' to do the best, an' ye're hungry an' cold altogether. I don't want to complain, for there's them as is worse off than meself. Praise God for my good friends!"

Once more, aided and comforted, Katy dropped out of sight, and so long a time passed without hearing from her we consoled ourselves with the hope that she had reached the peace and quiet she was so sure of "some time."

I think it was about six months after this visit that I received a note dated St. Peter's Hospital, and signed "Mother Paula," setting forth that a young woman in the lying-in ward, who was very ill, had expressed a desire to see me. "If you have any wish to comply with her request, it will be necessary to come at once, as she may not live beyond the day."

I was beside Katy's bed before the hour was ended in which I had received the summons, and was greeted with a smile so sweet, so self-forgetting, so like our Katy of old time, I could only hide my eyes and try to keep back the useless tears.

But Katy's eyes were dry and full of "exceeding peace," and her pinched face purified and almost beatified by suffering.

"Don't fret and cry now, Miss Mary, for ye see it has all come right. But do ye think ye cud find Jerry? Ye see, I was took so suddent! an' the poor lad hadn't come home. Oh, he'll feel bad, Jerry will, when he knows it. The Sisters will take little 'Stasia; but the baby will go wid me, thanks be to God! May He bless you and the mistress dear. It's good ye're not married, Miss Mary."

"Don't think of me, Katy. What can I do for you, you poor child?"

"Nothing, thank ye, miss; I have every thing. But if it wudn't trouble ye too much, I'd take it kindly if ye'd see little 'Stasia sometimes; an' oh, don't let her forgit her poor mother!"

And this was the end. Katy died during the night—"she was glad to go," the nurse said.

The next morning Mr. Jerry Burke came to the hospital, and with many tears and lamentations howled out his grief over Katy's quiet bed; and in a voice husky with woe asserted his right to the remains of "me wife."

They had "a beautiful wake," one of the neighbors told me, "wid plenty of candles, an' a fine breastplate, an' every thing nice an' dacent, miss. Only Jerry felt that



crushed he tuck a little more'n was good for him, an' he cudn't come to the funeral nixt day. Poor Jerry!"

I had missed the chief mourner, and asking an explanation, learned that the absence was unavoidable unless the funer-

al had been postponed for sixty days. I counted twenty-three carriages following the hearse that carried our sacrificed Katy to her rest. And it was a great comfort to Mother Brice that "no lady eud have had a purtier buryin'!"

## MISS ANGEL.

By ANNE THACKERAY.

### CHAPTER XX.

FROM GOLDEN SQUARE.

WHAT is a mood? Whence does it come? Why does it overwhelm us with its strange stupidities? Here we sit quietly in our chairs, and what adventures are ours! What comings and goings! What momentary emotion and curious changes and conflicts! Armies of thought sweep past; experience, memory, hope, are all ranged in battle-array. Sometimes the two fight from daybreak until sunset, and on into the night; nor is it, perhaps, till the morning that we know which army has retreated and to which the field belongs. For a time some such battle was raging in Angelica's heart as she sat quite quiet upon the couch; then came silence and the deadness of humiliation. Some sudden hatred and indignation had come over Miss Angel, like a dry east wind parching her very soul. She had not deserved this, she said. She had been sincere; she had not sought her own advantage in all this; and it was hard to be humiliated.

Who is it that says that when hate begins to take the place of love, the hatred is the greater in proportion as the love was great. In such hatred it is hard to believe, except as a strange distorted mood. To Angelica it came as a punishment for other things—for the gentle vanities and infidelities which had brought her to this pass, which had led her on to overrate her own worth and judgment, and that perhaps of the persons whom she honored with her regard.

It is Goethe who says that those who will not forgive themselves for small faults are persons who overrate their own importance. Angelica of late had had many excuses for overrating herself, and perhaps for this very reason suffered more acutely than she might have done at another time from the mistake she had made.

Young, ardent, reckless; how was she to realize to herself the calm imperturbability of a nature which was not a passionate one or quickly responsive to things that were not tangible, and to which it was unaccustomed?

The determination to which Mr. Reynolds came was one which in the end, perhaps, was

best for all, for Angelica herself and for others, but the wisdom of his judgment could only be measured by time. Perhaps it was some dim unacknowledged consciousness of the truth, of his own want of earnestness, which made him mistrust his sentiment for Miss Angel, its strength and power of endurance.

He walked away moderately satisfied with the part he had played. Angel sat quite still, as I have said, looking into the gathering dusk, watching the lights fade. They changed from blue twilight into gray and dimmest shadow; chill, cold, silent, the spring evening gathered round her, and her white face and figure faded into its darkness.

Fate is kind sometimes with unexpected blessings, that seem all the brighter when they come in hours of twilight. Open a door into a room full of sorrowful shames and regrets. Flash the light of a candle upon all these vapors and dismal consternations. There have been sounds of voices on the stairs; there have been exclamations and thumpings and summonings. Some one is calling out her name eagerly, and the noise comes nearer, and the light starts into the room, and somehow Angel, out of her twilight shame, suddenly finds herself in light, in love, infolded in two trembling arms that hold her tight close to a shabby old beating heart. She is blessed almost before she knows who it is that has come. She feels she is safe, scarce knowing how security has come to her—safe upon her father's heart, with the benediction of his tender faith upon her. She knows all this almost before she has realized that it is he.

She had not even heard the footsteps traveling up stairs, so engrossed had she been by her dreary present. That present is over, changed in the twinkling of an eye. She gives a wild, happy cry; tears fill her eyes; a sudden flood of ease flows to her heart; the heavy load seems uplifted as she clasps and clings to the old man, sobbing, and at peace once more.

In after-years that moment came back to her again, and that meeting, and the thought of her dim, despairing loneliness, and of the father's love outside the closed door, of that faithful blessing (never absent, indeed, in its tender infallibility), coming



nearer and nearer to its expression at the time when she needed its comfort.

It may be our blessing as well as our punishment that the *now* is not all with us as we hold it, nor the moment all over that is past. It is never quite too late to remember, never quite too late to love, although the heart no longer throbs that we might have warmed, the arms are laid low that would have opened to us. But who shall say that time and place are to be a limit to the intangible spirit of love and reconciliation, and that new-found trust and long-delayed gratitude may not mean more than we imagine in our lonely and silenced regret?

John Joseph was not alone. The porters were carrying up his trunk, with the great cords and padlocks. It contained a cheese, among other treasures, and a goat-skin waistcoat (a present from his sister-in-law), and some linen for Angelica's own wear, and a peasant's hat and bodice from Coire, that Miss Angel had wished for.

Behind the hair trunk, and holding by Antonio's hand, came a little person of some ten years' experience, climbing the stairs, with dark observant eyes, with a shy, ingenuous, round face.

This was a little orphan cousin of Angelica's, little Rosa, from Uncle Michael's farm, who had been dispatched to keep house with her grand relations in London.

Old John had a liking for the little creature, who put him in mind of his own Angelica at her age, and he had brought her off without much pressing; he only stipulated that Michael should pay her traveling expenses as far as Lyons. "Couldn't we walk, Uncle John?" said little Rosa, anxiously. But Uncle John told her she should come in a coach with horses and postilions. What would Angelica say if they were to arrive all in rags and covered with dust? They might have come in rags, in sackcloth and ashes. Angelica had no words wherewith to bid them welcome; they were come home—that was enough. How had Antonio known they were arriving? What fortunate chance had sent him to meet them? The fortunate chance was that Antonio, being anxious about Miss Angel's woe-begone looks an hour before, had walked back by the winding street at the square corner (that street which led so often to her house), and he had been standing outside at the windows when old Kauffman, shaken by his long journey, agitated, suspicious, fearing murder and I know not what dangers, drove up in a hired coach. The first person he saw was Antonio, with folded arms, standing upon the pavement. He could scarcely believe in his good fortune. Was *this* the house, *this* Angelica's palace? The tall windows opened upon iron rails, carved and bent into shape as iron railings used to be in those days. Her door was also ornamented with delicate

tracery, and on either side a narrow window let the light into the flagged hall, where a black-and-white pavement had been laid down by some former inhabitant. The place is little changed. Only yesterday we crossed the quaint little square, with its bare trees. The drifting clouds shone with city lights and gleams. The old houses stand in rows. They are turned to quaint uses—schools of arms, societies, little day-schools for children, foreign tables d'hôte; a "supreme council" rules in a ground-floor parlor. Italian *courriers* congregate in the corner house, by which Zucchi used to pass on his way to the flagged hall. There are old shops for china and wooden carving in the adjoining streets. In one of the houses M. R. tells me of a lawyer's office, where a painting by Miss Kauffman still graces the panel of the chimney. Perhaps that may have been the house where Zucchi lodged, and the painting may have been a gift to the faithful friend. The faithful friend was made happy to-night by the sight of the happiness of the people he was interested in. They had a little impromptu feast in the studio. The lamp was lighted, the table was spread; old Kauffman produced his cheese, and would have had Angelica's servants join them at supper if she had not laughed the proposal off. Lord Henry happened to call in late, on his way to some card-party in Berkeley Square. He stared at the homely gathering, at the old man, at the little girl, half asleep, swinging her weary legs, with her head against Antonio's shoulder.

He tried to enter into his usual sentimental vein of talk with the mistress of the house, but she was naturally absorbed, and had no scruples in letting him see that he was in the way. He went off annoyed by his reception.

"That one there appears to have something wrong in the head," said old John Joseph, as Lord Henry walked away. "I spoke to him three times, and he did not answer, but examined me as if I were an ox. These English people seem stupid and dull of comprehension."

"They are clever enough," said Antonio, with a sneer, "and insolent enough at times to require a lesson." His vexation woke up little sleepy Rosa. The child raised her head, and looked round the room with blinking eyes.

"You will love some of them, father, when you know them better. Don't believe cross old Antonio," said Angelica, "nor let us think of any body but ourselves to-night." She rose from the table and came round to where Antonio was sitting.

"Look at this child; she is half asleep," said Antonio, softening, as he usually did at Miss Angel's approach. "Come, Rosa; I will put you into your little bed."



"Give her to me, Antonio," said Angel; and then she opened her arms, and little Rosa nestled into them with languid childish trust. The two men got up from the table and followed Miss Angel into the adjoining room, where Marianna had made up the little bed in a corner. Old Kauffman began uncording Rosa's box. Angel sat down on the bedside, smiling, with a happy, grateful heart. Mr. Reynolds was far from her mind, as little Rosa slept, with her head hanging warm against her shoulder. The little thing woke up when Miss Angel undressed her, but she was soon dreaming again, unconscious of the strange new world into which she had come from her green home in the valley.

That was tranquil happiness; and all the next days were happy, and seemed as if they were old days come back. Antonio spent most of them in Golden Square; he was going away soon, he said, and returning to his work near Windsor. He had many messages for Angelica from his friends there, from Dr. Starr and his six daughters.

"They say your room is always ready in their house; you are never to go any where else. It is a most agreeable house to live in. The six young ladies are charming. Their lamps are well trimmed," said Antonio, smiling.

"I can not spare her yet," said John Joseph, confidentially, when Angelica had left the room. "But I am too tender a father to oppose her good. I shall resign myself to a new separation when my child is summoned to the sovereign court. Then she shall stay with your friends. I feel sometimes as though I were a foolish old man, and out of place in this brilliant circle. That lord came again this morning with the Lady Embassadors. Their manner was extraordinary, but I would not for worlds that Angelica should know it. They are her patrons; they must be humored by us."

One day Angelica found her father looking very much excited. Antonio was also in the room, but *he* seemed annoyed.

"A friend had been there," said old Joseph, triumphant; "one whose friendship might be worth much to them all—one who—"

"It is that man from Venice," said Antonio. "I do not see how any of us can profit by his coming."

"I shall be very glad to see him," said Miss Angel, laughing, and sitting down at her easel. "Was he nice, father? Was he glad to see us established in our splendor?"

"He is coming again," said Zucchi. "You will be able to ask him any questions you choose. Your father made him as welcome as if he had been a son of the house."

"And does he not make others welcome too?" said Angelica, looking round reproachfully.

Antonio shrugged his shoulders. "John Joseph knows well enough who is useful to him," he said.

When Count de Horn called again, as ill luck would have it, Antonio was still there, and more than usually sarcastic. Angelica looked at him and shook her head to try and stop his rudeness to her guest, whom she was really glad to see. Antonio marched off in a rage.

M. De Horn seemed to notice nothing, but went on praising picture after picture. He even suggested one, of which the subject was to be a Cupid, with the motto "*Garde à vous.*" Angelica actually executed this.

"We hope the Count will purchase the study," said old Kauffman.

Antonio afterward said he should not be surprised if he did; it was a most vulgar and commonplace composition.

Angelica nearly stamped with vexation. "Nothing pleases you that I do."

"Many things please me that you do, but you want me to compliment your vanity from morning to night," said Zucchi, trembling with vexation, upsetting a table in his wrath, and making himself generally odious.

Miss Angel's vanity was of a less excusable nature than good old John Joseph's reflected self-laudations. He became very pious about this time, and used to frequent the little Catholic chapel near Manchester Square, and return thanks to Heaven for Angelica's success—for her patrons those lords, this valuable Count, their friend—for her talents, for his own repose and happiness. He used to come back rather cross, and scold little Rosa, or the man-servant, or Angel if she came to meet him, or Antonio if he began to sermonize.

Antonio bore the old man's vexatious moods with admirable temper. He was charming to any one young and helpless, or to old and dependent people. To successful people, however, to his equals and superiors, Antonio was, it must be confessed, perfectly odious at times.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

### THOSE WHO ARE ABLE TO RULE IN THE CITY.

HAPPY as he was, and proud of Angelica and of her brilliant success, and delighted as he might be by the accounts of her popularity, Kauffman, as he confessed, felt very forlorn in the strange London world into which he had penetrated, and even as if Angelica was no longer the same little Angel he had been accustomed to. At first he tried to conceal this feeling: for a week after his arrival, and on the following Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, he concealed it; on Friday his depression became too evident



for Angel not to guess with her quick wits that something was amiss. The old man spent much of his time in her studio, received her guests with the old well-known formula, but, alas, here even his trump cards, the Cardinal and the Bishop of Como, seemed to have lost their potency.

Angelica used to find it difficult at times to impress English customs upon old John Joseph, whose familiarity and obsequiousness were sometimes a little trying to her friends. She was not one of those who dwell upon the faults of the people they love, but it was impossible to be blind to the small social difficulties that arose from time to time.

People stared at the old fellow, as Lord Henry had done, some ignored him, some turned away or cut his stories short. Lady W. was barely civil to him, and if they had not had that one quarrel already, Angelica would have spoken to her on the subject. But, as it was, she dared risk no more scenes, for she did not feel in herself the strength to withstand unkind words and feelings from the person to whom she owed so much. Miss Reynolds, who had persisted in her visits, was the one person willing to listen while old Kauffman recounted the present and past glories of Angelica's career. Alas! none were to compare to these present honors, and yet were they happier now than in the old wandering days when they knew not from hour to hour what would befall them? But people strive for something apart from happiness, and must not complain if success does not always bring those consolations which belong to less prosperous times.

Old Kauffman felt the want of definite occupation, which is almost a necessary to us all, when sunshine (that best of occupations) fails. He visited the sights most diligently. Little Rosa of the dark eyes was his companion in his walks; with her he went to see Zucchi in his lodging in Soho. There were some sights as well unseen. Little Rosa shuddered every time she passed the blackened heads over Temple Bar. One day they met two carts with seven men going to be hanged at Tyburn.

Miss Angel was never in her life more grateful to any body than to De Horn one day when he gave an order for some designs for her father to make.

De Horn came more and more constantly, but often as he came, he was never entirely at his ease. He would stand, or sit, or talk, apparently without effort, but nothing seemed spontaneous. He never appeared quite to belong to the society in which he was, or even to care to do so. He used to have strange fits of abstraction, during which he seemed to lose the thread of what was going on. One day, instead of walking up stairs into Angelica's studio, he wandered

down into the kitchens below, to the utter amazement of the man and the cook. On another occasion he clambered up to the hanging board of his own coach. He was very kind but capricious to his servants and dependents. He had come from Venice by way of Vienna and Paris, and was now established in rooms in St. James's. He did not entertain, but his splendid equipage and liveries gave him notoriety, and his good looks and elaborate courtesy made him popular, especially with women; men were a little shy of him. He had fought a duel or two; he played cards, as every body else did; he never drank any wine. His riding was unrivaled, and it was really a fine sight to see him mounted on one of Lord W.'s spirited chargers, and galloping round and round the stable-yard. His dancing was also said to be unequalled. He had already engaged Miss Angel for a couple of sets at Lady W.'s great ball, to which every one was looking forward.

De Horn was a tall and distinguished-looking man, with a thoughtful countenance. His keen eyes seemed to read the unspoken minds of those with whom he came in contact. It was true that he knew something of the world; he could read men and women to a certain point, measure their short-comings and their vanities with a curious quickness of apprehension, but that was all. There is a far wider science of human nature, of which scarcely the first lessons had reached him. To understand people's good and generous qualities, to know their best and highest nature, we must be in some measure tuned to meet them.

De Horn, full of his own plans and selfish interests, was incapable of understanding the noble and generous emotions of others. He had found out Lady W.; he had discovered Angelica's vanity, her vague romance and want of judgment; he was aware of Lady Diana's temper and morbid suspicions; but in each one of these women a counterbalancing strength of good purpose existed which he counted as nothing, but which was in truth the secret key to their natures. He did not realize the true-hearted perceptions of Diana, the sudden, impulsive, blind sincerity of nature in our Kauffman.

Nobody knew very much about De Horn, although every body was talking about him. Angelica used to meet him constantly. She was always glad to see him in the room when she entered. Dr. Burney was giving his musical parties at that time. Angelica used to go there, and De Horn rarely missed one, although he seemed not to care for literary society as a rule, and used to look with an odd expression at the tea-table and the six-weeks-old dish of baked pears which the company systematically rejected. The pears might be indifferent, but the company was of the best; and Dr. Burney, with his



sword and court dress, would come in from the Duke of Cumberland's, bringing a flavor of highest social refinement.

De Horn sometimes spoke of life in Sweden, of his home near Stockholm, and of the parties there, with a certain well-bred reserve. Angelica was much interested by the few words he let drop one day concerning his picture-galleries.

"Had he pictures? What pictures?" asked Angelica.

"I trust before long that I may be able to answer your question by pointing to some now in your studio, madam," he said, with the slow foreign accent. "What charm can those of the old men have for us compared to that which your work must ever exercise?"

This was the style of conversation that Angelica did not object to, though common-sense made her reply. "I can imagine that a friend's work may have its own interest; but the old men, as you call them, Count," said Miss Angel, coquettishly, "have their own wonderful gifts, which we can not hope to follow or repeat. What pictures have you? Are they of the Italian school?"

"Yes, yes," said the Count, absently. "Your Hobbema painted a very fine portrait of my father—"

Angelica looked puzzled. The Count suddenly began to laugh, and said, "Forgive my distractions, madam, since you are the cause of them. What were we talking about?"

"We are talking about Dr. Johnson, Count," said one of the Misses Burney, who did not wish Angelica to monopolize their lion. "He is expected here presently. Have you ever met him?"

"An old man—something like this," said the Count, taking a few steps and changing his face. It was a curiously effective piece of mimicry, and the result was so striking that every body exclaimed, and began to entreat De Horn to perform some other characters. Angelica was scarcely pleased when he suddenly looked at his watch and darted across the room in imitation of Lord W.'s peculiar manner.

"No, no, no! Lord W. is the kindest man, the best of creatures," she cried. "I can not bear to see him imitated."

"And yet you yourself have painted his portrait," said De Horn, reproachfully, immediately returning to her side. His looks seemed to say, "I only did it to please you. I hate the whole thing." In vain they all begged for further specimens of his power. He took leave at the first pause in the conversation. Miss Burney came and sat down in the place he had left vacant. "What an actor that man is!" the little lady said; "I wonder whether good judges would agree with me. And yet, oddly enough, it seemed to me for the first time that he was *not*

acting to-night when he performed those characters."

"I do not know what you mean," said Angelica. "He is a very kind friend and an excellent critic."

The Swede's criticisms were very consoling to the poor little artist, shivering from Antonio's last sermon. He praised Angelica because it suited him to do so, and when he stood absorbed before her easel and exclaimed, "Good Heavens, what genius!" he scarcely looked at the picture, but at the blushing artist.

"There is a man of worth," old John Joseph would cry, rubbing his hands. "My Angel, has he given you an order? Have you asked him the full price? Remember to ask a good price from those who can pay, to whom gold is nothing."

"I can not agree with you there," Antonio would say. "A picture is worth its own value. I can not endure that your daughter should sell her dignity with her work, and change her price according to the bidder."

Old John Joseph was getting very impatient of Antonio's expostulations.

"Ché, ché, ché!" he said, angrily; "keep thy hand in thy empty pocket if it pleases thee, Antonio. Thou comest with thy croak, croak, like a bird of ill omen. Go, my Angel; trouble not thyself. She looks quite pale and worn, and it is all thy doing, Antonio; thou art robbing her of her beauty and freshness."

And, sure enough, Angel suddenly began to cry.

"Yes," she said, "you wound me, you pain me; you say we are bad people, that my work is worthless, that I make money by false pretense, by defrauding other people—you, Antonio, to whom we have always tried to show kindness and affection. Why do you do it? Why do you mistrust old friends, and give us nothing but pain by your coming?"

Her irritation was caused, had Antonio but known it, by very different things; but, as people do, she vented it upon Antonio, patient and silent enough now, and cut to the heart by her fierce attack. If he had but known it, never did she feel more trust in him, never more secret longing for his help and wish for his approval, than as she stood there, reproachful, with angry looks and white quivering lips. De Horn's attentions had brought back the impression of Mr. Reynolds's cruel behavior. She was to meet him also that evening at Lady W.'s ball. Her heart was heavy with irritated foreboding. She childishly poured the suppressed annoyance of the moment upon poor Antonio. The mood had been gathering; the storm now broke.

"Is this the way you venture to speak to me?" cried Antonio, also in the wrong, also



angry. "You two, who owe me a thousand benefits! Not of money, perhaps—that has not been mine to give—but is care nothing? Are anxious thought and fatigue and weariness in your service nothing? And now you, John Joseph, reproach me with my empty pocket, and forget all. You, Angelica, say that all my long fidelity and truth-speaking have given you nothing but pain. You shall be spared that pain in future. I leave you to your own infatuated vanity, to your worldly associates. Do you think I am blind? Do you think I do not see what is passing before my eyes, the baits thrown out to riches, to rank, to all unworthy objects? I don't know how much I have loved you, Angelica. Henceforth I leave you, and shall turn my thoughts away from your life and your interests. If you are sorry some day, that old fox, John Joseph, can come and tell me so."

And exit Antonio, banging the door.

"Oh, father!" cried Angel, falling back into a chair, and covering her eyes.

"Tch, tch!" said old John Joseph; "it is nothing, nothing, I tell you. He is insupportable with his jealousy. He will come back soon enough, on all fours, to ask our pardon. Insolent calumniator. Old fox!—did you hear, Angel, what he called me?"

This happened on the very afternoon of the day when Lady W.'s great ball was to be given. Angel, who had been looking forward to it with childish eagerness, now suddenly seemed to turn indifferent—to hate the very notion of dancing with a heavy heart. When the moment came to get ready she reluctantly followed little Rosa, who had run in to remind her that it was time. The scene with Zucchi had troubled Angelica greatly. She felt that he had been in earnest, and that he was really gone, whatever her father might say.

"Cousin Angel, are you not longing to look at your dress?" said little Rosa. "Uncle and I have put it out upon the bed for you for a surprise. Come, come;" and she took one of the listless hands and tried to drag her up from her seat.

It was even a greater event to little Rosa that Angelica should go to this great ball than to Angelica herself. "Will there be any body so grand as you?" said the little thing, looking delightedly at the dress that was spread out upon the bed.

Angelica's bedroom was a great dark room, with a red paper, and one or two dark old-fashioned pieces of furniture which had been left by the last inhabitant, a melancholy old bachelor who had died there. One door opened into the studio, through which little Rosa now came again, carefully carrying the tall lamp which the woman-servant had just brought up. Upon the bed lay the beautiful white brocade ready to put on, with white satin shoes pointing their toes,

and the fan already prepared to flaunt. Angelica had painted it herself with her favorite theme of shepherds and pipes and mausoleums. How Miss Angel had enjoyed making her preparations, and now—

"You are not looking," said the little girl. To please her, the young painter bent over the dress. A tear fell on the sleeve of the silver brocade, making a little stain.

"Oh, cousin!" said little Rosa, horror-stricken.

"A brocade trimmed with pearls and tears, child—that is a new fashion," said Angelica, smiling sadly; and then she sat down listlessly by the side of the bed. She was a little stunned somehow, and scarcely could have told you what had happened or why her tears were falling. After a few minutes she roused herself, and began to get ready, with the help of her kind little tire-woman. She felt so strangely; it seemed to her as if she had received a dull blow, and the effects were still upon her. Listless, ashamed, provoked, indignant, she had never looked less handsome than to-night. She talked on to little tiptoe Rosa; she patiently turned and twirled before old John Joseph's admiring eyes; he held the Roman lamp on high to see her more plainly. Her dress of white brocade was a present from Lord Essex, who had brought the stuff with such evident pleasure and kindness that Angelica had not known how to refuse the gift, and she had had it made up for the great occasion.

It would have been more becoming to her than the celebrated rose-bud dress, had she been in equal spirits. White is the natural color for all young women, that in which they look their best, but Angelica's best to-night was a sad and absent best.

Lady Diana had good-naturedly sent her own carriage and man-servant to fetch her friend and the brocade.

"Heaven bless thee, my child!" said John Joseph, with great solemnity, when the carriage was announced. "Be good and happy, and continue to recompense your old father for all his long sacrifices. They seem to him as nothing when you are honored and esteemed according to your merit." And then she drove off in the dark, and a page was turned over forever in her life.

## CHAPTER XXII.

"MUSICIANS WAITING—ENTER SERVANTS."

LADY W. had not spared thought and trouble to make her ball go off with all brilliancy of wax and fire, of minuet and country-dance, of beauty dressed to best advantage, and music playing in time to dignified graces; servants without number were standing about the doors displaying their masters' gold-braided, ambitious, and bright-



colored liveries. De Horn's green lackeys were conspicuous among them; they carried wands in their hands, and wore huge nose-gays. The park was lighted by torches, lamps were hanging along the avenues that led to the house. A crowd stood outside the iron gates, cheering occasionally as the long names and the splendors and persons belonging to each came driving up. I think people were less *blasé* then than they are now, and thought more seriously upon certain subjects. Dancing, for instance, and powdering and postures took up a great deal of time; so did conversation and correspondence—of all of which exercises our own generation seems somewhat impatient, as it hurries on its way, curtailing with small ceremony.

Miss Angel started in her grand equipage to take her part in all the state ceremonies, and her father put on his old cloak and prepared to follow into the crowd, to have the glory of seeing his child pass into the paradise of lords. The Princess of Brunswick was to be there and other great personages. Little Rosa begged so hard to be allowed to go too that, as it was a fine November night, shining with many stars, and crossed by no chill winds, the old man consented to it, and the little girl started, clinging to his hand, and dancing with delight along the pavement. I suppose to one or two people present or in the crowd within or without every ball is delightful; certainly little Rosa in her outer darkness was as happy as any of the splendid and lighted-up ladies within—far happier than Angel herself, who had come in a strange and depressed state of mind.

By degrees (it often happens after depression), her spirits rose wildly. If a new gown, plenty of music, smooth polished floors, admiration, and half a dozen persons at her elbow could make her happy, these elements were not wanting. Antonio was gone, Mr. Reynolds had left her, but all these vanities remained. People talk of fleeting worldliness; it seemed to be the one thing that she could count upon. Friendship left her in a fury; love made a speech, and walked out of the room; but here were faithful frivolity and vanities unchanging; here were partners and compliments; here was De Horn unremitting in courteous attention. Since other things were not for her, she would take what she could hold. Was Frivolity a divine goddess, after all? was this to be the experience of her life—to find divinity in one thing after another? At times during that eventful evening Miss Angel's laughter and spirits were almost wild, but at others she drooped. There was anxiety in the air; the secret feelings of the last few months seemed mingling with the scene before her. Almost the first person she saw as she came into the room was Mr. Reynolds,

talking to one of the beautiful Ladies Waldegrave. He came up to her, held out his hand with a gentle deprecating look. She hardly knew how to respond; there was a dazzle of lights before her eyes, of music in her ears. She turned away quickly, and just realized the fact that Lady Diana, who was in crimson, and looking greatly bored, was beckoning to her to come and stand by her side.

From their corner the two ladies could see into the great dining-room; it had been decorated and turned into a dancing hall. An arch had been opened into the little octagon room, Miss Angel's late retreat.

Her bedroom had been transformed into a retiring boudoir, with lamps and low divans; almost all the windows were unshuttered, and the lights on the terrace without, and the shouts of the by-standers, seemed to make a fiery circle and outer incantation to the glittering magic within. There is a picture by Stothard of a court ball in those days, delicately and charmingly indicated. There is a sweeping and measured calm in all the brilliancy, a high-bred grace and composure. Lady W.'s ball was remarkable for this mixture of brightness and grave restraining sense of high dignity present.

The country-dances were performed with great spirit. Angelica danced twice with M. De Horn, who came and reminded her that she was promised as she stood by Lady Di. De Horn's dancing was celebrated for its excellence. He was stately, composed, graceful, moving his long limbs with a sort of careless ease. When dancing, he seemed quite different from the somewhat conscious person he appeared under ordinary circumstances. His ear for music must have been remarkable; and the whole glittering set of country-dancers seemed to be inspirited and kept to the measure by this one man's performance. They swayed and bowed and stamped their high heels; the swords swung, the gentlemen's gold embroideries, which they shared with their lackeys, twinkled; the stately lady figures rose and sank, and pointed their satin toes. De Horn among them all, in his black and silver, seemed to beat his own time and to keep the music itself in measure. Angelica made no secret of her pleasure in his performance. When excellence reaches a certain point, even dancing becomes a fine art, and ceases to be a personal display to real artistic natures. Perhaps this may have been a small fine art, but it was all in all for the moment; and when De Horn's glance sought Angelica's after one of their complicated evolutions, she gave a bright and unqualified look of approval and interest.

Mr. Reynolds was still standing not far off, and he saw her glance, and then he looked down at his shoe buckles, feeling as if he had no right to watch Angelica's expres-



sions or movements any more. That look seemed to tell him he had been right; to absolve his conscience. She was a ghost to him—that beautiful living woman, with the light of youth in her eyes, of interest and fine intelligence. When the dance was over, De Horn conducted her back to her place by Lady Di. He remained by her side, not talking exactly, for he was a *personnage muet*, and depended more upon his legs than his wits for the favor he received from the world. He stood keeping guard over Angelica's talk with every body else, and putting in a word every now and then more or less to the purpose.

"What a stupid man De Horn is!" said Lady Di once, when he had moved away, called off by some acquaintance.

"Do you think so?" said the Kauffman. "I think the man is a very good specimen of a human being." She spoke lightly, but she felt any thing but gay and unconcerned.

Was it magnetism and force of will by which De Horn made his way? It was some curious power he had of making others half interested, half afraid. Angelica dimly felt that she was in danger. He still seemed with her, even when she was talking to others. Goethe tells Eckermann about attractive and repulsive powers belonging to human beings as they walk in mysteries. It must have been some magnetic powers in De Horn which imposed upon so many.

As the handsome couple stood side by side they commanded a view of the brilliant company in the blazing hall and on the staircase drawn up to receive the Princess of Brunswick and the Duke of Cumberland, who had arrived in state. The heads bend in long line, the courtesies vie in depth and sweep: the procession sweeps on, the buzz of voices rises afresh.

Two people begin talking in the crowd of the *Daily Courant*, a newspaper which has just come out.

"Its news is not of the latest," says one of the speakers, turning to De Horn; "it announces Count de Horn's expected arrival in London *viâ* Paris and Dover. It is three months after date in its intelligence."

"Is he coming?" said De Horn, with a start.

"He—who?" said the other, and De Horn seemed suddenly to remember to burst out laughing.

Angelica, preoccupied as she was, could not help wondering at the agitation this little incident seemed to produce in her partner. He presently asked her if she did not feel the heat. Would she not come nearer an open window?

"Are you ill? Pray do not think of me," she said, for she saw that he was deadly pale. But he would not leave her. He seemed to detain her, by mere force of will

to keep her apart from the rest of the company.

He began talking as he had never done before. "Ah! that you were in my own rank of life!" he said once. "But what matters rank or difficulty where there is wit and courage and true love?"

She became more and more uneasy as his manner grew more free. He followed her every where, from room to room, into the supper-room at last, where he handed some refreshment she had asked for across a table, saying, "Let me serve you, madam. You are fortunate people here in this country, where you have no vexing restrictions, as with us. Before I left Sweden a friend of mine was brought before the magistrates for having taken a cup of chocolate in her box at the play. She was condemned to a week's imprisonment and a heavy fine."

"Is it possible?" cried Angelica. "I should be sorry to pay such a price for a cup of chocolate!" (Alas! poor woman, she had to pay a heavier price than this for that which Count de Horn was now handing to her.)

"Our sumptuary laws are of extraordinary severity," cried the Count. "I myself have, I fear—" He broke off abruptly. "Will you come back to the dancing-room?" he said, and he looked at her with one of those strange, uncertain glances.

As De Horn's agitation grew, Angelica felt her own insensibly increase. She became more and more afraid, and once when he had been called away by one of the Princess of Brunswick's attendant pages, she precipitately engaged herself to Lord W., who happened to be standing near.

But fate seemed to interfere. Lady W. came up with a "No, W., you must *not* dance with Kauffman. I know how much you would like to do so, but there is the Princess of Brunswick waiting to be taken in to supper. Here is Count de Horn, who will, I am sure, supply your place."

She was gone, and once more Angelica found her fingers in the grasp of the very hand she was trying to avoid. His fingers held hers so strangely, closing with a firm light pressure, that she seemed unable to resist. "Here is a seat by the window," she said, trying to avoid him, and with a sort of smile she withdrew her hand in an unconcerned way, talking of something else all the while. But again she happened to meet the look of his strange penetrating eyes as she glanced up. It seemed to her as if his glance held her as firmly as his closing fingers.

Old John Joseph was in the crowd outside, and had managed to creep with little Rosa through the barriers. They reached a window at last from whence they could see into the ball-room. As they stood on the terrace of the garden, they saw, to their



delight, Angelica go by in her brilliance, escorted by this magnificent squire.

"How white she looks, uncle!" said little Rosa. "Is she frightened, all alone?"

"She is not all alone; that great signor is talking to her," said John Joseph. "Praised be Heaven that I see my child honored as she deserves; all are acknowledging her rights. See, Rosa, they are looking for her; she receives a message; she is led across. Rosa, it is one of the Princess's pages who has been sent for her," cried old John Joseph, creeping up closer and closer to the window, and trampling the flower bed, to behold the apotheosis of his Angel as she is conducted to the great chair where the Princess is sitting in state.

"People are coming this way. Come quick," whispers little Rosa, pulling at his coat tails. They are a timid pair, and the burst of voices frightens them, and the two creep off carefully and unperceived, slide along the rails, and come out away into the street.

They find their way home, through dark moon-lit streets, to the house where the tired servants are sleeping.

Soon little Rosa, too, is dreaming of moonlight and of music.

Old John Joseph lights his pipe, and sits down contentedly in the great chair in the parlor, waiting until Angel should return. He opens the window to hear her first summons. Long, warm, dark hours pass, and he nods sleepily in his place, all wrapped in his cloak. The open window lets in the first light of dawn; the birds begin to chirp crisply in the chill serenity.

The dawning light shines upon the ball and upon the dancers, still untiringly pursuing their mazes. It shines upon a woman who has come out from the hot glaring room, with its straining music and oppressive scent of burning wax, into the dim gray garden, where the trees just rustle in the dawn, and the sparrows are whistling their early chorus with fresh precision.

All that night Angelica had felt unnaturally wound up, excited, agitated. This dim cool light seemed to call her back to rest, to tranquil mind, to reality of heart and feeling. Her dress gleamed white among shadows. Some silver cloud was drifting overhead.

Some one saw her go from the room, and came pursuing her steps. It seemed impossible to avoid De Horn, who now followed her along the twilight path. "Why do you come?" she cried, exasperated. "Do not you see that I would avoid you?"

"Why do I come?" said De Horn. "Madam, I have come to say to you. My happiness, my liberty, my life, are in your hands. I have had news to-night, news that overwhelms me. I am in dire disgrace. My

estates and my life may be forfeit. You alone can save me, save me from despair."

Angelica turned her wondering looks. She saw he was in earnest; he looked ghastly.

"The Queen would listen to *you*," he cried. "Did you not see the Princess smile as she gave you her Majesty's message and summons to Windsor? *Your* influence would save me," he repeated.

"Indeed, I will do any thing," faltered Angelica, greatly moved. "But you overrate; you entirely mistake."

"I do not overrate any thing," he said, approaching his anxious face to hers; and through the dim twilight his great black eyes gleamed, and as the light increased she saw more plainly the lines of care and almost terror in his face. Then, before she could prevent him, he fell upon his knees, and caught hold of her skirts with his two hands as he spoke.

"You have influence upon all whom you approach. You could obtain grace for your husband," he cried, "if not for me. Oh, Angel, be that which you are, a generous and noble-hearted woman! Give me my life. I love you to distraction; you see it, you know it. If you have one womanly feeling, one pitiful thought for a wretch in torment, you could save me, you alone." And he struck his breast, with one hand still holding to her dress.

"Oh! no, no," said Angel, doubting, not knowing how to answer, how to escape.

He went on passionately entreating, warming as he continued, and she, bewildered, excited, let him go on—listened with rising agitation, melted as she listened, grew interested against her own conviction, and suddenly the spell of the moment, the passionate petition, her own yielding nature, all overcame her. Some wave seemed to flow over her head, and it seemed to her as if it was no new thing, but as if that voice had been pleading and pleading from the very beginning of life, as if all her coldness and indifference were cruelty and selfishness, and as if some conviction had come to her that he *must* be saved at any price—she alone must save him.

Suddenly, very quietly, she yielded, agreed to every thing. She would marry him if he really wished it—meet him at the little Catholic chapel out of Manchester Square as he entreated. He could hardly believe her as she spoke. She would keep the secret; and as she said so he seized her hand and kissed it again and again.

If any one were to suspect his marriage—such were the laws of Sweden, De Horn assured her—he would be immediately carried off, imprisoned perhaps for life; "but you, my treasure, my Angel of deliverance, under the shadow of your pure wings I shall be safe." He seemed again overpowered, and for a moment Angelica lost courage.



But she made no opposition when De Horn seized her hand and pulled Lady W.'s little ring off her finger.

"I must leave you," he said; "they are coming; but this is a pledge of your truth and goodness. You dare not fail me now." Though his words were harsh, his looks were melting; they seemed to appeal to her very heart. She could not speak, but bent her head in assent. When she looked up, De Horn was hastily escaping along a shadowy path; for one instant he stopped and pointed toward the house from whence a whole stream of dancers now issued.

The sun rose over the houses, a glittering stream of gold fell upon Angelica in her silver dress. As she turned to meet the company she seemed on fire, advancing radiant and excited. How much are omens worth?

Poor Angel! hitherto people had reproached her with lightness of nature. Henceforward the burden of life lay heavy enough to satisfy her most envious detractors.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### I MIGHT FORGET MY WEAKER LOT.

ANGELICA had little knowledge of character. She was too much absorbed in her own impressions to receive very definite images of the minds of the people she lived among. She could scarcely understand how events appeared to them. For some hours she lay still upon her bed, living over and over again the strange experiences that had come to her. It seemed to her as if she alone were concerned in all. Then at last she fell into a deep sleep, from which all emotion, all fear, all regret had passed away. She only awakened to hear her father's voice softly calling her from the room outside.

"Angelica, Angelica, my child!"

"Yes, father," answered Angel, with a sigh, awakening.

The door was locked, and she did not unclose it.

"I hear that Zucchi is in town preparing for a journey to Italy," said old Kauffman through the chink. "Will you come with me, Angelica, and bid farewell to that misguided young man?"

"I am tired, father," said Angelica; "can not he come and see us as usual?"

"I have been at his lodgings," continued old Kauffman, mysteriously. "I can not persuade him to come, Angelica. You, my child, have more influence than I over that hog-headed youth. Haste! haste! dress thyself, and come with thy old father. I want to hear of last night. What did they say to thee?—they did not ask after thy old father, Angelica?"

"I can not go out; I am busy this morning," said Angel from within. She had now

risen, and was coming and going about the room.

She was determined not to be absent that morning. De Horn might come; a message might come. What was this strange new state of mind in which she did not dare to face her father? She found that she dreaded meeting him. The thought of seeing Antonio also frightened her: she felt as if he would read her very heart in one glance.

Old Kauffman was surprised that his daughter should venture to be obstinate. His temper had been ruffled by Zucchi's reception. He had already visited him that morning. The young man was busy packing, winding up his affairs, seeing to many details. Old Kauffman's reproachful reconciliation rather bored him than otherwise. Zucchi was preoccupied, depressed by his father's death, hurrying to his brothers and sisters. Old Kauffman, with his martyr-like airs, vexed him. His moral aphorisms about resignation, his long descriptions of his own household prosperity and elevation, were not calculated to put Antonio into better spirits. Old Kauffman perceived that something was amiss. And so he had determined that Angelica must come herself to the rescue. But Angelica is also obstinate, will not open, and calls out from time to time, "I am coming, father. Dear father, do not knock so loud. Let me dress in peace."

"Do I disturb your peace? Is this the way you speak to your father?" shouts the old fellow, more and more irate and vexed by every moment's delay. "After my years of care, of self-denial, after the education I have bestowed upon you, with efforts scarcely to be told," he says, raising his voice, for he hears footsteps approaching, and is glad of an audience to his wrongs, "is this the way to treat your father, whose long sacrifices came to the very notice of the Lord Cardinal? Ungrateful child, where is your obedience? Why do you refuse to accompany me on this visit of reconciliation and farewell?"

Then he looked round to see who had come in, and what the effect of his eloquence had been upon the visitor—was it Antonio, after all? Antonio at that moment was far away in spirit. Could Angelica have seen his heart as it was then, it might have added a pang to the moment. How bitterly did he reproach himself afterward for his indifference and failure at this critical time! Some phase had come over him. Weariness of waiting, conviction of the hopelessness of his dreams; for the first time vivid personal preoccupations had come to separate him from Angelica's interests. It was not Antonio but De Horn who walked in upon Kauffman's recriminations. He found him with his long blue coat tails flying, and his nose against Angelica's panel.



"Ungrateful child!" the old father shouts with renewed eloquence. "What an example for thy little innocent cousin Rosa, my dead brother's only daughter—a legacy to our tenderness;" and then Angelica from within hears a second voice and a change of tone in old John Joseph. Her heart beats faster than ever. It is De Horn already come. Come—for what? Her trembling fingers tangle the strings. She can hardly fasten her dress, pin on the great flapping cap, beneath which her eyes shine so brightly; hook the band round her waist: somehow or other she is ready at last, she flings open her window for a breath of air, and then with shaking hands unlocks her door and comes forth. The studio is all full of sunshine. It is late in the morning and the sun is high.

De Horn bows low as she appears. He is standing in the window with her father.

Old Kauffman had been for the last few minutes escorting the Count from portfolio to portfolio, exhibiting Angelica's performances with a running commentary of his own, diving into portfolios, and all the while secretly calculating the possible sum to which De Horn would go for orders. "Here is your Excellency's own suggestion, *Garte à fous*" (so he pronounced it), "rendered by my naughty inspired one. That one, possessed with such gifts of Heaven, should prove rebellious to her father's expressed desire, is indeed a lesson to all." Then seeing Angelica's worn looks, "Thou art pale, my child. Why didst thou not tell me thou wert tired?" said old Kauffman, with real tenderness, hurrying up to her and taking her listless hand.

"Tis nothing, father, only last night's excitement," she answered.

Then she stood silent. She could not look at the Count, but turned her head away.

He advanced slowly, and was silent for an instant.

"I came, madam, according to our appointment, to invite you to visit Lord Henry's gallery of pictures," said De Horn, at last, with a keen, expressive glance, which made Angelica's cheeks blush crimson.

"Ah, now she is looking better," said old Kauffman, eagerly. "Go, my child, go with his Excellency. Why didst thou not explain? A walk will do thee good. I will return to that ingrate. Where is the sketch for her Majesty's portrait, Angelica? The Count is anxious to see it. We think of representing the Queen as Venus awakening the sleeping arts of England. The idea seems to me worthy of our great Dante himself."

Then he went on talking of the ball, of the Princess, of the brilliant scene of his Angel's triumph the night before; then he said he should delay no longer, but return

at once to Zucchi at his lodging. "It is better to forget the past; Antonio is a young man who owes almost every thing to our protection; he has proved himself an ingrate, but that is no reason to give him up altogether," said old Kauffman. Angelica did not hear a word he said. She saw him put on his cloak, look about in the corner of the room for his stick, take his three-cornered hat, and go off, calling to little Rosa, who was at play down below. Angelica, in her state of suppressed excitement and nervousness, was terrified to be alone with De Horn, and longed for some other explanation, some greater certainty. She tried to forget every thing in the present. The present—it was this unknown person, so familiar already. The present—it was in her own beating heart, in her studio with the pictures in every corner, the dreams, and the allegories, and the fanciful bedizenments of the truth.

People are sometimes distraught and driven on by unaccountable impulses. These two people seemed possessed; it is impossible to say what was real, what was mere illusion, in their relation. "I have brought you back your ring," said the Count, quickly. "Come, there is no time to be lost. I have made all arrangements. Will you come?" he repeated, and he took both her hands, and looked at her with his deep eyes.

"Do you remember the day we first met?" De Horn continued, gazing at her fixedly. "Some strange presentiment drew me in your steps. I followed you in my gondola; I watched you as you passed from picture to picture in the Doge's palace. Angelica, from the first moment I knew you, I had a presentiment how it would end; even when you left Venice, I knew I should see you again."

"Lady Diana had a presentiment too, I suppose," said Angelica, recovering a little, and speaking with a gentle laugh.

De Horn turned white, then black. "I was mad. I am in earnest now," he said. Then eagerly, "Don't delay, pray do not delay! The time is running short; the priest is waiting. You have promised; you, Angelica, are not of those who deceive."

"I hope not," said she, clasping her hands.

Angelica went stubbornly into her room, dressed herself, pulled on her silk hood; the broad frills fell over her face. Then she came out, and returned to the studio, where De Horn was waiting, gazing at her picture: he sprang forward with two long strides. "Are you ready?" he said. "My good Angel! my preserver! my idol!" So he called her. His love-making was somewhat to order, somewhat mechanical, so she afterward felt. At the time she was in a state of such strange excitement that she did not very clearly know what he said. She only



knew that this was some one who was grateful for her favors, some one in trouble whom she could serve; that by serving him she best served herself.

Here was a protector able and willing to help her. Henceforth she should have her own standing-place in the world; no longer to be tossed to and fro by variable tides, no longer to be dependent upon the chance favors of fashion, of patrons, upon their humors and fancies. She should have some one to turn to whose right it would be to defend her, some one noble, generous, gentle, the prince of her wildest dreams. People might blame: let them blame; she had a *right*, as other women had, to be loved, to give happiness, and to receive it. Who should dare interfere?

Little Rosa saw them as they started, and came running up. "Uncle did not take me with him. May I come with you, cousin?" she asked, taking Angel's hand.

Angelica held the little fingers tight in hers for an instant, and looked up at De Horn, who shook his head impatiently. "Go back, child," she answered, with a soft kiss; "I shall not be long away from you." She remembered the words afterward, and they seemed to her significant.

The child looked up, wondering, as they walked away along the sunshiny pavement; then they and their shadows crossed the angle of the square and disappeared behind the railings—the light drifting figure, the tall black man with his sword and his cocked hat.

De Horn appeared impassive as usual, but secretly he was in a fume of impatience. They were not safe until they had reached the church. They walked quickly and in silence. Angelica scarcely knew how to speak to him; once she felt inclined to turn back. They were passing the house where Zucchi lodged; some scarce controllable impulse made her stop; but as she hesitated she looked in her companion's face, and that one glance showed her it was too late. He pulled her hand through his arm, and she knew that she was glad it was too late.

Every body knows how strangely all the things that people have been and felt and loved sometimes, almost from very vividness, seem to lose their separate existence in our mind. The images grow confused, and we know what we fear and hope without realizing why or how. Angelica was in some such state as she hurried on with De Horn.

The people along the street made way for them as they hastened past. No one seemed to notice them particularly; she saw the common story of every day—the fish-wives shouting their wares, the coaches rolling, the windows opening and shutting; they too met a ghastly procession on its way to Tyburn, with a crowd hurrying along. De Horn turned pale, drew her closer to him,

and hurried away down a side street. They stopped at last at the low doorway in a passage out of Spanish Place. Afterward Angelica remembered that a great carriage went by just then; as it passed she saw the harness glittering in the sun.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### SIGN.

IN supreme moments of life people notice many things unconnected with the circumstance that is impending. Angel ever after remembered the stupid little details of that morning's walk, and the sight of glittering harness in the sunshine would give her some odd feeling of mingled shame and regret; so did the swing of a curtain at times when it took a certain fold. De Horn held up the old curtain that swung before the chapel door, and she walked in with her hand still upon his arm. It was a warm sunshiny morning, the streaks of dusty light reached to the altar, where a priest was standing with an open book, and the two chorister boys were in attendance. Nowadays such a thing could not be; even then it was scarcely possible; but chance and opportunity had helped De Horn. He had met the priest, perhaps the only man in London who would have served his purpose, and his evil genius had not failed him yet.

The ceremony began, and Angel finds herself before the altar, looking at the darkened picture of Mary Mediatrix with the stabbed heart in flames. And the priest reads on, and the words of fate echo through the chapel, and the dream is dreamed out—a dream of blessing, a dream of prayer, a dream of peace never to be fulfilled. The whole thing seems so real, and is so baseless a fabric, a semblance only of what might have been so true for both these people. The prayers beat against the walls with chill echoes; the little choristers swing their incense; outside in the street the people are passing on their daily business. A woman, seeing the door open, comes in and kneels in a quiet corner of the chapel; the Count started and looked round uneasily, hearing footsteps; then, re-assured, he turned his dark eyes, not without some expression of feeling, upon the bent head by his side. And then the priest's voice ceases at last, and the boys give a parting swing to their censers. It is over; the blessing is spoken in Latin, reluctantly enough and ineffectually enough to vindicate the power of all true benedictions.

"You have yet to sign," said the priest, hoarsely. He was an oldish man, and seemed ill and scarce able to stand. More than once his voice had faltered as he read the service. He came slowly down the steps of



the altar, and led the way to the vestry. There, after taking off his robe and slipping on his common daily vestment, he fetched a great book from a closet, and made them sign—*Charles de Horn, Angelica Kauffman*—in the ruled place in the long column.

Angelica, incautious, incomplete, loving-hearted, went on acting in this dream as if it were all a reality, and looked up smiling, with her eyes full of tears. "You see I have done as you wished," she said. And the stranger she had so imprudently trusted, forgetting for one instant that it was but a semblance of a shadow, broke out into some vehement and almost tender protestations of affection and unalterable fidelity.

Then he turned, still holding her hand, and whispered something to the priest, and slipped some money into his palm. The priest seemed to demur, to ask for something more.

De Horn looked vexed. Angelica was still absorbed and not very observant.

"Have you a purse?" said De Horn to her; "in my agitation I have forgotten mine."

Angelica fumbled in her pocket, and put her little purse with its hard-earned guineas into his hand with a low laugh.

"I did not know it cost so much to get married," she said, gayly.

"This is an unusual marriage," the priest replied, knitting his brows; "the fees are very heavy, and there may be more to pay."

Then arm in arm the new-married pair walked down the aisle in silence; there was no triumph of music and friendship to escort them, but they heeded it not, and they came to the doorway where the curtain was swinging. Again De Horn lifted it for his bride to pass under, and stepped back into the shadow as he did so. She, with her radiant, beaming face, stepped out into the sunshiny street, and at that moment, by some strange chance, a lady crossing the road, followed by her footman, came face to face with the new-made bride. Some chances happen so strangely that one scarce can call them chances. They seem as though they were results following some secret law. Angelica stopped, turned white, then crimson.

"You, Angelica! I am in good luck to meet you," cried Lady Diana, for it was she. "What, have you been confessing to your priest? Why do you look so amazed, child?"

"How did—how came you here?" faltered Angelica.

"I have a cousin living in Manchester Square. Lady W. set me down just now, and the day was so fine that I determined to walk home," said Diana, smiling. "I did not expect to find such good company along the road."

Lady Diana seemed to take it for granted that Angelica would walk back with her, and began to move onward at an easy pace.

Angelica lingered and looked round anxiously and bewildered. De Horn had not come out. What would he wish? what ought she to do? She hardly knew what to do; she was little used to acts of deception. Lady Diana remembered afterward how strange her manner had been.

"Could you—could you wait here?" said Angelica. "Don't—don't come in with me. I will—My confessor." She pushed against the leather curtain and rushed into the chapel again, trembling lest Diana should follow. The place was quite empty now, no one was praying or being married at the altar, all the lights were out. De Horn was not there. She crossed, calling him once or twice gently, and reached the door of the vestry, where they had signed the papers a few minutes before. As she came along Angelica heard voices, those of De Horn and the priest who had married them. Were they angry? Surely she heard wrongly?

"If you dare," said De Horn; but as she opened the door she found herself almost in his arms. "Is she gone, my Angel?" he cried, in a different tone.

"Lady Diana is waiting. Shall I tell her? Oh, may I tell her all?" said Angelica, imploringly.

"Not now, not now," he answered, turning pale. "Do you know that my very life may be forfeited if you do not keep my secret?" Then he gently put her away. "Go back now," he said; "go with her; it will prevent suspicion. I will make my arrangements; leave all to me. I shall follow you to Windsor. As soon as it is safe for me to speak, the whole world shall be aware of my happiness. Go now, Angel of my life. She might suspect if you delay," he said, in some agitation, as he led her gently toward the door, and infolded her once more; then somehow Angel found herself alone, quite alone, in the dim chapel once more, with a strange sinking of heart. She heard Lady Di's straggling footsteps coming in search of her.

"Is he gone?" said Lady Di, slipping her hand into her friend's arm.

"He?" faltered Angelica. "What do you mean?"

"Did you not tell me that you were looking for your confessor?" said the other lady. "Ah, child, I fear that for some people there are many things to confess after a ball," and she smiled, and then sighed a little sadly. Then, as they came away, she went on talking more seriously, saying that for her part she was glad to have been born a Protestant in a Protestant country. "I could not endure," she said, "to feel myself in the bondage of another person's will; perhaps that is why I remained protesting," she said, "neglected, but free."

Angelica scarcely listened as Lady Di talked on; it was with difficulty she could bring



herself to answer. No wonder that she was absorbed in her own affairs. She had thrown herself into her part with all her fervor of nature; this strange future did not frighten her, although her heart beat with some vague alarm. Should she be able to do her duty by her husband? She was not afraid, nor did she fear for her father. Surely, surely, she should be able to make his happiness still. Was it not her special gift to make those happy whom she loved? Where had Lady Diana wandered in her talk?

"Dear Angelica," she was saying, "you must forgive me now if I say something to you which has often been upon my lips. There is one person who frightens me for you—one person who haunts your steps. I could not help noticing his manner the night of our ball. There is something about that man—something false, believe me. I would not trust him with any one or any thing I prized."

"How suspicious people are!" cried Angelica, firing up strangely, "how uncharitable in their judgments! What has Count de Horn done to you or me but kindness? How, how can you speak so cruelly?" All her pent-up agitation broke into tears of excitement. Lady Diana was not a little indignant with her for her childishness.

"You are perfectly absurd," said that plain-spoken lady. "I have little patience, as you know, with affectation. What is Count de Horn to you or to me that we should quarrel about him?" They had reached the door of Angelica's own house by this time. Wearied out and overexcited, the poor bride pulled the bell, and, when her servant came, rushed in without a word, without bidding her friend farewell, brushing past her father on the stair, and once more ran into her own room and locked herself in, in a passion of tears and excitement.

But this storm did not last long. In an hour she had recovered, and came out and joined her two friends. She might be silent to them of what had passed, but she would condescend to no small deceptions, so she determined. Yes, she had been crying. "Never mind, father," she repeated, clinging to him for an instant, "it is no real trouble affects me. I know not," she added, "whether it is happiness or sorrow." She said this with the old familiar action, and holding his arm. She had never been sweeter than at that moment. Her grace, her tranquillity, her gentle bright emotion, unconsciously re-assured him. Little Rosa caught some hidden gayety from her cousin's manner. "How pretty you look, Cousin Angel, in your white dress!" said the child; "but the winter is come, you will not be able to wear it any more."

Whatever poor Angelica may have shown of feeling that day, it is certain that her

bridegroom never lost his composure. He actually called as usual that afternoon, and finding some company present, played a part as if nothing had happened, and, to Angelica's dismay, went away without even a look, leaving Lord Henry discoursing upon the beauty of wax-work and its superiority to marble. Rossi describes De Horn's perfect calm through all this deception. This man's interested feeling was so mixed up and complicated with real respect and admiration that it would have required a far more diffident and suspicious person than my poor heroine to distinguish the false from the true in all that had happened. De Horn's part with *her* was not all acted; that was the difficulty. Others found him out, because with them he was but a performer; with her he was as sincere as it was possible for a man of his nature to be. It was an unlucky fate that brought this half-developed mind, with its unscrupulous instincts, into contact with an impressionable, fanciful nature, ready to fill up gaps, to paint its own colors upon the clouds, to trust implicitly, to fear no evil, and to shirk the realities of life.

The weather broke suddenly after this last sunshiny November day. Angelica could not go out. The wind tossed the clouds, and heaped dull palls over Golden Square. The light scarce sufficed for the painter's work. John Joseph, too, seemed ailing, and required all her spare time. A week went by utterly uneventful and silent, as Angelica nursed her father and tended him. At times every thing that had happened seemed to pass from her mind. It was not, could not be true, she sometimes thought, as the days went by. She heard nothing more of De Horn. Except for the ring upon her finger she might have thought it all a dream, as she sat listening to every step, starting at every post and scrap of paper.

One stormy day Marianna brought in a letter which had been left at the door.

It was blotted with ink and with rain, and oddly spelled. Angelica herself wrote a pretty and delicately lined handwriting, and she was a little disappointed by the look of the clumsy manuscript.

"Wait, my idol," it said. "The time is not yet come. You will be summoned to the Queen in a day or two. This I have on good authority. Then will be the moment to disclose our marriage. I shall join you at Windsor. Yours till death, DE HORN."

This was all—a mere scrap to exist upon; but Angelica was of a bright and hopeful disposition. She thought well of life on the whole, and though all was uncertain, and the skies clouded, and the winds rose, and though winter had suddenly broke in upon her warm sunshine and tranquillity, she hoped on, and wove her fancy pieces, and



secretly enjoyed her dignities. A countess! What would old John Joseph say when she told him? He would surely, surely forgive the deception. One day she could not help asking him if he should like her to marry a high court gentleman, and live among the great.

"Eh! my child, who can say? Nothing is impossible," said the old man. "But my little Angelica will have to take her old father with her," said the old man, fondly. "That is, when she goes for good. At present I am best at home."

"We must never separate—never, father," cried she, flinging herself into his arms.

When the summons to Windsor actually came—as De Horn had predicted it would—old Kauffman was not equal to the journey, and Angelica set off very reluctantly alone. She left him with little Rosa in attendance. If only Antonio had been there to cheer him, she might have minded less.

Antonio was far away. He had traveled rapidly, and was already at his journey's end, thoughtfully pacing a sweet and tranquil sunshine as it flowed along a high terraced walk. From the high battlemented terrace he could look down into a walled garden, with the great pots and the citron and pomegranate trees. • Some lemons still

hung to the branches, burning like gold. Some aromatic scent still perfumed the air.

Sounds came from the rippling plain beyond the villa. Oxen were dragging their sweet-savored loads. Some sound of voices, of the reed a village Pan was piping to his flock, came floating across the melting Campagna and along the terrace. Antonio, as he walked, could fancy a slight figure drifting—almost hear a gay voice echoing for a moment more clearly than the shepherd's pipe. Should he find her in that little pavilion at the terrace end? He went up to it, opened the door, and looked in, almost expecting to meet the glad flash of the azure he loved better even than those Italian skies. There was no one in the little arched pavilion, only the beauties from its casements spread afar all the wonders of Italy rippling to the fragrant horizon. It was all lovely in its dimness, this shadowy land of ilex and of cypress, of tender light and delicate echo. Meanwhile Angelica, muffled in John Joseph's own cloak, hooded, snooded, shodden with fur, is slowly traveling along the snowy English lanes that lead to Windsor, to the great castle sumptuous on its hill, to the old straggling city of gables, and of the quaint memorials belonging to our grotesque and fire-warmed land.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

THIS is the three hundredth number of *Harper's Magazine*, the last number of its twenty-fifth year. With June it begins its twenty-sixth year and its fifty-first volume. Those of its friends who have the early numbers still recognize the familiar exterior, for that has never changed. The little cherub, its good genius, still sits up aloft bestriding the world in sign of the universal sympathy to which he appeals, and blowing his rainbow bubbles in token of the bright and pleasant way in which he seeks to entertain the world. The little ministers at his side still scatter the flowers of wit and romance and wisdom which for a quarter of a century have been dropping from their hands; and we like to believe that the well-known yellow cover, with its blithe and airy figures, has come to seem to many and many a reader and friend not the sere aspect of encroaching age, but the sunny brightness of perpetual freshness and morning.

But when the old friend and associate of three hundred numbers of the Magazine turns to the earliest numbers, he seems to open into another world. Certainly it is not even to his eye to-day's familiar page of *Harper*, for in the first number the only illustrations are pictures of the busts of three historians, Prescott, Alison, and Macaulay, and five prints of "Fashions" for early summer. These are all. And no student of the *Bazar*, we may be very sure, would care to appear this year in the fashions of that long-lost June. The grave editor says, in speaking of his great theme, "There is a decided tendency

in fashion this season to depart from simplicity in dress, and to adopt the extreme ornamental elegance of the Middle Ages." Had the grave editor taken down the learned work of Mrs. Stone, would he have supposed that the "decided tendency" which he remarked was peculiar to his own age? Or would the reader of to-day turn from the vision of Broadway or of the gay world any where to the modest costumes of our earliest number, and imagine that "the extreme ornamental elegance of the Middle Ages" was gone forever? The "straw hats for promenade" of a quarter of a century ago were almost crownless, and had very broad flat rims, and the hair was braided low and massively over the ears. And here is the "straw bonnet" of that remote period. The lady who wears it has the air of one irreproachably *comme il faut*. But the boys in the streets would laugh at her to-day. The bonnet, indeed, resembles a "calash," such as the ladies of Cranford may have worn, and the Yankee ladies did wear, forty and fifty years ago. It is, however, longer, and diminishes behind, and there is a cluster of flowers at the side. But the lovely head is quite hidden in it, and the eyes have some protection from the sun, which the members of Mr. Bergh's society wish for the eyes of eighteen hundred and seventy-five, under the jaunty and "keek" hats of to-day.

The literary repast of that first number had the beginning of Lever's *Maurice Tiernay*, and Mrs. Marsh's *Lettice Arnold*, and *Lizzie Leigh* as its chief dishes. But with these were the



sketches of travel and biography, the little essays and poems and miscellany, which have never failed upon this table, spread profusely for three hundred feasts. We learn from these faithful pages that Mr. Bryant had just published his *Letters of a Traveler*, and Bayard Taylor his *El Dorado*, a book which is praised for its picturesque beauty and chaste simplicity. In France the republicans had just elected Eugene Sue to the Assembly, and four-fifths of the army votes were cast for him. Louis Napoleon was President of the Republic; and the editor says of him that in his adroit and dangerous manner he is advancing with rapid strides toward absolutism—"that personal domination independent of the constitution which is the evident aim of all his efforts and all his hopes." He adds that as Louis Napoleon has been outvoted, he will undoubtedly be willing to try force. Then, with hearty American faith, the editor exclaims: "In any event, we do not believe it will be found possible to overthrow republicanism in France." The editor, unlike his brethren of to-day, was capable of being mistaken.

In England Prince Arthur was just born, and it had been decided that an iron building should be erected in Hyde Park for an industrial exhibition in 1851. Captain Perry and Sir John Ross were about sailing in search of Sir John Franklin. Wordsworth and Bowles—Byron's Bowles—had recently died, and due notice was taken of them in the Magazine. And Madame Tussaud, whose name is famous from the wax-works, was also just dead, at the age of ninety. Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn-law Rhymers, had published his last volume, and Mr. Browning's *Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day* had appeared, and the *Roman*, by Sydney Yendys—the pseudonym of Sydney Dobell. Mr. Bruce's *History of Greek Literature* and the first two volumes of Charles Merivale's *History of the Romans under the Empire* were also among the new books. In Parliament the education bill of Mr. Fox was warmly opposed by Lord Arundel, of an old Catholic family, on the ground that it provided only for secular education, and that secular education is essentially atheistic. The Editor's Department is not fully furnished in this first number. The Table, which stood there for a long time, and was considered by the giddy to be the monthly sermon of the Magazine, had not yet appeared; the Monthly Record of Events and the Literary Notices were there, but not the Scientific Record, although polite attention was paid to scientific progress. The Monthly Record was not yet complete and thorough as it has now become, and the Drawer was not yet opened—that Drawer into which fun from every part of the country now flows as naturally as water runs down hill. Nor, as yet, was the Easy Chair. When, at last, it was wheeled into the place it has so long occupied, its first occupant was one of the most delightful of American writers, whose *Reveries of a Bachelor* and *Dream Life*, appearing soon after the issue of the first number of *Harper*, were the most popular books of the time. They were "devoured" by young men and maidens all over the country, who found in them their own dreams and visions, their hopes and despairs of the heart, the dominant emotion of youth, expressed with a tender grace and pensive delicacy which gave the books the value

of poems. There were many who hailed the sweet and contemplative genius of the writer as the natural successor of that of Irving; nor has his successor in the Easy Chair ever felt the force and character of his predecessor's influence more than in the earnestness with which a famous belle—under a hallucination as to personal identity—whispered to him, "Oh, Mr. Easy Chair, when your *Reveries* was published I thought I had never read any thing so delightful; but your *Dream Life* is heaven itself!"

Through all these twenty-five years and these three hundred numbers it is a very pleasant thought that the bonds between the Magazine and its readers have been constantly strengthening, and that it turns toward its half century with a firmer hold upon the public than ever. It has seen many and many companions spring up around it, some of whom have fallen asleep, while others are wide awake, and running their race joyously. The old *Graham* and the *International* and *Putnam*—to much of whose estate the *Atlantic* has fallen heir—were the most popular of its early compeers. They are all gone, and the younger born are prosperous and enterprising, and furnish with *Harper* a monthly feast which to the reader of *Graham's Magazine* thirty years ago would seem miraculous for its variety and excellence. During all this time, too, the general character of this periodical has not essentially changed. It has, of course, immensely improved, and it is, we may say, equally of course, very much better to-day than ever before, simply because the resources of a magazine to-day are so very much greater than they were twenty-five years ago. And if the general character is much the same, whatever the advance in development may be, it is because the original conception of what a magazine in America should be was so felicitous and accurate. The immense success and popularity of the Monthly prove it.

One of the binding principles of its composition was and is that it shall not be controversial. It addresses an enormous public which is of very various and decided opinion upon all the great questions that admit of warm controversy, and which has many and many organs playing the favorite controversial tune in every key. But this public has a common ground of interest in the Elysian fields beyond debate, and in them the Magazine leads its reader to wander, and by those still waters to recline. There is no partisanship and no bigotry and no school in a tale of love, or a sketch of daring adventure, or in the music of noble poems. The politician, the bigot, the controversialist, in any sphere except that of good manners or some passionless point of scientific research, finds no welcome and no place in these pages. Only what Addison called the minor morals and manners are discussed here—the tea-table proprieties, as some cynic calls them. But Addison did not mind the size of his texts. He knew that the least of them led to the truth, as all roads lead to Rome.

Nor has the Magazine any reason to regret that it has faithfully observed the principles upon which it was founded. While great questions and immense interests have engaged the public attention during all its life, and have been discussed and decided and adjourned, it has still found its diocese enlarging, and its efforts to deserve friends rewarded by increasing friendship.



Happily its youth is immortal. Time can not wither it, for its sources are forever freshly renewed. It has spoken of itself, for this is its birthday. And in sitting down it begs respectfully to pledge its old friends and companions, and to hope that all who are entering upon their twenty-sixth year may do so with the same happy prospects that smile upon *Harper*.

AMONG the most interesting events in the editorial career is the reception of letters from innumerable correspondents, near and far, laden with counsel as to the editorial conduct of affairs. Poor Thackeray complained in his mirthful way of the oppression on the part of authors who came to offer their little contributions. They insisted upon stating the circumstances under which the article had been composed, and upon entering into general biographical details, and upon presenting the leanness of the family purse and the ill health of many relations, when all that the harassed editor wished to know was whether the proposed paper was interesting and available. How often in the life of this Magazine must not the excellent and devoted editor have verified this story of Thackeray's by his own experience! How many minutes, hours, days—yes, weeks—of priceless time, never to be recovered, has he not consumed in reading the difficult manuscript which recorded the fact that the writer's hands were cramped with cruel rheumatism, as if the interest and value of the contribution were thereby enhanced; or in listening to a piteous and touching tale of poverty and suffering, which should certainly have commended the suppliant to a charitable retreat, but failed to commend the story or essay which it prefaced to publication.

This is a text upon which the Easy Chair has preached more than one little sermon, but the present exhortation is somewhat different. It relates to the opportunity enjoyed by all editors of becoming familiar with the humane disposition of their fellow-creatures as shown in the willingness to attend to duties not strictly their own. The editor, opening his mail, reads that "Aristides" is surprised and mortified that such a story or sketch as he has just read in the columns under the editor's control should have escaped, as of course it must have escaped, his Argus eye, and so have slipped in to deform the otherwise admirable contents of the last number. "Aristides" hopes not to have another occasion of calling the editor's attention to such a slip. Then "A Subscriber of Twenty Years" must really say that he thinks the editor's common-sense must have nodded when he expressed such sentiments as are found upon page — of No. — of a work which until now has been always the most welcome visitor at the "Subscriber's" house. "Araminta," also, wishes to know how her friend — unknown, indeed, but none the less esteemed — the editor of so justly popular a publication, could have admitted a tale of such doubtful morality, *to say the very least*, as the "Millennial Wash-Tub" in a recent issue. And "Pacificus" writes merely to say that of all silly and stupid performances ever palmed upon a long-suffering public, the serial now running through successive numbers is the silliest and stupidest, and wishes to know why it can not be stopped at once, and the space filled with something more interesting

and attractive. "Index" demands to know how the editor can justify his consistency in last year describing a great movement for humanity as tweedle-dum, while he now refers to the very same as tweedle-dee. And "Torquemada" threatens to hold him up to public scorn if he does not confess the wretched sophistry by which he is leading innocent readers to various kinds of perdition.

These letters and all of their kind say but one thing, and the energetic correspondents would at once see it if the letters were collected in a book and shown to them. They all say, "We could manage your business in this and that detail very much better than you do yourself." And how true the remark probably is! That is the sting of it. When the lawyer, or the merchant, or the mechanic, or any other person with nothing to do comes into the editorial room to squander a part of the day, and finds the functionary with his hand buried in his hair, or with moody eyes intently downcast, how little those lazy visitors know that the melancholy editor is reflecting with remorse upon the fact that the world overflows with people who could do his work so much better than he does himself! Are other persons in their various vocations kindly reminded of the same great truth? Does "Aristides" write to Mr. Stewart that he is amazed to know that such wretched muslin could be found upon his counters as the last yard that his wife bought? Does an old customer write to Mr. Astor that he could make very much better investments than he does, and to Mr. Vanderbilt that his last railroad bargain is excessively stupid? If these gentlemen make mistakes, they undoubtedly discover it; but do they find it out by the representation of some anonymous friend?

There lies the moral, "Aristides" and ancient "Subscriber," and young "Araminta" and "Index," and "Pacificus" and "Torquemada," and all the illustrious host of censure. When the editor finds that the public is leaving him, he begins to consider the reason. But the public shows its disposition in one infallible way. It declines to buy the wares. It is not by a letter here and there, pro and con, but by signs which he instinctively reads, and which are not written, that he knows the movement of the public mind. The essay which "Huxley" writes to condemn, "Darwin" hastens to write that he approves. The story which "Middlemarch" declares to be mawkish, "Corinne" insists is "too lovely." The sketch "Zeno" stigmatizes as a marvel of stupidity, "Epicurus" commends as exceptionally brilliant. As the kind correspondent seats himself to ask if the serial which he does not like may not be discontinued, let him remember that six other correspondents are seating themselves to ask if another serial as fascinating may be expected to follow it. The editor's letters, indeed, answer each other. If the excellent writers knew it, they would perhaps spare their pains and the editor's time. Yet meanwhile the great aggregate of which they are parts, but not representatives, has a movement of its own which it is the editor's duty to comprehend. It may be wise for him to yield to it or withstand it, but he studies it in signs more accurate and significant than the chance letters that flutter into his basket.

The Easy Chair speaks for its editorial brethren.



ren, not for itself, for its withers are unwrung by correspondence. Such as comes to it is of so wise and gentle a censure that it is but a pleasure to read. Thus "Clio" writes: "Dear Mr. Easy Chair,—Don't you think you ought to have been more precise in your remarks upon costume or dress a month or two ago, and not have left us to suppose that you did not know the proper designation of Mr. Forster to be the Right Honorable, not because he is a member of Parliament, but of the Privy Council? You gave the impression of supposing that members of Parliament had some especial honorary title which you said was not Honorable, but implied that it was something else. I am so solicitous that you should not be misunderstood upon so serious a point that I am confident you will pardon my presumption." Could any correspondent be more delicate, any suggestion more airy? The Easy Chair answers "Clio" here and now that if in saying that Honorable is not the proper title of a member of Parliament it gave the impression that some other was, that impression was correct. A member of Parliament who is not a member of the Privy Council is known as M.P.

If editors could receive only such letters! If the strain of any addressed to the Easy Chair is harsher, it instantly assumes that the missive is meant for the responsible editor, and hands it over accordingly.

THIS is the centennial year of Concord, Lexington, and Bunker Hill, the opening of the Revolution, and the first paper in this number of the Magazine is a complete and thorough story of the great day of the 19th of April, 1775, at Concord, in Massachusetts. In June is the anniversary of Bunker Hill, and that of the other famous battles of the Revolution will rapidly follow. The Magazine has already, some months since, begun the erection of a centennial monument of the true glories of America in the series of papers recounting the progress of a hundred years in every department of the national life. These papers, carefully prepared by experts and scholars, are well worthy the attention of the country, and no nobler or more comprehensive contributions will be made to the centennial year. The great exhibition at Philadelphia will show results and contrasts, but these papers trace the progress of change and improvement step by step.

The celebrations of the battles and the exhibitions and the pictures, such as these papers present, will turn the national mind to the contemplation of times and men which had become somewhat obscured in later days. In every way this will be most useful, for this country is fortunate in its traditions of that time; and the characters and career of its public men, the tone of public and of private life, are all texts that the youth of to-day and the men of every age to-day may well ponder. The celebrations began at Salem, whither a British force was sent in the early spring of 1775 to destroy military stores. As the troops marched toward Salem, the minute-men, commanded by Timothy Pickering, took up a bridge, and the British commander, seeing his design discovered and the provincials ready to receive him, retired in good order. This was one of several expeditions sent out by General Gage for the purpose of destroy-

ing material of war, the last and most famous of which is described by Mr. Hudson in his article. At Concord and at Lexington there will be a celebration upon the 19th of April. Concord erects a statue of the Minute-man of the Revolution on the spot where Isaac Davis fell in "the first organized resistance to British aggression," and Lexington dedicates statues of Hancock and Adams. Bunker Hill already has its tall gray shaft, which "meets the sun in his coming," as Webster said fifty years ago, when in the presence of Lafayette the corner-stone was laid.

These three famous fields are all in one county, which may well be proud this year. But this year and the six following years furnish in their centennial memories reason for the pride of all America, and they furnish warning and inspiration too. Nothing is more wholesome than for a people to be reminded of a noble ancestry and of their illustrious deeds. America has had an immense heritage, a boundless opportunity. How has she used them? How is she using them? Is the present worthy of the past? Is the promise fairly fulfilled? Have Sam Adams and George Washington left a line of equal descendants? Are we faithful to the great and glorious memories of this year '75, and do we show our faith by our works? These are the centennial questions which every true son of Revolutionary sires will earnestly ask himself.

A HUNDRED or two years ago when, as Mrs. Barbauld said, the highest ambition of women was "to please," and when, as Charles Lamb said, the theme of every novel or story of fine society was "the undivided pursuit of lawless gallantry," it may well be supposed that Lady Clara Vere de Vere found that time did not hang heavy on her hands. But as the world rolls on, the remorseless spirit of the age challenges the traditions which seem to so many minds wise and sacred merely because they are old, and among them that which assumes an elegant and ornamental idleness to be a woman's true career. Yet a bad practice is not good because it is hoary, nor an injustice just because its tyranny is ancient. Nothing is more amusing than the argument that a proposed step forward must be unwise because it was never taken before. "Who ever heard of such a thing?" exclaims old Conservatism; and that it is "without precedent" is conclusive in many minds against what shall itself presently become one of the most honored and majestic of precedents.

The great lesson of history is courage. If the argument which Conservatism urges so warmly to-day had been accepted as conclusive a century or five centuries ago, the world would have been paralyzed. It is easy to comprehend from similar experience in our own times how the solid, "sensible," well-to-do sentiment of the English county of Bedfordshire must have lifted eyes and hands of amazement over the queer vagaries of that amiable but visionary gentleman, John Howard. It is all very well, quoth respectable public opinion, to sentimentalize about jails and the sufferings of prisoners; but felons are not angels, and if men break the laws they must be made to smart for it. There is no knowing where this kind of meddling may end. If Mr. Howard insists upon his whim, he will be sure to develop a mawkish sympathy for malefactors, and the com-



mission of crime will come to be considered a passport to comfort at the public expense. We had better make the consequences of crime so disagreeable that nobody will care to risk encountering them. This is the natural strain of the spirit that likes to call itself conservative, and by way of frightening people from committing crimes, it hung them for cutting down a cherry-tree and for stealing a loaf of bread.

But John Howard, like Sir Samuel Romilly a little later, did not think that wrongs were any more tolerable because they were called the bulwarks of society, and were said to be founded in natural justice and the reason of things, nor, on the other hand, was he afraid to undertake to remedy them because such efforts were derided as sentimental and visionary. The highest wisdom yet applied to human conduct, the golden rule, happens to be pure sentiment, and reason and logic are very feeble motive powers in comparison with it. John Howard was a country gentleman much addicted to reading the Bible and studying his thermometer: a mild kind of White of Selborne, his neighbors probably thought, until he was made high sheriff of his county. Then he saw what English jails were, and he resolved that they should be so no longer. Within a year he had personally inspected almost every jail in England, and found that they were physical and moral pest-houses—dens of inconceivable suffering and nurseries of the most loathsome crime. In one jail he found a cell so foul that the wretched inmate prayed to be hung. Howard shut himself into the dreadful place, that he might know what it was, and remained until he almost sank under the exposure. When such a man spoke, England must listen, and prison reform began with him.

John Howard's story is but an illustration of the methods in which real reforms are accomplished. To some person the work to be done seems to be the great work of the world, and he is absorbed in it with the sublime enthusiasm which is known as fanaticism. His reform is his one idea, and it is the men of one idea who have been among the chief benefactors of the race. The work that John Howard began, the improvement of prisons and hospitals, was an individual and voluntary work. But, like all such, it kindled many a generous heart and produced wide and incalculable results. It was nearly forty years after he began to visit the jails that Elizabeth Fry found in Newgate prison, in London, the wrongs of the old system, and from that moment her life was consecrated to the reform, as his had been, and she too traveled through various countries in Europe to extend her plans of improvement. Elizabeth Fry was a Quaker, and the Quakers had always asserted the practical equality of the sexes in many kinds of activity that are usually confined to men, so that she, although a woman of family and wealth and refinement, was not held to have "unsphered" herself by her humane labor and devotion. In our own time Florence Nightingale has shown the same intrepid will and self-reliance, and, like Grace Darling and Ida Lewis, has quietly vindicated her right to do what she had the inspiration and capacity to do.

And since Conservatism itself, carried forward by increasing wisdom, no longer insists that Mrs. Barbauld summed up the Whole Duty of Wom-

an in exhorting her "to please," Mrs. Fry and Florence Nightingale have certainly suggested a way by which the De Veres everywhere can prevent time from hanging heavy on their hands. And here among ourselves the path is made smooth for them by their own friends and associates. Early in the spring a meeting was held at the Association Hall in New York, at which Mr. Bryant was chairman, and at which three well-known and respected citizens, the Rev. Drs. William Adams and Henry C. Potter and Chief Justice Daly, spoke. It was the annual meeting of the State Charities Aid Association, a society which had its origin in the same impulse that inspired Howard and Mrs. Fry and Florence Nightingale. It is a voluntary association to insure a more faithful and efficient administration of the pauper system of New York, and also to improve or change the system itself by intelligent legislation. Its machinery is very simple, consisting of voluntary visiting committees in the various counties and towns for the purpose, in concerted action with the local official authorities, of visiting the public charitable institutions and the poor who are relieved by charity. These committees, composed of men and women of every sect, are in correspondence with a central association in the city of New York, and they are now twenty-seven in number, extending from Suffolk County, at the eastern end of Long Island, to Ithaca and Geneseo, in the western part of the State.

The work already done would be the amplest justification of the formation of the association, were it only the exposure of abuses which it has made. For the task of Howard and Mrs. Fry must be constantly renewed. If hospitals and prisons are to be kept free from terrible abuses, it must be by constant interest and attention. The Aid Society sprang from the personal observation by ladies of some shameful details in the management of certain neighboring public charities. Their interest awakened, they soon aroused others, and once embarked in the work, they began the most thorough and careful study of the whole subject, searching the experience of other countries, and throwing light upon the whole melancholy and menacing problem of pauperism. At the December meeting Dr. Elisha Harris told the story of "Margaret," the result of his own personal investigations. It is the tale of the consequences of the neglect of one poor little pauper child. The report says:

"Her name was 'Margaret.' Perhaps an orphan, perhaps abandoned by her parents, this poor little girl was left adrift in one of the villages of the Upper Hudson. There was no almshouse in the place; but she was a subject of out-door relief, probably receiving occasionally food and clothing from the officials, but never educated, and never kindly sheltered in a home. She became the mother of a long race of criminals and paupers, and her progeny has cursed the county ever since. The county records show *two hundred* of her descendants who have been criminals. In one single generation of her unhappy line there were twenty children; of these, three died in infancy and seventeen survived to maturity. Of the seventeen, nine served in the State-prisons for high crimes an aggregate term of fifty years, while the others were frequent inmates of jails and penitentiaries and almshouses! Of the 623 descendants from this unhappy girl, who was left on the village streets and abandoned in her childhood, a great number have been idiots, imbeciles, drunkards, lunatics, paupers, and prostitutes; but 200 of the more vigorous are on record as criminals. It is estimated that this neglected little child has thus cost the county authorities, in the effects she has transmitted, at least



one hundred thousand dollars in the expense and care of criminals and paupers, besides the untold damage she has inflicted on property and public morals. When we think of the multitude of wretched beings she has left upon the earth, of the suffering, degradation, ignorance, and crime that one child has thus transmitted, of the evil she has caused to thousands of innocent families, and the loss to the community, we can all feebly appreciate the importance to the public of the care and education of a single pauper child."

The inquiries of the society disclose that all abuses have not yet been corrected, and that the millennium will still be a little delayed. The reports from various parts of the State show that in many poor-house hospitals the sick and insane are sadly neglected, and that there is not adequate public provision for the chronic insane. In many of the poor-houses the harmless insane live in cells, and suffer from cold and hunger. The visitors of one hospital saw dinner served to thirty-two insane patients. It consisted of one table-spoonful of fish, including bones and skin, and one potato for each person. Water spilled in the same room froze upon the floor. The report states that this was at "the notorious Flatbush Insane Asylum, in Kings County," and adds that the State Commissioner of Lunacy in his last report gives the sworn testimony of the attendants that for several weeks the patients were in a half-starved condition. For such an abuse and such unspeakable suffering the only hope of remedy is precisely the humane interest, inspection, and publication of a voluntary association of neighbors and citizens, such as the visiting committees of the Charities Aid.

The same personal observation of the management of jails has already in some instances produced very great improvements. In Richmond County, where young boys were formerly sent to jail for misdemeanors, and were locked in with criminals who passed their time in corrupting them, the boys are now sent to the reformatories. The women, who were formerly separated from the men by a wooden partition full of cracks and holes, are now removed from them by a solid wall. The inmates, who formerly passed the

whole day in idleness, are now to be made to work, and all prisoners committed for sixty days or more are now sent to the penitentiary in a neighboring county. Some of the magistrates, mindful of the old dodge of ten-pins for nine-pins, have sentenced many culprits for fifty-nine days, to evade the contract made by the supervisors with the penitentiary. The advantage of the contract is that it secures work for the two months' prisoners, and saves the tax-payers of the county a very considerable sum. For although by the magisterial evasions only thirty-five prisoners were sent from the county to the penitentiary, their board at the jail for their full terms would have cost the tax-payers \$2912, while at the penitentiary it would cost them only \$968 50, making a saving to the county of \$1943 50.

Indeed, the experience of the society thus far proves the old truth that humanity, decency, intelligence, and care are more inexpensive and profitable than carelessness, ignorance, and cruelty. And here is a work to which many and many a clever young woman, full of energy and intelligence and ennui, listless and sad for something to do, may most wisely and most easily devote herself. The Easy Chair has received many a touching appeal from generous-hearted and educated women "out of work," and it offers them this counsel, that in their various neighborhoods they should organize committees who will undertake this work of visitation in correspondence with the central committee—a work which so many admirable women, with various other responsibilities, are already successfully doing. Read in the light of the report of the Charities Aid, how freshly significant are the familiar lines,

"Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,  
If Time be heavy on your hands,  
Are there no beggars at your gate,  
Nor any poor about your lands?  
Oh! teach the orphan boy to read,  
Or teach the orphan girl to sew,  
Pray Heaven for a human heart,  
And let the foolish yeoman go."

## Editor's Literary Record.

NO publication of modern times has produced so remarkable an effect, none has accomplished to so wonderful a degree the purpose of its author, as Mr. GLADSTONE'S essay on *The Vatican Decrees in their Bearing on Civil Allegiance* (Harper and Brothers). These decrees had been abundantly discussed before, but chiefly, so far as English-speaking people are concerned, by men outside the Roman Catholic communion, and but imperfectly acquainted, if at all, with the mental conditions of its lay members. Mr. Gladstone appreciated himself that radical difference of sentiment which prevails in the Romish Church, and which really separates its communicants more radically than the different branches of the Protestant Church are separated by their variations in church form and order, or, in Roman Catholic phrase, in "discipline and regimen," and his unpardonable sin consists in the fact that his publication compelled the Anglican Catholics to perceive themselves, and even to expose to the world, these variations in

essential spirit and doctrine, which they had theretofore successfully cloaked under a unity of worship and organization. Like the Siamese Twins, these two parties are bound together in the body, and for that very reason are all the more alien in the spirit. Of this effect of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet the reply of JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D., affords a striking illustration—*A Letter addressed to His Grace the Duke of Norfolk* (Catholic Publication Society). If Mr. Gladstone's ecclesiastical predilections afford him an insight into the Roman Catholic mind, Dr. Newman's history familiarizes him with the Protestant mind. Originally a member of the Church of England, he has never lost the intellectual independence which nature conferred and early education developed. Thus his pamphlet, which aims apparently to render the doctrine of papal infallibility somewhat more endurable to the Protestant world, is itself so imbued with a Protestant spirit that it can hardly be regarded as other than a very dangerous document by Father Beckx,



if not by Pius IX. himself. If they are able to agree to no other statement in Mr. Gladstone's rejoinder, they must in their inmost souls agree with his declaration, "In this apology there is to me a strong undeniable smack of Protestantism." In two ways does this appear—in Dr. Newman's exaltation of the rights of private conscience, and in the minimum degree of authority which he attaches to papal utterances, and the interpretations by which he shears them of all their significance, and renders them dangerless because unmeaning. Conscience, according to Dr. Newman, is the divine law written in our hearts. It is not the product of education or experience, but is innate, the revelation of God's will to each man. "Though it may suffer refraction into the intellectual medium of each, it is not thereby so affected as to lose its character of being the Divine Law, but still it has, as such, the prerogative of commanding obedience." And he quotes with approval the words of Cardinal Gousset, "It is never lawful to go against our conscience." In the particular issues between Pope and conscience, not only supposable, but actual in history, he takes ground that not only has in it a "smack of Protestantism," but is Protestant all over. He puts the conscience first, the Pope afterward. To be sufficiently explicit he adduces imaginary instances, and replies to his own questioning that even an uninstructed and erroneous conscience takes the precedence over priest or Pope; and finally he sums all up in the pregnant remark, "Certainly, if I am obliged to bring religion into after-dinner toasts (which, indeed, does not seem quite the thing), I shall drink—to the Pope, if you please—still, to conscience first and to the Pope afterward." Not even Dr. Newman's specious reasoning and admirable rhetoric can make such a declaration appear otherwise than in flat contradiction to the condemnation, in the Pope's Syllabus, of the liberty of conscience. Certainly Mr. Gladstone is right in saying that "if we had Dr. Newman for Pope we should be tolerably safe, so merciful and genial would be his rule." But we have not Dr. Newman for Pope, and there would have to be a revolution in the Roman hierarchy, in comparison with which the Reformation would be a mere religious *émeute*, before he could be Pope, or, we might even say, cardinal. While he thus exalts conscience, he stops little short of deposing the Pope. The Syllabus, according to him, is not an authoritative document; it binds no one; it is not even papal in its origin or authority. This document, which has convulsed all Europe, and almost revolutionized its political complexion, which has produced a greater effect than any state paper within the current century, if not within the past three or four centuries, is "nothing more than a digest of certain errors, made by an anonymous writer," a mere index to previous allocutions and decrees, with no more binding force (the illustration is Dr. Newman's, not ours) than a lawyer's brief of legal authorities. The liberty of speech and press which the Pope condemns is only that unbridled license which Blackstone equally condemns, "the liberty of every one to give public utterance, in every possible shape, by every possible channel, without any let or hinderance from God or man, to all his notions whatsoever." (The italics are the author's.) The exclusiveness of the Catholic re-

ligion, called for by the Syllabus, applies only to Spain, and there only in consequence of treaty stipulations, and it only means that "the Pope does not think it expedient for every state from this time forth to tolerate every sect of religion on its territory, and to disestablish the Church at once." The papal condemnation of the declaration "that the Roman pontiff can and ought to come to terms with progress, liberalism, and the new civilization" only means what every liberal thinker means when he says there is an "irrepressible conflict" between liberalism and the papacy. The papal authority is no exceptional factor in society; it is only that of the legislature over the citizens, of the club over its members, of the physician over his patient, of public opinion over all members of society. We do not wonder, on reading Dr. Newman's pamphlet, that its author is in bad odor in Rome; we only wonder that his book is not put on the *Index Epurgatorius*.

If Dr. Newman's had been the only response which Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet called forth, he could have served his cause in no better way than by binding the two together for general circulation. But it has elicited over twenty, of which Dr. Newman's and Archbishop Manning's are the most important. To the criticisms of these responses Mr. Gladstone addresses himself in a second pamphlet, which bears the significant title, itself an argument in a word, of *Vaticanism* (Harper and Brothers). If his first publication awakened, as it is said to have done, poignant regret that such a lion had been provoked by a seeming breach of faith on the part of leading Romish political leaders, his reply will awaken more poignant regret that the aroused lion was not left without a reply. Mr. Gladstone finds no fault with the Roman Catholic religion; he makes no attack on the Church; he does not even question the actual loyalty of the Roman Catholic subjects of Great Britain; he simply undertakes to expose the claims of Vaticanism, to show to the Anglo-Catholics to what the modern claims of the Jesuit faction in the Church conduct them, and to elicit within the communion just such utterances as that of Dr. John Henry Newman. He aims to make it clear that "the Vatican Decrees do, in the strictest sense, establish for the Pope a supreme command over loyalty and civil duty," while he concedes that "to the vast majority of Roman Catholics they are, and in all likelihood will long, in their carefully enveloped meaning, remain, practically unknown." The present danger to England and to this country is slight. But the educative powers of Rome are nearly all imbued with Vaticanism. As this generation passes away, and another rises to take its place, the doctrine of religious absolutism will become more wide-spread and more pronounced. This is the danger which Mr. Gladstone apprehends; and it is to be escaped, he believes, only upon the condition that its movements are carefully watched and their bases faithfully and unflinchingly exposed. The substance of Mr. Gladstone's second pamphlet may be comprised in two propositions, the truth of which he undertakes to demonstrate, namely, first, that Rome—that is, the Pope and his confidential advisers—has "reproduced for active service those doctrines of former times, termed by me 'rusty tools,' which she was fondly thought



to have disused;" second, that "the Pope now claims, with plenary authority, from every convert and member of his Church, that he shall place his loyalty and civil duty at the mercy of another, that other being himself." An illustration of both these propositions is furnished by the teaching of Rome respecting marriage—an illustration the more effective because it comes home to every man, and with even greater power to every woman and child. "It is distinctly taught," says Mr. Gladstone, "that with marriage the state has nothing to do, that it may safely rely upon the Church, that civil marriage in the eyes of the Church is only concubinage, and that the state, by the use of worldly compulsion, prevents the two concubinary parties from repenting and abandoning their guilty relation to each other." "It is true," he adds, "that the two hundred thousand non-Roman marriages which are annually celebrated in England do not at present fall under the foul epithets of Rome." But this depends upon the mere will and pleasure of the Pope, who can by a word, if Vaticanism be sound doctrine, convert every marriage subsequently celebrated in that country, or this, according to Protestant rites, into what the Pope himself entitles "filthy concubinage." If these are strong words, they are borrowed from Vatican authority. No wonder that Dr. Newman evades this charge by the simple but scarcely honest expedient of declaring that he can not understand what Mr. Gladstone means. It is, indeed, the strength of Mr. Gladstone's two pamphlets that without vituperation or abuse, or even heat or vehemence, he simply unveils the full meaning and points out the full force of Vaticanism, sustains his exposure of its significance and effect by ample citations from its own authoritative declarations, and then leaves its disciples to make what they can of the doctrine. That the laity generally believe in this last and ripest fruit of hierarchical absolutism he does not assert; he even takes pains to deny. He simply points out to them what they are called to believe; he simply speaks "of what they suffer, not of what they do."

We have already far transcended the ordinary limits within which we are accustomed to confine ourselves in reviewing such publications. But no publication of the present century, except the Vatican Decrees themselves, has produced an effect comparable with that which it appears certain will be produced on the religious and political life of England and the United States by the unpretentious but significant pamphlets of Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Newman. No man can understand the present, or prepare himself to meet intelligently the issues of the future, who does not get some insight into this remarkable controversy. It only remains to add that both writers are masters of their mother-tongue, and their courteous bearing, the entire absence of all venom from their pages, and their often eloquent rhetoric, no less than the importance of their theme, render their essays, in a literary point of view, models of controversial literature.

Mr. THOMAS HIGGINSON, in his *Young Folk's History of the United States* (Lee and Shepard), has achieved one of the most difficult tasks which an author ever sets himself. He has undertaken to narrate the history of the United States from the days of the mound-builders to those of Gen-

eral Grant in a volume of 350 pages. Such compends are proverbially dull reading. They usually contain the most barren statements of what are regarded the essential facts of history. The life of the people, which is the essential fact, is not described. Mr. Higginson has pursued directly the opposite course. "In writing," he says, "I have adopted two plain rules—to omit all names and dates not really needful, and to make liberal use of the familiar traits and incidents of every day." The consequence is that he has prepared a volume which will render history, at least the history of their own country, attractive reading to the young folks; and while the student of these pages will probably not be able to pass with credit an average school examination, he will obtain a greater advantage in the interest awakened in historical study, and the inclination aroused to pursue it further in larger works. Not only the young people, however, will find this an interesting and useful volume: while we are not prepared to agree with a generally caustic critic who says that "it contains all of United States history that the average citizen requires in order to go through life comfortably and creditably," it is certainly true that busy men, who have little time or perhaps inclination for a careful study even of their own country, will find in this brief but general survey enough to enable them to understand the general course of the past and to read appreciatively more elaborate accounts of particular episodes and eras. Mr. Higginson has wisely deviated in one important respect from the old-time histories, namely, by devoting less space to the events of war, and more to the affairs of peace. The book is quite elaborately illustrated—too elaborately, indeed. The imaginary pictures (and they constitute a majority) would have been better omitted, and the space thus given to the artist occupied by the author. An appendix contains a complete and very useful list of books for further study, and the volume is furnished with a good index. It should be added that Mr. Higginson writes on controversial points, such as the Mexican war and our civil war, with great calmness and with judicial impartiality, though with no pretense at indifference and no lack of moral earnestness.

#### BRIEFER NOTICES.

No modern author has done more to exalt home life than Miss MULOCK; her last volume ought to serve in many a home a sacred purpose, by affording the most delightful of home recreations, that of music. *Songs of Youth* (Harper and Brothers) consists of forty-two poems, most of them by Miss Mulock, arranged to music from various sources. The editor is unknown in this country as a musician, and her musical contributions in this volume have been a delightful surprise to us—like the revelation of a new charm in an old friend. Collections of parlor music are common, commendable collections are very rare. The music in this volume is not too difficult for amateurs, and even young amateurs, to sing with satisfaction to themselves and even enjoyment to others. Some of the simplest are the best; we should much like to hear "Row, row, cheerly row," on the river in the moonlight next summer. The Swedish melodies, of which there are quite a number, are quaint and very pretty, and will be quite new to the American



public; indeed, there are a great many young ladies who will be surprised to know that music was ever born out of Italy. The words of the songs are in delightful contrast with the sentimental inanities which form the staple of parlor singers; they are simple but not silly, tender but not sentimental, earnest but not passionate, plaintive but not despondent; and, so far as our examination has gone, without an exception lyrical. For practical use in the home circle we know of no book to compare with this.

Professor C. K. ADAMS, in his *Democracy and Monarchy in France* (Henry Holt and Co.), has impaired if not destroyed the value of his work by his bitter and unconcealed prejudices. Napoleon the Great is not so simple a character as either Mr. Lanfrey, on the one hand, or Mr. J. S. C. Abbott, on the other, would have us believe—he was neither a saint nor a devil. Mr. Adams is unable to see any thing whatever worthy of commendation in the first Napoleon. To apply the moral code to his life, he tells us, is simply absurd—as absurd as to apply it to the deeds of children who have not yet any discrimination of right and wrong or of truth and falsehood; admits that he was never guilty of peculation, but charges his honesty to his ambition, and asserts that his profound knowledge of human nature led him to take nothing for himself, while he gave unbounded opportunities to his subordinates; describes somewhat graphically the immense contribution levied upon Italy by the French army, but forgets how the example was followed by Germany in the case of France, how all war is nothing but a gigantic spoliation. Unable to comprehend Napoleon, he is equally unable to comprehend Napoleonism—a transition state from the absolutism of the past to the democracy of the future, and combining, as all such transitions do, much of the evil as well as something of the good of both systems. The student who has an independent familiarity with French history will find in these lectures suggestive and instructive reading, but we should not advise any one to depend on them for his knowledge of the present condition or his anticipations of the future probabilities of France.

The object of the author of *Africa* (Henry Holt and Co.) is to compile in one volume a history of explorations and adventures in that comparatively unknown land from the days of Herodotus to those of Livingstone. The book will be useful to two classes of readers: those who have not the time or inclination to read the larger works from which this is compiled, and those who, having read the works of individual travelers—Du Chailu, Baker, Schweinfurth, Livingstone—desire, for the better comprehension of their reading, to get a comprehensive survey of the whole ground, or some general knowledge of the works of other explorers than those whose productions they are studying. We notice some serious inaccuracies in the book, which indicate haste or carelessness in the compilation. Fetichism is certainly not the “wearing of a charm;” and if the editor had read the appendix to *Ismailia*, he would not have fallen into the blunder involved in the statement that Sir Samuel Baker has succeeded in putting down the slave-trade in the whole territory annexed by him to the Khedive's dominions.

We can heartily commend the title of *A Rambling Story*, by MARY COWDEN CLARK (Roberts

Brothers). It is very rambling. He who takes it up will be likely to read, or at least to glance, it through, and then be vexed at himself for spending so much time to so little advantage. The hero rambles every where—in England, Wales, Switzerland, Italy—and every where comes across the heroine. We begin with an impossible adventure in some unknown woods, in some unknown place, somewhere in England evidently, where the hero stumbles across an unoccupied cottage, finds a table, “spread with a snow-white cloth of fine damask,” upon which lay fruits, coffee, delicate bread, and cakes, of which— But to do justice to the style of this story we must be allowed to quote a paragraph. “I sat down to the table as to a feast. The dainty wheaten bread seemed proffered by kindly looks; the glowing fruit suggested a fair white hand lurking among it and helping me with lavish courtesy; the coffee was cold, but its tawny juice was a welcome draught, as I inwardly toasted her who had caused me to find its refreshment awaiting me.” The unknown, who has stolen out of the cottage, is heroine to the hero; and from this forest scene to the adventure with the Italian banditti, nothing is wanting, in this rambling story, of the necessary materials for a modern operetta—except the music.

The best story on our table is *The Story of Valentine and his Brother*, by Mrs. OLIPHANT (Harper and Brothers). It is long, as most of Mrs. Oliphant's stories are, but it does not drag, as some of them do, and it is novel in construction, as most of them are not. In brief, it possesses few of the faults and most of the excellences of that excellent story-teller, and ranks among the best of the productions of her fertile and facile pen. Valentine and his brother are twins, the father a man of noble blood, the mother a gypsy woman, to whom civilization is an irksome bondage, and who, when the twins are born, slips away from the servitude society imposes on her, carrying the children with her. Conscience tardily brings her to a sense of her injustice, and she stealthily returns Valentine to the father's care, or rather to that of his parents, Lord and Lady Eskside; Dick she keeps herself. The story follows the fortunes of the two, the same in birth, so widely separated in culture. It is characteristically a book of pleasant characters; even the wild gypsy woman is not repulsively painted.—*Mistress Judith*, by C. C. FRASER-TYTLER (Henry Holt and Co.), is a pathetic story, curious and original in construction, sorrowful in its ending, graphic in its pictures. Parson Ingrey and his house, Master and Mistress Hurst and their home, the village school, Trotter's end, these are all pictures which abide in our memory like those of actual and familiar scenes and personages.—*Hope Meredith*, by ELIZA TABOR, and *The Blossoming of an Aloe*, by Mrs. CASHEL HOEY (Harper and Brothers), are both novels of more than ordinary merit. The former is strong in characterization; the latter is one of Mrs. Hoey's best stories, and is at once interesting and natural, except in the title, which is the only bit of affectation in it.—*Safely Married* (Harper and Brothers) begins where most novels end, with a marriage. The elfin wife, the distraught husband, the gentle Angela (well named), the maiden biographer, Miss Hammond, with the “villain,” Edgar Ramsay, are the principal characters



of this story, which has two positive attractions, of themselves no mean recommendation—it is short and simple. In addition to this, it is dramatic, and even highly wrought; and though some of the incidents in other hands would seem too melodramatic to be natural, they do not produce

this impression in the author's skillful narration. The substructure of the story is one common to both fiction and the drama of real life: it is the story of Elfie's finding her true soul in an experience of bitter sorrow, the fruit of her own willful and wayward temper.

## Editor's Scientific Record.

### SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

OUR astronomical record begins with a list of two new members of the solar system, *i. e.*, asteroids Nos. 141 and 142, discovered respectively by Paul Henry at Paris and J. Palisa at Pola, Austria, and comets (1875) Nos. I. and II., discovered respectively by Holden at Washington and by Stephan at Marseilles. Of these comets the first is the famous Encke's comet, whose motions were for a long time supposed to be retarded by an ethereal medium; the latter is the comet known as Winnecke's, whose short period of revolution entitles it to special distinction.

The continuation of the great star charts begun by the Paris Observatory, and generally known as Chacornac's, has been undertaken by Leverrier, who recently presented to the Paris Academy the first of the seventy maps that will complete the work. Astronomers will be pleased to learn that the donation of seven thousand dollars made by the banker Bishofsheim to the Paris Observatory for the purpose of securing a new meridian instrument has at length been paid into the hands of the maker (Eichens) as a first installment of the full price.

The expeditions for the observations in India and Siam of the total eclipse of the sun have already arrived at their destinations, and valuable results are anticipated, owing to the unusually long duration of the totality.

The gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society has been awarded to Professor D'Arrest, of Copenhagen, for his researches among the nebulae.

We are now in possession of accurate information from all the American parties for the observation of the transit of Venus. At Pekin Professor Watson and Professor Young observed through a cloudy sky the first and second contacts, and made forty-four photographs during the first part of the transit. Operations were then interrupted by clouds until about an hour before the end, when the photographic work was resumed, and fifty more pictures taken. The third and fourth contacts were also observed, and measures of cusps taken with the double-image micrometer.

The first contact was sixty-eight seconds later and the second contact was seventy-five seconds later than the computed times, while the third and fourth contacts were forty-three and sixty-five seconds earlier than the predictions. This indicates for the solar diameter a smaller value than the one used in the predictions, and agrees nearly with that deduced by Leverrier from previous transits.

It was pointed out by Mr. Hill, of the American Nautical Almanac office, in his memoir on the transit, that the English predictions would be "considerably in error," on account of the adoption of an apparent diameter for the sun

which was deduced from meridian observations only, and we may note that nearly all the English observers have reported an error in the neighborhood of two minutes in their predicted times of first contact. It seems to be finally settled, if indeed there was any doubt about it previously, that different apparent diameters must be used for the sun in reducing meridian observations, and for such observations as eclipses and transits of the inferior planets. This is quite analogous to the fact that the moon's diameter from occultations is considerably smaller than that derived from meridian observations. Professor Watson also notes certain evidences of an atmosphere surrounding Venus, and from his observations at third contact obtains an approximate value for its depth.

The American party at Kerguelen Land, under Lieutenant-Commanders Ryan and Train, has been only partially successful. Neither of the internal contacts was observed, but some photographs were taken. The English party on the same island observed the ingress and egress, the latter observation being satisfactory. All the English photographs were poor. The day was generally cloudy, but enough have been secured to compensate the observers for their devotion, as this station is peculiarly valuable. From the party at Chatham Island, under Assistant Edwin Smith, of the Coast Survey, we learn that nothing valuable in the way of observations of the transit could be obtained, on account of clouds. It must be remembered, however, that each of the parties has made important geographical, magnetic, and other determinations, and that no one of our expeditions will return without completing its work of this kind, which work has a value quite independent of its bearing on the main question of the sun's parallax.

On the whole, the success has been marked; and although only one party (Professor Watson's) observed *all* the contacts, and although only one (Professor Peters's) obtained a very complete set of photographs, yet the *ensemble* of the observations of the Americans alone would suffice for an extremely accurate determination of the parallax.

The experience gained in these expeditions will be turned to good account in 1878 and in 1882, in which years transits of Mercury and Venus occur, both being visible in America. The reports of all the parties indicate satisfaction with the apparatus provided for them; and in the matter of photographic arrangements the American outfits were particularly good, both theoretically and practically, and this perfection reflects great credit on the gentlemen who had these preparations in charge. The highest testimonial has been offered by the Transit of Venus Commission to Dr. Henry Draper as an



acknowledgment of his great (and gratuitous) services in perfecting the practical details of the photographic processes—a charge for which he was peculiarly fitted by his long experience in such researches.

Detailed accounts of the physical phenomena of the transit will not be available for some time; but we note the remarkable observations of Janssen in Japan and De la Gye at Campbell Island, which declare Venus to have been seen projected against the sun's corona while yet some distance from the sun's disk. Preliminary reports indicate that Professor Watson's account of the atmosphere of Venus will be corroborated by several good observers. It may likewise be noted that the question as to the existence of a satellite to Venus is now finally settled in the negative.

We desire to call the attention of astronomers to the ephemeris of twelve close circumpolar stars for 1875 published in the *Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society* for January, 1875, by Professor Pritchard, Director of the Oxford Observatory.

These are selected for the determination of the azimuthal error of meridian instruments, and their use will be a convenience to observers, and a step in advance in observatory work. Leverrier has presented to the French Academy of Sciences an account of his researches on the theories of the eight principal planets, which he has now perfected. His tables of Saturn are nearly completed, and the tables of Uranus and Neptune will be constructed as soon as the theory is compared with observations. Thus in a few years M. Leverrier will have presented to astronomy the theories and the tables of all the major planets, the whole forming a larger contribution to theoretical astronomy than it is given to a less industrious astronomer than M. Leverrier to make.

Encke's comet was detected with the great refractor of the Naval Observatory on January 26 by Professor Holden and Mr. Tuttle, and with the Marseilles reflector by Stephan on January 27. It is extremely faint, and was not to be seen by small instruments. The theory of this comet, on which Encke spent so much labor, is in a surprising state of perfection, Von Asten's ephemeris being in error less than 15 seconds of arc. Winnecke's comet has also been successfully sought for, and observed at the Harvard College Observatory. Mr. Burnham, of Chicago, the industrious observer of double stars, has given a new proof of his assiduity in the discovery of a companion to  $\beta$  Leporis, which is a very difficult object. Mr. Burnham's six-inch equatorial bids fair to become as famous as Mr. Dawes's eight-inch.

In *Physics* some noteworthy papers have appeared. Among these may be mentioned Professor Nipher's elaborate investigation upon the mechanical work done by a muscle before exhaustion, the data given being more accurately determined than those published by him three or four years ago, and adopted as a basis for calculation by Professor Haughton, of Dublin.—Cornu's description of a new measuring instrument for minute quantities, called a reflection lever, which consists of a beam like a balance beam standing on four points, two on the line where the knife edge is usually placed, the other two at

the ends of the beam, all four being accurately in one plane. To the centre of the beam is attached transversely a mirror, by means of which any displacement from the horizontal may be detected and measured by the reflected image of a distant scale. The readings are made with a telescope.—Terquem's historical note, in which he calls attention to the fact that the generally received notion that Faraday was the first to liquefy the gases is incorrect, since Guyton de Morveau in 1799 liquefied ammonia gas in a bath of calcium chloride and snow.—Lubarsch's paper on fluorescence, in which he concludes from his investigations (1) that for each fluorescent substance there are only certain rays of light causing fluorescence; (2) that the color of the fluorescent light depends on the rays of incidence, and follows Stokes's law; and (3) that the most refrangible fluorescent rays produced by sunlight correspond to that place in the spectrum where the liquid shows its maximum of absorption, providing its fluorescence proves a simple one when examined by prismatic analysis of the linear spectrum.—Riche and Bardy's, upon the sources of illumination utilizable in photography, in which they give the results of their examination of eight different sources of light, viz., the oxyhydrogen light, the Drummond or lime light, zinc burning in oxygen, magnesium in air, a current of nitric oxide gas burning in a globe of carbon disulphide vapor, a jet of nitric oxide on a test tube containing carbon disulphide, a jet of oxygen on the same, and a jet of oxygen on a test tube containing sulphur. The eight lights were photographically intense in the order above mentioned, the last being eight times as strong as the first.—Cornu's valuable paper on the velocity of light, in which he gives the results of the new measurements made between the Paris Observatory and the tower of Montlhéry, twenty-three kilometers distant, under the direction of the council of the observatory. As a mean of 504 experiments, he finds the velocity of light *in vacuo* to be 300,400 kilometers, or 186,700 English miles, with a probable error below one-thousandth in relative value. This gives for the solar parallax, as found by the equation of light,  $8.878''$ , and by the phenomena of aberration,  $8.881''$ .—Lockyer's paper before the Royal Society upon his new map of the solar spectrum, the portion now presented being that extending from wavelengths 39 to 41. It is constructed on four times the scale of Angstrom's "Spectre Normale," the number of lines being increased—over this, which contains but 39—to 518, of which 416 have been actually identified, and the largest number of these, 163, assigned to cerium.—Huggins's note on the spectrum of Coggia's comet, which presented in the spectroscope three distinct spectra: (1) a continuous spectrum coming from the light of the nucleus; (2) a spectrum consisting of bright bands; and (3) a continuous spectrum accompanying the gaseous spectrum on the coma, and representing almost entirely the light of the tail.—Pole's experimental determination of the change in the pitch of a note which takes place when the sounding body is moving: a repetition of the experiment of Buys-Ballot. He used for the purpose locomotive whistles, and concludes that the most common interval by which the tone is lowered



when two trains pass each other is a third, either major or minor, corresponding to a speed for each of between thirty-five and forty miles an hour.—Tyndall's communication to the Royal Society on acoustic reversibility, in which he discusses the curious results obtained at Villejuif and Montlhéry in 1822, when cannonading at the latter station was heard at the former, but not the reverse, and concludes that Montlhéry must have been surrounded by a highly diacoustic atmosphere, while Villejuif was in an atmosphere acoustically opaque. He supports this position by ingenious experimental evidence.—Mercadier's, upon the law of the influence of the variation of the dimensions of a tuning-fork upon its vibrations, in which he shows that the number of vibrations is independent of the breadth, is directly proportional to the thickness, and is inversely proportional to the square of the length. From these laws it becomes possible to calculate within one or two per cent. the dimensions of a fork necessary to give any required number of vibrations.—Guthrie's curious paper upon hydrates (or hydrated salts) formed at a low temperature, which he calls cryohydrates. He shows, contrary to the generally received opinion, that the minimum temperature attainable by mixing ice with a salt is very independent of the ratio of the two, and of their temperature, and of the state of division of the ice. The temperature of a mixture of ice and a salt is as constant and precise as the melting-point of ice. He observes that the cryohydrates of the nine salts which potassium, sodium, and ammonium severally form with chlorine, bromine, and iodine are formed at temperatures ranging from  $-28^{\circ}$  to  $-11^{\circ}$ . Thirty-five salts were examined in this way, and it was found that the temperature at which the cryohydrate is formed is precisely that obtained by mixing the given salt with ice.—Edlund's complete paper on the nature of electricity, in which he maintains with great ability the theory that electricity is identical with the luminiferous ether, and in which he deduces most, if not all, electrical phenomena from this supposition.—And Mixter's note, calling attention to the remarkable increase in length of the spark of the Holtz machine by placing a minute gas jet between the balls affording the sparks. In this way the spark which before was less than ten inches became more than twelve, a brass ball having only a trifling influence of the same sort. In this connection may be mentioned the large Gramme magneto-electric machine recently received from Paris by the University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, and which gives very remarkable results when used for producing the electric light.

The *Chemistry* of the month has been active, as is usual during the winter. Michaelis and Wagner have shown that while two bodies having the empirical constitution of ethyl sulphite are known, yet only one of these is the true sulphurous ether, as proved by its mode of preparation. In this latter compound the ethyl groups are both united to the thionyl by oxygen, and hence the sulphur in the radical must be a tetrad. Zimmermann has made a similar research on ethyl phosphite, and comes to the conclusion that phosphorous acid is a trihydroxyl derivative of phosphorus, and that in the ether neither of the ethyl groups is directly united to

the phosphorus, since in that case ethyl-phosphinic acid would appear as a decomposition product. From this theoretical position the author proceeded to prepare tri-sodium phosphite, which he obtained only as a thick sirup, but in which the ratio of the phosphorus and the sodium could be determined.—Terreil has proposed a new method of producing pure nickel salts on a commercial scale without the employment of either hydrogen sulphide or ammonia. His process consists of four operations: 1st, solution of the nickel in acid; 2d, precipitation of the copper by iron; 3d, peroxidation of the iron, and transformation of the metals into sulphates; and 4th, precipitation of the iron by barium carbonate and crystallization of the pure nickel sulphate.—Godeffroy has discovered that cæsium salts give precipitates readily with quite a number of metallic chlorides, thus making the reaction with antimonous chloride previously observed by him quite general. The reaction he has observed with chlorides of the following metals, all the precipitates being crystalline: iron, bismuth, zinc, cadmium, mercury, copper, manganese, and nickel. Rubidium salts behave similarly.—Wagner and Saytzeff have succeeded in synthetically producing a new amyl alcohol. Of the eight isomeric amyl alcohols pointed out by theory, four are primary, three are secondary, and one is tertiary. Of these, again, five were previously known; the new one now discovered is the sixth. It is di-ethyl-carbinol, of course a secondary alcohol, and is produced by the action of zinc-ethyl on ethyl formate, the reaction being foreseen by theory before it was realized as fact.—Bender has analyzed the gas given off by apples when they are exposed to the air in a finely divided state. The experiment was made on gas prepared by heating the apples, cut in small pieces, in a flask filled with water from which the air had been previously expelled by boiling. At  $60^{\circ}$  gas bubbles appeared, and became rapid at  $100^{\circ}$ . Four apples yielded about 100 cubic centimeters of gas, composed in the first experiment of 40.20 per cent. of carbonic acid, 0.43 per cent. of oxygen, and 59.37 per cent. of nitrogen. In subsequent trials more care was taken to exclude the air, and the gas collected consisted of 31.07 per cent. of carbonic acid and 68.93 per cent. of nitrogen. The author thinks the carbonic acid the result of a continuous fermentation going on within the mass.—Kreusler has negatived the assertion of Raoult that pure cane sugar in aqueous solution, without the presence of air or ferments, but solely by the action of light, became inverted and yielded glucose. Solutions of various strengths were sealed up *in vacuo* and were exposed to direct sunlight whenever possible for eleven months. Not a trace of glucose could be detected. In presence of air, however, some glucose is formed; and to this fact the author attributes the results obtained by Raoult.—Vogel has continued his researches on the effect of coloring matters on the sensitiveness of collodion to the various rays of the spectrum, and now concludes that the action of the coloring matter may be quite different, according to the nature of the silver salt employed. Naphthalin red, used with silver bromide and silver chloride, gives both increased sensitiveness to yellow rays; while fuchsin acts very differently, being with silver bromide in complete



accordance with its absorption spectrum—which is similar to that of naphthalin red—but giving to silver chloride but little increased delicacy for yellow rays, but much for the violet ones. The same fact he has observed to be true of certain colorless bodies; morphine, for example, increasing the delicacy of silver iodo-bromide not only for the blue and violet, but also for the green, while silver bromide is completely unaffected by it. Hence, to produce the effect he at first described, three things are necessary: 1st, the coloring matter must optically absorb the identical color which the collodion is to be made sensitive to; 2d, it must unite with any free bromine or iodine; and 3d, it must not decompose silver nitrate, since in that case it would injure the preparation of the plates. The so-called night-blue, for example, possesses the first and third conditions, but fails on the second. It has no action, therefore, on the sensitiveness to light of different colors of silver salts.—Hofmann has examined a new red coloring matter, brought into commerce within a few months under the name of eosin. It has an exceedingly rich tint, recalling that of rosaniline, but inclining more to a garnet red. In mass it is a brown powder with a greenish metallic lustre. Upon investigation it proved to be a bromine-derivative of one of the remarkably fluorescent bodies discovered by Bae-  
 yer, and called fluorescein, obtained by the action of phthalic oxide upon resorcin. Its composition proved it to be a phthalein of dibromresorcin, and this was confirmed by its successful synthesis, by the action of bromine on fluorescein.—The crude acids of the native petroleum of Wallachia have been examined by Hell and Medinger. The second run of the still yields to caustic soda an acid which, after solution in water and treatment with sulphuric acid, collects as an oil on the surface, and is called “mineral oil” by the workmen. This is a mixture of several acids, probably homologous, but their separation is exceedingly difficult. An ethyl-ether of one was finally obtained, whose saponification yielded the acid as a colorless liquid of specific gravity 0.982. It is a weak acid, its sodium and potassium salts being of the consistency of soft soap. It is a fatty acid, but does not belong to either of the three series of fatty acids now known.—Carey Lea has published a valuable modification of the usual iron test for hydrocyanic acid. If a little uranic acetate be added to a solution of a ferrous salt, there is thrown down in presence of a soluble cyanide a purple precipitate. One five-thousandth of a grain of hydrocyanic acid gives, when thus treated, a perfectly distinct reaction. He also recommends the use of ammonio-ferrie citrate, in connection with ferrous salts, in the Prussian-blue test. In this way one two-thousandth of a grain of potassic cyanide may be detected, a delicacy far greater than has been claimed for this test.—Gautier has effected an important synthesis likely to prove of practical value. He has succeeded in uniting two molecules of dextrose by abstracting from them a molecule of water, thus forming a substance having the composition of the compound sugars. The result was accomplished by the action of hydrochloric acid gas on the dextrose dissolved in absolute alcohol. A substance was obtained which was more analogous to gum and dextrin than to sugar in appearance and

taste, but which yielded again a simple sugar on heating, though this appeared not to be dextrose again, but to be analogous to, if not identical with, inosite.

*Mineralogy.*—A new mineral, as yet imperfectly described, has been found at the Clara mine in the Black Forest, and hence termed *clarite*. Its constituents are copper, antimony, arsenic, and sulphur, or the same as for tetrahedrite, from which it differs, however, in crystalline form.

The active mineralogist of Saxony, August Frenzel, has described another new species under the name of *wapplerite*. It is a hydrous arseniate of lime, containing some magnesia, and is closely related to pharmacolite. It occurs in crusts, but also in crystals with monoclinic habit. Its locality is Joachimsthal, in Saxony.

According to Knop, *koppite* is a new mineral standing near pyrochlore, although its character seems somewhat doubtful. It is found in a granular limestone near Schelingen, Kaiserstuhlgebirge, in Baden. It looks much like pyrochlore, but seems to differ from it most in the absence of fluorine, as also of thorium and titanum acids.

*Ethnology.*—The Alaska Commercial Company has presented to the National Museum at Washington eight mummies from a cave in the Aleutian Islands. They resemble very much in form those from Peru, being doubled up with the knees close to the chin, and wrapped in skins. They were formerly hung up in the cave, like hams in a smoke-house; but the loops decaying, they were all found lying on the floor. The patriarch, in addition to his skin wrapping, is in a wooden frame resembling a hay-rack in a stable, and has a hoop like a cheese-box around the bottom of his frame. One of the small children has a little frame somewhat like that of the patriarch.

A communication made by Dr. Prunières (de Marvejols) before the meeting of the French Association for the Advancement of Science, at Lille, treated of the curious artificial perforations common among the neolithic skulls of the Lozère. These perforations vary, in the pieces exhibited, from an inch to an inch and a quarter in diameter. Near the perforated skulls were found rings of cranial bone, which seemed to be designed as amulets. These were evidently worked with flint tools. The men of the polished stone age practiced trepanning; for if some of the skulls appear to have been perforated after death, others were treated during life, and the patients had lived for years afterward. One skull presented three perforations made near each other upon a line fore and aft. There is no distinction of age, the excisions occurring upon infants as well as upon adults. The motive of this strange custom was either medical or superstitious. They probably attributed disease to supernatural agencies. The evil spirit escaped through the opening made by the sorcerer, who wrapped the operation in a shroud of mystery by preserving the detached piece as a precious relic. From the appearance of these facts reported by the learned archæologist of Lozère, he said that a new light had been shed upon the intellectual state of man in the polished stone age. It explained his religious conceptions, and confirmed the discovery of the figure of a goddess in the



caverns of Baye (Marne). M. Broca remarked that perforated skulls were also found at the last-named station. Among the skulls dug up by General Faidherbe were found two in the same condition. Dr. Chil, from the Canary Islands, said that perforated skulls had been found in the ancient burial-places of his country. Notice was also called to an example from the grotto of Lorde, upon which M. Hamy and M. Chaplain-Duparc gave some interesting details. A similarly perforated or trepanned skull was found by Mr. E. G. Squier among some ancient Peruvian crania collected by him.

The Rev. A. H. Sayce, M.A., has read a paper before the Society of Biblical Archæology of London on "Human Sacrifices among the Babylonians." The evidences of this awful rite "are found in two Accadian tablets, one of which declares the immolation to have a vicarious efficacy, especially in the case of children when offered as atonements for the sins of their parents." The Palestine Exploration Fund report the most cheering progress in their work, especially as to the identification of new sites and the examination of former investigations.

*Microscopy.*—Professor Leidy has recently called attention to the parasite that lives in the proboscis of the house fly, a thread-worm—*Filaria muscæ*—first discovered by the well-known naturalist Mr. H. J. Carter in the house fly of India. Dr. Leidy found it in numbers from one to three in about one fly in five. Dr. Diesing has referred the parasite to a new genus, with the name *Habronema muscæ*. The singular position in which the worm lives suggests that there are many unsuspected places we may have to search in to find the parents or offspring of our own parasites. In a communication to the French Academy in November last, M. Duval, calling attention to a former paper in the *Journal de l'Anatomie*, September, 1874, states that he has found a means of explaining both the doctrines of the panspermists and the heterogenists. The explanation lies simply in the statement that he has discovered that the various so-called minute organisms (such as ferments) are simply one and the same organism, which has the power of becoming differently developed. He asserts that he has proved by experiment that the transformation of yeasts is possible, and that the specificity of action of different ferments is a purely relative phenomenon, dependent rather upon the composition or the state of the media than upon the proper constitution of these same organisms.

A paper of some interest on the *sphæraphides* in plants appears in the *Monthly Microscopical Journal* for December, 1874. The author states that in *Urtica dioica*, *U. urens*, and *Parietaria diffusa* the leaf blades are studded with sphæraphides about  $\frac{1}{32}$  of an inch in diameter, composed mainly of carbonate of lime; smaller forms, with projecting crystalline points, and composed of oxalate of lime, occur in the fibro-vascular bundles of the leaf; the same two kinds abound in the leaf and pith of *Humulus lupulus*.

In a paper read at a late meeting of the Zoological Society, Professor Gulliver stated that in the mammalia, the largest red corpuscles of the blood are those of the two elephants, the two-toed sloth, and the walrus. In the human subject the corpuscles are exceeded in size by those of only eight or nine exotic mammalia, and not

equaled in size by the corpuscles of any British animals of the class. And this fact, independently of its physiological interest, may prove important in medico-legal inquiries, since by it alone, as Dr. Joseph G. Richardson states (and as we have already noticed in this journal), he has correctly distinguished dried stains of human blood from those of the ox and sheep. M. Onimus, in a recent communication to the Société de Biologie of Paris, states that by electrifying the eggs of the frog the development of those which are in connection with the negative pole will be accelerated, while the hatching of those in connection with the positive pole will be either retarded or stopped. In an abstract of a paper by Dr. Hollis on "What is a Bacterium?" in the January number of the *Monthly Microscopical Journal*, the limitations we should place on the term Bacteria are summed up: 1. They strictly form part of the vegetable kingdom. 2. The name ought to be restricted to those minute rod-like hyaline bodies, *B. termo* and *B. lineolata* of Cohn, with a more or less rapid to-and-fro motion. 3. We must always associate the presence of true Bacteria (especially the *B. termo*) with putrefactive or analogous changes in organic liquids. In a paper read before the Royal Society, November 26, 1874, by Professor C. Wyville Thompson, the origin of the calcareous formation known as "globigerina ooze" is attributed to surface organisms, as advocated by the late Professor Bailey, of West Point, and others; and in partial proof that all the organisms entering into its composition are dead, the statement was made that "there are never spines on the globigerinæ from the bottom, even in the shallowest water." This is a mistake, as the spinous globigerinæ were quite abundant in the soundings from the Gulf of Campeche made during the summer of 1874, during the cruise of the United States steam-ship *Fortune*, from depths of between 64 and 210 fathoms. It is a remarkable fact that all of the original articles of the last (January, 1875) number of the *Monthly Microscopical Journal*, of London, are contributed from the United States, and in the same number we find the proceedings of the new Memphis Microscopical Society. The perfection of objectives is yet far from being attained, as we now have Mr. Toller, with his new system  $\frac{1}{10}$ , surpassing the best work hitherto even with his  $\frac{1}{50}$ ; and Messrs. Powell and Leland at a recent soirée of the Royal Microscopical Society exhibited a  $\frac{1}{4}$  and  $\frac{1}{8}$  on a new formula, the first resolving *Amphipleura pellucida*, and the other showing *Pleurosigma angulatum*  $\times 4000$ , under the most difficult test of direct light, in a remarkably magnificent manner, the heads standing out like minute spheres. At the same meeting Messrs. Beck exhibited a large microscope in solid silver, fitted with every conceivable piece of apparatus, all in silver. This luxurious work of art, intended for an American microscopist, cost some £500.

*Zoology.*—In a memoir on the geographical distribution of insects in New Hampshire, Mr. Scudder refers to the striking variety in its animal life, owing to the alpine peaks of the White Mountains. "Its northern and southern portions belong to distinct continental faunas; above the forest growth of its colder region rise some of the highest elevations east of the Rocky Mountains, and these bleak altitudes support a vegeta-



tion and an assemblage of animals intimately resembling those of Labrador and Greenland, while sixty miles to the south flourish animals characteristic of sub-tropical climes." Representatives of four faunas—the Alleghanian, Canadian, and a sub-alpine and alpine—are found within the State limits. A map showing the distribution of the two first-named faunas, and another of the alpine and sub-alpine districts of the White Mountains, accompany the paper, which is extracted from the first volume of the final report on the geology of New Hampshire.

The anatomy of the common mussel (*Mytilus edulis*) has been re-examined by M. Sabbatier, of France, while the development of the cuttlefishes has been studied with great thoroughness by M. Ussow, a Russian naturalist. He has examined the structure of the female sexual organs of several species of cephalopods, together with the mode of formation of the ova, and in four species traced the embryonal development from the fecundation of the egg up to the complete development of the young.

Although the anatomy of the earth-worm has been studied with great minuteness by Claparède, new discoveries regarding the circulation of the blood and the nervous and generative systems in some forms have been made by M. Perrier.

The metamorphoses of the itch mite and other acarians have been studied by M. Mégnin, and for his results the author received a prize offered by the French Academy.

The mode of development of the newt, frog, slow-worm, and lizard, as well as the snakes, has been studied by Mr. Tomes, and an abstract of his conclusions read at a late meeting of the Royal Society of London.

The new year begins in *Ornithology* with a bulky octavo volume by Dr. E. Coues, entitled *Birds of the Northwest: a Hand-Book of the Ornithology of the Region drained by the Missouri River and its Tributaries*. It is one of the miscellaneous publications of Hayden's Geological Survey of the Territories. It consists of detailed tables of the synonymy, with quite full remarks on the history of each species. It also contains a monograph of the North American *Laridæ* (gulls), and of the North American *Colymbidæ* and *Podicipidæ*, i. e., the loons and other diving birds.

A new scheme of the arrangement of the mammalia has been brought forward by Alfonse Milne-Edwards.

In a recent prize work on the fauna of the southern regions of the globe by M. Alphonse Milne-Edwards, illustrated by one hundred and seventy-five plates, the author discusses in one part the animals of the antarctic regions. He examines the value of the characters on which ornithologists have based specific differences, and shows that some pretended species should be regarded as only local races or even individual varieties. He does not adopt the hypothesis that the diversity of zoological types is due to the influence of surrounding conditions, though he acknowledges that animals may gradually acquire differential characters which they may transmit to their descendants, thus constituting fixed secondary species incapable of breeding together. The work gained the Bordin prize of 3000 francs. M. Harting, of Utrecht, has gained a prize of 2000 francs for his researches

in synthetic morphology on the artificial production of some organic calcareous formations. M. Marey has received a prize of 10,000 francs for his works on the circulation of the blood, animal mechanics, and other subjects. MM. Pouchet, Perrier, and Samson and Deshayes have also received prizes from the French Academy for zoological and physiological works. In this way the French people honor their scientific men, and encourage original research.

*Agriculture and Rural Economy.*—A very encouraging indication of the progress of agricultural science is to be found in the establishment of new experiment stations, of which several are lately announced. In Belgium the "Association pour le Fondation de Stations Agricoles," a society of agriculturists and others, was, some time since, successful in establishing a station in connection with the agricultural school at Gembloux. The same society has decided to found another station at Gand. For the support of this, as of the one at Gembloux, large appropriations have been made by the government.

The association of manufacturers of alcoholic spirits in Germany have organized an experiment station at Berlin for scientific investigations relating to their branch of industry. Somewhat over 3000 thalers (about \$2200 gold) have been pledged for the purpose, of which 1100 thalers is the sum of the first of a series of annual subscriptions.

The beer-brewing interest is also laboring to secure the aid of science, and a station for the purpose is already in operation in connection with the agricultural school at Weihenstephan, in Bavaria. Investigations of water, barley, malt, hops, and other materials, as well as of instruments used in beer-making, the carrying out of theoretical studies, and the giving of advice useful in this branch of manufacture, are to constitute the labor of the station.

Among the most valuable of later investigations are those on the nutrition of animals. During the past fifteen years some hundreds of feeding experiments have been made with oxen, cows, sheep, goats, horses, swine, and other animals. Among the questions investigated have been the effect of fodder upon milk production, the digestibility of various food materials, and the functions of the ingredients of the food, such as albuminoids, carbo-hydrates, and fats, in the formation of flesh and fat, and in the production of animal heat and muscular force.

The lately opened guano deposits in the province of Tarapacá, in Southern Peru, appear, from the inspectors' report to the Peruvian government, to contain guano not only in immense quantities, but also of remarkably good quality. One sample contained 12.15 per cent. soluble phosphoric acid, 14.67 total phosphoric acid, and 15.67 per cent. actual ammonia. Fourteen of the best samples averaged 9.52 soluble phosphoric acid, 15.31 total phosphoric acid, and 10.82 actual ammonia.

In the department of *Engineering* it is of interest in our monthly summary to record the fact that the fortunes of the East River Bridge, New York, have been transferred into other hands. The new Board of Directors has already had several meetings, at which questions of future policy and the prospects of the enterprise were fully discussed. The indications for



the speedy completion of the work were probably never more favorable than at the present time. It was declared that prices have so materially declined that the iron and trestle work will cost less than fifty per cent. of the original estimates, while in addition to this the severity of the present winter, by blocking the river with ice and seriously impeding its ferriage, has influenced a very general public opinion in its favor. Some \$5,000,000 have already been expended upon it, and the completion of the work will require yet \$8,000,000. The recent suggestion of the importance of a permanent bridge across the Niagara River at Lewiston, New York—which, by-the-way, will have to be effected in the face of great natural difficulties—has called forth a proposition from Messrs. Clarke, Reeves, and Co. to undertake the work as soon as a proper company shall be formed for that purpose. Their proposition looks to the building of a single-span bridge, with a span of 600 feet. The structure is designed for a double-track railway 120 feet above the level of the river, and for a carriage-way beneath this road a distance of 75 feet. The estimated cost is \$800,000. The construction of a canal from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi River has of late been strongly advocated. Its supporters urge in its behalf that it would greatly lessen the cost of conveying the produce of the Upper Mississippi Valley to the sea-board, declaring, moreover, that one-half the present cost of transportation is incurred in sending it by rail across the narrow belt of land between the river and the lake.

In *Technology* we note that the stated annual meeting of the American Iron and Steel Association was held in Philadelphia on the 11th of February last, under the presidency of Mr. Samuel J. Reeves. The most important feature of the meeting was the presentation of the report of the secretary, Mr. James M. Swank, which, as usual, contained a very thorough review of the condition of the iron trade, and much valuable statistical matter. From this report we present the following abstracts as bearing upon the present state of our iron industries:

Of 696 completed furnace stacks in the country, 472 had reported to the association up to the 10th of last February their condition on the 1st of January last. Of these 472 stacks 260 were then in blast, and 212 were out of blast. In addition to these 212 out of blast, 37 of the 260 then in blast were announced to be blown out in January. This would give on the 1st of February 249 furnaces out of blast, 223 in blast, and 224 to be heard from. Of these non-reporting furnaces it is safe to assume that one-half were out of blast on the 1st of February. Fully one-half of all the furnaces in the country were therefore out of blast on the 1st of February—a degree of depression not previously reached since the beginning of the panic.

Our total product of rails in 1874 is estimated at 450,000 net tons; importation, 100,000 tons.

The production of Bessemer steel in the United States since 1867 is given as follows:

Years.	Tons.	Years.	Tons.
1867.....	3,000	1871.....	45,000
1868.....	8,500	1872.....	110,500
1869.....	12,000	1873.....	157,000
1870.....	40,000	1874 (estimated).....	175,000

There are eight Bessemer steel and steel-rail

establishments in this country which are now in operation, and two others are being built.

Returns of the production of pig-iron in the United States in 1874 indicate that it aggregated about 1,900,000 tons net, or about two-thirds of the product of the years 1873 and 1872. Of this amount Pennsylvania, with 262 stacks, makes nearly one-half.

At the last meeting of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Mr. George Woods, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, the well-known organ-maker, described his new process for drying lumber and other materials in a natural and rapid manner. The usual method has been to force a current of air through a room heated to about 150° F.; the ventilation in this must necessarily be imperfect, and the drying unequal, as currents will inevitably be established, causing some portions to dry before others, and a consequent shrinkage and springing of the wood; the surface will dry first, with shrinkage, and the interior parts afterward, with a different shrinkage, causing inequalities in the wood. He exhibited several specimens of black-walnut, dried by the old and by his process, showing the curved edges and irregular surfaces in the former, and the perfectly straight outlines and uniformity of texture in the latter. In the usual drying-rooms the steam-pipes are carried under the lumber, and the air forced to pass over it. Thus the outside is always dried first, and the internal air may be so damp and so soon saturated with moisture as not to affect the interior parts. He uses steam-pipes arranged in the same manner underneath the lumber, but the moisture which is driven by the heat into the room, instead of being carried off by the ventilating current, with great consequent loss of heat, is condensed by the cold of water constantly running in pipes through the chamber; the condensed moisture runs down the pipes into a grooved channel below, by which it flows out of the chamber. Thus the moisture is gradually, uniformly, and constantly withdrawn from the wood, which dries regularly, without strain on the outside or cracking on the inside. He saves three-quarters of the time required, and all his heat, which in ordinary rooms passes off with the ventilation; and the moisture, once out, can not get back, as it may in the usual processes. This method is applicable to laundries, to the drying of cloths and wools in factories, and to any material, organic or inorganic, which requires to be dried speedily and uniformly. He has taken 136 gallons of water in seven days from 9000 feet of lumber, as follows: the wood was walnut and cherry, mostly one and one half, with some two inches thick; on the third day after the steam was let on the water came away at the rate of a gallon in forty minutes, till, on the seventh, 136 gallons had been drawn off, and the water ceased running, which indicated that the process was completed; the lumber was found thoroughly dried, and was at once cut up for use. The process is natural and simple, being merely the removal of the moisture of the air by condensation, after it has been driven from the material by heat, the moisture being removed as fast as expelled, and not left to be slowly evaporated and in a measure re-absorbed. This practical invention is claimed to be of value for the following reasons: the great saving of time, the thor-



oughness and uniformity of the drying, the naturalness and simplicity of the operations, the less amount of heat required (none being lost by ventilation), the absence of checking, warping, or splitting of the material, its indication of the point when the material is dry, and its inexpensive character.

The United States Patent-office is about pub-

lishing complete alphabetical and subject-matter indices of all patents issued from the office from 1790 to 1873 inclusive. These indices will consist of two sets of three volumes each, and will be of the greatest service to the inventors of the country, of whom a large proportion are from the ranks of the engineering and mechanical trades and professions.

## Editor's Historical Record.

### POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 22d of March.—Congress adjourned March 4. The House, February 23, rejected the Tariff and Tax Bill reported by the Committee of Ways and Means, and adopted Mr. Dawes's substitute, taxing whisky ninety cents a gallon, tobacco twenty-four cents a pound, cigars six dollars a thousand, increasing the duty on sugar and molasses twenty-five per cent., and restoring the duty of ten per cent. on woolens, iron, and steel. The new bill was passed by the Senate March 2.

The Civil Rights Bill was passed by the Senate February 27, and signed by the President March 1.—The House, February 27, passed the Force Bill, the suspension of *habeas corpus* being limited to Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Alabama.—The Louisiana compromise resolutions—recognizing the Kellogg government and recommending the restoration of seats in the Legislature to the members entitled to them—were passed by the House March 1.—On the 2d the House rejected a resolution to reinstate Brooks as Governor of Arkansas, and passed, 149 to 80, a resolution declaring against interference by the general government with the government of that State.

By an amendment to the Post-office Appropriation Bill, introduced during the closing hours of the session, Congress voted its members the franking privilege until December 1, 1875, and doubled the rates of postage for the people on transient newspapers and periodicals and parcels of merchandise.

The Senate bill for the admission of Colorado as a State was passed by the House March 3.

The Senate of the Forty-fourth Congress met in extra session March 5. Action on the admission of Pinchback as Senator from Louisiana was postponed.—Godlove S. Orth was confirmed as minister to Austria, and Horace Maynard as minister to Turkey.—The new treaty with Belgium was ratified March 10. The Hawaiian treaty was ratified March 18.

Congress having failed to make any appropriation to carry out civil service reform, President Grant has abandoned the system.

The New Hampshire State election, March 9, was so close that it will have to be decided by the State Legislature, in which the Republicans have a majority.

The French Assembly, February 24, by a vote of 448 to 241, passed the bill for the organization of the Senate. The Senators are to be elected by colleges composed of Deputies of the Assembly, Councilors-General, Councilors of Arrondissements, and delegates from municipalities. Senators representing departments and colonies

are to sit nine years, one-third of their number being elected every three years. Those chosen by the Assembly are irremovable. On the 25th the Public Powers Bill was passed, the clause implying a recognition of the republic being adopted by a vote of 433 to 262.

M. Buffet, March 1, was elected President of the French Assembly.

The new French cabinet is announced as follows: M. Buffet, Minister of the Interior; M. Dufaure, Minister of Justice; M. Leon Say, Minister of Finance; M. Wallon, Minister of Public Instruction; Vicomte de Meaux, of the Right, Minister of Agriculture; Duc Decazes, Minister of Foreign Affairs; General De Cissey, Minister of War; Admiral De Montaignac, Minister of the Marine; M. Caillaux, Minister of Public Works. The Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier succeeds M. Buffet as President of the Assembly.

John Mitchel was re-elected to Parliament from Tipperary, but died March 20, soon after the election.

The Convention between Spain and the United States for the settlement of the *Virginus* affair was signed March 5.

A new ecclesiastical bill has been introduced into the Prussian Diet, receiving its first reading March 16. It withdraws state grants from Roman Catholic bishops, and deprives the priest of any share in the administration of local church property.

### DISASTERS.

February 25.—The wall of an adjoining building fell upon and broke through the roof of St. Andrew's Church, New York city, while religious services were being held. By the falling bricks, and as a result of the panic which followed, five persons were killed and thirty wounded.

March 4.—Telegram from London announced the wreck of the steamer *Gothenburg* on one of the Fourneaux Islands, in Bass's Straits, between Van Diemen's Land and Australia. Of one hundred and ten persons on board, only twenty-two are reported saved.

### OBITUARY.

March 2.—In Washington, D. C., General Lorenzo Thomas, U.S.A., in his seventy-second year.

March 13.—In New York, William J. Hays, the animal painter, in his forty-fifth year.

February 22.—In England, Sir Charles Lyell, the eminent geologist, aged seventy-eight years.

March 7.—In London, England, Sir Arthur Helps, the author of *Friends in Council*, aged fifty-nine years.—In France, Claude Louis Mathieu, an eminent astronomer, in his ninety-second year.



## Editor's Drawer.

ILLINOIS is just now in such a ferment about a bishop that the following is not malapropos. We are indebted for it to a correspondent who has heretofore sent us anecdotes of the late Bishop Whitehouse. During one of his sermons he undertook to illustrate a point by telling the congregation how he had once been lost on the prairies of Illinois, and had wandered for a long time, weary and almost hopeless. At last he saw a light, and made his way slowly toward it, shouting for help. "Just as I thought I could go no farther," said the bishop, "and was about sinking down in despair, the door of a cabin opened before me, and the long-looked-for 'Sucker' came." The unintentional pun brought down the house.

ONE of the last as well as one of the neatest hits made by General Butler, just before the close of the last session in Congress, occurred during the famous "dead-lock" fight on the Civil Rights Bill. The question of adjournment was under consideration, and General Butler had stepped over to Mr. Randall's desk for a private consultation. Butler favored a Sunday session. Randall opposed.

"Bad as I am, I have some respect for God's day," said the Democrat, "and I don't think it proper to hold a session of Congress on that day."

"Oh, pshaw!" responded Butler, "don't the Bible say that it is lawful to pull your ox or ass out of a pit on the Sabbath-day? You have seventy-three asses on your side of this House that I want to get out of this ditch to-morrow, and I think I am engaged in a holy work."

"Don't do it, Butler," pleaded Sam. "I have some respect for you that I don't want to lose. I expect some day to meet you in a better world."

"You'll be there, as you are here," retorted Butler, quick as thought—"a member of the Lower House."

THE "peertness" as well as pertness of the New England maiden who waiteth at table was nicely illustrated last winter at Haverhill, Massachusetts. On the morning after Mr. Bret Harte had lectured in that place, he entered the breakfast-room of the hotel, and on taking a seat at the table was approached by a plump, fine-looking girl, who served things, and who, with a kindly smile beaming from her ruddy face, leaned over his shoulder and blandly inquired, "Tea or coffee, beefsteak or pork? *Was the lecture largely attended last evening, Mr. Harte?*" Mr. Harte courteously replied that it was, and in subdued tones intimated a preference for porcine sustenance, and the cup that cheers, etc., etc. Didn't know what she was about? Well, rather.

In the early days of Ontario County, New York, lived one Miller, from whom "Miller's Corners," near Bloomfield, took its name. He had been a blacksmith, and had brought along his tools, but designed to give his attention mainly to farming. But there were so many calls upon his mechanical skill that, without stopping to build a shop, he extemporized a forge, cut down a tree, placed his anvil on the stump, and went to work. One day a man on horseback, with plow-iron strapped across his saddle, who

had made his way from the south part of Canadaigua, encountered Harvey Hecock at the Oliver Chapin School-house Corners, and inquired the way to Miller's blacksmith shop. Hecock replied, "You are in the shop now, but it is three miles to the anvil!"

OF the many juvenile funniments that bubble up and seek for publicity through the types the following of a little New Hampshire girl—quite mature at six—is not bad. She went into a store where her father was lounging, and slyly approaching him, said, "Papa, won't you buy me a new dress?"

"Well, I'll see; I'll speak to your mother about it."

A sad look came over the little maiden's face, until looking up with a smile into the paternal eyes, she said, "Well, papa, if you do speak to mamma about it, touch her easy, or she may want it herself!"

He bought it—for the daughter.

PLOWING made easy is what the American farmer wants, and the wits of the Yankee inventor have at last soared to the comfortable solution of the problem. It goes forth to the public as a "shade attachment for plows," and consists of an umbrella so fitted that the man at the plow is screened from the heat of the sun. The legal and formal description, as filed at the Patent-office, is as follows: "A cranked arm is secured in a socket by means of a set screw, and is free to revolve in a horizontal plane. The outer end of the crank is jointed, and provided with an adjusting brace, whereby it may be inclined and secured at any desired angle. A suitable socket at the upper end of the arm holds the umbrella handle, retaining the same by a simple spring catch."

In a recent number of the Drawer we reproduced a few "Ulster stories, after the manner of Dean Ramsay." Below are a few from the notes of M. De Ménage, a French wit who flourished two hundred and fifty years ago:

A butcher who was on his death-bed said to his wife, "If I die, Françoise, you must marry our shop-boy. He is a good young man, and the business can not be carried on without a man to look after it."

"I have been thinking about that already," said his wife.

WHEN the tower of the church of Carmes was struck by lightning, Father André said, "God has been very merciful to these good fathers of Carmes in not sacrificing to His justice any thing else than their bell-tower; if the lightning had struck the kitchen, the chances are every one of them would have been killed!"

A GASCON who had a quarrel with the Bishop of Bazas swore that he would never again pray within the diocese. Long afterward, in crossing a river in the neighborhood, he was overtaken by a severe hurricane. The boatman at last told him despairingly that nothing further could be done to keep the boat afloat, and that he had



better recommend himself to the mercy of God. "Are you sure," said the Gascon, "that we are beyond the diocese of Bazas?"

A JUDGE in whose court was a great deal of noise exclaimed, "Officers! call silence in the court. It is a strange thing that this noise can not be put a stop to. I have decided I do not know how many cases without having heard them!"

Two rather intrusive acquaintances of M. G—— determined to take him by surprise by going uninvited to spend a week with him. They had just arrived, and in talking of their journey one of them remarked to their host that they had passed through some beautiful corn fields on their way. "*You will see some much finer ones on your way back to-morrow,*" replied the host.

A FEW days since a very pretty young married woman, during a dinner-table discussion on Churchmanship, opened the eyes of the company and demolished her husband by expressing, as her opinion, that "the only difference between the ritualists and Romanists was in the fact that the latter *burned insects.*"

At a recent revival meeting held at Bad Axe, Michigan, a young gentleman concluded a fervent address by saying, "I wish to be a friend to the friendless, a father to the fatherless, and a widow to the widowless."

THE following poem, from Sir Francis Wortley's *Characters and Elegies*, published in 1646, is worthy of reproduction in the Drawer:

Coblers are call'd Translators, so are we  
(And may be well call'd so), we so agree:  
They rip the Soale first from the upper leather,  
Then steepe, then stretch, then patch all up together.  
We rip, we steep, we stretch, and take great paines;  
They with their fingers worke, we with our Braines.  
They trade in old shooes, as we doe in feet,  
To make the fancy and the Language meete.  
We make all smooth (as they doe), and take care,  
What is too short, to patch; too large, to pare:  
When they have done, then to the club they goe,  
And spend their gettings; doe we not doe so?  
Coblers are often poore, yet merrie blades;  
Translators rarely rich, yet cheerfull lads.  
Who thinks he wants, he is in plenty poore;  
Give me the Coblers wealth, Ile ask no more.

THERE is in Virginia a venerable, capable, but somewhat eccentric man, who is serving his second term in one of the judicial circuits of that State. Although a lawyer, he has dabbled in medicine, and is the inventor of two proprietary medicines. Some time ago he presented to the Methodist church in the town where he resides a fine copy of the Bible, with this inscription in large gilt letters: "Presented by Judge ——, Proprietor of ——'s Magic Relief and Water of Life." The old gentleman said the Bible would furnish relief for diseases of the mind, and he wanted them to know where they could get their bodies cured. A very good and permanent card.

WE find in a late number of the *New Zealand Herald* a touching incident in illustration of the great present dearth of respectable dress-making hands in that colony. It seems that a well-to-do settler near Auckland was lately attacked by an

illness which his medical attendant declared must terminate fatally, so severe were the symptoms. After lying in an apparently hopeless state for some days, he suddenly took a turn for the better, and, thanks to a strong constitution, made a rapid recovery. Not long after he had returned to business he was much startled, on opening an account presented at his office, to find himself charged with a full set of widow's weeds of an elaborately complete description. A domestic explanation naturally followed, and his wife reminded him that he had always made it a special desire that the fact of their having emigrated to a colony should never prevent her dressing as a lady. "And the dress-makers here, you know," she added, "have matters so entirely in their own hands that they generally keep you waiting for months for any thing new. So when I was told that you could not possibly recover, I ordered what I knew you would wish me to wear beforehand; and now the things have only just come home."

The bill was promptly settled. Whether the husband was consoled for the outlay by the thought that his provident wife had the things ready by her is a question that is left open to conjecture.

HE was an Irishman, and took the obviously economical view of the subject. It was on the train from New York to New Haven. The conductor on reaching him said, with brevity and blandness, "Ticket?"

"Well, begorra," answered the Irish party, "I guess I've made a bit of a mistake. I wanted to go to Easthampton, Massachusetts, and I have bought a ticket for Easthampton, Connecticut."

"Why didn't you buy the right ticket?" said the conductor.

"Well, I saw the two of them, but the one to Easthampton, Connecticut, was *the cheapest*, and so I bought that one."

It was cheaper by \$1 05, but y<sup>e</sup> conductor squeezed it out of Patrick.

THE story of the "old salt" at a fishermen's feast in an Ulster sea-port (told in the March number of *Harper*), reminds me of a similar incident, *mutatis mutandis*—that is, "with a little variation"—that happened in the even tenor of the way of the old Dutch landlord who "kept tavern" in my native village in the good old times when such modern inventions as butter-knives, silver forks, and clean plates for each "course" of meats were unknown, at least in that corner of the world.

One morning this worthy "Wirth" was aroused from a dreamy reverie behind the bar-room stove by the arrival of a traveler—a rare apparition to his household—whose dress and manner indicated that he hailed from "der city." It was near noon, and the stranger made known his wants by calling for feed for his horse and dinner for himself. As the tall Dutch clock in the corner struck twelve he was conducted into a back-room which served the double purpose of dining-room and kitchen, and took his seat with the boarders—they were not called "guests" then—consisting of the village school-master, the farrier, the store-keeper's "clerk," and several farm hands who hired out in the neighborhood, and who, being "to the manner born," contented-



ly ate their food of flesh, greens, and pastry off one and the same plate in the primitive style. The landlord and his two buxom daughters did duty as waiters; the carving was performed by "every man for himself," with his own knife and fork. The meal proceeded quietly until the first "course" was dispatched, when the stranger astonished the natives by calling for a clean plate, knife, and fork preparatory to changing his ham and egg diet for a cut of roast beef. They were handed to him, however, without remark, although not without a dumfounded stare from the landlord, and again things went along as usual, until the stranger, having disposed of the substantial, and feeling inclined to finish off with a slice of pie, called for another clean plate with knife and fork accompaniments. This was more than the saturnine landlord, with his home-bred notions, could stand. He rushed up to the stranger, leaned over his shoulder, and looking him—not square, but sideways—in the face, said,

"I likes to aks you yust one queshn."

"Well, what is it?" was the somewhat surprised response of the stranger.

"Vy, I vants to know uf you got barditions in your pelly?"

THIS is not so bad:

The Board of Health of Washington wanted its pay raised. It appeared before the House Committee on Appropriations during the last session, and the reasons it offered for the proposed increase and the principles upon which it based its demand were about as well defined as the ideas of a young student of theology at the Fairfax Seminary who was once asked what he proposed to do when ordained. "Do? Do? Damfino. Preach the Gospel, I s'pose."

SPEAKER Blaine tells this:

A fellow in a Maine village went and died. They put the corpse on ice, and the funeral in due time assembled about him in subdued grief. The minister began the service, and presently the corpse came to himself, gave a yawn and a little shiver, and said, in an irritable voice, "Put some wood on that—stove."

The funeral subsided.

IN Mr. Baring-Gould's latest work, *Yorkshire Oddities, Incidents, and Strange Events*, lately published in London, is the following amusing paragraph, showing how a Yorkshire butcher narrated his courtship:

"It's a queer thing, Sir, hoo things turns oot sometimes. Noo it war a queer thing hoo I chanced to wed. I war i' Leeds once, an' I'd na mair thowts about marryin' na mair 'an nowt; an' I war just goin' doon t' street, tha knaws, Sir, when I met wi' my wife—that's her 'at's my wife noo, tha knaws. I'd kenned her afore, a piece back; soa shoo comes oop to me, an' shoo ses, 'Why, James, lad, is that thee?' 'Ay,' I ses, 'it is awever.' 'Weel, James,' ses she, 'what's ta doin' wi' thy sen noo?' 'Why,' I ses, 'I's joost getten me a new hooose.' Soa wi' that she ses, 'Then I lay, James, if tha's gettin' a new hooose, tha'll be wantin' a hooosekeeper.' Soa I ses to her, ses I, 'Tha ma coom and be t' wife if ta likes; tha mawn't be t' hooosekeeper, tha knaws, but tha ma coom an' be t' wife.' And

soa shoo ses, 'I ain't partikler. I don't mind if I do.' So we never had na mair to do *about t' job*."

I asked him if he ever had found occasion to regret such an expeditious way of settling the matter. He shook his head, and said:

"Noa, Sir, niver. Shoo's made a rare good wife. But shoo's her mawgrums a' times. But what women ain't got 'em? They've all on 'em maggots i' their heads or tempers. Tha sees, Sir, when a bone were took out o' t' side o' Adam to make a wife for 'm, 't were hot weather, an' a blew-bottle settled on t' rib. When shoo's i' her tantrums, ses I to her, 'Ma dear,' ses I, 'I wish thy great-great-grand-ancestress hed chanced to be made i' winter.'"

When he was married he took his wife a trip to Bolton, and spent a week on his honey-moon tour. As soon as he was returned home the first thing he did was to put his wife into the scales and weigh her. Then the butcher took out his account-book and divided the expenses of the marriage and wedding tour by the weight of the wife.

"Eh, lass!" said he, "thou'st cost me fourteenpence-ha'-penny a pound. Thou'st the dearest piece o' meat that iver I bought."

He was going to York with his son, a boy of eighteen. He took a ticket for himself and a half one for the boy. When the train drew near to York the ticket collector came round, and exclaimed at this half ticket, "Where's the child?"

"Here," said the butcher, pointing to the tall, awkward youth.

"What do you mean?" asked the indignant ticket collector. "He ain't a child; he's a young man!"

"Ah! so he is, now," answered the butcher, "but that's thy fault, not mine. I know when we got in at Wakefield he were nobbut a bairn; but tha'st been goin' so confounded slow that he's growed sin' we started!"

James was at one time not well off. He had a brother, Tom, who had some money. Now James happened to hear that his brother was very ill, and as they had not latterly been very good friends, he was afraid lest, if Tom died, he would not leave him his money. So he immediately set off to his brother's house, and on his arrival found him ill in bed. He went up to the room in which his brother lay, and began,

"Weel, Tommy, an' hoo art a?"

"Oah, James!" said Tom, "I's vara bad. I think I's boun' to dee."

"Eh!" said James; "well, mebbe tha'll outlive me, Tommy; I nobbut feels vara middlin' mysen. I hain't felt weel for a long while, an' I war just thinkin', Tommy, o' sendin' to Mr. Smith, t' lawyer, to mak' me a bit o' a will, tha knaws. Hast a made *thy* will, Tommy?"

"Noa," said Tom, "I hain't; but I war thinkin' wi' thee, James, o' sendin' for lawyer Smith. Noo hoo wast a thinkin' o' makin' thy will, James?"

"Weel, tha knaws, Tommy," said James, "mebbe thou an' me hain't lately been vara partiklers; but I war thinkin' it ever owt ta be, 'Let by-gones be by-gones,' an' soa I was thinkin' o' leavin' my bit o' brass to thee. Noo, Tommy, hoo wast a thinkin' o' leavin' thy money?"

"Why," said Tommy, "as thou'st been sa



good as to leave thy money ta me, I think it wadn't be reet if I didn't do t' same by thee, an' leave thee my money."

"Weel," said James, "I think you couldn't do better; and soa let's send for Mr. Smith to mak' our wills, and I think mebbe, Tommy, *thou'd better ha' thy will made fust.*"

So these two men sent for the lawyer to make their wills. Tommy's was first made, and a very few days after he died. His money then came to James, who in reality was not ill in the least, but had only pretended to be so.

THE *modesty* of Chicago people, especially in boasting of their wonderful city, is said to be equal if not beyond that of St. Louis or Milwaukee. As illustrated by a resident of the "Garden City," it was as follows:

Before the great fire two of our city clergy—the Rev. Dr. H——, of St. Paul's, noted for his eloquence, and a brother of goodly height, of St. John's—happened to be journeying to Philadelphia one evening in the cars. They sat behind a Chicago merchant *en route* home. By some means an acquaintance was struck up, and the following colloquy ensued:

"So you live in Chicago?"

"Yes, I *do*. Big place, big tunnel, and biggest pork market in the world! Besides, we've got elevators, and lum—"

"Yes, and some fine churches?"

"On Wabash Avenue and Michigan some of the finest in the States."

"Eloquent preachers too, have you not?"

"You'd better believe it! None like them! People come all the way from New York and Brooklyn to call 'em."

"Indeed! Have you heard any New York preachers?"

"Well, yes. You see, I went to St. Paul's in the morning, and heard a short man 'bout your size. I s'pose you are both preachers—look like it—yes! Well, of course you wasn't the man."

Tall man from St. John's: "Well, how did you like *him*?" nudging his fellow-preacher.

"Oh, he didn't amount to much."

"Well, where else did you go?"

"Went to St. John's, and heard a tall fellow like you; but of course you wasn't the man."

"And how did you like *him*?"

"Well, *he* was worse than t'other fellow! Fact is, *he didn't amount to shucks!*"

The brethren tell this joke on each other.

NEW MEXICO sends its contribution to the Drawer:

Rusty is the name of one of those characters that are common on the frontier—uneducated, earnest, and maladroit. Their conversation is of little interest save for the quaint originality of some of their phrases. The following story is told of him. He was engaged as butcher at Roblero, supplying beef on contract to Fort Selden, on the Rio Grande, New Mexico. One day a particularly fractious steer was to be killed. The animal was secured by a rope thrown over his head, the end passed through a ring in the floor, and held in this position by a Mexican. Rusty, arrayed in a red flannel shirt, advanced, prepared to give the fatal blow. The steer, seeing the red shirt, became excited, and

plunged forward so suddenly and violently as to throw the Mexican down, causing him to lose his hold on the rope. Rusty broke for the fence, and the on-lookers shouted, "Run, Rusty, run!" Rusty ran, and as he climbed the stockade the steer tilted full against it, and narrowly missed catching him. Once upon the other side, and gaining breath, he turned to them with a contemptuous, injured air, and said, "You fellows must think I am a darned fool to throw off on such a race as that!"

A LAWYER in Liberty Street, New York, sends to the Drawer the following literal copy of three bills for milk and washing recently sent to a family in Canada:

Mrs H 2 months milk the 2 quart commenced on the 16 of October there is ten quarts and a pint of odd milk, so that the ten quarts odd will make it even milk and 3 quarts over the odd milk and the first month is 4 cents and the November month is 5 cents a quart there was a Dollar for clothes last week back, there is a Dollar and three shillings this week.

Mrs H too months milk the pint began on the 4th and there was a pint a day for a week before the pints and the odd milk all together makes 13 quarts and a pint And the clothes now and again during the too months counting this week is too dollars leaving one months milk for a dollar and a quarter and the other for a dollar and a half Clothes and milk in all it comes to 5 dollars and 40 cents to the 14 of December.

Mrs H, to months milk, the first month for 8 days there was 3 pints got then the 2 quarts commenced again the 7 of January the 5 pints commenced again, there was 1 quart of odd the to months milk comes to \$6 40 you can make it up yourself, Clothes 1 Dollar

CONCERNING pipes and such: An old silver tobacco-box, said to have belonged to a Pynsent, who left all his estates in Somersetshire to the great Lord Chatham, "from admiration of his talents and patriotism," was engraved with the following lines under a death's-head:

Mens ignis, tubulus corpus, mihi vitaeque fumus  
Herba penus, clavus fata, suprema cinis.

Which have been rendered:

Of lordly man how humbling is the type,  
A fleeting shadow, a tobacco pipe!  
His mind the fire, his frame the tube of clay,  
His breath the smoke so idly puffed away,  
His food the herb that fills the hollow bowl.  
Death is the stopper. Ashes end the whole.

THE poetry of the Western editor, if not strictly first class, usually has hanging about it something that arrests attention. In the following, for example, the pride and joy of one just burst into parenthood are told with the proper hurrah:

Ring out, wild bells, and tame ones too—  
Ring out the lover's moon!  
Ring out the little slips and socks,  
Ring in the bib and spoon!  
Ring out the Muse, ring in the nurse;  
Ring in the milk and water!  
Away with paper, pens, and ink—  
My daughter, oh, my daughter!

THE admirable manner and felicitous language in which Mr. Joseph H. Choate, as president of the Union League Club, welcomed the Hon. William E. Forster to the reception given to him by that body gave a fresh instance of his remarkable talent in that direction. And it recalls an anecdote of his distinguished kinsman, Rufus Choate, illustrating the readiness at repartee of that gentleman. In response to a toast



at a dinner given to him in Philadelphia, he gave the following: "Pennsylvania's two most eminent citizens—Benjamin Franklin, of Massachusetts, and Albert Gallatin, of Switzerland."

ALMOST every thing that could be said in poetry has been rhymed at over and over again, but we have now, for the first time in the annals of poesy, a will, written by Mr. John Cooper Grocott, an octogenarian Liverpool solicitor recently deceased. Mr. Grocott was the author of *An Index of Familiar Quotations, Ancient and Modern*, a work which has passed through several editions:

#### A LAWYER'S WILL.

26th January, 1835.

This is my last Will and Testament:  
Read it according to my intent.

My gracious God to me hath giv'n  
Store of good things that, under heav'n,  
Are giv'n to those "that love the Lord,  
And hear and do His sacred Word:"

I therefore give to my dear Wife  
All my Estates to keep for life,  
Real and Personal, Profits, Rents,  
Messuages, Lands, and Tenements.  
After her death I give the whole  
Unto my Children, one and all,  
To take as "Tenants in Common do,"  
Not as "Joint Tenants," "per mie—per tout."  
May God Almighty bless His Word  
To all my "presents from the Lord!"  
May He His blessings on them shed  
When down in sleep they lay their head!  
I give all my "Trust Estates" in fee  
To Charlotte, my Wife and Devisee,  
To hold to her, on Trusts, the same  
As I now hold them in my name;  
I give her power to convey the fee,  
As fully as though 'twere done by me,  
And here declare that from all "charges"  
My Wife's Receipts are good *dis*-charges.  
And now, my Wife, my hopes I fix  
On thee, my Sole Executrix—  
My truest, best, and to the end  
My faithful Partner, "Crown," and Friend.

In Witness whereof, I hereunto  
My hand and seal have set,  
In presence of those whose names below  
Subscribe and witness it.

[L. S.]

J. C. G.

This Will was published, sealed, and signed  
By the Testator, in his right mind,  
In presence of us, who, at his request,  
Have written our names these facts to attest.

J. G. D.  
J. M.  
D. E.

FROM Nebraska we are furnished the following:

Mr. P— is proprietor of a hotel in one of the populous towns of Illinois. He has a little son, who, when about four years old, picked up various phrases from the boys about the stable and other places that were not always of the most moral character. One day, when he had been using language quite exceptionable, his mother, after giving him a good shaking, said, "Why, Charlie, where do you expect to go when you die if you talk in this way?"

"Well, ma," replied this young son of the West, "I guess I'll go to my funeral."

After that the conversation lagged.

NEWSPAPER men will appreciate the following bit of business in the advertising clerk of a London paper:

Dr. Thomas Hume walked to the office of one of the morning newspapers, and there silently placed upon the counter an announcement of the death of some friend, together with five shillings,

the usual charge for the insertion of such advertisements. The clerk glanced at the paper, tossed it one side, and said, gruffly, "Seven and six."

"I have frequently," replied Hume, "had occasion to publish these simple notices, and I have never before been charged more than five shillings."

"Simple!" repeated the clerk, without looking up; "he's *universally beloved and deeply regretted!* Seven and six."

Hume produced the additional half crown and laid it deliberately by the others, observing as he did so, with the same solemnity of tone he had used throughout, "Congratulate yourself, Sir, that this is an expense which your executors will never be put to."

CONCERNING going to law on a small matter, the following, from the Latin of Buchanan, may be regarded as sound:

#### MINIMUM DE MALIS.

Calenus owed a single pound, which yet  
With all my dunning I could never get.  
Tired of fair words whose falsehood I foresaw,  
I hied to Aulus, learned in the law.  
He heard my story, bade me "Never fear,  
There was no doubt—no case could be more clear;  
He'd do the needful in the proper place,  
And give his best attention to the case."

And this he may have done, for it appears  
To have been his business for the last ten years,  
Though on his pains ten times ten pounds bestowed,  
Have not acquired that one Calenus owed.

Now, fearful lest this unproductive strife  
Consume at once my fortune and my life,  
I take the only course I can pursue,  
And shun my debtor and my lawyer too.  
I've no more hope from promises or laws,  
And heartily renounce both debt and cause;  
But if with either rogue I've more to do,  
I'll surely choose my debtor of the two;  
For though I credit not the lies he tells,  
At least he *gives* me what the other *sells*.

THERE can be no doubt about one thing: when the Indiana man wishes to go to Congress, he let's it be known in the plainest possible way. In the campaign of last fall, Mr. Levi Ferguson, of Pike County, in that State, announced his wishes and hopes in a brief circular, from which we quote a few lines:

To the voters of the Second Congressional District of Indiana:

Inasmuch as I differ from my friend B. F. Rawlins when he says that he thinks the Hon. J. D. Williams had best make the race for Congress alone, I hereby announce myself as a Republican candidate for Congress from this, the Second Indiana District.

My reasons are:

1st. I believe in pluck, and if no other Republican wants to try Uncle 'Jeems' (which seems to be the case), I, for one, am opposed to letting the race go by default.

2d. This seems to be the year for scrub-races, and as neither myself or Williams are fit to go to Congress, I want you to have a chance of two evils to choose the least.

4th. I am better calculated to fill the office with credit to myself and honor to my district.

Perhaps I will not have time to canvass the district, but remember I'm running for Congress.

In conclusion, *I want to go to Congress*, and am running to give every body a chance between two men. Fellow-citizens, vote for whom you please, but please vote for me.

Yours truly,

LEVI FERGUSON,  
of Pike County.

Mr. Ferguson is a "Granger," and stands six feet six inches in his stockings, but he will not rise high enough to catch the Speaker's eye. Mr. Williams was elected.















FEB 3 1891







